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A

Complete Edition

of the

Poets

of

GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Third.

Containing

Drayton Carew & Suckling.

LONDON:

Printed for John & Arthur Arch, *23 Gracechurch Street.*

and for Bell & Bradfute *and* J. Mundell & C.° *Edinburgh.*

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL;

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

VOLUME THIRD.

CONTAINING THE WORKS OF

DRAYTON, ‖ CAREW,
AND
SUCKLING.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN & ARTHUR ARCH, N° 23. GRACE-CHURCH-STREET;
AND FOR BELL & BRADFUTE, AND J. MUNDELL & Co. EDINBURGH.

1794.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq.

Containing his

POLY-OLBION,	LEGENDS,
BARONS WARS,	IDEAS,
ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES,	NYMPHIDIA,
BATTLE OF AGINCOURT,	QUEST OF CYNTHIA,
ELEGIES,	SONNETS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DRAYTON, sweet ancient bard, his ALBION sung
With their own praise, her echoing vallies rung,
His bounding Muse o'er every mountain rode,
And every river warbled where he flow'd.

KIRKPATRICK'S SEA-PIECE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF DRAYTON.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed names in the poetical age of Elizabeth, was of an ancient family, originally deſcended from the town of Drayton in Leiceſterſhire; but his parents removing into Warwickſhire, he was born at Atherſton in that county, as it is conjectured, about 1563.

Aubrey's MSS. call him the ſon of a butcher; but his biographers, whether from ignorance, or diſbelief of the fact, or from a ridiculous delicacy, take no notice of this circumſtance.

While he was extremely young, he diſcovered a remarkable propenſity to learning; and it appears from his *Epiſtle to Henry Reynold, Eſq.*, that, even at ten years of age, he had made a conſiderable proficiency in the Latin, and was a page to a perſon of quality.

Sir Aſton Cokayne, in his "Choice Poems," mentions his having been for ſome time a ſtudent at Oxford; but as he is not taken notice of by Wood, it is moſt probable that he completed his education at the other Univerſity.

His propenſity to poetry was extremely ſtrong, even from his infancy; and he appears to have been diſtinguiſhed as a poet about nine or ten years before the death of Queen Elizabeth; but at what time he began to publiſh cannot be exactly aſcertained.

All who have written of him, however, affirm that moſt of his principal pieces were publiſhed by the time he was about thirty years of age.

It appears from his poem of *Moſes's Birth and Miracles*, that he was a ſpectator at Dover of the famous Spaniſh Armada; and it is not improbable that he was engaged in ſome military employment there.

It is certain that he was then highly eſteemed and ſtrongly patronized by ſeveral perſons of conſequence; particularly by Sir Henry Goodere, Sir Walter Aſton, and the Counteſs of Bedford; to the firſt of whom he owns himſelf indebted for great part of his education, and for recommending him to the Counteſs; and by the ſecond he was for many years ſupported, as he himſelf gratefully acknowledges in the dedication of his *Barons' Wars*, "in the ſpring of their acquaintance," and in many other dedications.

In 1693, he publiſhed a collection of paſtorals under the title of *Idea: The Shepherd's Garland, faſhioned in nine Eclogues*, 4to: and his *Baron's Wars*, *England's Heroical Epiſtles*, and *Legends*, not long after.

In 1603, he welcomed King James to his Britiſh dominions with a "congratulatory poem," 4to. The ſame year, he was choſen by Sir Walter Aſton one of the Eſquires who attended him at his creation of knight of the bath.

It has been alleged, that during King James's minority, he was inſtrumental in a correſpondence carried on between that Prince and Queen Elizabeth; but this aſſertion is not confirmed by any favourable notice he received from that monarch after his acceſſion; for, though he had teſtified an early attachment to his intereſt, and had written ſome Sonnets in his praiſe as a poet, he certainly met with no preferment: and even his poems themſelves met with a very cool and unfavourable reception.

It does not appear that he ever printed thoſe poems, in which he unqueſtionably ſtooped to groſs flattery, in praiſe of a monarch who was as devoid of poetry as courage.

It is probable, however, that he had indulged himſelf in forming expectations on James's coming to the throne, but was diſappointed; for, in the preface to his *Poly-Olbion*, and his Epiſtles to Browne and Sandys, he moralizes on the times, with the peeviſh diſſatisfaction of one who thinks himſelf neglected or ill-treated.

In 1612, he publiſhed the firſt part of his *Poly-Olbion*, in eighteen books, or ſongs, in folio, addreſſed to Prince Henry, by whoſe encouragement it was undertaken, but who died before it was finiſhed.

It is a topographical poem, containing a deſcription of the ſeveral parts of England and Wales, in twelve foot verſe, interwoven with epiſodes of the Roman conqueſt, the arrival of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, &c.

It was illuſtrated with notes by Selden, who, at the age of thirty-three, was ſo highly diſtinguiſhed as a philologiſt, antiquary, herald, and linguiſt, that he was actually then, what he was afterwards uſually ſtyled "the great dictator of learning to the Engliſh nation."

It was alſo embelliſhed with maps, repreſenting the cities, mountains, foreſts, rivers, &c. by the figures of men and women.

In 1619, he publiſhed the firſt volume of his poems in folio; and in 1622, came out the ſecond part of his *Poly-Olbion*, making in all thirty books, or ſongs; dedicated to Prince Charles, to whom he gives hopes of a continuation,—upon Scotland.

In 1626, the addition of Poet Laureat is affixed to his name, in a copy of recommendatory verſes prefixed to "Holland's poems;" probably as a mark of his excellency in the art of poetry; for that appellation was not formerly reſtricted, as it is now, to his majeſty's ſervant, known by that title, who, at that time, is preſumed to have been Jonſon.

In 1627, he publiſhed the ſecond volume of his poems in folio; containing his *Battle of Agincourt*, *Miſeries of Queen Margaret*, *Nymphidia*, *the Court of Fayrie*, *Queſt of Cynthia*, *Shepherd's Sirena*, *Elegies*, *and the Moon-Calf*.

In 1630, he publiſhed another volume of poems in 4to, entitled *The Muſes Elyſium*, dedicated to Edward Sackville Earl of Dorſet, who, it ſeems, had now made him one of his family; with three divine poems, *Noah's Flood*, *Moſes's Birth and Miracles*, *and David and Goliah*, dedicated to the Counteſs of Dorſet, the juſtly celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, afterwards Counteſs of Pembroke and Montgomery.

He died in 1631, in the ſixty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey among the poets. A handſome table monument of blue marble was raiſed over his grave the ſame year, adorned with his effigies in buſto, laureated.

The MSS. abovementioned ſay, that his monument was given by the high-ſpirited and magnificent Counteſs of Dorſet, who gave monuments to Spenſer and Daniel; and that his epitaph was written by Quarles, and not by Jonſon, to whom it is commonly attributed.

The epitaph, which was written in letters of gold, runs as follows.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE.

A memorable poet of his age,
Exchang'd his laurel for a crown of glory,
1631.
Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To DRAYTON's name, whoſe ſacred duſt
We recommend unto thy truſt.
Protect his memory, and preſerve his ſtory:
Remain a laſting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruins ſhall diſclaim
To be the treaſurer of his name,
His name that cannot fade ſhall be
An everlaſting monument to thee.

An imperfect edition of his collected works was printed in folio 1748; and a more complete one in 4 vol. 8vo, 1753. They are now for the first time received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of Drayton among his contemporaries was that of an elegant poet, and a modest and amiable man. The testimonies of Jonson, Drummond, Selden, Sir William Alexander, Browne and Sandys, are unquestionable authorities in his favour.

Jonson in his "conversation with Drummond" says, that Michael Drayton's Poly-Olbion, had he performed what he promised, to write the deeds of all the worthies, had been excellent. Drummond says "His Poly-Olbion is one of the smoothest poems I have seen in English; poetical and well profecuted. There are some pieces in him I dare compare with the best transmarine poems; the 7th song pleaseth me much; the 12th is excellent; the 13th also; the *discourse of hunting* passeth with any poet." Meres, in his "Wit's Treasury, pronounces the following eulogium upon him. "As Aulus Persius Flaccus is reputed among all writers to be of an honest life and upright conversation; so Michael Drayton (*quem toties honoris & amoris causa nomino*) among schollers, souldeers, poets, and all sorts of people, is helde for a man of vertuous disposition, honest conversation, and well governed carriage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but rogery in villanous man; and when cheating and craftiness is counted the cleanest wit and the soundest wisdome." Winstanley is very lavish in displaying the great extent of his fame: "He had drunk as deep a draught at Helicon as any in his time: for fame and renown in poetry he is not much inferior, if not equal to Spenser: his *England's Heroical Epistles*, generally liked and received, entitling him unto the appellation of the *English Ovid*."

His reputation in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. stood on much the same level with that of Cowley in the two succeeding reigns; but it has declined considerably since that period.

The modern testimonies to his merit are few, when compared with those of the last century, and by no means equal to his desert. Most readers, either discouraged at his voluminousness, or from an unlucky perverseness or fastidiousness of taste, content themselves with superficially skimming him over, without going deep enough to be real judges of his excellence.

The *Poly-Olbion*, his greatest performance, is one of the most singular and original works this country has produced. The information contained in it is in general so accurate, that it is quoted as an authority by Hearne, Wood, and Nicholson. His perpetual allusions to obsolete traditions, remote events, remarkable facts and personages, together with his curious genealogies of rivers, and his taste for natural history, have contributed to render his work very valuable to the antiquary.

To many just objections it is most certainly liable; his verse of twelve syllables, though generally harmonious, is antiquated and unsuitable to the dignity and importance of his subject, and his continual personification of woods, mountains, and rivers, are tedious, and must be read rather for information than pleasure.

His *Barons Wars* are not liable to the same objections, the measure is more judiciously chosen; and though they frequently want the elevation of thought which is essential to poetry, the numbers are harmonious, and in some stanzas scarce inferior to the finest passages in Spenser.

The subject, it may be thought, is too extensive, and the province of the historian too far transgressed upon; in order to be introduced to good incident and reflection, one must toil through dry facts, listen with patience to the developement of uncertain primary causes; and, at last, perhaps, be obliged to have recourse to a prose explanation in the notes.

In his *Legends* and *Heroical Epistles*, both the time and the events are properly limited; the attention is gratified, but not satiated. He is in general, however, happier in the choice than the execution of his subjects; yet some of his imitations of Ovid are more in the spirit of a poet than several of the English translations of him.

His *Nymphidia*: *the Court of Fayrie*, seems to have been the greatest effort of his imagination, and is the most generally admired of his works. It is a most pleasing effort of a sportive fancy. The charm, in particular, is ludicrously whimsical; the component parts are put together with great propriety. It is a fine prelude to the witches Cauldron in Macbeth, and only exceeded by the stronger genius of Shakspeare.

His *Ideas* expreſſes much fancy and poetry.

His *Sonnets* poſſeſs, in a high degree, thoſe diſtinctions which have been eſteemed the moſt delicate improvements in Engliſh verſification, and are ſcarce inferior to the beſt compoſitions of that kind in our language. His *Divine Poems* contain ſome ſublime images.

" He poſſeſſed" ſays Mr. Headley, " a very conſiderable fertility of mind, which enabled him to diſtinguiſh himſelf in almoſt every ſpecies of poetry, from a trifling ſonnet to a long topographical poem. If he any where ſinks below himſelf, it is in his attempt at Satire. The goodneſs of his heart ſeems to have produced in him that confuſed kind of honeſt indignation which deprived him of the powers of diſcrimination; he therefore loſt the opportunities of ſeizing on thoſe nice alluſions, ſituations and traits of character, by which vice and folly are rendered odious and contemptible."

" He wanted neither fire nor imagination, and poſſeſſed great command of his abilities. He has written no maſques; his perſonifications of the paſſions are few; and that allegorical vein which the popularity of Spenſer's works may fairly be ſuppoſed to have rendered faſhionable, and which overruns our earlier poetry, but ſeldom occurs in him. While his contemporary Jonſon peopled his pages with the heathen mythology, and gave our language new idioms, by the introduction of Latiniſms, Drayton adopted a ſtyle, that with a few exceptions, the preſent age may peruſe without difficulty, and not unfrequently miſtake for its own offſpring. In a moſt pedantic æra he was unaffected, and ſeldom exhibits his learning at the expence of his judgment."

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

Ceas'd was the thunder of thoſe drums which wak'd
Th' affrighted French, their miſeries to view,
At Edward's name which to that hour ſtill quak'd,
Their Salique tables to the ground who threw;
Yet were the Engliſh courages not ſlak'd,
But the ſame bows and the ſame blades they drew,
With the ſame arms thoſe weapons to advance,
Which lately lopt the fleur-de-liz of France.

Henry the Fifth, that man made out of fire,
Th' imperial wreath plac'd on his princely brow,
His lion's courage ſtands not to enquire
Which way old Henry came by it; or how
At Pomfret-caſtle Richard ſhould expire:
What's that to him? he hath the garland now;
Let (*a*) Bullingbrook beware how he it wan,
For (*b*) Monmouth means to keep it if he can.

That glorious day, which his great father got
Upon the Percyes (calling to their aid
The valiant Douglas, that Herculian Scot)
When for his crown at Shrewſbury they play'd,
Had quite diſhearten'd ev'ry other plot,
And all thoſe tempeſts quietly had lay'd,
That not a cloud did to this Prince appear,
No former King had ſeen a ſky ſo clear.

Yet the rich clergy felt a fearful rent
In the full boſom of their church (whilſt ſhe
A monarcheſs, immeaſurably ſpent,
Leſs than ſhe was, and thought ſhe might not be)
By Wickliff and his followers: to prevent
The growth of whoſe opinions, and to free
That foul aſperſion which on her they laid,
She her ſtrong'ſt wits muſt ſtir up to her aid.

When preſently a parliament is call'd,
To ſet things ſteddy that ſtood not ſo right,
But that thereby the poor might be inthrall'd,
Should they be urg'd by thoſe that were of might;
That in his empire equity inſtall'd,
It ſhould continue in that perfect plight;
Wherefore to (*c*) Lei'ſter he th' aſſembly draws,
There to enact thoſe neceſſary laws.

It which one bill, 'mongſt many, there was read,
Againſt the general and ſuperfluous waſte
Of temporal lands, the layety that had fed
Upon the houſes of religion caſte,
Which for defence might ſtand the realm in ſted
Where it moſt needed, were it rightly plac'd;
Which made thoſe church-men generally to fear,
For all this calm, ſome tempeſt might be near.

And being right ſkilful, quickly they foreſaw
No ſhallow-brains this bus'neſs went about:
Therefore with cunning they muſt cure this flaw;
For of the King they greatly ſtood in doubt,
Leſt him to them their oppoſites ſhould draw,
Some thing muſt be thruſt in, to thruſt that out:
And to this end they wiſely muſt provide
One, this great engine clerkly that could guide.

Chichley (*d*), who ſat on Canterbury's ſee,
A man well ſpoken, gravely, ſtout, and wiſe,
The moſt ſelect (then thought of that could be)
To act what all the prelacy deviſe;
(For well they knew, that in this bus'neſs he
Would to the utmoſt ſtrain his faculties;)
Him lift they up with their main ſtrength, to prove
By ſome clean ſlight this libel (*e*) to remove.

His brain in labour, gladly forth would bring
Somewhat that at this needful time might fit
The ſprightly humour of this youthful King,
If his invention could but light on it.
His working ſoul projecteth many a thing,
Until at length, out of the ſtrength of wit,

(*a*) Henry IV. ſo named from a town in Lincolnſhire, where he was born.
(*b*) Henry V. was born at Monmouth in Wales.

(*c*) A parliament called at Leiceſter, A. D. 1413.
(*d*) Henry Chichley, who ſucceeded Arundel juſt then deceaſed the ſee of Canterbury.
(*e*) So they termed it, as not worthy of a better title.

He found a war with France muſt be the way
To daſh this bill, elſe threat'ning their decay.

Whiſt vacant minds ſat in their breaſts at eaſe,
And the remembrance of their conqueſts paſt,
Upon their faocies doth ſo ſtrongly ſeize,
As in their teeth their cowardice it caſt,
Rehearſing to them thoſe victorious days,
The deeds of which beyond their name ſhould laſt;
That after-ages reading what was theirs,
Shall hardly think thoſe men had any heirs.

And to this point premeditating well,
A ſpeech (which chanc'd the very pin to cleave)
Aim'd, whatſoever the ſucceſs befell,
That it no room ſhould for a ſecond leave,
More of this title then in hand to tell,
If ſo his ſkill him did not much deceive:
And 'gainſt the King in public ſhould appear,
Thus frames his ſpeech to the aſſembly there.

" (*f*) Pardon by boldneſs, my liege ſovereign
" Lord,
" Nor your dread preſence let my ſpeech offend;
" Your mild attention favourably afford,
" Which ſuch clear vigour to my ſpirit ſhall
" lend,
" That it ſhall ſet an edge upon your ſword,
" To my demand and make you to attend,
" Aſking you, why men train'd to arms you
" keep,
" Your right in France yet ſuff'ring ſtill to
" ſleep.

" Can ſuch a prince be in an iſland pent,
" And poorly thus ſhut up within a ſea?
" When as your right includes that vaſt extent,
" To th' either Alps your empire forth to lay.
" Can he be Engliſh-born, and is not bent
" To follow you? Appoint you but the way,
" We'll wade if we want ſhips, the waves or
" climb,
" In one hand hold our ſwords, with th' other
" ſwim.

" What time controuls your brave great-grand-
" ſire's claim
" To th' realm of France, from Philip nam'd the
" fair,
" Which to king Edward by his mother came,
" Queen Iſabel, that Philip's only heir,
" Which this ſhort intermiſſion doth not maim?
" But if it did, as he, ſo yours repair;
" That where his right in blood prevailed not,
" In ſpight of hell, yet by his ſword he got.

" What ſet that conqueror, by their Salique laws,
" Thoſe poor decrees their parliaments could
" make?
" He enter'd on the juſtneſs of his cauſe,
" To make good what he dar'd to undertake;
" And once in action, he ſtood not to pauſe,
" But in upon them like a tempeſt brake,
" And down their buildings with ſuch fury
" bare,
" That they from miſts diſſolved were to air.

" As thoſe brave Edwards, father and the ſon,
" At conquer'd Creſſy with ſucceſsful luck,
" Where firſt all France (as at one game) they
" won,
" Never two warriors ſuch a battle ſtruck,
" That when the bloody diſmal fight was done,
" Here in one heap, there in another ruck,
" Princes and peaſants lay together mixt,
" The Engliſh ſwords no difference knew be-
" twixt.

" There Lewis King of Beame was overthrown,
" With valiant Charles, of France the younger
" brother;
" A dauphin, and two dukes, in pieces hewn;
" To them ſix earls lay ſlain by one another;
" There the Grand Prior of France fecht his laſt
" groan;
" Two archbiſhops the boiſt'rous croud doth
" ſmother;
" There fifteen thouſand of their gentry dy'd,
" With each two ſoldiers ſlaughter'd by his
" ſide.

" Nor the Black Prince, at Poictiers battle, fought
" Short of his father, and himſelf before,
" Her king and prince, that priſoners hither
" brought
" From forty thouſand welt'ring in their gore,
" That in the world's opinion it was thought,
" France from that inſtant could ſubſiſt no
" more:
" The marſhal, and the conſtable, there ſlain
" Under the ſtandard, in that battle ta'en.

" Nor is this claim for women to ſucceed
" ('Gainſt which they would your right to France
" debar)
" A thing ſo new, that it ſo much ſhould need
" Such oppoſition, as though fetcht from far.
" By Fepin this is prov'd, as by a deed,
" Depoſing Cheldrick by a fatal war,
" By Blythild dar'd his title to advance,
" Daughter to Clothar, firſt ſo nam'd of France.

" Hugh Capet, who from Charles of Lorain
" took
" The crown of France, that he in peace might
" reign,
" As heir to Lingard to her title ſtuck,
" Who was the daughter of King Charlemain:
" So holy Lewes poring on his book,
" Whom that Hugh Capet made his heir again,
" From Ermingard, his grandame, claim'd the
" crown,
" Duke Charles his daughter, wrongfully put
" down.

(*f*) The Archbiſhop of Canterbury's ſpeech in this and the ten following ſtanzas.

" Nor think, my liege, a fitter time than this,
" You could have found your title to advance,
" At the full height when now the faction is,
" 'Twixt Burgoyne and the houſe of Orleance:
" Your purpoſe you not poſſibly can miſs,
" It for my lord ſo luckily doth chance,
" That whilſt theſe two in oppoſition ſtand,
" You may have time your army there to land.

" And if my fancy doth not overpreſs
" My viſual ſenſe, methinks in every eye
" I ſee ſuch cheer, as of our good ſucceſs
" In France hereafter ſeems to propheſy.
" Think not, my ſovereign, my allegiance leſs,
" Quoth he; my lords, nor do you miſapply
" My words, thus long upon this ſubject ſpent,
" Who humbly here ſubmit to your aſſent."

This ſpeech of his that powerful engine prov'd,
Than e'er our fathers got, which rais'd us higher;
The clergy's fear that quietly remov'd,
And into France transfer'd our hoſtile fire;
It made the Engliſh through the world belov'd,
That durſt to thoſe ſo mighty things aſpire;
And gave ſo clear a luſtre to our fame,
That neighbouring nations trembled at our name.

When through the houſe, this rumor ſcarcely ran,
That war with France propounded was again,
In all th' aſſembly there was not a man,
But put the project on with might and main;
So great applauſe it generally wan,
That elſe no bus'neſs they would entertain;
As though their honour utterly were loſt,
If this deſign ſhould any way be croſt.

So much men's minds now upon France were ſet,
That every one doth with himſelf forecaſt,
What might fall out this enterpriſe to let,
As what again might give it wings of haſte;
And for they knew the French did ſtill abet
The Scot againſt us, which we us'd to taſte,
It queſtion'd was, if it were fit or no,
To conquer them e'er we to France ſhould go.

Which Ralph then Earl of Weſtmorland propos'd:
Quoth he, with Scotland let us firſt begin,
By which we are upon the North inclos'd,
And lockt with us one continent within;
Then firſt let Scotland be by us diſpos'd,
And with more eaſe ye ſpacious France may win;
Elſe of ourſelves, e'er we our ſhips can clear,
To land in France, they will invade us here.

Not ſo, brave Nevill, (*a*) Exeter replies,
For that of one two labours were to make,
For Scotland wholly upon France relies;
Firſt conquer France, and Scotland ye may take;
'Tis the French pay, the Scot to them that ties;
That ſtopt, aſunder quickly ye ſhall ſhake
The French and Scots. To France then firſt, ſay I.
" Firſt, firſt to France," then all the commons cry.

And inſtantly an embaſſy is ſent
To Charles of France, to will him to reſtore
Thoſe territories, of whoſe large extent
The Engliſh kings were owners of before;
Which if he did not, and incontinent,
The king would ſet thoſe Engliſh on his ſhore;
That in deſpight of him, and all his might,
Should leave their lives there, or redeem his right.

Firſt Normandy in his demand he makes,
With Aquitain, a duchy no leſs great;
Anjou and Mayne, with Gaſcoyne, which he takes
Clearly his own, as any Engliſh ſeat.
With theſe proud France he firſt of all awakes,
For their delivery giving power to treat:
For well he knew, if Charles ſhould theſe reſtore,
No King of France was ever left ſo poor.

The king and dauphin, to his proud demand,
That he might ſee they no ſuch matter meant,
As a thing fitter for his youthful hand,
A ton of Paris tennis-balls him ſent,
Better himſelf to make him underſtand,
Deriding his ridiculous intent:
And that was all the anſwer he could get;
Which more the king doth to this conqueſt whet.

That anſwering the ambaſſador, quoth he,
Thanks for my balls to Charles your ſovereign give;
And thus aſſure him and his ſon from me;
I'll ſend him balls and rackets, if I live,
That they ſuch ſuch racket ſhall in Paris ſee;
When over line with bandies I ſhall drive,
As that before the ſet be fully done,
France may (perhaps) into the hazard run.

So little doth luxurious France foreſee,
By her diſdain what ſhe upon her drew;
(In her moſt bravery ſeeming then to be)
The puniſhment that ſhortly ſhould enſue:
Which ſo incens'd the Engliſh king, that he
For full revenge into that fury grew;
That thoſe three horrors, famine, ſword, and fire,
Could not ſuffice to ſatisfy his ire.

In all men's mouths now was no word but war,
As though no thing had any other name;
And folk would aſk of them arriv'd from far,
What forces were preparing whence they came?
'Gainſt any bus'neſs 'twas a lawful bar,
To ſay for France they were; and 'twas a ſhame
For any man to take in hand to do
Aught, but ſomething that did belong thereto.

(*a*) The Duke of Exeter, the king's own uncle.

Old armours are dreſt up, and new are made;
Jacks are in working, and ſtrong ſhirts of male;
This ſcowers an old (a) Fox, that a (a) Bilboa blade;
Now ſhields and targets only are for ſale;
Who works for war, now thriveth by his trade.
The brown bill and the battle-ax prevail;
The curious fletcher fits his well-ſtrung bow,
And his barb'd arrow, which he ſets to ſhew.

Tents and pavillions in the fields are pitch'd,
E'er full wrought up, their roomthineſs to try;
Windows and towers with enſigns are enrich'd
With ruffling banners, that do brave the ſky;
Whereswith the wearied labourer bewitch'd,
To ſee them thus hang waving in his eye,
His toilſome burthen from his back doth throw,
And bids them work that will, to France he'll go.

Rich ſaddles for the light-horſe and the bard,
For to be brav'ſt there's not a man but plies;
Plumes, bandrolls, and caparizons prepar'd;
Whether of two, and men at arms deviſe,
The (b) greaves or (c) guiſes were the ſurer guard,
The (d) vambraſs or the pouldron they ſhould prize;
And where a ſtand of pikes plac'd cloſe, or large,
Which way to take advantage in the charge.

One trains his horſe, another trails his pike;
He with his poll-ax practiſeth the fight;
The bow-man (which no country hath the like)
With his ſheaf-arrow proveth by his might,
How many ſcore off he his foe can ſtrike,
Yet not to draw above his boſom's height.
The trumpets ſound the charge and the retreat;
The bellowing drum the march again doth beat.

Cannons upon their carriage mounted are,
Whoſe battery France muſt feel upon her walls;
The engineer providing the petard,
To break the ſtrong portcullice; and the balls
Of wild-fire, devis'd to throw from far,
To burn to ground their palaces and halls:
Some ſtudying are the ſcale which they had got,
Thereby to take the level of their (e) ſhot.

The man in years preach'd to his youthful ſon
Preſs'd to this war, as they fate by the fire,
What deeds in France were by his father done,
To this attempt, to work him to aſpire;
And told him there how he an enſign won,
Which many a year was hung up in the quire:
And in the battle, where he made his way,
How many Frenchmen he ſtruck down that day.

(a) Blades accounted of the beſt temper.
(b) Armour at all points.
(c) Armings for the thigh and leg.
(d) Armings for arm and ſhoulder.
(e) Great ordnance then but newly in uſe.

The good old man, with tears of joy, would tell
In Creſſy field what prizes Edward play'd;
As what at Poictiers the Black Prince befell,
How like a lion he about him laid:
In deeds of arms how Audley did excel;
For their old ſins how they the Frenchmen paid;
How bravely Baſſet did behave him there;
How Oxford charg'd the van, Warwick the rear.

And boy, quoth he, I have heard thy grandfire ſay,
That once he did an Engliſh archer ſee,
Who ſhooting at a French twelve ſcore away,
Quite through the body ſtuck him to a tree;
Upon their ſtrengths a king his crown might lay:
Such were the men of that brave age, quoth he,
When with his ax he at his foe let drive,
Murrian and ſcalp down to the teeth could rive.

The ſcarlet judge might now ſet up his mule,
With neighing ſteeds the ſtreets ſo peſter'd are;
For where he wont in Weſtminſter to rule,
On his tribunal ſate the man of war;
The lawyer to his chamber doth recule,
For he hath now no bus'neſs at the bar;
But to make wills and teſtaments for thoſe
That were for France, their ſubſtance to diſpoſe.

By this, the council of this war had met,
And had at large of every thing diſcuſt;
And the grave clergy had with them been ſet,
To warrant what they undertook was juſt;
And as for monies, that to be no let,
They bade the king for that to them to truſt:
The church to pawn would ſee her chalice laid,
E'er ſhe would leave one pioneer unpaid.

From Milford haven to the mouth of Tweed,
Ships of all burthen to Southampton brought,
(For there the king the rendezvous decreed)
To bear aboard his moſt victorious fraught;
The place from whence he with the greateſt ſpeed
Might land in France, of any that was thought,
And with ſucceſs upon that lucky ſhore,
Where his great (f) grandfire landed had before.

But, for he found thoſe veſſels were too few,
That into France his army ſhould convey,
He ſent to Belgia, whoſe great ſtore he knew
Might now at need ſupply him every way.
His bounty ample as the winds that blew,
Such barks for portage out of ev'ry bay
In Holland, Zealand, and in Flanders, brings,
As ſpread the wide (g) Sleeve with their canvaſs wings.

(f) Edward the third.
(g) The ſea between France and England, ſo called.

But firſt ſeven ſhips from Rocheſter are ſent,
The narrow ſeas of all the French to ſweep:
All men of war with ſcripts of mart that went,
And had command the coaſt of France to keep,
The coming of a navy to prevent,
And view what ſtrength was in the bay of Diepe;
And if they found it like to come abroad,
To do their beſt to fire it in the road.

The (a) Bonaventure, George, and the Expence,
Three as tall ſhips as e'er did cable tew;
The Henry Royal, at her parting thence,
Like the huge (b) ruck from Gillingham that flew:
The Antilope, the Elephant, Defence,
Bottoms as good as ever ſpread a clue:
All having charge, their voyage having been,
Before Southampton to take ſoldiers in.

Twelve merchants ſhips, of mighty burthen all,
New off the ſtocks, that had been rigg'd for Stoad,
Riding in Thames by Limehouſe and Blackwall,
That ready were their merchandiſe to load,
Straitly commanded by the admiral,
At the ſame port to ſettle their abode;
And each of theſe a pinnace at command,
To put her fraught conveniently to land.

Eight goodly ſhips ſo Briſtol ready made,
Which to the king they bountifully lent,
With Spaniſh wines which they for ballaſt lade,
In happy ſpeed of his brave voyage meant,
Hoping his conqueſt ſhould enlarge their trade,
And therewithall a rich and ſpacious tent:
And as this fleet the Severn ſeas doth ſtem,
Five more from Padſtow came along with them.

The Hare of Loo, a right good ſhip well known,
The year before that twice the Streights had paſt,
Two wealthy Spaniſh merchants did her own,
Who then but lately had repair'd her waſte;
For from her deck a pirate ſhe had blown,
After a long fight, and him took at laſt:
And from Mounts-Bay ſix more, that ſtill in fight
Waited with her before the iſle of Wight.

From Plymouth next came in the blazing ſtar
And fiery dragon, to take in their fraught,
With other four eſpecial men of war,
That in the bay of Portugal had fought;
And though returning from a voyage far,
Stem'd that rough ſea, when at the high'ſt it wrought,
With theſe, of Dartmouth ſeven good ſhips there were,
The golden creſcent in their tops that bear.

So Lyme three ſhips into the navy ſent,
Of which the Sampſon ſcarce a month before
Had ſprung a plank, and her main-maſt had ſpent,
With extreme peril that ſhe got to ſhore:
With them five other out of Weymouth went,
Which by Southampton were made up a ſcore:
With thoſe that rode at pleaſure in the bay,
And that at anchor before Portſmouth lay.

Next theſe, Newcaſtle furniſheth the fleet
With nine good hoyes, of neceſſary uſe;
The Daniſh pirates valiantly that beat,
Offering to ſack them as they ſail'd for Sluce.
Six hulks from Hull at Humber's mouth them meet,
Which had them oft accompany'd to (c) Pruce.
Five more from Yarmouth falling them among,
That had for fiſhing been prepared long.

The Cow of Harwich, never put to flight,
For hides and furs late to Muſcovia bound;
Of the ſame port, another nam'd the Spight,
That in her coming lately through the Sound,
After a two days ſtill-continued fight,
Had made three Flemings run themſelves aground;
With three neat fly-boats, which with them do take
Six ſhips of Sandwich, up the fleet to make.

Nine ſhips for the nobility there went,
Of able men, the enterpriſe to aid,
Which to the king moſt liberally they lent,
At their own charge, and bountifully paid.
Northumberland and Weſtmorland in ſent
Fourſcore at arms apiece, themſelves and laid
At ſixſcore archers each, as Suffolk ſhews,
Twenty tall men at arms, with forty bows.

Warwick and Stafford levied at no leſs
Than noble Suffolk, nor do offer more
Of men at arms, and archers which they preſs,
Of their own tenants, arm'd with their own ſtore:
Their forwardneſs foreſhews their good ſucceſs
In ſuch a war as had not been before:
And other barons, under earls that were,
Yet dar'd with them an equal charge to bear,

Darcy and Camois, zealous for the king;
Lovell, Fitzwater, Willoughby and Roſs,
Berckley, Powis, Burrel, faſt together cling;
Seymour and St. John, for the buſ'neſs cloſe,
Each twenty horſe, and forty foot do bring
More, to nine hundred mounting in the groſs,
In thoſe nine ſhips, and fitly them beſtow'd,
Which with the other fall into the road.

From Holland, Zeland, and from Flanders won
By weekly pay, threeſcore twelve bottoms came,
From fifty upward to five hundred ton,
For ev'ry uſe a mariner could name,

(a) The names of the king's ſeven ſhips of war.
(b) An Indian bird, ſo large, that ſhe is able to carry an elephant.

Pruſſia.

Whoſe glittering flags againſt the radiant ſun,
Shew'd as the ſea had all been of a flame:
For ſkiffs, crays, ſhallops, and the like, why theſe
From ev'ry ſmall creek cover'd all the ſeas.

The man whoſe way from London hap'd to lie,
By thoſe he met might gueſs the general force;
Daily encounter'd as he paſſed by,
Now with a troop of foot, and then of horſe,
To whom the people ſtill themſelves apply,
Bringing them victuals as in meer remorſe;
And ſtill the acclamation of the preſs,
Saint George for England, to your good ſucceſs.

There might a man have ſeen in ev'ry ſtreet,
The father bidding farewel to his ſon;
Small children kneeling at their father's feet;
The wife with her dear huſband ne'er had done;
Brother his brother with adieu to greet;
One friend to take leave of another run;
The maiden, with her beſt-belov'd to part,
Gave him her hand, who took away her heart.

The nobler youth, the common rank above,
On their courveting courſers mounted fair,
One wore his miſtreſs' garter, one her glove;
And he a lock of his dear lady's hair;
And he her colours whom he moſt did love.
There was not one but did ſome favour wear;
And each one took it on his happy ſpeed,
To make it famous by ſome knightly deed.

The clouds of duſt that from the ways aroſe,
Which in their march the trampling troops do rear;
When as the ſun their thickneſs doth oppoſe
In his deſcending, ſhining wondrous clear,
To the beholder far off ſtanding, ſhews
Like ſome beſieged town that were on fire:
As though foretelling, e'er they ſhould return,
That many a city, yet ſecure, muſt burn.

The well-rigg'd navy fall'n into the road,
For this ſhort cut with victual fully ſtor'd,
The king impatient of their long abode,
Commands his army inſtantly aboard,
Caſting to have each company beſtow'd,
As then the time convenience could afford;
The ſhips appointed wherein they ſhould go,
And boats prepar'd for waſtage to and fro.

To be imbark'd when every band comes down,
Each in their order as they muſter'd were,
Or by the difference of their armings known,
Or by their colours; for in enſigns there,
Some wore the arms of their moſt antient town,
Others again their own devices bear:
There was not any, but that more or leſs,
Something had got, that ſomething ſhould expreſs.

Firſt in the Kentiſh ſtreamer was a wood,
Out of whoſe top an arm that held a ſword,
As their right emblem; and to make it good,
They above other only had a word,
Which was, unconquer'd, as that freeſt had ſtood.
Suſſex, the next that was to come aboard,
Bore a (*d*) black lion rampant, ſore that bled,
With a field-arrow darted through the head.

The men of Surry, checky blue and gold,
Which for brave Warren their firſt earl they wore,
In many a field that honour'd was of old.
And Hampſhire next, in the ſame colours bore
Three lions paſſant, th' arms of Bevis bold,
Who through the world ſo famous was of yore.
A ſilver tower, Dorſet's red banner bears;
The Corniſh-men two wreſtlers had for theirs.

The Devonſhire band, a beacon ſet on fire;
Somerſet, a virgin bathing in a ſpring:
Their city's arms the men of Glo'ſterſhire,
In gold three bloody chevernels, do bring.
Wiltſhire a crowned pyramid, as nigher
Than any other to march to the King;
Berkſhire a ſtag, under an oak that ſtood;
Oxford, a white bull wading in a flood.

The muſter'd men for Buckingham, are gone
Under the ſwan, the arms of that old town;
The Londoners and Middleſex as one,
Are by the red croſs and the dagger known.
The men of Eſſex, over-match'd by none,
Under queen Helen's (*e*) image marching down,
Suffolk, a ſun half riſen from the brake;
Norfolk, a triton on a dolphin's back.

The ſoldiers ſent from Cambridgeſhire, a bay
Upon a mountain, water'd with a ſhower;
Hartford, two harts that in a river play;
Bedford's, an eagle perch'd upon a tower;
And Huntington, a people proud as they,
Nor giving place to any for their power,
A youthful hunter with a chaplet crown'd,
In a py'd lyam leading forth his hound.

Northampton with a caſtle ſeated high,
Supported by two lions, thither came;
The men of Rutland, to them marching nigh,
In their rich enſign bear an ermin ram;
And Lei'ſterſhire, that on their ſtrength rely,
A bull and maſtiff (*f*) fighting for the game.
Lincoln a (*g*) ſhip moſt neatly that was limn'd,
In all her ſails with flags and pennants trimm'd.

(*d*) An expreſſion of king Harold's death, ſlain with an arrow in the head at the battle of Haſtings, fighting againſt the Conqueror.

(*e*) Queen Helen, foundreſs of the croſs, wife to Conſtantine, and daughter to king Coell, builder of Colcheſter in Eſſex.

(*f*) A ſport more uſed anciently in that ſhire than in any other.

(*g*) For the length it hath upon the German ocean.

Stout Warwickſhire, her ancient badge the bear;
Wor'ſter, a pear-tree laden with the fruit;
A golden fleece and Hereford doth wear;
Stafford, a (*b*) hermit in his homely ſuit;
Shropſhire, a falcon tow'ring in the air:
And for the ſhire whoſe ſurface ſeems moſt brute,
Darby, an eagle ſitting on a root,
A ſwathed infant holding in her foot.

Old Nottingham, an archer clad in green,
Under a tree with his drawn bow that ſtood,
Which in a chequer'd flag far off was ſeen;
It was the picture of old Robin Hood;
And Lancaſhire, not as the leaſt I weeo,
Thoro' three crowns three arrows ſmear'd with blood:
Cheſhire, a banner very ſquare and broad,
Wherein a man upon a lion rode.

A flaming lance, the Yorkſhire-men for them;
As thoſe for Durham, near again at hand,
A mitre crowned with a diadem;
An armed man, the men of Cumberland;
So Weſtmorland, link'd with it in one ſtem,
A ſhip that wrack'd lay fir'd upon the ſand:
Northumberland with theſe com'n as a brother,
Two lions fighting, tearing one another.

Thus as themſelves the Engliſhmen had ſhew'd
Under the enſign of each ſev'ral ſhire,
The native Welch, who no leſs honour ow'd
To their own king, nor yet leſs valiant were,
In one ſtrong reg'ment had themſelves beſtow'd,
And of the reſt reſumed had the rear;
To their own quarter marching as the reſt,
As neatly arm'd, and bravely as the beſt.

Pembroke, a boat (*i*) wherein a lady ſtood,
Rowing herſelf within a quiet bay;
Thoſe men of South Wales of the (*k*) mixed blood,
Had of the Welch the leading of the way.
Caermarthen in her colours bore a rood,
Whereon an old man lean'd himſelf to ſtay,
At a ſtar pointing; which of great renown,
Was ſkilful Merlin, namer of that town.

Glamorgan-men, a caſtle great and high,
From which, out of the battlement above,
A flame ſhot up itſelf into the ſky:
The men of Munmouth (for the ancient love
To that dear country, neighbouring them ſo nigh)
Next after them in equipage that move,

Three (*l*) crowns imperial, which ſupported were
With three arm'd arms, in their proud enſign bear.

The men of Brecknock brought a warlike tent,
Upon whoſe top there ſat a watchful cock;
Radnor (*m*), a mountain of a high aſcent,
Thereon a ſhepherd keeping of his flock;
As (*n*) Cardigan, the next to them that went,
Came with a mermaid ſitting on a rock;
And Merioneth bears (as theſe had done)
Three dancing goats againſt the riſing ſun.

Thoſe of Montgomery bear a prancing ſteed;
Denbigh, a Neptune with his three-fork'd mace;
Flintſhire, a work-maid in her ſummers weed,
With ſheaf and ſickle. With a warlike pace
Thoſe of Caernarvon (not the leaſt in ſpeed,
Tho' marching laſt in the main army's face)
Three golden eagles in their enſign brought,
Under which oft brave Owen Guyneth fought.

The ſeas, amazed at the fearful ſight
Of arms and enſigns that aboard were brought,
Of ſtreamers, banners, pennons, enſigns pight
Upon each poop and prow; and at the fraught
So full of terror, that it hardly might
Into a natural courſe again be brought,
As the vaſt navy which at anchor rides,
Proudly preſumes to ſhoulder out the tides.

The fleet then full, and floating on the main,
The numerous maſts with their brave topſails ſpread,
When as the wind a little doth them ſtrain,
Seem like a foreſt bearing her proud head
Againſt ſome rough flaw, that fore-runs a rain:
So do they look from every lofty ſted,
Which with the ſurges tumbled to and fro,
Seem even to bend, as trees are ſeen to do.

From every ſhip when as the ordnance roar,
Of their depart that all might underſtand;
When as the zealous people from the ſhore
Again with fires ſalute them from the land;
For ſo was order left with them before,
To watch the beacons with a careful hand,
Which being once fir'd, the people more leſs
Should all to church, and pray for their ſucceſs.

They ſhape their courſe into the mouth of Sein,
That deſtin'd flood thoſe navies to receive;
Before whoſe fraught her France had proſtrate lain,

(*b*) Many hermits formerly lived there, it being all foreſty.

(*i*) Milford haven in Pembrokeſhire, one of the braveſt harbours in the world, therefore not unaptly ſo expreſſed.

(*k*) Partly Dutch, partly Engliſh, partly Welch.

(*l*) To expreſs the king's birth-place and principalities.

(*m*) The middle of Wales, abounding with ſheep on its mountains.

(*n*) Expreſſing the maritime ſituation of that ſhire.

As now ſhe muſt this, that ſhall never leave,
Until the engines that it doth contain,
Into the air her heighten'd walls ſhall heave;
Whoſe ſtubborn turrets had refus'd to bow
To that brave nation that ſhall ſhake them now.

Long-boats with ſcouts are put to land before,
Upon light nags the country to deſery,
(Whilſt the brave army ſetting is on ſhore)
To view what ſtrength the enemy had nigh;
Preſſing the boſom of large France ſo ſore,
That her pale Genius in affright doth fly
To all her towns, and warns them to awake,
And for her ſafety up their arms to take.

At Paris, Roan, and Orleance ſhe calls,
And at their gates with groanings doth complain:
Then cries ſhe out, "O get up to your walls:
"The Engliſh armies are return'd again,
"Which in two battles gave thoſe fatal falls
"At Creſſy and at Poictiers, where lay ſlain
"Our conquer'd fathers, which with very "fear
"Quake in their graves to feel them landed "here."

The king of France now having underſtood
Of Henry's entrance (but too well improv'd)
He clearly ſaw that dear muſt be the blood
That it muſt coſt, e'er he could be remov'd:
He ſends to make his other ſea-towns good,
(Never before ſo much it him behov'd)
In every one a garriſon to lay,
Fearing freſh pow'rs from England every day.

To the high'ſt earth whilſt awful Henry gets,
From whence ſtrong Harfleur he might eaſi'ſt ſee,
With ſprightly words and thus their courage whets:
"In yonder walls be mines of gold, quoth he;
"He's a poor ſlave that thinks of any debts;
"Harfleur ſhall pay for all, it ours ſhall be.
"This air of France doth like me wond'rous "well;
"Let's burn our ſhips, for here we mean to "dwell."

But through his hoſt he firſt of all proclaim'd,
In pain of death, no Engliſhman ſhould take
From the religious, aged, or the maim'd,
Or women, that could no reſiſtance make:
To gain his own for that he only aim'd,
Nor would have ſuch to ſuffer for his ſake:
Which in the French, when they the ſame did hear,
Bred of this brave king a religious fear.

His army rang'd in order fitting war,
Each with ſome green thing doth his murrian crown,
With his main ſtandard fixt upon the (o) car,
Comes the great king before th' intrenched town,
Whilſt from the walls the people gazing are,
In all their ſights he ſets his army down;
And for their ſhot he careth not a pin,
But ſeeks where he his battery may begin.

And into three his army doth divide,
His ſtrong approaches on three parts to make;
Himſelf on th' one, Clarence on th' other ſide;
To York and Suffolk he the third doth take;
The mines the Duke of Gloceſter doth guide:
Then caus'd his ſhips the river up to ſtake,
That none with victual ſhould the town relieve,
Should the ſword fail, with famine them to grieve.

From his pavilion, where he ſat in ſtate
Arm'd for the ſiege, and buckling on his ſhield,
Brave Henry ſends his herald to the gate,
By trumpet's ſound to ſummon them to yield,
And to accept his mercy, ere too late;
Or elſe to ſay, ere he forſook the field,
Harfleur ſhould be but a mere heap of ſtones,
Her buildings buried with her owners bones.

France on this ſudden put into a fright
With the ſad news of Harfleur in diſtreſs,
Whoſe unexpected miſerable plight
She on the ſudden knew not to redreſs;
But urg'd to do the utmoſt that ſhe might,
The peoples fears and clamours to ſuppreſs,
Raiſeth a power with all the ſpeed ſhe could,
Somewhat thereby to looſe king Henry's hold.

The Marſhal and the conſtable of France,
Leading thoſe forces levied for the turn,
By which they thought their titles to advance,
And of their country endleſs praiſe to earn;
But it with them far otherwiſe doth chance?
For when they ſaw the villages to burn,
And high-tower'd Harfleur round ingirt with fire,
They with their pow'rs to Cawdebeck retire.

Like as a hind, when ſhe her calf doth ſee
Lighted by chance into a lion's paws,
From which ſhould ſhe adventure it to free,
She muſt herſelf fill his devouring jaws,
And yet her young one ſtill his prey muſt be,
(She ſo inſtructed is by nature's laws:)
With them ſo fares it, which muſt needs go down
If they would fight, and yet muſt loſe the town.

(o) The king's main ſtandard (for the ponderouſneſs thereof) ever born upon a carriage.

(p) Now do they mount their ordnance for the day,
Their ſcaling-ladders rearing to the walls;
Ther battering-rams againſt the gates they lay,
Their brazen ſlings ſend in the wild-fire balls,
Baſkets of twigs now carry ſtones and clay,
And to th' aſſault who furiouſly not falls?
The ſpade and pick-ax working are below,
Which then unfelt, yet gave the greateſt blow.

Rampiers of earth the painful pioneers raiſe
With the walls equal, cloſe upon the dike;
To paſs by which the ſoldier that aſſays,
On planks thruſt over, one him down doth ſtrike:
Him with a mall a ſecond Engliſh pays;
A ſecond French tranſpierc'd him with a pike;
That from the height of the imbattl'd tow'rs,
Their mixed blood ran down the walls in ſhow'rs.

A Frenchman back into the town doth fall,
With a ſheaf-arrow ſhot into the head;
An Engliſhman, in ſcaling of the wall,
From the ſame place is by a ſtone ſtruck dead,
Tumbling upon them logs of wood, and all,
That any way for their defence might ſtead:
The hills at hand re-echoing with the din,
Of ſhouts without, and fearful ſhrieks within.

When all at once the Engliſh men aſſail,
The French within all valiantly defend,
And in a firſt aſſault if any fail,
They by a ſecond ſtrife it to amend:
Out of the town come (a) quarries thick as hail;
As thick again their ſhafts the Engliſh ſend:
The bellowing cannon from both ſides doth roar
With ſuch a noiſe, as makes the thunder poor.

Now upon one ſide you ſhould hear a cry,
And all that quarter clouded with a ſmother;
The like from that againſt it by and by,
As though the one were echo to the other.
The King and Clarence ſo their turns can ply;
And valiant Glo'ſter ſhews himſelf their brother,
Whoſe mines to the beſieg'd more miſchief do,
Than, with th' aſſaults above, the other two.

An old man ſitting by the fire ſide,
Decrepit with extremity of age,
Stilling his little grandchild when it cry'd,
Almoſt diſtracted with the batteries rage;
Sometimes doth ſpeak it fair, ſometimes doth chide,
As thus he ſeeks its mourning to aſſwage,
By chaunce a bullet doth the chimney hit,
Which falling in, doth kill both him and it.

Whilſt the ſad weeping mother ſits her down,
To give her little new-born babe the pap,
A luckleſs quarry, level'd at the town,
Kills the ſweet baby ſleeping in her lap,
That with the fright ſhe falls into a ſwoon;
From which awak'd, and mad with the miſhap,
As up a rampier ſhrieking ſhe doth climb,
Comes a great ſhot, and ſtrikes her limb from limb.

Whilſt a ſort run confuſedly to quench
Some palace burning, or ſome fired ſtreet.
Call'd from where they were fighting in the trench,
They in their way with balls of wild-fire meet,
So plagued are the miſerable French,
Not above head, but alſo under feet;
For the fierce Engliſh vow the town to take,
Or of it ſoon a heap of ſtones to make.

Hot is the ſiege, the Engliſh coming on
As men ſo long to be kept out that ſcorn,
Careleſs of wounds, as they were made of ſtone,
As with their teeth the walls they would have torn:
Into a breach who quickly is not gone,
Is by the next behind him overborn;
So that they found a place that gave them way,
They never car'd what danger therein lay.

From ev'ry quarter they their courſe muſt ply,
As't pleas'd the King them to th' aſſault to call:
Now on the Duke of York the charge doth ly;
To Kent and Cornwall then the turn doth fall;
Then Huntingdon up to the walls they cry;
Then Suffolk, and then Exeter; which all
In their mean ſoldiers habits us'd to go,
Taking ſuch part as thoſe that own'd them do.

The men of Harfleur rough excurſions make
Upon the Engliſh, watchful in their tent,
Whoſe courages they to their coſt awake,
With many a wound, that often back them ſent,
So proud a ſally that durſt undertake,
And in the chaſe pell-mell amongſt them went;
For on the way ſuch ground of them they win
That ſome French are ſhut out, ſome Engliſh in.

Nor idly ſit our men at armes the while,
Four thouſand horſe that ev'ry day go out,
And of the field are maſters many a mile,
By putting the rebellious French to rout;
No peaſants them with promiſes beguile,
Another bus'neſs they were come about;
For him they take, his ranſom muſt redeem,
Only French crowns the Engliſhmen eſteem.

Whilſt Engliſh Henry laſtly means to try
By three vaſt mines the walls to overthrow,
The Frenchmen, their approaches that eſpy,
By countermines do meet with them below;
And as oppoſed in the works they ly,
Up the beſieged the beſiegers blow,
That ſtifled quite with powder, as with duſt,
Longer to walls they found it vain to truſt.

Till Gaucourt then and Tuttiville, that were
The town's commanders, with much peril find
The reſolution that the Engliſh bear,

(p) A deſcription of the ſiege of Harfleur, in the nineteen following ſtanza's.
(a) Croſs-bow arrows.

As how their own to yielding were inclin'd,
Summon to parley; off'ring frankly there,
If that aid came not by a day aſſign'd,
To give the town up, might their lives ſtand free;
As for their goods, at Henry's will to be.

And having won their conduct to the King,
Thoſe hardy chiefs on whom the charge had lain,
Thither thoſe well-fed burgeſſes do bring,
What they had offer'd ſtrongly to maintain
In ſuch a caſe, although a dang'rous thing;
Yet they ſo long upon their knees remain,
That five days reſpite from his grant they have
Which was the moſt they for their lives durſt crave.

The time prefixed coming to expire,
And their relief inglorioufly delay'd;
Nothing within their ſight but ſword and fire,
And bloody enſigns ev'ry where diſplay'd;
The Engliſh ſtill within themſelves entire;
When all theſe things they ſeriouſly had weigh'd
To Henry's mercy found that they muſt traſt,
For they perceiv'd their own to be unjuſt.

The ports are open'd, weapons laid aſide,
And from the walls th' artillery diſplac'd;
The arms of England are advanc'd in pride,
The wateh-tow'r with ſaint George's banner grac'd:
"Live England's Henry," all the people cry'd;
Into the ſtreets their women ran in haſte
Bearing their little children for whoſe ſake
They hop'd the King would the more mercy take.

The gates thus widen'd with the breath of war,
Their ample entrance to the Engliſh gave;
There was no door that then had any bar,
For of their own not any thing they have:
When Henry comes on his imperial car,
To whom they kneel, their lives alone to ſave;
Strucken with wonder when that face they ſaw,
Wherein ſuch mercy was, with ſo much awe.

And firſt themſelves the Engliſh to ſecure,
Doubting what danger might be yet within,
The ſtrongeſt forts and citadel make ſure,
To ſhew that they could kepe as well as win;
And though the ſpoils them wond'rouſly allure,
To fall to pillage ere they will begin,
They ſhut each paſſage, by which any pow'r
Might be brought on to hinder but an hour

That conqu'ring King, which entring at the gate,
Born by the preſs as in the air he ſwam,
Upon the ſudden lays aſide his ſtate,
And of a lion is become a lamb;
He is not now what he was but of late,
But on his bare feet to the church he came,
By his example as did all the preſs,
To give God thanks for his firſt good ſucceſs

And ſends his herald to King Charles to ſay,
That though he was thus ſettled on his ſhore,
Yet he his arms was ready down to lay,
His ancient right if ſo he would reſtore:
But if the ſame he wilfully denay,
To ſtop th' effuſion of their ſubjects gore,
He frankly off'reth in a ſingle fight
With the yonng Dauphin to decide his right.

Eight days at Harfleur he doth ſtay, to hear
What anſwer back his herald him would bring:
But when he found that he was ne'er the near,
And that the Dauphin meaneth no ſuch thing
As to fight ſingle, nor that any were
To deal for compoſition from the King;
He caſts for Calais to make forth his way,
And take ſuch towns as in his journies lay.

But firſt his bus'neſs he doth ſo contrive
To curb the townſmen, ſhould they chance to ſtir
Of arms and office he doth them deprive,
And to their rooms the Engliſh doth prefer:
Out of the ports all vagrants he doth drive,
And therein ſets his uncle Exeter:
This done, to march he bids the thundr'ing drums,
To ſcourge proud France, when now her Conqueror comes.

The King and Dauphin having underſtood,
How on his way this haughty Henry was
Over the Soame, which is a dangerous flood,
Pluckt down the bridges which might give him paſs;
And ev'ry thing, if fit for human food,
Caus'd to be ſorag'd, to a wond'rous maſs;
And more than this, his journies to foreſlow,
He ſcarce one day unſkirmiſh'd with doth go.

But on his march, in midſt of all his foes,
He like a lion keeps them all at bay;
And when they ſeem him ſtrictly to encloſe,
Yet through the thick'ſt he hews him out a way;
Nor the proud Dauphin dare him to oppoſe,
Though off'ring oft his army to forelay;
Nor all the power the envious French can make,
Force him one foot his path but to forſake.

And each day as his army doth remove,
Marching along upon Soame's marſhy ſide,
His men at arms on their tall horſes prove
To find ſome ſhallow, over where to ride:
But all in vain, againſt the ſtream they ſtrove,
Till by the help of a laborious guide
A ford was found to ſet his army o'er,
Which never had diſcover'd been before.

The news divulg'd that he had waded Soame,
And ſafe to ſhore his carriages had brought,
Into the Dauphin's boſom ſtruck ſo home,
And on the weakneſs of King Charles ſo wrought,
That like the troubled ſea when it doth foam,
As in a rage to beat the rocks to nought;
So do they ſtorm, and curſe on curſe they heap,
'Gainſt thoſe which ſhould the paſſages have kept.

And at that time both reſident in Roan,
Thither for this aſſembling all the Peers,
Whoſe counſels now muſt underprop their throne
Againſt the foe, which not a man but fears;
Yet in a moment confident are grown,
When with freſh hopes each one his fellow cheers,
That ere the Engliſh to their Calais got,
Some for this ſpoil ſhould pay a bloody ſhot.

Therefore they both in ſolemn council ſat,
With Berry and with Bretagne their allies;
Now ſpeak they of this courſe, and then of that,
As to enſnare him how they might deviſe;
Something they fain would do, but know not what.
At length the Duke Alanzon up doth riſe,
And craving ſilence of the King and Lords,
Againſt the Engliſh brake into theſe words.

" Had this unbridled youth an army led,
" That any way were worthy of your fear,
" Againſt our nation that durſt turn the head,
" Such as the former Engliſh forces were,
" This care of yours your country then might ſtead:
" To tell you then who longer can forbear,
" That into queſtion you our valour bring,
" To call a council for ſo poor a thing

" A rout of tatter'd raſcals, ſtarved ſo,
" As forced through extremity of need
" To rake for ſcraps on dunghills as they go,
" And on the berries of the ſhrubs to feed;
" Beſides, with fluxes are enfeebled ſo,
" And other foul diſeaſes that they breed,
" That they their arms diſabled are to ſway,
" But in their march do leave them on the way.

" And to our people but a handful are,
" Scarce thirty thouſand when to land they came,
" Of which to England daily ſome repair,
" Many from Harfleur carry'd ſick and lame,
" Fitter for ſpitels and the ſurgeons care,
" That with their ſwords on us to win them fame:
" Unſhod and without ſtockings are the beſt,
" And thoſe by winter miſerably oppreſt.

" To let them die upon their march abroad,
" And fowls upon their carcaſes to feed,
" The heaps of them upon the common road
" A great infection likely were to breed;
" For our own ſafeties ſee them then beſtow'd,
" And do for them this charitable deed,
" Under our ſwords together let them fall,
" And, on that day they die, be buried all."

This bold invective forc'd againſt the foe,
Although it moſt of the aſſembly fels'd,
Yet thoſe which better did the Engliſh know,
Were but a little with his ſpeeches pleas'd;
And that the Duke of Berry meant to ſhew:
Which when the murmur ſomewhat was appeas'd,
After a while their liſt'ning ſilence breaks,
And thus in anſwer of Alanzon ſpeaks.

" My Liege, quoth he, and you, my Lords and
" Peers,
" Whom this great buſineſs chiefly doth concern,
" By my experience, now ſo many years,
" To know the Engliſh I am not to learn;
" Nor I more feeling have of human fears
" Than fitteth manhood, nor do hope to earn
" Suffrage from any; but by zeal am won
" To ſpeak my mind here, as the Duke hath done.

" Th' events of war are various (as I know)
" And ſay, the loſs upon the Engliſh light,
" Yet may a dying man give ſuch a blow,
" As much may hinder his proud conquerors
" might;
" It is enough our puiſſant power to ſhew
" To the weak Engliſh now upon their flight,
" When want and winter ſtrongly ſpurthem on;
" You elſe but ſtay them that would fain be
" gone.

" I like our forces their firſt courſe ſhould hold,
" To ſkirmiſh with them upon every ſtay,
" But fight by no means with them, though they
" would,
" Except they find them foraging for prey;
" So ſtill you have them ſhut up in a fold,
" And ſtill to Calais keep them in their way;
" So Fabius wearied Hanibal, ſo we
" May Engliſh Henry, pleaſed if you be.

" And of the Engliſh rid your country clean,
" If on their backs but Calais walls they win,
" Whoſe frontier towns you eas'ly may maintain,
" With a ſtrong army ſtill to keep them in;
" Then let our ſhips make good the mouth of
" Sein,
" And at your pleaſure Harfleur you may win,
" Ere with ſupplies again they can invade,
" Spent in the voyage lately hither made.

" That day at Poictiers, in that bloody field,
" The ſudden turn in that great battle then
" Shall ever teach me, whilſt I arms can wield,
" Never to truſt to multitudes of men;
" 'Twas the firſt day that e'er I wore a ſhield,
" Oh let me never ſee the like agen!
" Where their Black Edward ſuch a battle won,
" As to behold it might amaze the ſun.

" There did I ſee our conquer'd fathers fall
" Before the Engliſh, on that fatal ground,
" When as to ours their number was but ſmall,
" And with brave ſpirits France ne'er did more
" abound;
" Yet oft that battle into mind I call,
" Whereas of ours, one man ſeem'd all one wound.
" I inſtance this, yet humbly here ſubmit
" Myſelf to fight, if you ſhall think it fit."

The Marſhal and the Conſtable about
To ſecond what this ſager Duke had ſaid,
The youthful Lords into a cry brake out

'Gainſt their opinions; ſo that over-ſway'd,
Some ſeeming of their loyalties to doubt,
Alanzon as an oracle obey'd,
And not a French then preſent, but doth ſwear
To kill an Engliſh, if enow there were.

A herald poſted preſently away,
The King of England to the field to dare,
To bid him ceaſe his ſpoil, nor to delay
'Gainſt the French pow'r his forces, but prepare:
For that King Charles determin'd to diſplay
His bloody enſigns, and through France declare
The day and place that Henry ſhould ſet down,
In which their battles ſhould diſpoſe the crown.

This news to Henry by the herald brought,
As one diſpaſſion'd, ſoberly quoth he, [ſought;
" Had your King pleas'd, we ſooner might have
" For now my ſoldiers much enfeebled be.:
" Nor day, nor place, for battle ſhall be fought
" By Engliſh Henry; but if he ſeek me,
" I to my utmoſt will my ſelf defend,
" And to th' Almighty's pleaſure leave the end."

The bruit of this intended battle ſpread,
The coldneſs of each ſleeping courage warms,
And in the French that daring boldneſs bred,
Like caſting bees that they ariſe in ſwarms,
Thinking the Engliſh down ſo far to tread,
As paſt that day ne'er more to riſe in arms,
T'extirp the name, if poſſible it were,
At leaſt not after to be heard of there.

As when you ſee the envious crow eſpy
Something that ſhe doth naturally deteſt,
With open throat how ſhe doth ſqual and cry,
And from the next grove calleth in the reſt,
And they for thoſe beyond them bawling fly,
Till their ſoul noiſe do all the air infeſt:
Thus French, the French to this great battle call,
Upon their ſwords to ſee the Engliſh fall:

And to the King when ſeriouſly one told,
With what an hoſt he ſhould encounter'd be;
Gam, noting well the King did him behold
In the reporting, merrily quoth he,
" My liege, I'll tell you, if I may be bold,
" We will divide this army into three;
" One part we'll kill, the ſecond pris'ners ſtay;
" And for the third, we'll leave to run away.'

But, for the foe came hourly in ſo faſt,
Leſt they his army ſhould diſorder'd take,
The King, who wiſely doth the worſt forecaſt,
His ſpeedy march doth preſently forſake,
Into ſuch form and his battalion caſt, [ſhake;
That, do their worſt, they ſhould not eas'ly
For that his ſcouts, which forag'd had the coaſt,
Bade him at hand expect a puiſſant hoſt.

On which ere long the Engliſh vaward light,
Which York, of men the braveſt, doth command,
When either of them in the other's ſight,
He cans'd the army inſtantly to ſtand,
As though preparing for a preſent fight;
And rideth forth from his couragious band
To view the French, whoſe numbers overſpread
The troubled country on whoſe earth they tread.

Now were both armies got upon that ground,
As on a ſtage, where they their ſtrengths muſt try,
Whence, from the width of many a gaping wound,
There's many a ſoul into the air muſt fly.
Mean while the Engliſh, that ſome eaſe had
By the advantage of a village nigh, [found
There ſat them down the battle to abide,
When they the place had ſtrongly fortify'd.

Made drunk with pride, the haughty French diſ-
Leſs than their own a multitude to view, [dain
Nor aſk of God the victory to gain
Upon the Engliſh, waxt ſo poor and few,
To ſtay their ſlaughter thinking it a pain;
And laſtly to that inſolence they grew,
Quoits, lots, and dice for Engliſhmen to caſt,
And ſwear to pay, the battle being paſt.

For knots of cord to ev'ry town they ſend,
The captiv'd Engliſh that they caught to bind,
For to perpetual ſlav'ry they intend
Thoſe that alive they on the field ſhould find:
So much as that they fear'd leſt they ſhould ſpend
Too many Engliſh, wherefore they aſſign'd
Some to keep faſt thoſe ſain that would be gone,
After the fight to try their arms upon.

One his bright ſharp-edg'd ſcymitar doth ſhew,
Off'ring to lay a thouſand crowns (in pride)
That he two naked Engliſh at one blow,
Bound back to back, would at the waiſts divide:
Some bett his ſword will do't, ſome others no,
After the battle and they'll have it try'd.
Another wafts his blade about his head, [ſhred.
And ſhews 'em how their ham ſtrings he will

They part their pris'ners, paſſing them for debt,
And in their ranſom ratably accord:
To a prince of ours, a page of theirs they ſet,
And a French lacquey to an Engliſh lord.
As for our gentry, them to hire they'll let,
And as good cheap as they can them afford,
Branded for ſlaves, that if they hapt to ſtray,
Known by the mark, them any one might ſlay.

And caſt to make a chariot for the King,
Painted with antics and ridiculous toys,
In which they mean to Paris him to bring,
To make ſport to their madams and their boys,
And will have raſcals rhimes of him to ſing,
Made in his mockery; and in all theſe joys,
They bid the bells to ring, and people cry
Before the battle, France and Victory.

And to the King and Dauphin ſent away
(Who at that time reſiding were in Roan)
To be partakers of that glorious day,
Wherein the Engliſh ſhould be overthrown;

Leſt that of them enſuing times ſhould ſay,
That for their ſafety they forſook their own,
When France did that brave victory obtain,
That ſhall her laſting'ſt monument remain.

The poor diſtreſſed Engliſhmen the whiles,
Not dar'd by doubt, and leſs appall'd with dread,
Of their arm'd pikes ſome ſharp'ning are the piles,
The archer grinding his barb'd arrow-head;
Their bills and blades ſome whetting are with files,
And ſome their armours ſtrongly riveted;
Some pointing ſtakes to ſtick into the ground,
To guard the bowmen, and their horſe to wound.

The night fore-running this moſt dreadful day,
The French that all to jollity incline,
Some fall to dancing, ſome again to play,
And ſome are drinking to this great deſign;
But all in pleaſure ſpend the night away:
The tents with lights, the fields with bonfires ſhine;
The common ſoldiers free-mens catches ſing;
With ſhouts and laughter all the camp doth ring.

The wearied Engliſh, watchful o'er their foes,
The depth of night then drawing on ſo faſt,
That fain a little would themſelves repoſe,
With thanks to God do take that ſmall repaſt
Which that poor village willingly beſtows;
And having plac'd their ſentinels at laſt,
They fall to prayer, and in their cabins bleſt,
T' refreſh their ſpirits then took them to their reſt.

In his pavillion princely Henry laid,
Whilſt all his army round about him ſlept;
His reſtleſs head upon his helmet ſtaid,
For careful thoughts his eyes long waking kept.
"Great God (quoth he) withdraw not now thy aid,
"Nor let my father Henry's ſins be heapt
"On my tranſgreſſions, up the ſum to make,
"For which thou may'ſt me utterly forſake.

"King Richard's wrongs to mind, Lord, do not call,
"Nor how for him my father did offend;
"From us alone derive not thou his fall,
"Whoſe odious life caus'd his untimely end,
"That by our alms be expiated all:
"Let not that ſin on me his ſon deſcend,
"When as his body I tranſlated have,
"And buried in an honourable grave."

Theſe things thus pond'ring, ſorrow-ceaſing ſleep,
From cares to reſcue his much-troubled mind,
Upon his eye-lids ſtealingly doth creep,
And in ſoft ſlumbers every ſenſe doth bind,
As undiſturbed every one to keep;
When as that angel, to whom God aſſign'd
The guiding of the Engliſh, gliding down,
The ſilent camp doth with freſh courage crown.

His glitt'ring wings he gloriouſly diſplays
O'er the hoſt, as every way it lies,
With golden dreams their travail and repays:
This herald from the Rector of the ſkies
In viſion warns them not to uſe delays,
But to the battle chearfully to riſe,
And be victorious; for that day at hand
He would amongſt them for the Engliſh ſtand.

The dawn ſcarce drew the curtains of the Eaſt,
But the late wearied Engliſhmen awake,
And much refreſhed with a little reſt,
Themſelves ſoon ready for the battle make:
Not any one but feeleth in his breaſt
That ſprightly fire which courage bids him take;
For ere the ſun next riſing went to bed,
The French by them in triumph ſhould be led.

And from their cabins ere the French aroſe,
(Drowned in the pleaſure of the paſſed night,)
The Engliſh caſt their battels to diſpoſe,
Fit for the ground whereon they were to fight:
Forth that brave King courageous Henry goes,
An hour before that it was fully light,
To ſee if there might any place be found
To give his hoſt advantage by the ground.

Where 'twas his hap a quickſet hedge to view,
Well grown in height, and for his purpoſe thin;
Yet by the ditch upon whoſe bank it grew,
He found it to be difficult to win,
Eſpecially if thoſe of his were true,
Amongſt the ſhrubs that he ſhould ſet within;
By which he knew their ſtrength of horſe muſt come,
If they would ever charge his vanguard home.

And of three hundred archers maketh choice,
Some to be taken out of every band,
The ſtrongeſt bowmen by the general voice,
Such as beſide were valiant of their hand,
And to be ſo employ'd as would rejoice,
Appointing them behind the hedge to ſtand
To ſhroud themſelves from ſight, and to be mute,
Until a ſignal freely bade them ſhoot.

The gameſome lark now got upon her wing,
As 'twere the Engliſh early to awake,
And to wide heaven her chearful notes doth ſing,
As ſhe for them would interceſſion make;
Nor all the noiſe that from below doth ſpring,
Her airy walk can force her to forſake;
Of ſome much noted, and of others leſs,
But yet of all preſaging good ſucceſs.

The lazy French their leiſure ſeem to take,
And in their cabins keep themſelves ſo long,
Till flocks of ravens them with noiſe awake,
Over the army like a cloud that hung;
Which greater haſte inforceth them to make,
When with their croaking all the country rung,
Which boded ſlaughter, as the moſt do ſay,
But by the French it turned was this way:

That this divining fowl well underſtood
Upon that place much gore was to be ſpill'd;
And as thoſe birds do much delight in blood,
With human fleſh would have their gorges fill'd,

So waited they upon their ſwords for food,
To feaſt upon the Engliſh, being kill'd;
Then little thinking that theſe came indeed
On their own mangled carcaſes to feed.

When ſoon the French preparing for the field,
Their armed troops are ſetting in array,
Whoſe wond'rous numbers they can hardly wield,
The place too little whereupon they lay;
They therefore to neceſſity muſt yield,
And into order put them as they may,
Whoſe motion ſounded like to Nilus' fall,
That the vaſt air was deafen'd therewithal.

The Conſtable and Admiral of France,
With the grand Marſhal, men of great command;
The Dukes of Bourbon and of Orleance,
Some for their place, ſome for their birth-right ſtand;
The Dauphin of Averney (to advance
His worth and honour) of a puiſſant hand;
The Earl of Ewe, in war that had been bred;
Theſe mighty men the mighty vaward led.

The main brought forward by the Duke of Barr,
Nevers, and Beaumont, men of ſpecial name;
Alanzon, thought not equall'd in this war:
With them Salines, Rous, and Grandpere came,
Their long experience who had fetch'd from far,
Whom this expected conqueſt doth enflame,
Conſiſting moſt of croſs-bows, and ſo great,
As France herſelf it well might ſeem to threat.

The Duke of Brabant of high valour known,
The Earls of Marle and Falconbridge the rear;
To Arthur Earl of Richmond's ſelf alone
They leave the right wing to be guided there:
Lewes of Bourbon, ſecond yet to none,
Led on the left; with him that mighty Peer
The Earl of Vendome, who of all her men
Large France entitled her great Maſter then.

The Duke of York the Engliſh vaward guides,
Of our ſtrong archers that conſiſted moſt,
Which with our horſe was wing'd on both the ſides,
T' affront ſo great and terrible an hoſt;
There valiant Fanhope, and there Beaumont rides,
With Willoughby, which ſcower'd had the coaſt
That morning early, and had ſeen at large
How the foe came, that then they were to charge.

Henry himſelf, on the main battle brings,
Nor can theſe legions of the French affright
This Mars of men, the King of earthly Kings:
Who ſeem'd to be much pleaſed with the ſight,
As one ordain'd t' accompliſh mighty things;
Who to the field came in ſuch brav'ry dight,
As to the Engliſh bodes ſucceſsful luck,
Before one ſtroke on either ſide was ſtruck.

In warlike ſtate the royal ſtandard born
Before him, as in ſplend'rous arms he rode,
Whilſt his courveting courſer ſeem'd in ſcorn
To touch the earth whereon he proudly trod,
Lilies and lions quarterly adorn
His ſhield, and his capariſon do load:
Upon his helm a crown with diamonds deckt,
Which thro' the field their radiant fires reflect.

The Duke of Glo'ſter near to him agen,
T' aſſiſt his brother in that dreadful day;
Oxford and Suffolk, both true martial men,
Ready to keep the battle in array:
To Exeter there was appointed then
The rear, on which their ſecond ſuccours lay,
Which were the youth, moſt of the nobleſt blood,
Under the enſigns of their name that ſtood.

Then of the ſtakes he doth the care commend
To certain troops that active were and ſtrong,
Only deviſ'd the archers to defend,
Pointed with iron, and of five feet long;
To be remov'd ſtill which way they ſhould bend,
Where the French horſe ſhould thick'ſt upon them throng;
Which when the hoſt to charge each other went,
Shew'd his great wit that firſt did them invent.

Both armies fit, and at the point to fight,
The French themſelves aſſuring of the day,
Send to the King of England (as in ſpight)
To know what he would for his ranſom pay.
Who with this anſwer doth their ſcorn requite;
"I pray thee, Herald, wiſh the French to ſtay,
"And ere the day be paſt, I hope to ſee,
"That for their ranſoms they ſhall ſend to me."

The French, which found how little Henry makes
Of their vain boaſts, as ſet therewith on fire,
Whilſt each one to his enſign him betakes;
The Conſtable to raiſe their ſpleen the higher,
Thus ſpeaks: "Brave friends, now for your grand-
"ſires ſakes,
"Your country, honours, or what may inſpire
"Your ſouls with courage, ſtrain up all your
"pow'rs
"To make this day victoriouſly ours.

"Forward, ſtout French, your valours and advance,
"By taking vengeance for our fathers ſlain,
"And ſtrongly fix the diadem of France,
"Which to this day unſteady doth remain:
"Now with your ſwords their traitours boſoms
"lance,
"And with their blood waſh out that ancient ſtain,
"And make our earth drunk with the Engliſh
"gore,
"Which hath of ours oft forfeited before.

"Let not one live in England once to tell,
"What of their King or of the reſt became;
"Nor to the Engliſh what in France befell,
"But what is bruited by the general fame."
But now the drums began ſo loud to yell,
As cut off further what he would declaim:
And Henry ſeeing them on ſo faſt to make,
Thus to his ſoldiers comfortably ſpake.

" Think but upon the juſtneſs of our cauſe,
" And he's no man their number that will weigh;
" Thus our great grandſire purchas'd his applauſe,
" The more they are, the greater is our prey.
" We'll hand in hand wade into danger's jaws,
" And let report to England this convey,
" That it for me no ranſom e'er ſhall raiſe;
" Either I'll conquer, or here end my days.

" It were no glory for us to ſubdue [more;
" Them, than our number were the French no
" When in one battle twice our fathers ſlew
" Three times ſo many as themſelves before.
" But to do ſomething that were ſtrange and new,
" Wherfore (I aſk you) came we to this ſhore?
" Upon theſe French our fathers won renown,
" And with their ſwords we'll hew yon foreſt
" down.

" The meaneſt ſoldier, if in fight he take
" The greateſt Prince in yonder army known,
" Without controul ſhall him his pris'ner make,
" And have his ranſom freely as his own.
" Now, Engliſh, lies our honour at the ſtake,
" And now or never be our valour ſhewn:
" God and our cauſe, St. George for England
" ſtands.
" Now charge then, Engliſh; fortune guide
" your hands,"

When hearing one wiſh all the valiant men
At home in England with them preſent were;
The King makes anſwer inſtantly agen,
" I would not have one man more than is here:
" If we ſubdue, leſs ſhould our praiſe be then;
" If we overcome, leſs loſs ſhall England bear;
" And to our numbers we ſhould give that deed,
" Which muſt from God's own pow'rful hand
" proceed."

The dreadful charge the drums and trumpets ſound,
With hearts exalted, though with humbled eyes,
When as the Engliſh kneeling on the ground,
Extend their hands up to the glorious ſkies;
Then from the earth as though they did rebound,
Active as fire immediately they riſe, [ſent,
And ſuch a ſhrill ſhout from their throats they
As made the French to ſtagger as they went.

Wherewith they ſtopt; when Erpingham, which led
The army, ſaw the ſhout had made them ſtand,
Wafting his warder thrice about his head,
He caſt it up with his auſpicious hand,
Which was the ſignal through the Engliſh ſpread,
That they ſhould charge: which, as a dread command,
Made them ruſh on, yet with a ſecond roar,
Frighting the French worſe than they did before.

But when they ſaw the enemy ſo ſlow,
Which they expected faſter to come on,
Some ſcattering ſhot they ſent out, as to ſhew,
That their approach they only ſtood upon;
Which with more fervour made their rage to glow,
So much diſgrace that they had undergone;
Which to amend, with enſigns let at large,
Upon the Engliſh furiouſly they charge.

At the full moon look how th' unwieldy tide,
Shov'd by ſome tempeſt that from ſea doth riſe
At the full height, againſt the ragged ſide
Of ſome tough cliff (of a gigantic ſize)
Foaming with rage impetuouſly doth ride;
The angry French (in no leſs furious wiſe)
Of men at arms upon their ready horſe,
Aſſail the Engliſh to diſpierce their force.

When as thoſe archers there in ambuſh laid,
Having their broad-ſide as they came along,
With their barb'd arrows the French horſes paid,
And in their flanks like cruel hornets ſtung:
They kick and cry, of late that proudly neigh'd,
And from their ſeats their armed riders flung;
They ran together, flying from the dike,
And make their riders one another ſtrike.

And whilſt the front of the French vanguard makes
Upon the Engliſh, thinking them to rout,
Their horſes run upon the armed ſtakes,
And being wounded, turn themſelves about:
The bit into his teeth the courſer takes,
And from his rank flies with his maſter out,
Who either hurts, or is hurt of his own,
If in the throng not both together thrown.

Tumbling on heaps, ſome of their horſes caſt
With their four feet all up into the air,
Under whoſe backs their maſters breathe their laſt:
Some break their reins, and thence their riders bear;
Some with their feet ſtick in the ſtirrups faſt,
By their fierce jades and trail'd here and there;
Entangled in their bridles, one back draws,
And plucks the bit out of another's jaws.

With ſhow'rs of ſhafts yet ſtill the Engliſh ply
The French ſo faſt, upon the point of flight:
With the main battle yet ſtood Henry by,
Nor all this while had meddled in the fight;
Upon the horſes as in chaſe they fly,
Arrows ſo thick in ſuch abundance light, [foe,
That their broad buttocks men like butts might
Whereat for paſtime bowmen ſhooting be.

When ſoon De Linnies and Sureres haſte
To aid their friends, put to this ſhameful foil,
With two light wings of horſe, which had been
Still to ſupply where any ſhould recoil. [plac'd
But yet their forces they but vainly waſte,
For being light into the general ſpoil,
Great loſs De Linnies ſhortly doth ſuſtain,
Yet 'ſcapes himſelf, but brave Sureres ſlain.

The King, who ſees how well his vanguard ſped,
Sends his command that inſtantly it ſtay;
Deſiring York, ſo bravely that had led,
To hold his ſoldiers in their firſt array;
For it the conflict very much might ſted
Somewhat to fall aſide, and give him way,
Till full up to him he might bring his pow'r,
And make the conqueſt complete in an hour.

Which York obeys; and up King Henry comes,
When for his guidance he had got him room;
The dreadful bellowing of whose straight-brac'd drums,
To the French sounded like the dreadful doom;
And them with such stupidity benumbs,
As tho' the earth had groaned from her womb;
For the grand slaughter ne'er began till then,
Covering the earth with multitudes of men.

Upon the French what Englishman not falls,
(By the strong bowmen beaten from their steeds)
With battle-axes, halberts, bills, and mauls?
Where, in the slaughter, every one exceeds,
Where every man his fellow forward calls,
And shews him where some great-born Frenchman bleeds;
Whilst scalps about like broken potsherds fly,
And kill, kill, kill, the conqu'ring English cry.

Now waxed horror to the very height,
And scarce a man but wetshot went in gore;
As two together are in deadly fight,
And to death wounded as one tumbleth o'er,
This Frenchman falling, with his very weight
Doth kill another strucken down before;
As he again so falling, likewise feels
His last breath hasten'd by another's heels.

And whilst the English eagerly pursue
The fearful French, before them still that fly,
The points of bills and halberts they imbrue
In their sick bowels beaten down that ly;
No man respects how, or what blood he drew,
Nor can hear those that for their mercy cry:
Ears are damn'd up with howls and hellish sounds,
One fearful noise a fearfuller confounds.

When the couragious Constable of France,
Th' unlucky vanguard valiantly that led,
Saw the day turn'd by this disast'rous chance,
And how the French before the English fled;
'O stay (quoth he) your ensigns yet advance,
'Once more upon the enemy make head;
'Never let France say we were vanquisht so,
'With our backs basely turn'd upon our foe."

Whom the (a) Chatillyon happen'd to accost,
And seeing thus the Constable dismay'd:
"Shift, noble Lord (quoth he) the day is lost,
"If the whole world upon the match were laid;
"I cannot think but that black Edward's ghost
"Assists the English, and our horse hath fray'd;
"If not, some devils they have then,
"That fight against us in the shapes of men."

'Not I, my Lord, the Constable replies;
'By my blest soul, the field I will not quit,
'Whilst two brave battles are to bring supplies,
'Neither of which one stroke have strucken yet.'
"Nay (quoth Dampier) I do not this advise
"More than your self, that I do fear a whit:
"Spur up, my Lord, then side to side with me,
"And that I fear not you shall quickly see."

They struck their rowels to the bleeding sides
Of their fierce steeds, into the air that sprung;
And as their fury at that instant guides,
They thrust themselves into the murth'ring throng,
Where such bad fortune those brave Lords betides,
The Admiral from off his horse was flung;
For the stern English down before them bear
All that withstand, the peasant and the peer.

Which when the noble Constable with grief
Doth this great Lord upon the ground behold,
In his account so absolute a chief, [condol'd;
Whose death through France he knew would be
Like a brave knight, to yield his friend relief,
Doing as much as possibly he could,
Both horse and man is born into the main,
And from his friend not half a furlong slain.

Now Willoughby, upon his well-arm'd horse,
Into the midst of this battalion brought;
And valiant Fanhope, no whit less in force,
Himself hath hither thro' the squadrons wrought;
Whereas the English, without all remorse,
(Looking like men that deeply were distraught)
Smoking with sweat, besmear'd with dust and blood,
Cut into cantels all that them withstood.

Yet whilst thus hotly they hold up the chase
Upon the French, and had so high a hand,
The Duke of Bourbon, to make good his place,
Inforc'd his troops (with much ado) to stand:
To whom the Earl of Suffolk makes apace,
Bringing a fresh, and yet-unfought-with band
Of valiant bill-men; Oxford with success
Up with his troops doth with the other press.

When in comes Orleance, quite thrust off before
By those rude crowds that from the English ran,
Encouraging stout Bourbon's troops the more,
T' affront the foe that instantly began:
Fain would the Duke (if possible) restore
(Doing as much as could be done by man)
Their honour, lost by this their late defeat,
And caused only by their base retreat.

Their men at arms their lances closely lock
One in another, and come up so round,
That, by the strength and horror of the shock,
They forc'd the English to forsake their ground,
Shrinking no more than they had been a rock,
Though by the shafts receiving many a wound;
As they would shew, that they were none of those
That turn'd their backs so basely to their foes.

Panting for breath, his morion in his hand,
Woodhouse comes in as back the English bear:
"My Lords (quoth he) what now inforc'd to stand,
"When smiling fortune offers us so fair?
"The French lie yonder like to wreaks of sand,
"And you by this our glory but impair:

(a) The Admiral.

" Or now, or never, your firſt fight maintain,
" Chatillyon and the Conſtable are ſlain.

" Hand over head pell-mell upon them run,
" If you will prove the maſters of the day:
" Ferrers and Greyſtock have ſo bravely done,
" That I envy their glory, and dare ſay
" From all the Engliſh they the goal have won;
" Either let's ſhare, or they'll bear all away."
This ſpoke, his ax about his head he flings,
And haſtes away, as though his heels had wings.

The incitation of this youthful Knight,
Beſides amends for their retreat to make,
Doth re-enforce their courage, with their might
A ſecond charge with ſpeed to undertake
Never before were they ſo mad to fight,
When valiant Fanhope thus the Lords beſpake:
" Suffolk and Oxford, as brave Earls you be,
" Once more bear up with Willoughby and me."

' Why now methinks, I hear brave Fanhope ſpeak,
' Quoth noble Oxford, thou haſt thy deſire:
' Theſe words of thine ſhall yon battalion break;
' And for myſelf, I never will retire,
' Until our teen upon the French we wreak,
' Or in this our laſt enterprize expire.'
This ſpoke, their gauntlets each doth other give,
And to the charge as faſt as they could drive;

That ſlaughter ſeem'd to have but ſtay'd for breath,
To make the horror to enſue the more:
With hands beſmear'd with blood, when meager death
Looketh more grieſly than he did before;
So that each body ſeem'd but as a ſheath
To put their ſwords in to the hilts in gore;
As though that inſtant were the end of all,
To fell the French, or by the French to fall.

Look how you ſee a field of ſtanding corn,
When ſome ſtrong wind in ſummer haps to blow,
At the full height, and ready to be ſhorn,
Riſing in waves, how it doth come and go
Forward and backward; ſo the crowds are born,
Or as the eddy turneth in the flow;
And, above all, the bills and axes play
As do the atoms in the ſunny ray.

Now with main blows their armours are unbrac'd,
And as the French before the Engliſh fled,
With their brown bills their recreant backs they baſte,
And from their ſhoulders their faint arms do ſhred:
One with a gleave near cut off by the waiſt,
Another runs to ground with half a head;
Another ſtumbling falleth in his flight,
Wanting a leg, and on his face doth light.

The Dukes, who found their force thus overthrown,
And thoſe few left them ready ſtill to rout,
Having great ſkill, and no leſs courage ſhewn,
Yet of their ſafeties much began to doubt;
For having few about them of their own,
And by the Engliſh ſo impal'd about,
Saw that to ſome one they themſelves muſt yield,
Or elſe abide the fury of the field.

They put themſelves on thoſe victorious Lords,
Who led the vanguard with ſo good ſucceſs,
Beſpeaking them with honourable words,
Themſelves their priſoners freely and confeſs;
Who by the ſtrength of their commanding ſwords
Could hardly ſave them from the ſlaught'ring preſs,
By Suffolk's aid till they away were ſent,
Who with a guard convey'd them to his tent.

When as their ſoldiers, to eſchew the ſack,
'Gainſt their own battle bearing in their flight,
By their own French are ſtrongly beaten back.
Leſt they their ranks ſhould have diſorder'd quite:
So that thoſe men at arms go all to rack,
'Twixt their own friends and thoſe with whom they fight,
Wherein diſorder and deſtruction ſeem'd
To ſtrive, which ſhould the pow'rfulleſt be deem'd.

And whilſt the Dauphin of Averney cries,
" Stay, men at arms, let fortune do her worſt,
" And let that villain, from the field that flies,
" By babes yet to be born be ever curſt:
" All under heav'n that we can hope for lies
" On this day's battle; let me be the firſt
" That turn'd ye back upon your deſp'rate foes,
" To ſave our honours, tho' our lives we loſe."

To whom comes in the Earl of Ewe, which long
Had in the battle ranged here and there,
A thouſand bills, a thouſand bows among,
And had ſeen many ſpectacles of fear;
And finding yet the Dauphin's ſpirit ſo ſtrong,
By that which he had chanc'd from him to hear,
Upon the ſhoulder claps him, " Prince, quoth he,
" Since I muſt fall, O let me fall with thee."

Scarce had he ſpoke, but th' Engliſh them incloſe,
And like to maſtiffs fiercely on them flew,
Who with like courage ſtrongly them oppoſe;
When the Lord Beaumont, who their armings knew,
Their preſent perill to brave Suffolk ſhews:
Quoth he, "Lo where D'Averney are, and Ewe!
" In this ſmall time, who ſince the field begun,
" Have done as much as can by men be done.

" Now ſlaughter ceaſe me, if I do not grieve
" Two ſo brave ſpirits ſhould be untimely ſlain;
" Lies there no way (my Lord) them to relieve,
" And for their ranſoms two ſuch to retain?"
" Quoth Suffolk, ' Come, we'll hazard their reprieve,
' And ſhare our fortunes.' In they go amain,
And with ſuch danger thro' the preſs they wade,
As of their lives but ſmall account they made.

Yet ere they thro' the cluſter'd crouds could get,
Oft down on thoſe there trod to death that lay,
The valiant Dauphin had diſcharg'd his debt,
Than whom no man had bravelier ſerv'd that day

The Earl of Ewe and wondrous hard beſet,
Had left all hope of life to 'ſcape away,
Till noble Beaumont and brave Suffolk came,
And as their priſ'ner ſeiz'd him by his name.

Now the main battle of the French came on,
The vaward vanquiſh'd, quite the field doth fly,
And other helps beſides this they have none,
But that their hopes do on their main rely;
And therefore now it ſtandeth them upon
To fight it bravely, or elſe yield or die:
For the fierce Engliſh charge ſo home and ſore,
As in their hands Jove's thunderbolts they bore.

The Duke of York, who ſince the fight begun,
Still in the top of all his troops was ſeen,
And things well-near beyond belief had done,
Which of his fortune made him overween
Himſelf ſo far, into the main doth run;
So that the French, which quickly got between
Him and his ſuccours, that great chieftain ſlew,
Who bravely fought whilſt any breath he drew.

The news ſoon brought to this couragious king,
O'erſpread his face with a diſtemper'd fire;
Though making little ſhew of any thing,
Yet to the full his eyes expreſt his ire,
More than before the Frenchmen menacing:
And he was heard thus ſoftly to reſpire:
"Well, of thy blood revenged will I be,
"Or, ere one hour be paſt, I'll follow thee."

When as the frolick cavalry of France,
That in the head of the main battle came,
Perceiv'd the king of England to advance
To charge in perſon, it doth them inflame;
Each one well hoping it might be his chance
To ſeize upon him, which was all their aim:
Then with the braveſt of the Engliſh met,
Themſelves that there before the king had ſet.

When the Earl of Cornwal with unuſual force
Encounters Grandpre, next that came to hands,
In ſtrength his equal, blow for blow they ſcorce,
Wielding their axes as they had been wands,
Till the Earl tumbles Grandpre from his horſe;
Over whom ſtraight the Count Salines ſtands,
And lendeth Cornwal ſuch a blow withall,
Over the crupper that he makes him fall.

Cornwal recovers, for his arms were good,
And to Salines maketh up again,
Who chang'd ſuch boiſt'rous buffets, that the blood
Doth through the joints of their ſtrong armour ſtrain,
Till Count Salines ſunk down where he ſtood.
Blamount, who ſees the Count Salines ſlain,
Straight copes with Cornwal beaten out of breath,
Till Kent comes in, and reſcues him from death.

Kent upon Blamount furiouſly doth fly,
Who at the Earl with no leſs courage ſtruck,
And one the other with ſuch knocks they ply,
That either's ax in th' other's helmet ſtuck;
Whilſt they are wreſtling, croſſing thigh with thigh,
Their axes pikes which ſooneſt out ſhould pluck,
They fall to ground, like in their caſks to ſmother,
With their clutcht gantlets cuffing one another.

Couragious (a) Cluet grieved at the fight
Of his friend Blamount's unexpected fall,
Makes in to lend him all the aid he might,
Whoſe coming ſeem'd the ſtout Lord Scales to call;
Betwixt whom then began a mortal fight,
When inſtantly fell in Sir Philip Hall;
'Gainſt him goes Rouſſy, in then Lovell ran,
Whom next Count Morvile chooſeth as his man.

Their cuirates are unriveted with blows,
With horrid wounds their breaſts and faces ſlaſht;
There drops a cheek, and there falls off a noſe,
And in one's face his fellow's brains are daſht:
Yet ſtill the better with the Engliſh goes;
The earth of France with her own blood is waſht;
They fall ſo faſt ſhe ſcarce affords them room,
That one man's trunk becomes another's tomb.

When Suffolk chargeth Huntington with ſloth,
Over himſelf too wary to have been,
And had neglected his faſt-plighted troth
Upon the field, the battle to begin,
That where the one was, there they would be both:
When the ſtout Earl of Huntington, to win
Truſt with his friends, doth this himſelf enlarge
To this great Earl, who dares him thus to charge.

"My Lord (quoth he) it is not that I fear,
"More than yourſelf, that ſo I have not gone;
"But that I have been forced to be near
"The king, whoſe perſon I attend upon,
"And that I doubt not but to make appear
"Now, if occaſion ſhall but call me on;
"Look round about, my Lord, if you can
"ſee,
"Some brave adventure worthy you and me."

'See yon proud banner of the Duke of Barr's,
'Methinks it wafts us, and I hear it ſay,
'Where's that couragious Engliſhman that dares
'Adventure but to carry me away?
'This were a thing now worthy of our wars.'
"Is't true, quoth Suffolk? by this bleſſed day,

(a) Called Cluet of Brabant.

" On, and we have it." ' Say'ſt thou ſo in-
' deed,
' Quoth Huntington? Then fortune be our
' ſpeed.'

And through the ranks then ruſhing in their pride,
They make a lane, about them ſo they lay;
Foot goes with foot, and ſide is join'd to ſide,
They ſtrike down all that ſtand within their way,
And to direct them have no other guide,
But as they ſee the multitude to ſway;
And as they paſs, the French as to defy,
Saint George for England and the king, they cry.

By their examples, each brave Engliſh blood
Upon the Frenchmen for their enſigns run,
Thick there as trees within a well-grown wood,
Where great achievements inſtantly were done,
Againſt them roughly whilſt that nation ſtood.
But O! what man his deſtiny can ſhun?
That noble Suffolk there is overthrown,
When he much valour ſundry ways had ſhewn.

Which the proud Engliſh farther doth provoke,
Who to deſtruction bodily were bent,
That the main battle inſtantly they broke,
Upon the French ſo furiouſly they went;
And not an Engliſh but doth ſcorn a ſtroke,
If to the ground it not a Frenchman ſent,
Who weak with wounds, their weapons from them threw,
With which the Engliſh fearfully them ſlew.

Alanzon back upon the rearward born
By thoſe unarm'd that from the Engliſh fled,
All farther hopes then utterly forlorn,
His noble heart in his full boſom bled:
" What fate (quoth he) our overthrow hath
" ſworn?
" Muſt France a pris'ner be to England led?
" Well, if ſhe be ſo, yet I'll let her ſee,
" She bears my carcaſs with her, and not
" me."

And puts his horſe upon his full career,
When with the courage of a valiant Knight
(As one that knew not, or forgot to fear)
He tow'rds King Henry maketh in the fight,
And all before him as he down doth bear,
Upon the Duke of Glouceſter doth light,
Which on the youthful chivalry doth bring,
Scarce two pikes length that came before the king.

Their ſtaves both ſtrongly riveted with ſteel,
At the firſt ſtroke each other they aſtound,
That as they ſtagg'ring from each other reel,
The Duke of Glos'ter falleth to the ground;
When as Alanzon round about doth wheel,
Thinking to lend him his laſt deadly wound,
In comes the king, his brother's life to ſave,
And to this brave duke a freſh onſet gave.

When as themſelves like thunderbolts they ſhot
One at the other, and the light'ning brake
Out of their helmets, and again was not,
Ere of their ſtrokes the ear a ſound could take,
Betwixt them two the conflict grew ſo hot,
Which thoſe about them ſo amaz'd doth make,
That they ſtood ſtill, as wond'ring at the ſight,
And quite forgot that they themſelves muſt fight.

Upon the king Alanzon preſt ſo ſore,
That with a ſtroke (as he was wond'rous ſtrong)
He cleft the crown that on his helm he wore,
And tore his plume, that to his heels it hung;
Then with a ſecond bruis'd his helm before,
That it his forehead pitifully wrung;
As ſome that ſaw it certainly had thought,
The King therewith had to the ground been brought.

But Henry ſoon, Alanzon's ire to quit,
(As now his valour lay upon the rack)
Upon the face the duke ſo ſtrongly hit,
As in his ſaddle laid him on his back;
And once perceiving that he had him ſplit,
Follow'd his blows, redoubling thwack on thwack,
Till he had loſt his ſtirrups, and his head
Hung where his horſe was like thereon to tread.

When ſoon two other ſeconding their Lord,
His kind companions in this glorious prize,
Hoping again the duke to have reſtor'd,
If to his feet his arms would let him riſe;
On the king's helm their height of fury ſcor'd,
Who like a dragon fiercely on them flies,
And on his body ſlew them both whilſt he
Recovering was their aid again to be.

The king thus made the maſter of the fight,
The duke calls to him as he there doth lie:
" Henry, I'll pay my ranſom, do me right,
" I am the duke Alanzon, it is I."
The king to ſave him putting all his might,
Yet the rude ſoldiers with their ſhout and cry,
Quite drown'd his voice, his helmet being ſhut,
And that brave duke into ſmall pieces cut.

Report once ſpread through the diſtracted hoſt,
Of their prime hope the duke Alanzon ſlain,
That flower of France, on whom they truſte moſt,
They found their valour was but then in vain;
Like men their hearts that utterly had loſt,
Who ſlowly fled before, now ran amain;
Nor could a man be found but that deſpairs,
Seeing the fate both of themſelves and theirs.

The duke Nevers now, in this ſad retreat,
By David Gam and Moriſby purſu'd,
(Who throughly chaf'd near melted into ſweat,
And with French blood their pole-axes imbru'd)
They ſeize upon him following the defeat,
Amongſt the faint and fearful multitude;
When a contention fell between them twain,
To whom the duke ſhould rightfully pertain.

" I muſt confeſs thou had'ſt him firſt in chace,
" (Quoth Moriſby) but left'ſt him in the throng,
" Then put I on." Quoth Gam, ' haſt thou the
' face,
' Inſulting knight, to offer me this wrong?'
Quoth Moriſby, " Who ſhall decide the caſe?
" Let him confeſs to whom he doth belong."
' Let him, quoth Gam; but if't be not to me,
' For any right you have, he may go free.'

With that couragious Moriſby grew hot:
" Were not, ſaid he, his ranſom worth a pin,
" Now by theſe arms I wear, thou get'ſt him
" not;
" Or if thou do'ſt, thou ſhalt him hardly win."
Gam, whoſe Welch blood could hardly brook
this blot,
To bend his ax upon him doth begin:
He his at him, till the Lord Beaumont came,
Their raſh attempt and wiſely thus doth
blame.

" Are not the French twice trebled to our
" pow'r,
" And fighting ſtill, nay doubtfull yet the day?
" Think you not theſe us faſt enough devour,
" But that your braves the army muſt diſmay?
" If aught but good befall us in this hour,
" This be you ſure, your lives for it muſt pay:
" Then firſt the end of this day's battle ſee,
" And then decide whoſe pris'ner he ſhall be."

Now Exeter with his untainted rear
Came on, which long had labour'd to come in;
And with the king's main battle up doth bear,
Who ſtill kept off till the laſt hour had been;
He cries and clamours ev'ry way doth hear,
But yet he knew not which the day ſhould win;
Nor aſks of any what were fit to do,
But where the French were thick'ſt, he falleth
to.

The Earl of Vendome, certainly that thought
The Engliſh fury ſomewhat had been ſtaid,
Weary with ſlaughter, as men over-wrought,
Nor had been ſpurr'd on by a ſecond aid,
For his own ſafety then more fiercely fought,
Hoping the tempeſt ſomewhat had been laid;
And he thereby, though ſuff'ring the defeat,
Might keep his rearward whole in his retreat.

On whom the Duke of Exeter then fell,
Rear with the rear now for their valours vie;
Ours find the French their lives will dearly ſell,
And the Engliſh mean as dearly them to buy:
The Engliſh follow, ſhould they run through
hell,
And through the ſame the French muſt if they
fly;
When to't they go, deciding it with blows;
With th' one ſide now, then with th' other't
goes.

But the ſtern Engliſh with ſuch luck and might
(As though the fates had ſworn to take their
parts)
Upon the French prevailing in the fight,
With doubled hands and with redoubled hearts,
The more in peril ſtill the more in plight,
'Gainſt them whom fortune miſerably thwarts;
Diſabled quite before the foe to ſtand,
But fall like graſs before the mower's hand:

That this French earl is beaten on the field,
His fighting ſoldiers round about him ſlain;
And when himſelf a pris'ner he would yield,
And begg'd for life, it was but all in vain;
Their bills the Engliſh do ſo eas'ly wield,
To kill the French as though it were no pain;
For this to them was their auſpicious day,
The more the Engliſh fight, the more they
may.

When now the Marſhal Bouceqault, which long
Had through the battle waded ev'ry way,
Oft hazarded the murther'd troops among,
Encouraging them to abide the day;
Finding the army that he thought ſo ſtrong,
Before the Engliſh faintly to diſmay,
Brings on the wings which of the reſt remain'd,
With which the battle ſtoutly he maintain'd.

Till old Sir Thomas Erpingham at laſt
With thoſe three hundred archers cometh in,
Which laid in ambuſh not three hours yet paſt,
Had the defeat of the French army been;
With theſe that noble ſoldier maketh haſte,
Leſt other from him ſhould the honour win;
Who, as before, now ſtretch their well-wax't
ſtrings
At the French horſe, then coming in the
wings.

The ſoil with ſlaughter ev'ry where they load,
Whilſt the French ſtoutly to the Engliſh ſtood;
The drops from either's empty'd veins that
flow'd,
Where it was lately firm, had made a flood:
But heav'n that day to the brave Engliſh ow'd;
The ſun that roſe in water, ſet in blood;
Nothing but horror to be look'd for there,
And the ſtout Marſhal vainly doth but fear.

His horſe ſore wounded, whilſt he went aſide
To take another ſtill that doth attend,
A ſhaft which ſome too lucky hand doth guide,

Piercing his gorget, brought him to his end;
Which when the proud Lord Falconbridge eſpy'd,
Thinking from thence to bear away his friend,
Struck from his horſe with many a mortal wound,
Is by the Engliſh nailed to the ground.

The marſhal's death ſo much doth them affright,
That down their weapons inſtantly they lay,
And better yet to fit them for their flight,
Their weightier arms they wholly caſt away;
Their hearts ſo heavy, makes their heels ſo light,
That there was no intreating them to ſtay;
O'er hedge and ditch diſtractedly they take,
And happieſt he that greateſt haſte could make.

When Vadamont now in the conflict met
With valiant Brabant, whoſe high valour ſhewn
That day, did many a blunted courage whet,
Elſe long before that from the field had flown:
Quod Vadamont, "See how we are beſet,
"To death like to be trodden by our own!
"My lord of Brabant, what is to be done?
"See how the French before the Engliſh run!"

'Why let them run, and never turn the head,
Quoth the brave duke, 'until their hateful 'breath
'Forſake their bodies, and ſo far have fled,
'That France be not diſparag'd by their death:
'Who truſts to cowards ne'er is better ſped.
'Be he accurſt with ſuch that holdeth faith;
'Slaughter conſume the recreants as they flie,
'Branded with ſhame ſo baſely may they die.

'Ignoble French, your fainting cow'rdice craves
'The dreadful curſe of your own mother earth,
'Hard'ning her breaſt, not to allow you graves,
'Be ſhe ſo much aſhamed of your birth:
'May he be curſt that one of you but ſaves;
'And be in France hereafter ſuch a dearth
'Of courage, that men from their wits it fear,
'A drum or trumpet when they hap to hear.

'From Burgundy brought I the force I had,
'To fight for them that ten from one do flie;
'It ſplits my breaſt, O that I could be mad!
'To vex theſe ſlaves who would not dare to die?
'In all this army is there not a lad,
'Th' ignoble French for cowards that dare 'cry?
'If ſcarce one found, then let me be that 'one,
'The Engliſh army that oppos'd alone.'

This ſaid, he puts his horſe upon his ſpeed,
And in like highr'ning on the Engliſh flew,
Where many a mother's ſon he made to bleed,
Whilſt him with much aſtoniſhment they view;
Where having acted many a knight-like deed,
Him and his horſe they all to pieces hew:
Yet he that day more laſting glory wan,
Except Alanzon, than did any man.

When as report to great King Henry came,
Of a vaſt rout which from the battle fled,
(Amongſt the French moſt men of ſpecial name)
By the ſtout Engliſh fiercely followed;
Had for their ſafety (much though to their ſhame)
Got in their flight into ſo ſtrong a ſted,
So fortify'd by nature (as 'twas thought)
They might not thence, but with much blood, be brought.

An aged rampier with huge ruins heapt,
Which ſerv'd for ſhot 'gainſt thoſe that ſhould aſſail,
Whoſe narrow entrance they with croſs-bows kept,
Whoſe ſharpen'd quarries came in ſhow'rs like hail.
Quoth the brave king, "Firſt let the field be ſwept,
"And with the reſt we well enough ſhall deal."
Which though ſome heard, and ſo ſhut up their ear,
Yet reliſh'd not with many ſoldiers there.

Some that themſelves by ranſoms would enrich,
To make their prey of peaſants yet deſpiſe,
Felt, as they thought, their bloody palms to itch,
To be in action for their wealthy prize;
Others, whom only glory doth bewitch,
Rather than life would to this enterpriſe;
Moſt men ſeem'd willing, yet not any one
Would put himſelf this great exploit upon.

Which Woudhouſe hearing, merrily thus ſpake,
One that right well knew both his worth and wit:
"A dangerous thing it is to undertake
"A fort, where ſoldiers are defending it;
"Perhaps they ſleep, and if they ſhould awake,
"With ſtones, or with their ſhafts they may us "hit,
"And in our conqueſt whilſt ſo well we fare,
"It were meer folly; but I ſee none dare."

Which Gam o'erhearing, being near at hand:
'Not dare! quoth he, and angerly doth frown;
'I tell thee, Woodhouſe, ſome in preſence ſtand,
'Dare prop the ſun if it were falling down;
'Dare graſp the bolt from thunder in his hand,
'And through a cannon leap into a town;
'I tell thee, a reſolved man may do
'Things that thy thoughts yet never mounted 'to.'

"I know that reſolution may do much,"
Woodhouſe replies; "but who could act my "thought,
"With his proud head the pole might eas'ly "touch.

" And Gam," quoth he, " though bravely thou
" haſt fought,
" Yet not the fame thou haſt attain'd to ſuch,
" But that behind as great is to be bought,
" And yonder 'tis; then, Gam, come up with
" me,
" Where ſoon the king our courages ſhall ſee.

' Agreed,' quoth Gam; and up their troops they
call,
Hand over head and on the French they ran,
And to the fight couragiouſly they fall,
When on both ſides the ſlaughter ſoon began.
Fortune a while indifferent is to all,
Theſe what they may, and thoſe do what they
can;
(a)Woodhouſe and Gam upon each other vie,
By arms their manhood deſp'rately to try.

To climb the fort the light-arm'd Engliſh ſtrive,
And ſome by trees there growing to aſcend;
The French with flints let at the Engliſh drive,
Themſelves with ſhields the Engliſhmen defend,
And fain the fort down with their hands would
rive;
Thus either ſide their utmoſt pow'r extend,
Till valiant Gam ſore wounded, drawn aſide
By his own ſoldiers, ſhortly after dy'd.

Then take they up the bodies of the ſlain,
Which for their targets ours before them bear,
And with a freſh aſſault come on again;
Scarce in the field yet ſuch a fight as there:
Croſs bows and long bows at it are amain,
Until the French, their maſſacre that fear,
Of the fierce Engliſh a ceſſation crave,
Off'ring to yield, ſo they their lives would
ſave.

Lewis of Bourbon, in the furious heat
Of this great battle, having made ſome ſtay,
Who with the left wing ſuffer'd a defeat
In the beginning of this luckleſs day,
Finding the Engliſh forcing their retreat,
And that much hope upon his valour lay;
Fearing leſt he might undergo ſome ſhame,
That were unworthy of the Bourbon name,

Hath gather'd up ſome ſcatter'd troops of horſe,
That in the field ſtood doubtful what to do.
Though with much toil, which he duth rein-
force
With ſome ſmall pow'r that he doth add thereto,
Proclaiming ſtill the Engliſh had the worſe;
And now at laſt, with him if they would go,
He dares aſſure them victory; if not,
The greateſt fame that ever ſoldiers got.

And being wiſe, ſo Bourbon to beguile
The French preparing inſtantly to fly,
Procures a ſoldier, by a ſecret wile,
To come in ſwiftly, and to crave ſupply,
That if with courage they would fight a while,
It certain was the Engliſh all ſhould die;
For that the king had offer'd them to yield,
Finding his troops to leave him on the field.

When Arthur Earl of Richmount coming in
With the right wing, that long ſtay'd out of
fight,
Having too lately with the Engliſh been;
But finding Bourbon bent again to fight,
His former credit hoping yet to win
(Which at that inſtant eaſily he might)
Comes up cloſe with him, and puts on as faſt,
Bravely reſolv'd to fight it to the laſt.

And both encourag'd by the news was brought
Of the arriving of the dauphin's power,
Whoſe ſpeedy van their rear had almoſt raught
(From Agincourt diſcover'd from a tower)
Which with the Normao gallantry was fraught,
And on the ſuddain coming like a ſhower,
Would bring a deluge on the Engliſh hoſt,
Whilſt yet they ſtood their victory to boaſt.

And on they come, as doth a rolling tide
Forc'd by a wind, that ſhoves it forth ſo faſt,
Till it choak up ſome channel ſide to ſide,
And the craz'd banks doth down before it caſt,
Hoping the Engliſh would not them abide,
Or would be ſo amated at their haſte,
That ſhould they fail to rout them at their will,
Yet of their blood the fields ſhould drink their
fill.

When as the Engliſh, whoſe o'er-weary'd arms
Were with long ſlaughter lately waxed ſore,
Theſe unexpected and ſo fierce alarms
To their firſt ſtrength do inſtantly reſtore,
And like a ſtove their ſtiffen'd ſinews warms
To act as bravely as they did before;
And the proud French as ſtoutly to oppoſe,
Scorning to yield one ſout deſpight of blows.

The fight is fearful; for ſtout Bourbon brings
His freſher forces on with ſuch a ſhock,
That they were like to cut the archers ſtrings.
E'er they their arrows handſomely could nock:
The French, like engines that were made with
ſprings,
Themſelves ſo faſt into the Engliſh lock,
That th' one was like the other down to bear,
In wanting room to ſtrike, they ſtood ſo near.

Till ſtragg'ring long, they from each other reel'd,
Glad that themſelves they ſo could diſengage;
And falling back upon the ſpacious field
(For this laſt ſcene that is the bloody ſtage)
Where they their weapons liberally could wield,
They with ſuch madneſs execute their rage,
As though the former fury of the day,
To this encounter had but been a play.

Slaughter is now deſected to the full:
Here from their backs their batter'd armours
fall;
Here a ſlelt ſhoulder, there a cloven ſkull;

(a) For this ſervice done by Woodhouſe, there was an addition of honour given him; which was a hand holding a club, with the words *Fraſſe Fort*, which is born by the family of the Woodouſe of Norfolk to this day.

There hang his eyes out beaten with a mall;
Until the edges of their bills grow dull,
Upon each other they ſo ſpend their gall.
Wild ſhouts and clamours all the air do fill;
The French cry *tuez*, and the Engliſh *kill*.

The Duke of Barr, in this vaſt ſpoil, by chance
With the Lord St. John on the field doth meet,
Tow'rds whom that brave duke doth himſelf advance,
Who with the like encounter him doth greet:
This Engliſh baron and this peer of France,
Grappling together, falling from their feet,
With the rude crouds had both to death been cruſh'd,
In for their ſafety had their friends not ruſh'd.

Both again rais'd, and both their ſoldiers ſhift
To ſave their lives, if any way they could;
But as the French the duke away would lift,
Upon his arms the Engliſh taking hold
(Men of that ſort, that thought upon their thrift)
Knowing his ranſom dearly would be ſold,
Drag him away in ſpite of their defence,
Which to their quarter would have born him thence.

Mean while brave Bourbon, from his ſtirring horſe
Gall'd with an arrow, to the earth is thrown;
By a mean ſoldier ſeized on by force,
Hoping to have him certainly his own;
Which this Lord holdeth better ſo than worſe,
Since the French fortune to that ebb is grown;
And he perceives the ſoldier him doth deem
To be a perſon of no mean eſteem.

Berkeley and Burnell, two brave Engliſh lords,
Fluſh'd with French blood, and in their valour's pride,
Above their arm'd heads brandiſhing their ſwords
As they triumphing through the army ride,
Finding what prizes fortune here affords
To ev'ry ſoldier, and more wiſtly ey'd
This gallant pris'ner; by this arming ſee
Of the great Bourbon family to be;

And from the ſoldier they his pris'ner take,
Of which the French lord ſeemeth wond'rous fain,
Thereby his ſafety more ſecure to make:
Which when the ſoldier finds his hopes in vain,
So rich a booty forced to forſake,
To put himſelf and pris'ner out of pain,
He on the ſudden ſtabs him, and doth ſwear,
Would th'ave his ranſom, they ſhould take it there.

When Roſs and Morley making in amain,
Bring the Lord Darcy up with them along,
Whoſe horſe had lately under him been ſlain,
And they on foot found fighting in the throng,
Thoſe lords his friends remounting him again,
Being a man that valiant was and ſtrong;
They all together with a gen'ral hand
Charge on the French, that they could find to ſtand.

And yet but vainly, as the French ſuppos'd;
For th' Earl of Richmount forth ſuch earth had found,
That on two ſides with quick ſet was enclos'd
And the way to it by a riſing ground,
By which a while the Engliſh were oppos'd
At every charge; which elſe came up ſo round,
As that except the paſſage put them by,
The French as well might leave their arms, and fly.

Upon both parts it furiouſly is fought,
And with ſuch quickneſs riſeth to that height,
That horror need no farther to be ſought,
If only that might ſatisfy the ſight.
Who would have fame, full dearly here it bought,
For it was ſold by meaſure and by weight;
And at one rate the price ſtill certain ſtood,
An ounce of honour coſt a pound of blood.

When ſo it hapt, that Dampier in the van
Meets with ſtout Darcy; but whilſt him he preſs'd,
Over and over cometh horſe and man,
Of whom the other ſoon himſelf poſſeſs'd:
When as Saveſſes upon Darcy ran
To aid Dampier; but as he him addreſs'd,
A halbert taking hold upon his greaves,
Him from his ſaddle violently heaves.

When ſoon five hundred Engliſh men at arms,
That to the French had given many a chace,
And when they cover'd all the field with ſwarms,
Yet oft that day had bravely bid them baſe;
Now at the laſt, by raiſing freſh alarms,
And coming up with an unuſual pace,
Made them to know, that they muſt run or yield;
Never till now the Engliſh had the field.

Where Arthur Earl of Richmount beaten down,
Is left (ſuppos'd of ev'ry one) for dead;
But afterwards awaking from his ſwoon,
By ſome that found him was recovered.
So Count Du Marle was likewiſe overthrown,
As he was turning, meaning to have fled.
Who fights, the cold blade in his boſom feels;
Who flies, ſtill hears it whiſſing at his heels.

Till all diſrank'd, like ſilly ſheep they run,
By threats nor pray'rs to be conſtrain'd to ſtay,
For that their hearts were ſo extremely done,
That fainting, oft they fall upon the way;
Or when they might a preſent peril ſhun,
They ruſh upon it by their much diſmay;
That from the Engliſh ſhould they ſafely flie,
Of their own very fear yet they ſhould die.

Some they take pris'ners, other ſome they kill,
As they affect thoſe upon whom they fall;
For they, as victors, may do what they will,

For who this conqu'ror to account dare call?
In gore the Engliſh ſeem their ſouls to ſwill,
And the dejected French muſt ſuffer all;
Flight, cords, and ſlaughter, are the only three,
To which themſelves ſubjected they do ſee.

A ſhooleſs ſoldier there a man might meet
Leading his Monſieur by the arms faſt bound;
Another his had ſhackled by the feet,
Who like a cripple ſhuffled on the ground;
Another, three or four before him beat
Like harmful cattle driven to a pound:
They muſt abide it, ſu the victor will,
Who at his pleaſure may or ſave or kill.

That brave French gallant, when the fight began,
Whoſe leaſe of lacqueys ambled by his ſide,
Himſelf a lacquey now moſt baſely ran,
Whilſt a ragg'd ſoldier on his horſe doth ride;
That raſcal is no leſs than at his man,
Who was but lately to his luggage ty'd;
And the French lord now court'ſies to that ſlave,
Who the laſt day his alms was like to crave.

And thoſe few Engliſh wounded in the fight,
They force the French to bring with them away,
Who when they were depreſſed with the weight,
Yet dar'd not once their burden down to lay:
Thoſe in the morn whoſe hopes were at their height,
Are fallen thus low e'er the departing day!
With picks of halberts prickt inſtead of goads,
Like tired horſes lab'ring with their loads.

But as the Engliſh from the field return,
Some of thoſe French who when the fight began
Forſook their friends, and hoping yet to earn
Pardon, for that ſo cowardly they ran,
Aſſay the Engliſh carriages to burn,
Which to defend them ſcarcely had a man;
For that their keepers to the field were got;
To pick ſuch ſpoils as chance ſhould them allot.

The captains of this raſcal cow'rdly rout,
Were Iſambert of Agincourt, at hand;
Riflant of Clunaſs, a dorp thereabout;
And for the chief in this their baſe command
Was Robinett of Burnivelle, throughout
The country known all order to withſtand;
Theſe, with five hundred peaſants they had rais'd,
The Engliſh tents upon an inſtant ſeiz'd.

For ſetting on thoſe with the luggage left,
A few poor ſuttlers with the camp that went,
They baſely fell to pillage and to theft;
And having rifled every booth and tent,
Some of the ſilliеſt they of life bereft;
The fear of which ſome of the other ſent
Into the army with their ſudden cries,
Which put the King in fear of freſh ſupplies.

For that his ſoldiers tired in the fight,
Their pris'ners more in number than they were,
He thought it for a thing of too much weight
T' oppoſe freſh forces, and to guard them there.
The Dauphin's pow'rs yet ſtanding in their ſight,
And Bourbon's forces of the field not clear;
Thoſe yearning cries that from the carriage came,
His blood yet hot, more highly doth inflame:

And in his rage he inſtantly commands
That every Engliſh ſhould his pris'ner kill,
Except ſome few in ſome great captain's hands,
Whoſe ranſoms might his empty'd coffers fill.
All's one who's looſe, or who is now in bonds,
Both muſt one way, it is the Conqu'ror's will.
Thoſe who late thought ſmall ranſoms them might free,
Saw only death their ranſoms now muſt be.

Accurſed French, and could it not ſuffice,
That ye but now bath'd in your native gore,
But ye muſt thus unfortunately riſe,
To draw more plagues upon ye than before?
And 'gainſt yourſelves more miſchief to deviſe
Than th' Engliſh could have? and ſet wide the door
To utter ruin, and to make an end
Of that yourſelves, which others would not ſpend?

Their utmoſt rage the Engliſh now hath breath'd,
And their proud hearts 'gan ſomewhat to relent;
Their bloody ſwords they quietly had ſheath'd,
And their ſtrong bows already were unbent;
To eaſeful reſt their bodies they bequeath'd,
Nor farther harm at all to you they meant;
And to that pains muſt ye them needfly put,
To draw their knives once more your throats to cut?

That French who lately by the Engliſh ſtood,
And freely aſk'd what ranſom he ſhould pay,
Who ſomewhat cool'd and in a calmer mood,
Agreed with him both of the ſum and day,
Now finds his fleſh muſt be the preſent food
For wolves and ravens, for the ſame that ſtay;
And ſees his blood on th' other's ſword to flow,
E'er his quick ſenſe could apprehend the blow.

Whilſt one is aſking what the buſ'neſs is,
Hearing (in French) his countryman to cry;
He who detains him pris'ner, anſwers this,
"Monſieur, the King commands that you muſt die:
"This is plain Engliſh." Whilſt he's killing his,
He ſees another on a Frenchman flie,
And with a pole-ax daſheth out his brains,
Whilſt he's demanding what the garboil means.

That tender heart, whoſe chance it was to have
Some one that day who did much valour ſhew,
Who might perhaps have had him for his ſlave,
But equal lots had fate pleas'd to beſtow;
He who his pris'ner willingly would ſave,
Laſtly conſtrain'd to give the deadly blow,
That ſends him down to everlaſting ſleep,
Turning his face, full bitterly doth weep.

Ten thouſand French, that inwardly were well,
Save ſome light hurts that any man might heal,
Even at an inſtant, in a minute fell,
And their own friends their deaths to them do deal.
Yet of ſo many, very few could tell,
Nor could the Engliſh perfectly reveal
The deſp'rate cauſe of this diſaſt'rous hap,
But ev'n as thunder kill'd them with a clap.

How happy were thoſe, in the very height
Of this great battle that had bravely dy'd!
When as their boiling boſoms, in the fight,
Felt not the ſharp ſteel thorough them to ſlide;
But theſe now in a miſerable plight,
Muſt in cold blood this maſſacre abide,
Caus'd by thoſe villains (curſt alive and dead)
That from the field the paſſed morning fled.

When as the King, to crown this glorious day,
Now bids his ſoldiers, after all this toil,
(No forces found that more might them diſmay)
Of the dead French to take the gen'ral ſpoil,
Whoſe heaps had well near ſtopt up ev'ry way,
For ev'n as clods they cover'd all the ſoil:
Commanding none ſhould any one controul,
Catch that catch might, but each man to his dole.

They fall to groping buſily for gold,
Of which about them the ſlain French had ſtore;
They find as much as well their hands can hold;
Who had but ſilver, him they counted poor.
Scarfs, chains, and bracelets, were not to be told;
So rich as theſe no ſoldiers were before.
Who got a ring, would ſcarcely put it on,
Except therein there were ſome radiant ſtone.

Out of rich ſuits the nobleſt French they ſtrip,
And leave their bodies naked on the ground;
And each one fills his knapſack, or his ſcrip,
With ſome rare thing that on the field is found:
About his buſ'neſs he doth nimbly ſkip,
That had upon him many a cruel wound:
And where they found a French not outright ſlain
They him a priſ'ner conſtantly retain.

Who ſcarce a ſhirt had but the day before,
Nor a whole ſtocking to keep out the cold,
Hath a whole wardrobe at command in ſtore,
In the French faſhion flaunting it in gold;
And in the tavern in his cups doth roar,
Chocking his crowns; and grows thereby ſo bold,
That proudly he a captain's name aſſumes,
In his gilt gorget with his toſſing plumes.

Waggons and carts are laden till they crackt,
With arms and tents there taken in the field;
For want of carriage, on whoſe tops are packt
Enſigns, coat-armours, targets, ſpears, and ſhields:
Nor need they convoy, fearing to be ſackt,
For all the country to King Henry yields;
And the poor peaſant helps along to bear,
What late the goods of his proud landlord were.

A horſe well furniſh'd for a preſent war,
For a French crown might any where be bought;
But if ſo be that he had any ſcar,
Though ne'er ſo ſmall, he valu'd was at nought.
With ſpoils ſo fated the proud Engliſh are,
Amongſt the ſlain that who for pillage fought,
Except ſome rich caparizon he found,
For a ſteel ſaddle would not ſtoop to ground.

And many a hundred beaten down that were,
Whoſe wounds were mortal, others wond'rous deep,
When as the Engliſh over-paſs'd they hear,
And no man left a watch on them to keep,
Into the buſhes and the ditches near
Upon their weak hands and their knees do creep;
But for their hurts took air, and were undreſt,
They were found dead, and buried with the reſt.

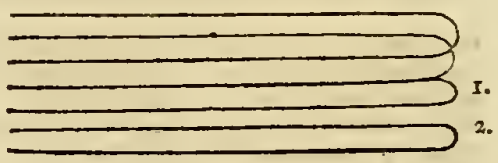
Thus when the King ſaw that the coaſt was clear'd,
And of the French who were not ſlain were fled,
Nor in the field not any then appear'd,
That had the pow'r again to make a head:
This Conqueror exceedingly is cheer'd,
Thanking his God that he ſo well had ſped;
And ſo tow'rds Calais bravely marching on,
Leaveth ſad France her loſſes to bemoan.

THE BARONS WARS.

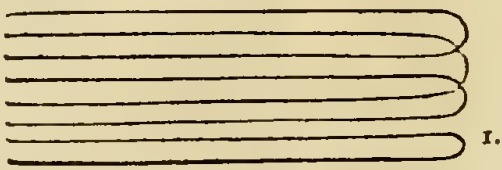
PREFACE TO THE READER,

On this Author's publiſhing a ſecond and improved Edition of the Barons Wars, which he had before called Mortimeriados.

That at firſt I made choice of this ſubject, I have not as yet repented; for, if the Muſe hath not much abuſed me, it was moſt worthy to have found a more worthy pen than mine own. For the *Barons Wars* (omitting the quality of thoſe arms whereof I have not here to ſpeak) were ſurely, as well for their length in continuance, as for their manifold bloodſhed, and multitude of horrid accidents, fit matter for trumpet or tragedy. Therefore, as at firſt the dignity of the thing was the motive of the doing, ſo the cauſe of this my ſecond greater labour was the inſufficient handling of the firſt, which though it were more than boldneſs to venture on ſo noble a ſubject without leiſure and competent ſtudy, either of which travail hardly affords; yet the importunity of friends made me, contrary to mine own judgment, undertake and publiſh it ſo as the world hath ſeen; but herein I intend not to be too exact, as if either it needed too much excuſe (knowing that even as it was, it ought to have paſſed for better than ſome would ſuffer, who can hardly think any thing hath favour but their own, though never ſo unfavoury) or as if I ſhould ſeem now to have exceeded myſelf, and failing in my hopes be kept without excuſe. Grammaticaſters have quarrelled at the title of *Mortimeriados*, as if it had been a ſin againſt Syntaxis to have inſcribed it in the ſecond caſe: But not their idle reproof hath made me now abſtain from fronting it by the name of *Mortimer* at all, but the ſame better advice which hath cauſed me to alter the whole; and where before the ſtanza was of ſeven lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this figure appeareth,



the often harmony thereof ſoftened the verſe more than the majeſty of the ſubject would permit, unleſs they had all been geminels, or couplets. Therefore (but not without new-faſhioning the whole frame) I choſe *Arioſto*'s ſtanza, of all other the moſt complete and beſt proportioned, conſiſting of eight; ſix interwoven or alternate, and a couplet in baſe.



The Quadrin doth never double; or, to uſe a word of Heraldry, never bringeth forth Gemells: The Quinzain too ſoon. The Seſtin hath twins in the baſe, but they detain not the muſic nor the cloſe, as muſicians term it, long enough for an Epic Poem. The ſtanza of ſeven is touched before; this of eight both holds the tune clean

through to the baſe of the column, which is the couplet at the foot or bottom, and cloſeth not but with a full ſatisfaction to the ear for ſo long detention.

Briefly, this ſort of ſtanza hath in it majeſty, perfection, and ſolidity, reſembling the pillar which in Architecture is called the *Tuſcan*, whoſe ſhaft is of ſix diameters, and baſe of two. The other reaſons this place will not bear; but generally all ſtanzas are, in my opinion, but tyrants and torturers, when they make invention obey their number, which ſometimes would otherwiſe ſcantle itſelf; a fault that great maſters in this art ſtrive to avoid.

Concerning the diviſion which I uſe in this Poem, I am not ignorant that antiquity hath uſed to diſtinguiſh works into Books, and every one to bear the number of their order. *Homer's Iliads* and *Odyſſes* indeed are diſtinguiſhed by ſeveral letters of the Greek alphabet, as all the world knows, and not by the numeral letters only, which to Iota are digit, and afterwards compound, the Alpha being our unit; for the Greeks had no figures nor cyphers in their arithmetic. *Virgil's Æneis*, *Statius's Thebais*, *Silius's* work of the *Carthaginian War*, *Illyricus's Argonautics*, *Vida's Chriſteis*, are all divided into Books. The *Italians* uſe Cantos, and ſo does our firſt great reformer *Spenſer*. That I aſſume another name for the ſections in this volume cannot be diſgracious, nor unavowable.

Laſtly, if I have not already exceeded the length of an epiſtle, I am to intreat, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himſelf a party to this of ours, would be pleaſed to remember that Spartan Prince, who being found by certain embaſſadors playing among his children, requeſted them to forbear to cenſure till alſo they had ſome of their own. To ſuch I give as ample power and privilege as ever *Jus liberorum* could in *Rome*, craving back again at their hands by a regrant, the like of that which I impart; for great reaſon there is that they ſhould undergo the licenſe which themſelves challenge; and ſuffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put upon others, according to the moſt indifferent law of the *Tali*. Fare you well.

THE BARONS WARS

IN THE REIGN OF

KING EDWARD II.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The grievous plagues, and the prodigious ſigns,
That this great war and ſlaughter do foreſhew;
Th' eſpecial cauſe the Baronage combines;
The Queen's ſtrong grief, whence many troubles grow;
The time by courſe unto our fall inclines,
And how each country doth to battle go;
What cauſe to yield the Mortimers pretend,
And their commitment perfecting the end.

I.

The bloody factions, and rebellious pride
Of a ſtrong nation, whoſe unmanag'd might
Them from their natural ſovereign did divide,
Their due ſubjection, and his lawful right,
Whom their light error looſely doth miſguide,
Urg'd by looſe minions tyrannous deſpight;
Me from the ſoft lays and tender loves doth bring,
Of dreadful fights and horrid wars to ſing.

II.

What helliſh fury poiſon'd your high blood,
Or ſhould bewitch you with accurſed charms,
That by pretending of the general good,
Raſhly extrudes you to tumultuous arms,
And from the ſafety wherein late you ſtood,
Reft of all taſte, and feeling of your harms,
That France and Belgia with affrighted eyes,
Were ſad beholders of your miſeries?

III.

Th' inveterate rancour in their boſoms bred,
Who for their charter wag'd a former war,
Or through your veins this raging venom ſpred,
Whoſe next-ſucceeding nephews now you are,
Or that hot gore your bows in conqueſt ſhed,
Having enlarg'd your country's bounds ſo far,
Enſign to enſign furiouſly oppoſe,
With blades of Bilboa dealing Engliſh blows,

IV.

O! thou, the great director of my muſe,
On whoſe free bounty all my powers depend,
Into my breaſt a ſacred fire infuſe,
Raviſh my ſpirit this great work t'attend;
Let the ſtill night my labour'd lines peruſe,
That when my poems gain their wiſhed end,
They whoſe ſad eyes ſhall read this tragic ſtory
In my weak hand, ſhall ſee thy might and glory.

v.

What care would plot, diſſentions quickly eroſs,
Which like an earthquake rends the tott'ring ſtate,
By which abrood we bear a public loſs,
Betray'd at home by means of private hate;
Whilſt us theſe ſtrange calamities do toſs;
(The daily nurſe of mutinous debate)
Confuſion ſtill our country's peace confounds
No help at hand, and mortal all our wounds.

vi.

Thou Church then ſwelling in thy mightineſs,
Tending the care and ſafety of the ſoul;
O nurſe not factions flowing in exceſs,
That with thy members ſhould'ſt their grief con-
In thee reſts pow'r this outrage to repreſs, (dole;
Which might thy zeal and ſanctity enroll;
Come thou in pureneſs meekly with the word,
Lay not thy hand to the unhallow'd ſword.

vii.

Blood-thirſting War, ariſing firſt from Hell,
And in progreſſion ſeizing on this iſle,
Where it before near forty years did dwell,
And with pollution horribly defile,
By which ſo many a worthy Engliſh fell,
By our firſt Edward baniſhed a while,
Transferr'd by fortune to the Scottiſh meer,
To ranſack that, as it had ravin'd here.

viii.

Where hovering ſtill with inauſpicious wings
About the verge of theſe diſtemper'd elimes,
Returning now, new error hither brings,
To ſtir us up to theſe diſaſt'rous crimes,
Weak'nneth our power by oft diminiſhings,
And taking hold on theſe unſettled times,
Forcing our frailty ſenſually at length,
Crack'd the ſtiff nerves that knit our ancient
ſtrength.

ix.

Whoſe frightful viſion, at the firſt approach,
With violent madneſs ſtruck that deſp'rate age,
So many ſundry miſeries abroach,
Giving full ſpeed to their unbridled rage,
That did our ancient liberty encroach,
And in theſe ſtrong conſpiracies engage
The worthieſt blood, the ſubjects loſs to bring,
By unnatural wrongs unto their natural king.

x.

When in the North, whilſt horror yet was young,
Theſe dangerous ſeaſons ſwiftly coming on,
Whilſt o'er our heads portentous meteors hung,
And in the ſkies ſtern comets brightly ſhone,
Prodigious births oft intermixt among,
Such as before to times had been unknown,
In bloody iſſues forth the earth doth break,
Weeping for us, whoſe woes it could not ſpeak.

xi.

When, by the rankneſs of contagious air,
A mortal Plague invadeth man and beaſt,
Which ſoon diſperſt and raging every where
In doubt the ſame too quickly ſhould have ceas'd,
More to confirm the certainty of fear
By cruel Famine hepleſly increas'd;
As though the heavens, in their remiſsful doom,
Took thoſe beſt-lov'd from worſer days to come.

xii.

The level courſe that we propoſe to go,
Now to th' intent you may more plainly ſee,
And that we every circumſtance may ſhew,
The ſtate of things, and truly what they be,
And with what ſkill or project we beſtow,
As our occurrents happen in degree;
From theſe portents we now divert our view,
To bring to birth the horrors that enſue.

xiii.

The calling back of baniſh'd Gaveſton,
'Gainſt which the Barons were to Longſhanks
ſworn,
That inſolent laſcivious minion,
A ſovereign's blemiſh, and a country's ſcorn,
The ſigniories and great promotion,
Him in his lawleſs courſes to ſuborn,
Stirs up that hateful and outragious ſtrife,
That coſt e'er long ſo many an Engliſh life.

xiv.

O worthy Lacy! had'ſt thou ſpar'd that breadth,
Which ſhortly after nature thee deny'd,
To Lancaſter deliver'd at thy death,
To whom thy only daughter was affy'd,
That this ſtern war too quickly publiſheth,
To aid the Barons 'gainſt that minion's pride,
Thy earldoms, lands, and titles of renown,
Had not ſo ſoon return'd unto the crown.

xv.

The lordſhips Bruce unto the Spenſers paſt,
Croſſing the Barons vehement deſire,
As from Jove's hand that fearful lightning caſt,
When fifty towns lay ſpent in envious fire,
Alas! too vain and prodigal a waſte,
The ſtrong effects of their conceived ire;
Urging the weak King with a violent hand,
T'abjure thoſe falſe Lords from the troubled land.

xvi.

When the fair Queen (*a*), that progreſſing in Kent,
Laſtly deny'd her entrance into (*b*) Leeds,
Whom Badleſmere unkindly doth prevent,
Who 'gainſt his Sovereign in this courſe proceeds
As adding farther to this diſcontent,
One of the ſprings which this great miſchief ſeeds,
Heaping on rage and horror more and more,
To thruſt on that which went too faſt before.

xvii.

Which more and more a kingly rage incres'd,
Mov'd with the wrongs of Gaveſton degraded,
Which had ſo long been ſettled in his breaſt,
That all his powers it wholly had invaded,
Giving the Spenſers an aſſured reſt,
By whom his reaſons chiefly are perſuaded.
By whoſe lewd counſels he is only led
To leave his true Queen, and his lawful bed.

xviii.

That now herſelf, who while ſhe ſtood in grace,
Apply'd her powers theſe diſcords to appeaſe,
When yet confuſion had not fully place,
Nor former times ſo dangerous as theſe,
A party now in their afflicted caſe,
A willing hand to his deſtruction lays;

(*a*) Iſabel. (*b*) Leeds caſtle.

That time, whoſe ſoft palm heals the wound of war,
May cure the ſore, but never cloſe the fear.

XIX.

In all this heat his greatneſs firſt began
The ſerious ſubject of our ſadder vein,
Brave Mortimer, that ever-matchleſs man,
Of the old Heroes great and godlike ſtrain;
For whom invention doing beſt it can,
His weight of honour hardly can ſuſtain,
Bearing his name immortaliz'd and high,
When he in earth unnumber'd times ſhall lie.

XX.

That uncle now whoſe name this nephew bare,
The only comfort of the woful Queen)
Who from his cradle held him as his care,
In whom the hope of that great name was ſeen,
For this young Lord now wifely doth prepare,
Whilſt yet this deep heart-goring wound is green,
And on this fair advantage firmly wrought,
To place him highly in her princely thought.

XXI.

At whoſe deliberate and unuſual birth,
The heavens were ſaid to council to retire,
And in aſpects of happineſs and mirth,
Breath'd him a ſpirit inſatiably t'aſpire,
That took no mixture of the pond'rous earth,
But all compres'd of clear aſcending fire,
So well made up, that ſuch an one as he,
Jove, in a man, like Mortimer would be.

XXII.

The temper of that nobler-moving part,
With ſuch rare pureneſs rectify'd his blood,
Raiſing the powers of his reſolved heart,
Too proud to be lock'd up within a flood,
That no misfortune poſſibly could thwart
Which from the native greatneſs where it ſtood,
Even by the virtue of a piercing eye,
Shew'd that his pitch was boundleſs as the ſky.

XXIII.

Worthy the grand-child of ſo great a Lord,
Who whilſt firſt Edward fortunately reign'd,
Re-edify'd great Arthur's ancient board;
The ſeat of goodly Kennelworth ordain'd,
The order of old Knighthood there reſtor'd,
To which an hundred duly appertain'd,
With all the grace and beauties of a court,
As beſt became that brave and martial ſport.

XXIV.

The heart-ſwoln Lords, with fury ſet on fire,
Who Edward's wrongs to vengeance ſtill provoke,
With Lancaſter and Hartford now conſpire
No more to bear the Spenſers ſervile yoke.
And thus whilſt all a mutual change deſire,
The ancient bonds of their allegiance broke,
Reſolv'd with blood their liberty to buy,
And in this quarrel vow'd to live and die.

XXV.

What privilege hath our free birth, ſay they,
Or in our blood what virtue doth remain,
To each laſcivious minion made a prey,
That us and our nobility diſdain,
Whilſt they triumphant boaſt of our decay?
Either thoſe ſpirits we do not now retain,
That were our fathers, or by fate we fall
Both from their greatneſs, liberty, and all.

XXVI.

Honour, dejected that from that ſovereign ſtate
From whence at firſt it challenged a being,
Now proſtitute to infamy and hate,
As with itſelf in all things diſagreeing,
So out of order, diſproportionate,
From her fair courſe prepoſterouſly flying;
Whilſt others as themſelves, and only we
Are not held thoſe we would but ſeem to be.

XXVII.

Then to what end hath our great conqueſt ſerv'd,
Thoſe acts achieved by the Norman ſword,
Our charters, patents, or our deeds reſerv'd,
Our offices and titles to record,
The creſts that on our monuments are carv'd,
If they to us no greater good afford?
Thus do they murmur ev'ry one apart
With many a vext ſoul, many a grieved heart.

XXVIII.

Thus while the Queen to depth of ſorrow thrown,
Wherein ſhe waſtes her flow'r of youth away,
Beyond belief, to all but heaven unknown,
This quick'ning ſpark, where yet it bury'd lay,
By the ſharp breath of deſp'rate faction blown,
Converts her long night to the wiſhed day,
Her woful winter of misfortune cheering,
As the dark world at the bright ſun's appearing.

XXIX.

Yet ill perplex'd amid theſe hard extremes,
All means deprefs'd her ſafety to prefer,
Depriv'd of thoſe late comfortable beams,
Whoſe want might make her the more eas'ly err,
Her hopes relinquiſh'd like deceitful dreams,
Which in her breaſt ſuch ſundry paſſions ſtir,
Where ſtruggling which each other ſhould controul,
Work ſtrange confuſion in her troubled ſoul.

XXX.

That now diſabled of all ſovereign ſtate,
That to her graces rightly did belong,
To be rejected, and repudiate,
So true a lady, goodly, fair and young,
Which with more fervour ſtill doth intimate
Her too-deep ſettled and inveterate wrong;
What wiſdom would, a woman's will denies,
With arguments of her indignities.

XXXI.

When to effect the angry fates purſue
In heaven's high court, that long time did depend,
When theſe full miſchiefs to a ripeneſs grew,
And now the harveſt haſt'ning in the end,
And all theſe lines into one centre drew,
Which way ſo e'er they ſeemingly extend;
All theſe together in proportion laid,
Each breath of hope a gale of certain aid.

XXXII.

Now is the time when Mortimer doth enter,
Of great employment in this tragic act,
His youth and courage boldly bid him venture,
And tell him ſtill how ſtrongly he was back'd;
And at this inſtant in due ſeaſon ſent her,
When the ſtrait courſe to her deſire is track'd.

(And but upon more certainty doth ſtay)
By a direct, what though a dangerous way.

XXXIII.

This dreadful comet drew her wond'ring eye,
Which now began his golden head to rear,
Whoſe glorious fixure in ſo fair a ſky
Strikes the beholder with a chilly fear,
And in a region elevate and high,
And by the form wherein it did appear,
As the moſt ſkilful ſeriouſly divine,
Foreſhew'd a kingdom ſhortly to decline.

XXXIV.

Yet ſtill recoyling at the Spenſers power,
As often check'd with their interp'rate pride,
Th' inconſtant Barons wavering every hour,
The fierce encounter of this boiſterous tide,
That eaſily might their livelyhood devour
Had ſhe not thoſe that ſkilfully could guide;
She from ſuſpicion craftily retires,
Careleſs, in ſhew, of what ſhe moſt deſires.

XXXV.

Diſſembling grief, as one that knew not ill,
So can ſhe rule the greatneſs of her mind,
As a moſt perfect rectoreſs of her will,
Above the uſual weakneſs of her kind;
For all this ſtorm, immoveable and ſtill,
Her ſecret drift the wiſeſt miſs to find;
Nor will ſhe know what (yet) theſe factions meant,
With a pleas'd eye to ſooth ſad diſcontent.

XXXVI.

The leaſt ſuſpicion cunningly to heal,
Still in her looks humility ſhe bears,
The ſafeſt way with mightineſs to deal,
So policy religion's habit wears;
'Tis now no time her grievance to reveal,
He's mad who takes a lion by the ears:
This knew the Queen, exampled by the wiſe;
This muſt they learn who rightly temporize.

XXXVII.

The Biſhop Torleton, learned'ſt in the land,
Upon a text of politics to preach,
Which he long ſtudying, well did underſtand,
And by a method could as aptly teach;
He was a prelate of a potent hand,
Wiſe was the man that could go beyond his reach:
This ſubtile tutor Iſabel hath taught,
In nicer points than ever England fought.

XXXVIII.

Rage, which no longer limits can contain,
Laſtly breaks forth into a public flame,
Their ſlipp'd occaſion better to regain,
When to their purpoſe things ſo fitly frame,
And now diſcerned viſibly and plain,
When treaſon boldly dare itſelf proclaim,
Caſting aſide all ſecular diſguiſe,
Doth with proud legions furiouſly ariſe.

XXXIX.

As Severn lately in her ebbs that ſank,
Vaſt and forſaken leaves th' uncover'd ſands,
Fetching full tides, luxurious, high and rank,
Seems in her pride t' invade the neighb'ring lands,
Breaking her limits, cov'ring all her banks,
Threat'ning the proud hills with her watry hands,
As tho' ſhe meant her empery to have,
Where e'en but lately ſhe beheld her grave.

XL.

Through all the land, from places far and near,
Led to the field as fortune lots their ſide
(With th' ancient weapons us'd in war to bear)
As thoſe directed whom they choſe their guide;
Or elſe perhaps as they affected were,
Or as by friendſhip, or by duty ty'd;
Sway'd by the ſtrength and motion of their blood,
No cauſe examin'd, be it bad or good.

XLI.

From Norfolk and the countries of the Eaſt
That with the pike muſt ſkilfully could fight;
Then thoſe of Kent, unconquer'd of the reſt,
That to this day maintain their ancient right;
For courage no whit ſecond to the beſt,
The Corniſh-men, moſt active, bold and light
Thoſe near the plain, the pole-ax beſt that wield,
And claim for theirs the vaward of the field.

XLII.

The noble Welſh, of th' ancient Britiſh race;
From Lancaſhire men famous for their bows;
The men of Cheſhire, chiefeſt for their place,
Of bone ſo big, as only made for blows,
Which for their faith are had in ſpecial grace,
And have been ever fearful to their foes;
The Northern then in feuds ſo deadly fell,
That for their ſpear and horſemanſhip excell.

XLIII.

All that for uſe experience could eſpy,
Such as in fens and marſh-lands us'd to trade,
The doubtful fords and paſſages to try,
With ſtilts and lope-ſtaves that do aptlieſt wade,
Moſt fit for ſcouts and currers, to deſcry;
Thoſe from the mines with pick-ax and with ſpade,
For pioneers beſt, that for entrenching are,
Men chiefly needful in the uſe of war.

XLIV.

O noble nation, furniſhed with arms,
So full of ſpirit, as almoſt match'd by none!
Had heaven but bleſt thee to foreſee thy harms,
And as thy valiant nephews did, have gone
Roan, Orleance, Paris, ſhaking with alarms,
As the bright ſun thy glory then had ſhone;
To other realms thou had'ſt transferr'd this chance,
Nor had your ſons been firſt that conquer'd France.

XLV.

And thus on all hands ſetting up their reſt,
And all make forward for this mighty day,
Where every one prepares to do his beſt,
When at the ſtake their lives and fortunes lay,
No croſs event their purpoſes to wreſt,
Being now on in ſo direct a way: [game,
Yet whilſt they play this ſtrange and doubtful
The Queen ſtands off, and ſecretly gives aim.

XLVI.

But Mortimer his foot had ſcarcely ſet
Into the road where Fortune had to deal,
But ſhe, diſpos'd his forward courſe to let,
Her lewd condition quickly doth reveal,

Glory to her vain deity to get
By him, whoſe ſtrange birth bare her ominous ſeal:
Taking occaſion from that very hour
In him to prove and manifeſt her pow'r.

XLVII.

As when we ſee the early-riſing ſun
With his bright beams to emulate our ſight;
But when his courſe yet newly is begun,
The hum'rous foggs deprive us of his light,
Till through the clouds he his clear forehead run,
Climbing the noon-tide in his glorious height:
His clear-beginning Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his mid-day great and glorious.

XLVIII.

The King, diſcreetly that conſidered
The ſpace of earth whereon the Barons ſtand,
As what the powers to them contributed,
Then being himſelf but partner of his land;
Of the ſmall ſtrength and army that he led
'Gainſt them which did ſo great a pow'r command,
Wiſely about him doth begin to look:
Great was the taſk which now he undertook.

XLIX.

And warn'd by danger to miſdoubt the worſt,
In equal ſcales whilſt either's fortunes hung,
He muſt perform the utmoſt that he durſt,
Or undergo intolerable wrong:
As good to ſtir, as after be inforc'd;
To ſtop the ſource whence all theſe miſchiefs ſprung,
He with the Marchers thinks beſt to begin,
Which firſt muſt loſe, e'er he could hope to win.

L.

The Mortimers being men of greateſt might,
Whoſe name was dreadful, and commanded far,
Sturdy to manage, of a haughty ſprit,
Strongly ally'd, much follow'd, popular,
On whom if he but happily could light,
He hop'd more eas'ly to conclude the war:
Which he intendeth ſpeedily to try,
To quit that firſt which moſt ſtood in his eye.

LI.

For which he expeditiouſly provided
That part of land into his power to get,
Which, if made good, might keep his foes divided
Their combination cunningly to let;
Which ſhould they join, would be ſo ſtrongly ſided,
Two mighty hoſts together ſafely met,
The face of war would look ſo ſtern and great,
As it might threat to heave him from his ſeat.

LII.

Wherefore the King from London ſetteth forth
With a full army, furniſh'd of the beſt,
Accompany'd with men of ſpecial worth,
Which to this war his promiſes had preſt.
Great Lancaſter was lord of all the North,
The Mortimers were maſters of the Weſt,
He tow'rds mid England makes the way 'twixt either,
Which they muſt croſs e'er they could come together.

LIII.

Strongly inveigled with delightful hope,
Stoutly t' affront and ſhoulder with debate,
Knowing to meet with a reſolved troop,
That came prepar'd with courage and with hate,
Whoſe ſtubborn creſts if he inforc'd to ſtoop,
It him behoves to tempt ſome pow'rful fate,
And through ſtern guards of ſwords and hoſtile fire
Make way to peace, or ſhamefully retire.

LIV.

When now the Marchers well upon their way,
(Expecting thoſe that them ſupplies ſhould bring
Which had too long abus'd them by delay)
Were ſuddenly encounter'd by the King;
They then perceive that dilatory ſtay
To be the cauſer of their ruining,
When at their boſoms black Deſtruction ſtood,
With open jaws, prepared for their blood.

LV.

And by the ſhifting of th' inconſtant wind,
Seeing what weather they were like to meet,
Which even at firſt ſo aukwardly they find,
Before they could give ſea-room to their fleet,
Clean from their courſe, and caſt ſo far behind,
And yet in peril every hour to ſplit,
Some unknown harbour ſuddenly muſt found,
Or run their fortunes deſp'rately on ground.

LVI.

The elder Peer, grave, politic, and wiſe,
Which had all dangers abſolutely ſcann'd,
Finding high time his nephew to adviſe,
Since now their ſtate ſtood on this deſp'rate hand,
And from this miſchief many more to riſe,
Which his experience made him underſtand:
" Nephew," ſaith he, " 'tis but in vain to ſtrive,
" Counſel muſt help our ſafety to contrive.

LVII.

" The downright peril preſent in our eye,
" Not to be ſhunn'd, we ſee what it aſſures;
" Think then what weight upon our fall doth lye,
" And what our being this deſign procures:
" As to our friends what good may grow thereby,
" Prove, which the teſt of reaſon beſt endures:
" For who obſerves ſtrict policy's true laws,
" Shifts his proceeding to the varying cauſe.

LVIII.

" To hazard fight with the imperial powers,
" Will our ſmall troops undoubtedly appall;
" Then this our war us wilfully devours,
" Yielding our ſelves; yet thus we loſe not all,
" We leave our friends this ſmaller force of ours,
" Reſerv'd for them, though hapleſsly we fall:
" That weakneſs ever hath a glorious hand,
" That falls itſelf to make the cauſe to ſtand.

LIX.

" 'Twixt unexpected and ſo dang'rous ills,
" That ſaf'ſt, wherein we ſmalleſt peril ſee,
" Which to make choice of reaſon juſtly wills,
" And it doth beſt with policy agree:
" The idle vulgar breath it nothing ſkills,
" 'Tis found diſcretion muſt our pilot be.
" He that doth ſtill the faireſt means prefer.
" Anſwers opinion, howſoe'er he err.

LX.

" And to the world's eye ſeeming yet ſo ſtrong,
" By our deſcending willingly from hence,

" 'Twill ſhew we were provoked by our wrong,
" Not having other ſiniſter pretence:
" This force left off that doth to us belong,
" Will in opinion leſſen our offence:
" Men are not ever incident to loſs,
" When Fortune ſeems them frowardly to croſs.

LXI.

" Nor give we envy abſolute exceſs,
" To ſearch ſo far our ſubtilties to find;
" There's nearer means this miſchief to redreſs,
" And make ſucceſsful what is yet behind.
" Let's not ourſelves of all hope diſpoſſeſs,
" Fortune is ever variouſly inclin'd:
" A ſmall advantage in th' affairs of Kings,
" Guides a ſlight means to compaſs mighty " things."

LXII.

This ſpeech ſo caught his nephew's pliant youth,
(Who his grave Eam did ever much reſpect)
Proceeding from integrity and truth:
Well could he counſel, well could he direct
With ſtrong perſuaſions, which he ſtill purſu'th;
Which in a ſhort time ſhew'd by the effect,
A wiſe man's counſel, by a ſecret fate,
Seeming from reaſon, yet proves fortunate.

LXIII.

To which the King they gravely do invite,
By the moſt ſtrict and ceremonious way;
No circumſtance omitted, nor no rite
That might give colour to their new eſſay,
Or that applauſe might publicly excite.
To which the King doth willingly obey:
Who, like themſelves, in ſeeing danger near,
Rather accepts a doubt, than certain fear.

LXIV.

Which he receives in preſage of his good,
To his ſucceſs auſpiciouſly apply'd,
Which ſomewhat cool'd his much-diſtemper'd blood,
E'er he their force in doubtful arms had try'd;
And whilſt they thus in his protection ſtood,
At his diſpoſing wholly to abide,
He firſt in ſafety doth diſmiſs their power,
Then ſends them both his pris'ners to the Tower.

LXV.

O all-preparing Providence Divine!
In thy large book what ſecrets are enroll'd?
What ſundry helps doth thy great pow'r aſſign,
To prop the courſe which thou intend'ſt to hold?
What mortal ſenſe is able to define
Thy myſteries, thy counſels manifold?
It is thy wiſdom, ſtrangely that extends
Obſcure proceedings to apparent ends.

LXVI.

This was the means by which the Fates diſpoſe
More dreadful plagues upon that age, to bring
Utter confuſion on the heads of thoſe
That were before the Barons ruining;
With the ſubverſion of the public's foes,
The murther of the miſerable King:
And that which 'came cataſtrophe to all,
Great Mortimer's inevitable fall.

LXVII.

This to theſe troubles lends a little breath,
As the firſt pauſe to hearten this affair,
And for a while defers oft-threat'ning death,
Whilſt each their breach by leiſure would repair,
And as a bound their fury limiteth.
But in this manner whilſt things ſtrangely fare.
Horror beyond all wonted bounds doth ſwell,
As the next Canto fearfully ſhall tell.

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

At *Burton bridge* the puiſſant pow'rs are met;
The form and order of the doubtful fight,
Whereas the King the victory doth get,
And the proud Barons are inforc'd to flight;
When they again towards *Borough* forward ſet,
Where they by him were vanquiſhed outright:
Laſtly, the laws do execute their power
On thoſe which there the ſword did not devour.

I.

This chance of war, that ſuddenly had ſwept
So large a ſhare from their ſelected ſtore,
Which for their help they carefully had kept,
That to their aid might ſtill have added more,
By this ill luck into their army crept,
Made them much weaker than they were before:
So that the Barons reinforc'd their bands,
Finding their hearts to ſtand in need of hands.

II.

For deadly hate, ſo long and deeply rooted,
Could not abide to hear the name of peace,
So that diſcretion but a little booted
'Gainſt that, thereby which only did increaſe:
For the leaſt grief by malice was promoted,
Anger ſet on, beginning to ſurceaſe;
So that all counſel much their ears offended,
But what to ſpoil and ſad invaſion tended.

III.

All up in action for the public cauſe,
Scarcely the mean'ſt, but he a party ſtood
Tax'd by the letter of the cens'ring laws
In his eſtate, if failing of his blood;
And who was free'ſt, intangled by ſome clauſe,
Which to their fury gives continual food:
For where Confuſion once hath gotten hold,
Till all fall flat, it hardly is controul'd.

IV.

And now by night, when as pale leaden ſleep
Upon their eye-lids heavily did dwell,
And ſtep by ſtep on every ſenſe did creep,
Miſchief, that black inhabitant of Hell,
Which never fails continual watch to keep,
(Fearful to think, a horrid thing to tell!)
Enter'd the place whereas thoſe warlike Lords
Lay mail'd in armour, girt with ireful ſwords.

v.

She, with a ſharp ſight, and a meagre look,
Was always prying where ſhe might do ill,
In which the fiend continual pleaſure took,
(Her ſtarved body Plenty could not fill)
Searching in every corner, every nook;
With winged feet, too ſwift to work her will,
Furniſh'd with deadly inſtrument ſhe went
Of ev'ry ſort, to wound where ſo ſhe meant.

vi.

Having a viall fill'd with baneful wrath,
(Brought from Cocytus by that curſed ſprite)
Which in her pale hand purpoſely ſhe hath,
And drops the poiſon upon every wight:
For to each one ſhe knew the ready path,
Though in the midſt and dead time of the night:
Whoſe ſtrength too ſoon invadeth every Peer,
Not one eſcap'd her that ſhe cometh near.

vii.

That the next morning breaking in the Eaſt,
With a much-troubled and affrighted mind,
Each whom this venom lately did infeſt,
The ſtrong effect in their ſwol'n ſtomachs find;
Now doth the poiſon boil in every breaſt,
To ſad deſtruction ev'ry one's inclin'd;
Rumours of ſpoil through ev'ry ear do fly,
And threat'ning fury ſits in ev'ry eye.

viii.

This done, in haſte ſhe to King Edward hies,
Who late grown proud upon his good ſucceſs,
His time to feaſts and wantonneſs applies,
And with crown'd cups his ſorrows doth ſuppreſs,
Upon his fortune wholly that relies;
And in the boſom of his courtly preſs
Vaunteth the hap of this victorious day,
Whilſt the ſick land in ſorrow pines away.

ix.

Thither ſhe comes, and in a minion's ſhape
She getteth near the perſon of the King;
And as he taſtes the liquor of the grape,
Into the cup her poiſon ſhe doth wring:
Not the leaſt drop untainted doth eſcape,
For to that purpoſe ſhe her ſtore did bring:
Whoſe ſtrong commixture as the ſequel try'd,
Fill'd his hot veins with arrogance and pride.

x.

That having both ſuch courage and ſuch might,
As to ſo great a buſ'neſs did belong,
Neither yet think by their unnatural fight
What the republic ſuffer'd them among:
For miſty error ſo deludes their ſight,
(Which ſtill betwixt them and clear reaſon hung)
And their opinions in ſuch ſort abus'd,
As that their fault can never be excus'd.

xi.

Now our Minerva puts on dreadful arms,
Further to wade into this bloody war,
And from her ſlumber waken'd with alarms,
Riſeth to ſing of many a maſſacre,
Of gloomy magics, and benumbing charms,
Of many a deep wound, many a fearful ſcar:
For that low ſock wherein ſhe us'd to tread,
Marching in greaves, a helmet on her head.

xii.

Whilſt thus vain hope doth theſe falſe Lords delude,
Who having drawn their forces to a head,
They their full purpoſe ſeriouſly purſu'd,
By Lancaſter and valiant Hertford led,
Their long proceeding laſtly to conclude;
Whilſt now to meet both armies hotly ſped,
The Barons taking Burton in their way,
Till they could hear where Edward's army lay.

xiii.

To which report too ſuddenly bewray'd
Their manner of encamping, and the place,
Their preſent ſtrength, and their expected aid,
As what might moſt avail them in this caſe.
The ſpeedy march th' imperial power had made,
Had brought them ſoon within a little ſpace:
For ſtill the King conducted had his force,
Which way he heard the Barons bent their courſe.

xiv.

Upon the Eaſt, from buſhy Needwood's ſide,
There riſeth up an eaſy-climbing hill,
At whoſe fair foot the ſilver Tent doth ſlide,
And the ſlow air with her ſoft murmuring fill,
Which with the ſtore of liberal brooks ſupply'd,
The inſatiate meads continually doth ſwill,
Over whoſe ſtream a bridge of wond'rous ſtrength
Leads on from Burton to that hill in length.

xv.

Upon the mount the King his tentage fixt,
And in the town the Barons lay in ſight,
When as the Trent was riſen ſo betwixt,
That for a while prolong'd th' unnat'ral fight,
With many waters that itſelf had mixt,
To ſtay their fury doing all it might.
Things which preſage both good and ill there be
Which Heav'n foreſhews, but will not let us ſee.

xvi.

The heaven ev'n mourning o'er our heads doth ſit,
Grieving to ſee the times ſo out of courſe,
Looking on them who never look at it,
And in mere pity melteth with remorſe;
Longer from tears that could not ſtay a whit,
Whoſe influence on every lower ſource,
From the ſwoln fluxure of the clouds, doth ſhake
A rank impoſthume upon every lake.

xvii.

O warlike nation, hold thy conqu'ring hand,
Ev'n ſenſeleſs things do warn thee yet to pauſe;
The mother-ſoil, on whom thou arm'd doſt ſtand,
Which ſhould reſtrain thee by all natural laws,
Canſt thou (unkind!) inviolate that band?
Nay, heav'n and earth are angry with the cauſe:
Yet ſtay thy foot in miſchief's ugly gate;
Ill comes too ſoon, repentance oft too late.

xviii.

Oh, can the clouds weep over thy decay,
Yet not one drop fall from thy droughty eyes?
Seeſt thou the ſnare, and wilt not ſhun the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by paſſed miſeries?
'Tis yet but early in this diſmal day,
Let late experience learn thee to be wiſe.
An ill foreſeen may eas'ly be prevented;
But hap'd, unhelp'd, tho' ne'er enough lamented.

XIX.

Cannnt the Scot of your late ſlaughter boaſt?
And are yet ſcarce healed of the ſore?
Is't not enough ye have already loſt,
But your own madneſs muſt needs make it more?
Will ye ſeek ſafety in ſome foreign coaſt?
Your wives and children pitied ye before;
But when your own bloods your own ſwords imbrue,
Who pities them who ſhould have pitied you?

XX.

The neighb'ring groves are ſpoiled of their trees,
For boats and timber to aſſay the flood,
(Where men are lab'ring as 'twere ſummer-bees,
Some hollowing trunks, ſome binding heaps of wood;
Some on their breaſts, ſome working on their knees,)
To win the bank whereon the Barons ſtood;
Which o'er the current they by ſtrength muſt tew,
To ſhed that blood which many an age ſhall rue.

XXI.

Some ſharp their ſwords, ſome right their morions ſet:
Their greaves and pouldrons others rivet faſt;
The archers now their bearded arrows whet,
Whilſt every where the clam'rous drums are brac'd;
Some taking view where they ſure ground might get;
Not one, but ſome advantage doth forecaſt:
With ranks and files each plain and meadow ſwarms,
As all the land were clad in angry arms.

XXII.

The creſts and badges of each noble name,
Againſt their owners rudely ſeem to ſtand,
As angry for th' achievements whence they came,
That to their fathers gave that generous brand.
O ye unworthy of your ancient fame,
Againſt yourſelves to lift your conqu'ring hand,
Since foreign ſwords your height could not abate,
By your own pride yourſelves to ruinate!

XXIII.

Upon his ſurcoat valiant Nevil bore
A ſilver ſaltire upon martial red;
A lady's ſleeve high-ſpirited Haſtings wore;
Ferriers his taberd with rich verry ſpred,
Well known in many a warlike match before.
A raven ſat on Corbet's armed head;
And Culpepper in ſilver arms enrail'd,
Bare thereupon a bloody bend engrail'd

XXIV.

The noble Piercy, in this dreadful day,
With a bright creſcent in his guidon came:
In his white cornet Verdon doth diſplay
A fret of gules, priz'd in this mortal game,
That had been ſeen in many a doubtful fray,
His lance's penons ſtained with the ſame.
The angry horſe chaf'd with the ſtubborn bit,
With his hard hoof the earth in fury ſmit.

XXV.

I could the ſum of Stafford's arming ſhew,
What colours Roſs and Courtney did unfold;
Great Warren's blazon I could let you know,
And all the glorious circumſtance have told,
Nam'd every enſign as they ſtood a-row;
But oh, dear Muſe, too ſoon thou art controul'd!
For in remembrance of their evil ſpeed,
My pen, for ink, warm drops of blood doth ſhed.

XXVI.

On the King's part th' imperial ſtandard's pitch'd,
With all the hatchments of the Engliſh crown.
Great Lancaſter (with no leſs power enrich'd)
Sets the ſame leopards in his colours down.
O, if ye be not frantic or bewitch'd,
Yet do but ſee that on yourſelves you frown:
A little note of diff'rence is in all,
How can the ſame ſtand, when the ſame doth [fall?

XXVII.

Behold the eagles, lions, talbots, bears,
The badges of your famous anceſtries;
Shall thoſe brave marks by their inglorious heirs
Stand thus oppos'd againſt their families?
More ancient arms no Chriſtian nation bears,
Relics unworthy of their progenies:
Thoſe beaſts ye bear do in their kind agree,
O that than beaſts more ſavage men ſhould be!

XXVIII.

And whilſt the King doth in ſad council ſit,
How he might beſt the other bank recover,
See how misfortune ſtill her time can fit!
Such as were ſent the country to diſcover,
(As up and down from place to place they flit)
Had found a ford to paſs their forces over.
Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever ſlow.

XXIX.

When Edward fearing Lancaſter's ſupplies,
Proud Richmont, Surry, and great Pembroke ſent,
On whoſe ſucceſs he mightily relies,
Under whoſe conduct half his army went,
The neareſt way, conducted by the ſpies;
And he himſelf, and Edmund Earl of Kent,
Upon the hill in ſight of Burton lay,
Watching to take advantage of the day.

XXX.

Stay Surry, ſtay, thou may'ſt too ſoon be gone;
Pauſe till this heat be ſomewhat overpaſt;
Full little know'ſt thou whither thou doſt run;
Richmont and Pembroke, never make ſuch haſte,
Ye do but ſtrive to bring more horror on.
Never ſeek ſorrow, for it comes too faſt:
Why ſtrive ye thus to paſs this fatal flood,
To fetch but wounds, and ſhed your neareſt blood?

XXXI.

Great Lancaſter, yet ſheath thy angry ſword,
On Edward's arms whoſe edge thou ſhould'ſt not ſet,
Thy nat'ral kinſman and thy ſov'reign Lord,
Both from the loins of our Plantagenet:
Call yet to mind my once-engaged word:
Canſt thou thy oath to Longſhanks thus forget?
Men ſhould perform, before all other things,
The ſerious vows they make to God and kings.

XXXII.

The winds were huſh'd, no little breath doth blow,
Which ſeems ſate ſtill as tho' they liſt'ning ſtood;
With trampling crowds the very earth doth blow,

And thro' the ſmoke the ſun appear'd like blood.
What with the ſhout, and with the dreadful ſhew,
The herds of beaſts ran bellowing to the wood,
When drums and trumpets to the charge did found,
As they would ſhake the groſs clouds to the ground.

xxxiii.

The Earls then charging with their pow'r of horſe,
Taking a ſignal when they ſhould begin,
Being in view of the imperial force,
Which at that time aſſay'd the bridge to win;
Which made the Barons change their former courſe,
T' avoid the preſent danger they were in;
Which on the ſudden had they not forecaſt,
Of their laſt day that hour had been the laſt.

xxxiv.

When from the hill the King's main pow'rs come down,
Which had Aquarius to their valiant guide,
Brave Lancaſter and Hartford from the town
Do iſſue forth upon the other ſide;
Peer againſt peer, the Crown againſt the crown,
The King aſſails, the Barons munify'd:
England's red croſs upon both ſides doth fly;
St. George the King, St. George the Barons cry.

xxxv.

Like as an exhalation hot and dry,
Amongſt the air-bred miſty vapours thrown,
Spitteth his lightning forth outrageouſly,
Rending the thick clouds with the thunder-ſtone,
Whoſe fiery ſplinters through the thin air fly,
That with the horror heaven and earth doth groan:
With the like clamour and confuſed Oh,
To the dread ſhock the deſp'rate armies go.

xxxvi.

There might men ſee the famous Engliſh bows,
Wherewith our foes we wonted to ſubdue,
Shoot their ſharp arrows in the face of thoſe,
Which oft before victorioufly them drew;
Yet ſhun their aim, and troubled in the looſe,
Thoſe well-wing'd weapons mourning as they flew,
Slipp'd from the bow-ſtring impotent and ſlack,
As to the archers they would fain turn back.

xxxvii.

Behold the remnant of Troy's ancient ſtock,
Laying on blows as ſmiths on anvils ſtrike,
Grappling together in the fearful ſhock,
Where ſtill the ſtrong encount'reth with the like,
(And each as ruthleſs as the harden'd rock)
Were't with the ſpear, the brown bill, or the pike,
Still as the wings or battles came together,
E'er fortune gave advantage yet to either.

xxxviii.

From batter'd helms, with ev'ry envious blow,
The ſcatter'd plumes fly looſely here and there,
To the beholder like to flakes of ſnow,
That ev'ry light breath on its wings doth bear,
As they had ſenſe and feeling of our woe:
And thus affrighted with the ſudden fear,
Now back, now forward ſuch ſtrange windings make,
As though uncertain which way they ſhould take.

xxxix.

Slaughter alike invadeth either hoſt,
Whilſt ſtill the battle ſtrongly doth abide,
Which ev'ry where runs raking through the coaſt,
As't pleas'd outrageous fury it to guide;
Yet not ſuffic'd where tyrannizing moſt:
So that their wounds, like mouths, by gaping wide,
Made as they meant to call for preſent death,
Had they but tongues, their deepneſs gives them breath.

xl.

Here lies a heap half ſlain, and partly drown'd,
Gaping for breath amongſt the ſlimy ſeggs;
And there a fort laid in a deadly ſwound,
Trod with the preſs into the mud and dregs;
Others lie bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the bodies, maim'd of arms and legs:
One ſticks his foe, his ſcalp another cuts;
One's feet's intangled in another's guts.

xli.

One his aſſailing enemy beguiles,
As from the bridge he fearfully doth fall,
Cruſh'd with his weight upon the ſtakes and piles:
Some in their gore upon the pavement ſprall;
Our native blood our native earth defiles,
And dire deſtruction overwhelmeth all.
Such hideous ſhrieks the bedlam ſoldiers breath,
As the damn'd ſp'rits had howled from beneath.

xlii.

The faction ſtill defying Edward's might,
Edmond of Woodſtock, with the men of Kent
Charging afreſh, renew the doubtful fight
Upon the Barons, languiſhing and ſpent,
Bringing new matter for a tragic fight;
Forth againſt whom their ſkilful warriors went,
Bravely to end what bravely did begin:
Their nobleſt ſp'rits will quickly loſe or win.

xliii.

As before Troy bright Thetis' god like ſon,
Talbot himſelf in this fierce conflict bare;
Mowbray in fight him matchleſs honour won;
Clifford for life ſeem'd little but to care;
Audley and Elmsbridge peril ſcorn to ſhun;
Gifford ſeem'd danger to her teeth to dare:
Nor Badleſmer gave back to Edward's power,
As though they ſtrove whom death ſhould firſt devour.

xliv.

I'll not commend thee Mountfort, nor thee Teis,
Elſe your high valour much might juſtly merit;
Nor, Denvil, dare I whiſper of thy praiſe;
Nor, Willington, will I applaud thy ſpirit,
Your facts forbid that I your fame ſhould raiſe:
Nor, Damory, thy due may'ſt thou inherit;
Your bays muſt be your well-deſerved blame,
For your ill actions quench my ſacred flame.

xlv.

O had you faſhion'd your great deeds by them,
Who ſummon'd Acon with an Engliſh drum;
Or theirs before, that to Jeruſalem
Went with the gen'ral power of Chriſtendom:
Then had ye caught Fame's richeſt diadem,
As they who fought to free the Saviour's tomb,
And, like them, had immortaliz'd your names,
Where now my ſong can be but of your ſhames.

XLVI.

O age inglorious, arms untimely borne,
When that approved and victorious ſhield
Muſt in this civil maſſacre be torne,
Bruis'd with the blows of many a foreign field!
And more, in this ſad overthrow be worn
By thoſe in flight infore'd it up to yield!
For which ſince then, the ſtones for very dread,
Againſt rough ſtorms cold drops for tears do ſhed.

XLVII.

When ſoon king Edward's faint and wav'ring friends,
Which had this while ſtood doubtfully to pauſe,
When they perceive that Deſtiny intends
That his ſucceſs ſhall juſtify his cauſe,
Each in himſelf freſh courage apprehends,
(For Victory both fear and friendſhip draws)
And ſmile on him on whom they late did frown,
All lend their hands to hew the conquer'd down.

XLVIII.

That ſcarce a man, which Edward late did lack
Whilſt the proud Barons bare an upright face,
But (when they ſaw that they had turn'd their back)
Joins with the king to proſecute their chace,
The baronage ſo headlong goes to wrack:
In the juſt trial of ſo near a caſe,
Inſore'd to prove the fortune of the coaſt,
The day at Burton that had clearly loſt.

XLIX.

And to the aid of the victorious king
(Which more and more gave vigour to his hope,
With good ſucceſs him ſtill encouraging,
And to his actions lent a larger ſcope)
Sir Andrew Herckley happily doth bring
On their light-horſe a valiant northern troop,
Arm'd but too aptly and with too much ſpeed,
Moſt to do harm, when leaſt thereof was need.

L.

When ſtill the barons, making forth their way
Through places beſt for their advantage known,
Retain their army bodied as they may,
By their defeat far weaker that was grown:
In their beſt ſkill deviſing day by day
T' offend th' aſſailant, and defend their own;
Of their miſ-haps the utmoſt to endure,
If nothing elſe their ſafety might aſſure.

LI.

In their ſad flight, with fury follow'd thus,
Tracing the North through many a tireſome ſtreight,
And forc'd through many a paſſage perillous,
To Borough-bridge, led by their luckleſs fate:
Bridges ſhould ſeem to barons ominous,
For there they laſtly were precipitate;
Which place the mark of their miſchaunce doth bear,
For ſince that time graſs never proſper'd there.

LII.

Where for new bloodſhed they new battles rang'd,
And take new breath, to make deſtruction new:
Chang'd is their ground, but yet their fate unchang'd,
Which too directly ſtill doth them purſue;
Nor are they and their miſeries eſtrang'd
To their eſtates though they mere ſtrangers grew:
The only hope whereon they do depend,
With courage is to conſummate their end.

LIII.

Like as a herd of over-heated deer,
By hot-ſpurr'd hunters labour'd to be caught,
With hues and hounds recover'd ev'ry where,
When as they find their ſpeed avails them nought,
Upon the toils run headlong without fear,
With noiſe of hounds and halloos as diſtraught:
E'en ſo the Barons, in this deſp'rate caſe,
Turn upon thoſe which lately did them chace.

LIV.

Enſign beards enſign, ſword 'gainſt ſword doth ſhake,
Drum brawls with drum, as rank doth rank oppoſe,
There's not a man that care of life doth take,
But death in earneſt to his bus'neſs goes,
A gen'ral havock as of all to make,
And with deſtruction doth them all incloſe,
Dealing itſelf impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, as foe by foe, doth fall.

LV.

Yet the brave Barons, whilſt they do reſpire,
(In ſpight of Fortune, as they ſtood prepar'd)
With courage charge, with comelineſs retire,
Make good their ground, and then relieve their guard,
Withſtand the ent'rer, then purſue the flier,
New form their battle, ſhifting ev'ry ward.
As your high ſkill were but your quarrel good,
O noble ſpirits, how dear had been your blood!

LVI.

That well-arm'd band ambitious Herckley led,
Of whch the Barons never dreamt before,
Then greatly ſtood king Edward's pow'r in ſtead,
And in the fight aſſail'd the enemy ſore:
O day moſt fatal, and moſt full of dread!
Never can time thy ruinous waſte reſtore:
Which with his ſtrength though he attempt to do.
Well may he ſtrive for, and yet fail of too.

LVII.

Pale death beyond his wonted bounds doth ſwell,
Carving proud fleſh in cantels out at large;
As leaves in autumn, ſo the bodies fell
Under ſharp ſteel at ev'ry boiſt'rous charge:
Oh, what ſad pen can their deſtruction tell,
Where ſcalps lay beaten like the batter'd targe!

And every one he claimeth as his right,
Whose luck it was not to escape by flight.

LVIII.

Those warlike ensigns waving in the field,
Which lately seem'd to brave th' imbattel'd foe,
Longer not able their own weight to wield,
Their lofty tops to the base dust do bow;
Here fits a helmet, and there lies a shield;
Oh, ill did Fate those ancient arms bestow,
Which as a quarry on the foil'd earth lay,
Seiz'd on by Conquest, as a glorious prey.

LIX.

Where noble Bohun, that most princely peer,
Hartford much honour'd, and of high desert,
And to this nation none as he so dear,
Passing the bridge with a resolved heart,
To stop his soldiers, which retiring were,
Was 'twixt two planks slain through his lower part:
But Lancaster, not destin'd there to die,
Taken, reserv'd to further misery.

LX.

Whose tragic scene some Muse vouchsafe to sing:
His, of five earldoms who then liv'd possess'd,
A brother, son, and uncle to a king,
With favour, friends, and with abundance blest:
What could man think, or could devise the thing,
That but seem'd wanting to his worldly rest?
But on this earth what's free from Fortune's pow'r?
What an age got, is lost in half an hour.

LXI.

Some few themselves in sanctuaries hide,
Which, though they have the mercy of the place,
Yet are their bodies so unsanctify'd,
As that their souls can hardly hope for grace;
Where they in fear and penury abide
A poor dead life, which length'neth but a space:
Hate stands without, whilst horror still within
Prolongs their shame, yet pard'neth not their sin.

LXII.

Nor was death then contented with the dead,
Of full revenge as though it were deny'd,
And till it might have that accomplished,
It held itself in nothing satisfy'd;
And with delays no longer to be fed,
An unknown torment further doth provide,
That dead men should in misery remain,
To make the living die with greater pain.

LXIII.

Ye sov'reign cities of this woful isle,
In cypress wreaths, and your most sad attire,
Prepare yourselves to build the funeral-pile,
Lay your pale hands to this exequious fire,
All mirth and comfort from your streets exile,
Fill'd with the groans of men when they expire:
The noblest blood approaching to be shed,
That ever dropt from any of your dead.

LXIV.

When Thomas earl of Lancaster, that late
Th' rebellious Barons trait'rously rerain'd,
As the chief agent in this great debate,
Was for the same (e'er many days) arraign'd
'Gainst whom at Pomfret they articulate,
(To whom those treasons chiefly appertain'd;)
Whose proofs apparent, so well, nay, ill sped,
As from his shoulders rest his rev'rend head.

LXV.

Yet, Lancaster, it is not thy lost breath
That can assure the safety of the crown,
Or that can make a covenant with death,
To warrant Edward what he thinks his own;
But he must pay the forfeit of his faith,
When they shall rise which he hath trodden down.
All's not a man's that is from others rackt,
And other agents other ways do act.

LXVI.

Nor was it long, but in that fatal place,
The way to death where Lancaster had led,
But many other, in the self-same case,
Him in like manner sadly followed.
London, would thou had'st had thy former grace,
As thou art first, most blood that thou had'st shed,
By other cities not exceeded far,
Whose streets devour the remnant of that war.

LXVII.

O parents ruthful and hert-renting sight!
To see that son that your soft bosoms fed,
His mother's joy, his father's sole delight,
That with much cost, yet with more care was bred:
O spectacle, ev'n able to affright
A senseless thing, and terrify the dead!
His dear, dear blood upon the cold earth pour'd,
His quarter'd corse of crows and kites devour'd.

LXVIII.

But 'tis not you that here complain alone,
Or to yourselves this fearful portion share;
Here's strange and choice variety of moan,
Poor orphans tears with widows mixed are,
With many friends sigh, many maidens groan:
So innocent, so simply pure and rare,
As nature, which till then had silence kept,
Near burst with sorrow, bitterly had wept.

LXIX.

O bloody age! had not these things been done,
I had not now, in these more calmer times,
Into the search of those past troubles run;
Nor had my virgin unpolluted rhimes
Alter'd the course wherein they first begun,
To sing these horrid and unnatural crimes:
My lays had still been of Idea's bow'r,
Of my dear Ancor, or her loved Stowre.

LXX.

Nor other ſubject than your ſelf had choſe,
Your birth, your virtues, and your high reſpects,
Whoſe bounties oft have nouriſh'd my repoſe;
You, whom my Muſe ingeniouſly elects,
Denying earth your brave thoughts to encloſe,
Maugre the Momiſts and Satyric ſects:
That whilſt my verſe to after-times is ſung,
You may live with me, and be honour'd long.

LXXI.

But greater things my ſubject hath in ſtore,
Still to her taſk my armed Muſe to keep,
And offers her occaſion as before,
Whereon ſhe may in mournful verſes weep:
And as a ſhip being gotten near the ſhore,
By aukward winds redriven to the deep;
So is the Muſe from whence ſhe came of late,
Into the buſineſs of a troubled ſtate.

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

By ſleepy potions that the Queen ordains,
Lord Mortimer eſcapes out of the tower;
And by falſe ſlights, and many ſubtle trains,
She gets to France, to raiſe a foreign power.
The French king leaves his ſiſter: need conſtrains
The Queen to Hainault in a happy hour:
Edward her ſon to Philip is affy'd,
They for invaſion inſtantly provide.

I.

Scarce had theſe paſſed miſeries an end,
But other troubles inſtantly began;
As miſchief doth new matter apprehend,
By things that ſtill irregularly ran:
For further yet their fury doth extend,
All was not yielded that king Edward wan;
And ſome there were in corners that did lie,
Which o'er his actions had a watchful eye.

II.

When as the king (whilſt things thus fairly went)
Who by this happy victory grew ſtrong,
Summon'd at York a ſolemn parliament
T' uphold his right, and help the Spenſers wrong,
(In all affairs t' eſtabliſh his intent)
Whence more and more his minions greatneſs ſprung,
Whoſe counſels ſtill in ev'ry bus'neſs croſt
Th' inraged Queen, in all misfortunes toſt.

III.

When as the eld'ſt, a man extremely hated,
(Whom all that time the king could not prefer,
Until he had the barons pride abated)
That parliament made earl of Wincheſter,
As Herckley earl of Carliſle he created:
And likewiſe Baldock he made chancellor;
One whom the king had for his purpoſe wrought,
A man, as ſubtle, ſo corrupt and naught.

IV.

When as miſhaps (that ſeldom come alone)
Thick in the necks of one another fell,
The Scot began a new invaſion,
And France did thence the Engliſh pow'rs expell,

The Iriſh ſet the Engliſh pale upon,
At home the Commons ev'ry day rebell:
Miſchief on miſchief, curſe doth follow curſe;
One ill ſcarce paſt, but after comes a worſe.

v.

For Mortimer that wind moſt fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes, which otherwiſe might ſee;
Whilſt the wiſe Queen, who all advantage knew,
Was cloſely caſting how to ſet him free;
And did the plot ſo ſeriouſly purſue,
Till ſhe had found the means how it ſhould be,
Againſt opinion and imperious might,
To work her own ends through the jaws of ſpite.

vi.

And to that purpoſe ſhe a potion made,
In operation of that pois'ning power,
That it the ſpirits could preſently invade,
And quite diſ-ſenſe the ſenſes in an hour,
With ſuch cold numbneſs, as it might perſuade,
That very death the patient did devour
For certain hours, and ſcaled up the eyes
'Gainſt all that art could poſſibly deviſe.

vii.

In which, ſhe plantane and cold lettuce had,
The water-lilly from the mariſh ground,
With the wan poppy, and the nightſhade ſad,
And the ſhort moſs that on the trees is found,
The pois'ning henbane, and the mandrake drad,
With cypreſs-flowers that with the reſt were pown'd;
The brain of cranes amongſt the reſt ſhe takes,
Mix'd with the blood of dormice and of ſnakes.

viii.

Thus, like Medea, ſate ſhe in her cell,
Which ſhe had circled with her potent charms,
From thence all hind'rance clearly to expell;
Then her with magic inſtruments ſhe arms,
And to her buſ'neſs inſtantly ſhe fell:
A Veſtal fire ſhe lights, wherewith ſhe warms
The mixed juices, from thoſe ſimples wrung,
To make the med'cine wonderfully ſtrong.

ix.

The ſundry fears that from her fact might riſe,
Men may ſuppoſe, her trembling hand might ſtay,
Had ſhe conſider'd of the enterpriſe,
To think what peril in th' attempt there lay;
Knowing beſides, that there were ſecret ſpies
Set by her foes to watch her ev'ry way:
But when that ſex leave virtue to eſteem,
Thoſe greatly err, which think them what they ſeem.

x.

Their plighted faith they at their pleaſure leave;
Their love is cold, but hot as fire their hate;
On whom they ſmile, they ſurely thoſe deceive,
In their deſires they be inſatiate;
Them of their will there's nothing can bereave;
Their anger hath no bound, revenge no date;
They lay by fear, when they at ruin aim;
They ſhun not ſin, as little weigh they ſhame.

xi.

The elder of the Mortimers this while,
That their ſure friends ſo many ſundry ways,
By fight, by execution, by exile,
Had ſeen cut off, then finiſhed his days:
Which (though with grief) doth ſomewhat reconcile
The younger's thoughts, and lends his cares ſome eaſe:
Which oft his heart, oft troubled had his head,
For the dear ſafety of his uncle dead.

xii.

But there was more did on his death depend,
Than Heav'n was pleas'd the fooliſh world ſhould know;
And why the Fates thus haſted on his end,
Thereby intending ſtranger plagues to ſhew.
Brave Lord, in vain thy breath thou didſt not ſpend,
From thy corruption greater conflicts grow;
Which began ſoon and fruitfully to ſpring,
New kinds of vengeance on that age to bring.

xiii.

As heart could wiſh, when ev'ry thing was fit,
The Queen attends her potion's power to prove;
Their ſtedfaſt friends their beſt aſſiſting it,
Their truſty ſervants ſeal up all in love:
And Mortimer, his valour and his wit
Then muſt expreſs, whom moſt it doth behove:
Each place made ſure, where guides and horſes lay,
And where the ſhip that was for his convey.

xiv.

When as his birth-day he had yearly kept,
And us'd that day thoſe of the Tower to feed;
And on the Warders other bounties heapt,
For his advantage he that day decreed:
Which did ſuſpicion clearly intercept,
And much avail'd him at that time of need:
When after cates, their thirſt at laſt to quench,
He mix'd their liquor with that ſleepy drench.

xv.

Which ſoon each ſenſe doth with dead coldneſs ſeize,
When he, which knew the keepers of each ward,
Out of their pockets quickly took the keys,
His corded ladders readily prepar'd;
And ſtealing forth through dark and ſecret ways,
(Not then to learn his compaſs by the card)
To win the walls couragiouſly doth go,
Which look'd as ſcorning to be maſter'd ſo.

xvi.

They ſoundly ſleep, whilſt his quick ſp'rits awake,
Expos'd to peril in the high'ſt extremes,
Alcides' labours as to undertake,
O'er walls, o'er gates, through watches, and through ſtreams,
By which his own way he himſelf muſt make;
And let them tell king Edward of their dreams.

For e'er they came out of their brain-ſick trance,
He made no doubt to be arriv'd in France.

XVII.

The ſullen night had her black curtain ſpread,
Low'ring that day had tarried up ſo long,
And that the morrow might lie long abed,
She all the heav'n with duſky clouds had hung:
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly-horned head
Away to Weſt, and under earth ſhe flung,
As ſhe had long'd to certify the Sun,
What in his abſence in our world was done.

XVIII.

The leſſer lights, like ſentinels in war,
Behind the clouds ſtood privily to pry,
As though unſeen they ſubt'ly ſtrove from far,
Of his eſcape the manner to deſcry.
Hid was each wand'ring as each fixed ſtar,
As they had held a council in the ſky,
And had concluded with that preſent night,
That not a ſtar ſhould once give any light.

XIX.

In a flow ſilence all the ſhores are huſht,
Only the ſcritch-owl ſounded to th' aſſault,
And Iſis with a troubled murmur ruſh'd,
As if conſenting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foot the ſand or gravel cruſh'd,
There was a little whiſp'ring in the vault,
Mov'd by his treading, ſoftly as he went,
Which ſeem'd to ſay, it further'd his intent.

XX.

Whilſt that wiſe Queen, whom care yet reſtleſs kept,
For happy ſpeed to heaven held up her hands,
With worlds of hopes and fears together heapt
In her full boſom, liſt'ning as ſhe ſtands,
She ſigh'd and pray'd, and ſigh'd again and wept,
She ſees him how he climbs, how ſwims, how lands:
Though abſent, preſent in deſires they be;
Our ſoul much farther than our eyes can ſee.

XXI.

The ſmall clouds iſſuing from his lips, ſhe ſaith,
Lab'ring ſo faſt as he the ladder clame,
Should purge the air of peſtilence and death;
And as from heav'n that filch'd Promethean flame,
The ſweetneſs ſo, and virtue of his breath,
New creatures in the element ſhould frame:
And to what part it had the hap to ſtray,
There ſhould it make another milky way.

XXII.

Attain'd the top, whilſt ſpent, he paus'd to blow,
She ſaw how round he caſt his longing eyes,
The earth to greet him gently from below,
How greatly he was favour'd of the ſkies:
She ſaw him mark the way he was to go,
And tow'rds her palace how he turn'd his eyes;
From the wall's height, as when he down did ſlide,
She heard him cry, "Now Fortune be my "guide."

XXIII.

As he deſcended, ſo did ſhe deſcend,
As ſhe would hold him that he ſhould not fall,
On whom alone her ſafety did depend:
But when ſome doubt did her deep thoughts appall,
Diſtractedly ſhe did her hands extend
For ſpeedy help, and earneſtly did call
Softly again, if death to him ſhould hap,
She begg'd of heav'n his grave might be her lap.

XXIV.

To ſhew him favour ſhe intreats the air,
For him ſhe begg'd the mercy of the wind,
For him ſhe kneel'd before the night with pray'r,
For him herſelf ſhe to the earth inclin'd:
For him his tides beſeeching Thames to ſpare,
And to command his billows to be kind;
And tells the flood, if he her Love would quit,
No flood of her ſhould honour'd be but it.

XXV.

But when ſhe thought ſhe ſaw him ſwim along,
Doubting the ſtream was taken with his love,
She fear'd the drops that on his treſſes hung,
And that each wave which moſt ſhould woo him ſtrove,
To his clear body that ſo cloſely clung,
Which when before him with his breaſt he drove,
Pallid with grief, ſhe turn'd away her face,
Jealous that he the waters ſhould embrace.

XXVI.

That angry lion having ſlip'd his chain,
As in a fever, made king Edward quake;
Who knew, before he could be caught again,
Dear was the blood that his ſtrong thirſt muſt ſlake:
He found much labour had been ſpent in vain,
And muſt be forc'd a farther courſe to take,
Perceiving tempeſts riſing in the wind,
Of which too late too truly he divin'd.

XXVII.

By his eſcape that adverſe part grown proud,
On each hand working for a ſecond war,
And in their councils nothing was allow'd,
But what might be a motive to ſome jar;
And though their plots were carried in a cloud,
From the diſcerning of the popular,
The wiſer yet, whoſe judgments farther raught,
Eas'ly perceive how things about were brought.

XXVIII.

Thoſe ſecret fires, by envious faction blown,
Brake out in France which cover'd long had lain;
King Charles from Edward challenging his own,
Firſt Guien, next Pontieu, and then Aquitain,
To each of which he made his title known,
Nor from their ſeizure longer would abſtain:
The cauſe thereof lay out of moſt men's view,
Which tho' fools found not, wiſe men quickly knew.

XXIX.

Their projects hitting (many a day in hand)
That to their purpose prosp'rously had thriv'd,
The base whereon a mighty frame must stand,
By all their cunnings that had been contriv'd;
Finding their actions were so throughly mann'd,
Their fainting hopes were wond'rously reviv'd,
They made no doubt to see in little time
The full of that, which then was in the prime.

XXX.

The king much troubled with the French affair,
Which, as a shapeless and unwieldy mass,
Wholly employ'd the utmost of his care
To Charles of France his embassy to pass,
For which it much behov'd him to prepare,
Before the war too deeply settled was:
Which when they found, they likewise cast about
As they would go, to make him send them out.

XXXI.

Which when they came in council to debate,
And to the depth had seriously discust,
Finding how nearly it concern'd the state,
To stay a war both dang'rous and unjust;
That weighty bus'ness to negotiate,
They must find one of special worth and trust:
Where ev'ry Lord his censure freely past,
Of whom he lik'd, the Bishop was the last.

XXXII.

Torlton, whose tongue men's ears in chains could tie,
And like Jove's fearful thunder-bolt could pierce,
In which there more authority did lie,
Than in those words the Sibyls did rehearse,
Whose sentence was so absolute and high,
As had the power a judgment to reverse:
For the wise Queen, with all his might did stand,
To lay that charge on her well-guiding hand.

XXXIII.

Urging what credit she the cause might bring,
Impartial 'twixt a husband and a brother,
A queen in person betwixt king and king;
And more than that, to shew herself a mother,
There for her son his right establishing,
Which did as much concern them as the other:
Which colour serv'd to work in this extreme,
That of which then the king did never dream.

XXXIV.

Torlton, was this thy spiritual pretence?
Would God thy thoughts had been spiritual,
Or less persuasive thy great eloquence:
But oh! thy actions were too temporal,
Thy knowledge had too much preheminence,
Thy reason subtle, and sophistical.
But all's not true that supposition faith,
Nor have the mightiest arguments most faith.

XXXV.

Nor did the Bishop those his learned lack,
As well of power, as policy and wit,
That were prepar'd his great design to back,
And could amend where aught he did omit:
For with such cunning they had made their pack,
That it went hard, if that they should not hit;
That the fair Queen to France with speed must go,
Hard had he ply'd, that had persuaded so.

XXXVI.

When she, well fitted both of wind and tide,
And saw the coast was ev'ry way so clear,
As a wise woman she her bus'ness ply'd,
Whilst things went current, and well carry'd were,
Herself and her's to get aboard she hy'd.
As one whose fortune made her still to fear:
Knowing those times so variously inclin'd,
And ev'ry toy soon alt'ring Edward's mind.

XXXVII.

Her followers such, as meerly friendless stood,
Sunk and dejected by the Spensers pride,
Who bore the taints of treason in their blood,
And for revenge would leave no ways untry'd,
Whose means were bad, but yet their minds were good,
When now at hand they had their help descry'd;
Nor were they wanting mischief to invent,
To work their wills, and further her intent.

XXXVIII.

Whilst Mortimer (that all this while hath lain
From our fair course) by Fortune strangely crost,
In France was struggling how he might regain
That which before in England he had lost,
And all good means doth gladly entertain,
No jot dismay'd in all those tempests tost,
Nor his great mind could so be overthrown,
All men his friends, all countries were his own.

XXXIX.

Then, Muse (transported by thy former zeal,
Led in thy progress where his fortune lies)
To thy sure aid I seriously appeal;
To shew him fully, without fain'd disguise,
The ancient Heroes then I shall reveal,
And in their patterns I shall be precise,
When in my verse, transparent, neat and clear,
They shall in his pure character appear.

XL.

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the Virtues well did suit,
In whom so mix'd the Elements all lay,
That none to one could sov'raignty impute,
As all did govern, yet all did obey:
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd, when Nature him began,
She meant to shew all that might be in man,

XLI.

So throughly season'd, and so rightly set,
That in the level of the clearest eye,
Time never touch'd him with deforming fret,
Nor had the power to warp him but awry;
Whom in his course no cross could ever let,
His elevation fixed was so high,
That those rough storms, whose rage the world doth prove,
Never taught him, who sate them far above.

XLII.

Which the Queen saw, who had a seeing spirit,
For she had mark'd the largeness of his mind,
And with much judgment look'd into his merit,

Above the uſual compaſs of her kind,
His grandſire's greatneſs rightly to inherit;
When as the ages in their courſe inclin'd.
And the world, weak with time, began to bow
To the poor baſeneſs that it reſts at now.

XLIII.

He weighs not wealth, nor yet his Wigmore left,
Left needleſs heaps as things of nothing ſtand,
That was not his that man could take by theft,
He was a Lord, if he had ſea or land,
And thought him rich of thoſe who was not reſt.
Man, of all creatures, hath an upright hand,
And by the ſtars is only taught to know,
That as they progreſs heav'n, he earth ſhould do.

XLIV.

Wherefore wiſe nature, from this face of ground,
Into the deep taught men to find the way,
That in the floods her treaſure might be found,
To make him ſearch for what ſhe there did lay;
And that her ſecrets he might throughly found,
She gave him courage as her only key,
That of all creatures as the worthieſt, he
Her glory there and wond'rous works ſhould ſee.

XLV.

Let wretched wordlings ſweat for mud and earth,
Whoſe groveling boſoms lick the recreant ſtones,
Such peaſants cark for plenty and for dearth,
Fame never looks upon thoſe proſtrate drones;
The brave mind is allotted in the birth,
To manage Empires from the ſtate of thrones,
Frighting coy fortune, when ſhe ſtern'ſt appears,
Which ſcorneth ſighs, and jeereth at our tears.

XLVI.

But when report (as with a trembling wing)
Tickled the entrance of his liſt'ning ear,
With news of ſhips ſent out the Queen to bring,
For her at Sandwich which then waiting were,
He ſurely thought he heard the angels ſing,
And the whole frame of heav'n make up the quire,
That his full ſoul was ſmother'd with exceſs,
Her ample joys unable to expreſs.

XLVII.

Quoth he, ſlide billows ſmoothly for her ſake
Whoſe ſight can make your aged Nereus young,
For her fair paſſage even alleys make,
And as the ſoft winds waft her ſails along,
Sleek ev'ry little dimple of the lake;
Sweet Sirens, and be ready with your ſong;
Though 'tis not Venus that doth paſs that way,
Yet is as fair as ſhe born on the ſea.

XLVIII.

Ye ſcaly creatures, gaze upon her eye,
And never after with your kind make war;
O ſteal the accents from her lips that flie,
Which like the tunes of the celeſtials are,
And them to your ſick amorous thoughts apply,
Compar'd with which Arion's did but jar:
Wrapt them in air, and when black tempeſts rage,
Uſe them as charms the rough ſeas to aſſwage.

XLIX.

France, ſend t' attend her with full ſhoals of oars,
With which her fleet may ev'ry way be ply'd;
And when ſhe landeth on thy bleſſed ſhores,
And the vaſt navy doth at anchor ride,
For her departure when the wild ſea roars,
Ship mount to heaven, and there be ſtillify'd:
Next Jaſon's Argo, on the burniſh'd throne,
Aſſume thyſelf a conſtellation.

L.

Queen Iſabel then landing with delight,
Had what rich France could lend her for her eaſe;
And as ſhe paſs'd, no town but did invite
Her with ſome ſhew, her appetite to pleaſe:
But Mortimer once coming in her ſight,
His ſhape and features did her fancy ſeize;
When ſhe, that knew how her fit time to take
Thus ſhe her moſt-lov'd Mortimer beſpake:

LI.

" O Mortimer, ſweet Mortimer, quoth ſhe,
" What angry power did firſt the means deviſe,
" To ſeparate Queen Iſabel and thee,
" Whom (to deſpite) love yet together ties?
" But if thou think'ſt the fault was made by me,
" For a juſt penance to my longing eyes,
" Though guiltleſs they, this be to them aſſign'd,
" To gaze upon thee till they leave me blind.

LII.

" My dear, dear heart, thought I to ſee thee thus,
" When firſt in court thou didſt my favour wear,
" When we have watch'd leſt any noted us,
" Whilſt our looks us'd love's meſſages to bear,
" And we by ſigns ſent many a ſecret buſs,
" An exile then, thought I to ſee thee here?
" But what could'ſt thou be then, but now thou
" art;
" Though baniſh'd England, yet not from my
" heart.

LIII.

" That fate which did thy franchiſement inforce,
" And from the depth of danger ſet thee free,
" Still regular and conſtant in that courſe,
" Made me this ſtrait and even path to thee,
" Of our affections as it took remorſe;
" Our birth-fix'd ſtars ſo luckily agree,
" Whoſe revolution ſeriouſly directs
" Our like proceedings to the like effects.

LIV.

" Only wiſe counſel hath contriv'd this thing,
" For which we wiſh'd ſo many a woful day,
" Of which the clear and perfect managing
" Is that ſtrong prop, whereon our hopes may
" ſtay:
" Which in itſelf th' authority doth bring,
" That weak opinion hath not power to ſway,
" Confuting thoſe, whoſe ſightleſs judgments
ſit
" In the thick rank with ev'ry common wit.

LV.

" Then ſince th' aſſay our good ſucceſs aſſures,
" And we her fav'rites lean on fortune's breaſt,
" That ev'ry hour new comfort us procures,
" Of theſe her bleſſings let us chooſe the beſt;
" And whilſt the day of our good hap endures,
" Let's take the bounteous benefits of reſt:
" Let's fear no ſtorm before we feel a ſhow'r
" My ſon a King, two kingdoms help my
dow'r.

LVI.

" Of wanton Edward when I firſt was woo'd,
" Why cam'ſt thou not into the court of France?
" Before thy King, thou in my grace hadſt ſtood:
" O Mortimer, how good had been thy chance!
" My love attempted in that youthful mood,
" I might have been thine own inheritance;
" Where ent'ring now by force, thou hold'ſt
" by night,
" And art diſſeiſor of another's right.

LVII.

" Thou idol, honour, which we fools adore,
" (How many plagues do reſt in thee to grieve
" us?
" Which when we have, we find there is much
" more,
" Than that which only is a name can give us;
" Of real comforts thou doſt leave us poor,
" And of thoſe joys thou often doſt deprive us,
" That with ourſelves doth ſet us at debate,
" And makes us beggars in our greateſt ſtate."

LVIII.

With ſuch brave raptures from her words that riſe,
She made a breach in his impreſſive breaſt,
And all his pow'rs ſo fully did ſurpriſe,
As ſeem'd to rock his ſenſes to their reſt,
So that his wit could not that thing deviſe,
Of which he thought his ſoul was not poſſeſt:
Whoſe great abundance, like a ſwelling flood
After a ſhow'r, ran through his raviſh'd blood.

LIX.

Like as a lute, that's touch'd with curious ſkill,
Each ſtring ſtretch'd up his right tone to retain,
Muſic's true language that doth ſpeak at will,
The baſe and treble married by the mean,
Whoſe ſounds each note with harmony do fill,
Whether it be in deſcant or on plain;
So their affections, ſet in keys alike,
In true concert meet, as their humours ſtrike.

LX.

As the plain path to their deſign appears,
Of whoſe wiſh'd ſight they had been long debarr'd,
By the diſſolving of thoſe threat'ning fears,
That many a purpoſe, many a plot had marr'd;
Their hope at full ſo heartily them chears,
And their protection by a ſtronger guard,
Lends them that leiſure, the events to caſt
Of things to come, by thoſe already paſt.

LXI.

For this great buſ'neſs eas'ly ſetting out,
By due proportion meaſuring ev'ry pace,
T' avoid the cumbrance of each hindering doubt;
And not to fail of comelineſs and grace,
They came with every circumſtance about,
Obſerve the perſon, as the time and place:
Nor leave they aught, that in diſcretion's laws
They could but think might beautify the cauſe.

LXII.

Their embaſſy deliv'ring in that height,
As of the ſame the dignity might fit,
Apparelling a matter of that weight
In ceremony well beſeeming it;
And that it ſhould go ſteadily and right,
They at their audience no one point omit,
As to the full each title to effect,
That in ſuch caſes wiſdom ſhould reſpect.

LXIII.

Nor to negotiate never do they ceaſe,
Till they again that ancient league combine;
Yet ſo, that Edward ſhould his right releaſe,
And to his ſon the provinces reſign:
With whom King Charles concludes the happy peace,
Having the homage due to him for Guien;
And that both realms ſhould ratify their deed,
They for both kings an interview decreed.

LXIV.

Yet in this thing, which all men thought ſo plain,
And to have been accompliſh'd with ſuch care,
Their inward falſhood hidden did remain,
Quite from the colour that the outſide bare:
For only they this interview did gain
T' intrap the king, ſo trained to their ſnare;
For which they knew that he muſt paſs the ſeas,
Or elſe the prince, which better would them pleaſe.

LXV.

Which by the Spenſers was approved, who
(As in his counſels they did chiefly guide)
With him their ſov'reign nor to France durſt go,
Nor in his abſence durſt at home abide.
Whilſt the weak king ſtood doubtful what to do,
His liſt'ning ears they with perſwaſions ply'd,
That he to ſtay was abſolutely won,
And for that buſ'neſs to diſpatch his ſon.

LXVI.

Thus is the king encompaſs'd by their ſkill,
And made to act what Torlton did deviſe,
Who thruſt him on, to draw them up the hill,
That by his ſtrength they might get power to riſe,
For they in all things were before him ſtill:
That perfect ſteerſman in all policies
Had caſt to walk where Edward bare the light,
And by his aim he levelled their ſight.

LXVII.

Thus having made, what Edward moſt did will
For his advantage, further their intent,
With ſeeming good ſo varniſhing their ill,
That it went current by the fair event,
And of their hopes the utmoſt to fulfil:
Things in their courſe came in ſo true conſent,
To bring their buſ'neſs to that happy end,
That they the ſame might publicly defend.

LXVIII.

The precious time no longer they protract,
Nor in ſuſpenſe their friends at home do hold,
Being abroad ſo abſolutely hackt,
They quickly waxed confident and bold,
In their proceeding publiſhing their act;
Nor did they fear to whom report it told,
But with an armed and erected hand,
T' abet their own did abſolutely ſtand.

LXIX.

And that baſe biſhop then of Exeter,
A man experienc'd in their counſels long,
(Thinking perhaps his falſhood might preſer
Him, or elſe moved with King Edward's wrong;
Or whether that his frailty made him err,
Or other fatal accident among:)
But he from France and them, to England flew,
And knowing all, diſcover'd all he knew.

LXX.

Their treaſons, long in hatching, thus diſclos'd,
And Torlton's drift by circumſtances found,
With what conveyance things had been diſpos'd,
The cunning us'd in caſting of their ground,
The frame as fit in every point compos'd,
When better counſel coldly came to ſound,
Awak'd the king to ſee his weak eſtate,
When the prevention came a day too late.

LXXI.

Yet her departing whilſt ſhe doth adjourn,
Charles, as a brother, by perſuaſion deals;
Edward with threats would force her to return,
Pope John her with his dreadful curſe aſſails:
But all in vain againſt her will they ſpurn,
Perſuaſion, threat, nor curſe with her prevails:
Charles, Edward, John, ſtrive all to do your worſt,
The queen fares beſt when ſhe the moſt is curſt.

LXXII.

Which to the Spenſers ſpeedily made ſeen,
With what clean ſlight things had been brought about,
And that thoſe here, which well might rul'd have been,
Quickly had found that they were gotten out,
And knowing well their wit, their pow'r and ſpleen,
Of their own ſafeties much began to doubt,
And therefore muſt ſome preſent means invent,
T' avoid a danger, elſe moſt imminent.

LXXIII.

When they, who had the Frenchmen's humours felt,
And knew the bait wherewith they might be caught,
By promiſe of large penſions with them dealt,
If that King Charles might from her aid be wrought.
What mind ſo hard that money cannot melt?
Which they to paſs in little time had brought;
That Iſabel, too eas'ly over-weigh'd
By their great ſums, was fruſtrate of her aid.

LXXIV.

Yet could not this amate that mighty queen,
(Whom ſad affliction never had controul'd,
Never ſuch courage in that ſex was ſeen,
She was not caſt in other women's mold)
Nor could rebate the edge of her high ſpleen,
Who could endure war, travel, want, and cold,
Struggling with fortune, near by her oppreſt,
Moſt cheerful ſtill when ſhe was moſt diſtreſt.

LXXV.

But then reſolv'd to leave ungrateful France,
And in the world her better fate to try,
Changing the air, hopes time may alter chance,
Under her burthen ſcorning ſo to lie,
Her weaken'd ſtate ſtill ſtriving to advance,
Her mighty mind flew in a pitch ſo high:
Yet e'er ſhe went, her vex'd heart that did ake,
Somewhat to eaſe, thus to the king ſhe ſpake:

LXXVI.

" Is this a king's, a brother's part (quoth ſhe?)
" And to this end did I my grief unfold?
" Came I to heal my wounded heart to thee,
" Where ſlain outright I now the ſame behold?
" Be theſe thy vows, thy promiſes to me?
" In all this heat art thou become ſo cold,
" To leave me thus forſaken at the worſt,
" My ſtate at laſt more wretched than at firſt?

LXXVII.

" Thy wiſdom weighing what my wants require,
" To thy dear mercy might my tears have ty'd,
" Our bloods receiving heat both from one fire;
" And we by fortune as by birth ally'd,
" My ſuit ſupported by my juſt deſire,
" Were arguments not to have been deny'd:
" The grievous wrongs that in my boſom be,
" Should be as near thy care as I to thee.

LXXVIII.

" Nature too eas'ly working on my ſex,
" Thus at thy pleaſure my poor fortune leaves,
" Which being entic'd with hopes of due reſpects
" From thee, my truſt diſhoneſtly deceives,
" Who me and mine unnaturally neglects,
" And of all comfort laſtly us bereaves:
" What 'twixt thy baſeneſs and thy beaſtly
" will,
" T' expoſe thy ſiſter to the worſt of ill.

LXXIX.

" But for my farewel thus I propheſy:
" That from my womb he's ſprung, or he ſhall
" ſpring,
" Who ſhall ſubdue thy next poſterity,
" And lead a captive thy ſucceeding king,
" The juſt revenge of thy vile injury:
" To fatal France I as a Sibyl ſing
" Her cities ſack, the ſlaughter of her men,
" Of whom one Engliſhman ſhall conquer ten."

LXXX.

The Earl of Hainault, in that ſeaſon great,
The wealthy lord of many a warlike tower,
Who, for his friendſhip, princes did intreat,
As fearing both his policy and power,
Having a brother wond'rouſly complete,
Call'd John of Beaumont (in a happy hour,
As for the diſtreſſed queen did chance)
That time abiding in the court of France.

LXXXI.

He, there the while this ſhuffling that had ſeen,
Who to her party Iſabel had won,
To paſs for Hainault humbly prays the queen,
Prompting her ſtill what good might there be done,
To eaſe the anguiſh of her tumorous ſpleen,
Off'ring his fair niece to the prince her ſon,

The only way to win his brother's might,
Againſt the king to back her in her right.

LXXXII.

Who had an ear, not fill'd with his report,
To whom the ſoldiers of that time did throng,
The pattern to all other of his ſort,
Well learn'd in what to honour did belong,
With that brave queen long trained up in court,
And conſtantly confirmed in her wrong:
Beſides all this, croſs'd by the adverſe part,
In things that ſate too near to his great heart.

LXXXIII.

Sufficient motives to invite diſtreſs,
To apprehend ſo excellent a mean,
(Againſt thoſe ills that did ſo ſtrongly preſs)
Whereon the queen her weak eſtate might lean,
And at that ſeaſon, though it were the leſs,
Yet for a while it might her want ſuſtain;
Until th' approaching of more proſp'rous days,
Her drooping hopes to their firſt height might raiſe.

LXXXIV.

When they at large had leiſure to debate,
Where welcome look'd with a well-pleaſed face,
From thoſe diſhonours ſhe received late,
For there ſhe wanted no obſequious grace,
Under the guidance of a gentler fate,
All bounteous offers freely they embrace;
And to conclude, all ceremonies paſt,
The prince affies fair Philip at the laſt.

LXXXV.

All covenants betwixt them ſurely ſeal'd,
Each to the other laſtingly to bind,
Nothing but done with equity and zeal,
And ſuiting well with Hainault's mighty mind,
Which to them all did much content reveal;
The eaſe the queen was thereby like to find,
The comfort coming to the lovely bride,
Prince Edward pleas'd, and joy on every ſide.

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

The queen in Hainault mighty friends doth win,
In Harwich haven ſafely is arriv'd
Garboils in England more and more begin,
King Edward of his ſafety is depriv'd,
Flieth to Wales, at Neath received in,
Whilſt many plots againſt him are contriv'd;
Laſtly betray'd, the Spenſers and his friends
Are put to death, with which this Canto ends.

I.

Now ſeven times Phœbus had his welked wain
Upon the top of Cancer's tropic ſet,
And ſeven times in his deſcent again,
His fiery wheels had with the fiſhes wet,
In the occurrents of King Edward's reign,
Since miſchief did theſe miſeries beget;
Which through more ſtrange varieties had run,
Than he that while celeſtial ſigns had done.

II.

Whilſt our ill-thriving in thoſe Scottiſh broils,
Their ſtrength and courage greatly did advance,
In a ſmall time made wealthy by our ſpoils;
And we much weaken'd by our wars in France,
Were well near quite diſhearten'd by our ſoils:
But at theſe things the Muſe muſt only glance,
And Herckley's treaſons haſte to bring to view,
Her ſerious ſubject ſooner to purſue.

III.

When Robert Bruce with his brave Scottiſh band,
By other inroads on the borders made,
Had well near waſted all Northumberland,
Whoſe towns he level with the earth had laid;
And finding none his pow'r there to withſtand,
On the north part of ſpacious Yorkſhire prey'd,
Bearing away with pride his pillage got,
As fate to him did our laſt fall allot.

IV.

For which that Herekley by his Sov'raign ſent,
T' intreat a needful, though diſhonour'd peace,
Under the colour of a true intent,
Kindled the war, in a fair way to ceaſe,
And with King Robert did a courſe invent,
His homage due to Edward to releaſe:
Beſides, their faith they each to other plight,
In peace and war to join with all their might.

v.

Yet more, King Robert (things being carried
so)
His ſiſter to that treach'rous earl affy'd,
Which made too plain and evident a ſhew
Of what before his truſt did cloſely hide:
But the cauſe ſound from whence this league
ſhould grow,
By ſuch as near into their actions pry'd,
Diſcover'd treaſons, which not quickly croſt,
Had ſhed more blood than all the wars had
coſt.

vi.

Whether the king's weak counſels cauſes are,
That ev'ry thing ſo badly falleth out,
Or that the earl did of our ſtate deſpair,
When nothing proſper'd that was gone about,
And therefore careleſs how the Engliſh fare,
I'll not diſpute, but leave it as a doubt;
Or ſome vain title his ambition lackt,
But ſomething hatcht this treaſonable act.

vii.

Which once revealed to the jealous king,
The apprehenſion of that trait'rous peer
He left to the lord Lucy's managing,
(One whoſe prov'd faith he had held ever dear)
By whoſe brave carriage in ſo hard a thing,
He did well worthy of his truſt appear;
Who in his caſtle, careleſsly defended,
That crafty Carlel cloſely apprehended.

viii.

For which, e'er long, to his juſt trial led
In all the robes befitting his degree,
Where Scroop, chief juſtice in that dang'rous
ſtead,
Commiſſion had his lawful judge to be;
And on the proofs of his indictment read,
His treaſons all ſo eaſily might ſee:
Which ſoon themſelves ſo plainly did expreſs,
As might aſſure them of his ill ſucceſs.

ix.

His ſtile and titles to the king reſtor'd,
Noted with names of infamy and ſcorn,
And next diſarmed of his knightly ſword,
On which before his fealty he had ſworn,
Then, by a varlet of his ſpurs diſpurr'd,
His coat of arms before him raz'd and torn;
And to the hurdle laſtly he was ſent
To a trait'rous death, that trait'rouſly had
meant.

x.

Whereon the king a parliament procur'd,
To fix ſome things, whoſe fall he elſe might fear;
Whereby he hop'd the queen to have abjur'd,
His ſon, and ſuch as their adjutors were:
But thoſe, of whom himſelf he moſt aſſur'd,
What they had ſeem'd, the ſame did not appear;
When he ſoon found he had his purpoſe miſt,
For there were thoſe that durſt his power reſiſt.

xi.

For Hereford, in parliament accus'd
Of ſundry treaſons, wherein he was caught
By ſuch his courſes ſtrictly as perus'd,
Whereby ſubverſion of the realm was ſought,
His holy habit and his truſt abus'd;
Who, to his anſwer when he ſhould be brought,
Was by the clergy (in the king's deſpight)
Sciz'd under colour of the church's right.

xii.

When ſome, the fav'rers of this fatal war,
Whom this example did more ſharply whet,
Thoſe for the cauſe that then impriſon'd were,
Boldly attempt at liberty to ſet;
Whoſe purpoſe fruſtrate by their enemies care,
New garboils doth continually beget,
Bidding the king with care to look about,
Thoſe ſecret fires ſo hourly breaking out.

xiii.

And th' Earl of Kent, who was by Edward
plac'd
As the great gen'ral of his force in Guien,
Was in his abſence here at home diſgrac'd,
And fruſtrated both of ſupplies and coin,
By ſuch lewd perſons to maintain their waſte,
As from his treaſures ceas'd not to purloin:
Nor could the king be mov'd, ſo careleſs ſtill
Both of his own loſs and his brother's ill.

xiv.

Whoſe diſcontent too quickly being found,
By ſuch as all advantages did wait,
Who ſtill apply'd ſtrong cor'ſives to the wound,
And by their tricks and intricate deceit,
Hinder'd thoſe means that hap'ly might re-
dound
That faſt-ariſing miſchief to defeat:
Till Edmund's wrongs were to that ripeneſs
grown,
That they had made him abſolute their own.

xv.

With all his faithful followers in thoſe wars,
Men well experienc'd and of worthieſt parts,
Who for their pay received only ſcars,
Whilſt the inglorious had their due deſerts;
And minions hate of other hope debars,
Which vex'd them deeply to the very hearts,
That to their gen'ral for revenge they cry,
Joining with Beaumont, giving him ſupply.

xvi.

Theſe great commanders, and with them com-
bine
The Lord Focelles, Sares and Boyſeers,
Dambretticourt, the young and valiant Hein,
Eſtotivyle, Comines, and Villeers;
The valiant knights, Sir Michael de la Lyne,
Sir Robert Baliol, Boſwit, and Semeers;
Men of great ſkill, whom ſpoil and glory
warms,
Such as indeed were dedicate to arms.

xvii.

Leading three thouſand muſter'd men in pay,
Of French, Scots, Alman, Swiſſer, and the Dutch;
Of native Engliſh, fled beyond the ſea,
Whoſe number near amounted to as much,
Which long had look'd, nay, waited for that
day,
Whom their revenge did but too nearly touch:
Beſides, friends ready to receive them in,
And new commotions ev'ry day begin.

XVIII.

Whilſt the wife queen, from England day by day,
Of all thoſe doings that had certain word,
Whoſe friends much blam'd her over-long delay,
When as the time ſuch fitneſs did afford,
Doth for her paſſage preſently purvey,
Bearing proviſion ev'ry hour aboard;
Ships of all burthens rigg'd and manned are,
Fit for invaſion, to tranſport a war.

XIX.

When ſhe for England fairly ſetting forth,
Spreading her proud ſails on the wat'ry plain,
Steereth her courſe directly to the North,
With her young Edward Duke of Aquitain,
With other three of ſpecial name and worth,
(The deſtin'd ſcourges of King Edward's reign)
Her ſoldier Beaumont, and the Earl of Kent,
With Mortimer, that mighty malcontent.

XX.

For Harwich road a fore-wind finely blows,
But blew too faſt, to kindle ſuch a fire,
Whilſt with full ſail and the ſtiff tide ſhe goes;
It ſhould have turn'd, and forc'd her to retire,
The fleet it drove was fraughted with our woes;
But ſeas and winds do Edward's wrack conſpire:
For when juſt Heaven to chaſtiſe us is bent,
All things convert to our due puniſhment.

XXI.

The coaſts were kept with a continual ward,
The beacons watch'd her coming to deſcry;
Had but the love of ſubjects been his guard,
'T had been t' effect that he did fortify:
But whilſt he ſtood againſt his foes prepar'd,
He was betray'd by his home-enemy.
Small help by this he was but like to win;
Shutting war out, he lockt deſtruction in.

XXII.

When Henry, brother to that luckleſs prince,
The firſt great mover of that civil ſtrife;
Thomas, whom law but lately did convince,
That had at Pomfret left his wretched life:
That Henry, in whoſe boſom ever ſince
Revenge lay covered, watching for relief,
Like fire in ſome fat min'ral of the earth,
Finding a fit vent, gives her fury birth.

XXIII.

And being Earl-Marſhal, great upon that coaſt,
With bells and bonfires welcomes her aſhore;
And by his office gath'ring up an hoſt,
Shew'd the great ſpleen that he to Edward bore,
Nor of the ſame abaſh'd at all to boaſt;
The clergy's power in readineſs before,
And on their friends a tax as freely laid,
To raiſe munition for their preſent aid.

XXIV.

And to confuſion all their powers expoſe,
On the rent boſom of the land, which long
War, like the ſea, on each ſide did incloſe,
A war from our own home-diſſenſions ſprung,
In little time which to that greatneſs roſe,
As made us loath'd our neighb'ring ſtates among:
But this invaſion, that they hither brought,
More miſchief far than all the former wrought.

XXV.

Beſides, this innovation in the ſtate
Lent their great action ſuch a violent hand,
When it ſo boldly durſt inſinuate
On the cold faintneſs of th' infeebled land;
That being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way ſo openly to ſtand
To their intendment, might, if followed well,
Regain that height, from whence they lately fell.

XXVI.

Their ſtrengths together in this mean time met,
All helps and hurts by war's beſt counſels weigh'd,
As what might further, what their courſe might let,
As their reliefs conveniently they laid,
As where they hop'd ſecurity to get,
Whereon at worſt their fortunes might be ſtay'd:
So fully furniſh'd, as themſelves deſir'd,
Of what the action needfully requir'd.

XXVII.

When at St. Edmund's they a while repoſe,
To reſt themſelves and their ſea-beaten force,
Better to learn the manner of their foes,
To th' end not idly to direct their courſe;
And ſeeing daily how their army grows,
To take a full view of their foot and horſe:
With much diſcretion managing the war,
To let the world know what to do they dare.

XXVIII.

When as the king of their proceedings heard,
And of the routs that daily to them run:
But little ſtrength to London then prepar'd,
Where he had hop'd moſt favour to have won:
He left the city to the watchful guard
Of his approv'd, moſt truſted Stapleton;
To John of Eltham, his dear ſon, the Tow'r,
And goes himſelf tow'rds Wales, to raiſe him pow'r.

XXIX.

Yet whilſt his name doth any hope admit,
He made proclaim, in pain of goods and life,
Or who would have a ſubject's benefit,
Should bend themſelves againſt his ſon and wife,
And doth all ſlaughters gen'rally acquit,
Committed on the movers of this ſtrife;
As who could bring in Mortimer's proud head,
Should freely take th' revenues of the dead.

XXX.

Which was encounter'd by the queen's edict,
By publiſhing the juſtneſs of her cauſe,
That ſhe proceeded in a courſe ſo ſtrict,
T' uphold their ancient liberties and laws:
And that on Edward ſhe did nought inflict
For private hate, or popular applauſe;
Only the Spenſers to account to bring,
Whoſe wicked counſels had abus'd the king.

XXXI.

Which ballaſted the multitude, that ſtood
As a bark beaten betwixt wind and tide,
By winds expos'd, oppoſed by the flood,
Nought therein left, to land the ſame to guide:

Thus floated they in their unconſtant mood,
Till that the weakneſs of King Edward's ſide
Suffer'd a ſeiſure of itſelf at laſt,
Which to the queen a free advantage caſt.

XXXII.

Thus Edward left his England to his foes,
Whom danger did to recreant flight debaſe,
As far from hope, as he was near his woes,
Depriv'd of princely ſov'raignty and grace,
Yet ſtill grew leſs, the farther that he goes,
His ſafety ſoon ſuſpecting ev'ry place:
No help at home, nor ſuccour ſeen abroad,
His mind wants reſt, his body ſafe abode.

XXXIII.

One ſcarce to him his ſad diſcourſe had done,
Of Hainault's pow'r, and what the queen intends;
But whilſt he ſpeaks, another bath begun:
A third then takes it, where the ſecond ends,
And tells what rumours through the countries run,
Of thoſe new foes, of thoſe revolted friends:
Strait came a fourth, in poſt that thither ſped,
With news of foes come in, of friends out-fled.

XXXIV.

What plagues did Edward for himſelf prepare?
Forſaken king, O whither did'ſt thou flie!
Changing the clime, thou couldſt not change thy care;
Thou fledd'ſt thy foes, but followedſt miſery.
Thoſe evil lucks in numbers many are,
That to thy footſteps do themſelves apply;
And ſtill thy conſcience, corroſiv'd with grief,
Thou but purſu'ſt thyſelf, both robb'd and thief.

XXXV.

Who ſeeking ſuccour offer'd next at hand,
At laſt for Wales he takes him to the ſeas,
And ſeeing Lundy, that ſo fair did ſtand,
Thither would ſteer, to give his ſorrows eaſe;
That little model of his greater land,
As in a dream, his fancy ſeem'd to pleaſe:
For fain he would be king (yet) of an iſle,
Although his empire bounded in a mile.

XXXVI.

But when he thought to ſtrike his proſp'rous ſail,
As under lee, paſt danger of the flood,
A ſudden ſtorm of mixed ſleet and hail
Not ſuffer'th him to rule that piece of wood.
(What doth his labour, what his toil avail,
That is by the celeſtial pow'rs withſtood?)
And all his hopes him vainly doth delude,
By God and men inceſſantly purſu'd.

XXXVII.

In that black tempeſt long turmoil'd and toſt
Quite from his courſe, and well he knew not where,
'Mongſt rocks and ſands, in danger to be loſt,
Not in more peril, than he was in fear;
At length perceiving he was near ſome coaſt,
And that the weather ſomewhat 'gan to clear,
He found 'twas Wales; and by the mountains tall,
That part thereof which we Glamorgan call.

XXXVIII.

In Neath, a caſtle next at hand, and ſtrong,
Where he commandeth entrance with his crew,
The Earl of Glo'ſter, worker of much wrong,
His Chancellor Baldock, which much evil knew,
Reding his Marſhal, other friends among;
Where cloſely hid, though not from Envy's view,
The Muſe a little leaveth them to dwell,
And of great ſlaughter ſhapes herſelf to tell.

XXXIX.

Now lighter humour leave me, and be gone,
Your paſſion poor yields matter much too ſlight:
To write thoſe plagues that then were coming on,
Doth aſk a pen of ebon and the night.
If there be ghoſts, their murther that bemoan,
Let them approach me, and in piteous plight
Howl, and about me with black tapers ſtand,
To lend a ſad light to my ſadder hand.

XL.

Each line ſhall lead to ſome one weeping woe,
And ev'ry cadence as a tort'red cry,
Till they force tears in ſuch exceſs to flow,
That they ſurround the circle of each eye:
Then whilſt theſe ſad calamities I ſhew,
All looſe affections ſtand ye idly by,
Deſtin'd again to dip my pen in gore,
For the ſad'ſt tale that time did e'er deplore.

XLI.

New ſorts of plagues were threaten'd to the earth,
The raging ocean paſt his bounds did riſe,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Unheard-of ſickneſs and calamities,
More unaccuſtomed and unlook'd-for dearth,
New ſorts of meteors gazing from the ſkies:
As what before had ſmall or nothing been,
And only then their plagues did but begin.

XLII.

And whilſt the queen did in this courſe proceed,
The land lay open to all offer'd ill:
The lawleſs exile did return with ſpeed,
Not to defend his country, but to kill.
Then were the priſons diſſolutely freed,
Both field and town with wretchedneſs to fill:
London, as thou waſt author of ſuch ſhame,
Even ſo waſt thou moſt plagued with the ſame.

XLIII.

Whoſe giddy commons, mercileſs and rude,
Let looſe to miſchief on that diſmal day,
Their hands in blood of Edward's friends imbru'd;
Which in their madneſs having made away,
Th' implacable, the monſtrous multitude,
On his Lieutenant Stapleton did prey;
Who dragg'd by them o'er many a loathſome heap,
Beheaded was before the croſs in Cheap.

XLIV.

Here firſt ſhe read, upon her ruin'd wall,
Her ſad deſtruction, which was but too nigh,
Upon her gates was character'd her fall,
In mangled bodies her anatomy,
Which for her errors did that reck'ning call,
As might have wraught tears from her ruthleſs eye;

And if the thick air dimn'd her hateful ſight,
Her buildings were on fire, to give her light.

XLV.

Her channels ſerv'd for ink, her paper ſtones,
Whereon to write her murder, inceſt, rape;
And for her pens, a heap of dead men's bones,
To make each letter in ſome monſtrous ſhape;
And for her accents, ſad departing groans:
And that to time no deſp'rate act ſhould 'ſcape,
If ſhe with pride again ſhould be o'ergone,
To take that book, and ſadly look thereon.

XLVI.

The tender girl, ſpoil'd of her virgin ſhame,
Yet for that ſin no raviſher was ſhent:
Black is my ink, more black was her defame,
None to revenge, ſcarce any to lament;
Nought could be done to remedy the ſame,
It was too late thoſe miſchiefs to prevent:
Againſt thoſe horrors ſhe did idly ſtrive,
But ſaw herſelf to be devour'd alive.

XLVII.

She wants redreſs, and raviſhment remorſe,
None would be found to whom ſhe could complain;
And crying out againſt th' adult'rer's force,
Her plaints untimely did return in vain;
The more ſhe griev'd, her miſery the worſe:
Only to her this help there did remain,
She ſpoil'd of fame, was prodigal of breath,
And made her life clear by her reſolute death.

XLVIII.

Then of that world men did the want complain,
When they might have been buried, when they dy'd;
Young children ſafely in their cradles lain,
The man new married have enjoy'd his bride,
When in ſome bounds ill could itſelf contain;
The ſon kneel'd by his father's death-bed ſide,
The living wrong'd, the dead no right could have,
The father ſaw his ſon to want a grave.

XLIX.

But 'twas too late thoſe courſes to recal,
None have external nor internal fear;
Thoſe deadly ſounds, by their continual fall,
Settle confuſion in each deafen'd ear.
Of our ill times this was the worſt of all,
Only of garboils that did love to hear;
Arms our attire, and wounds were all our good,
Branded the moſt with rapine and with blood.

L.

Inglorious age, of whom it ſhould be ſaid,
That all theſe miſchiefs ſhould abound in thee!
That all theſe ſins ſhould to thy charge be laid,
From no calumnious nor vile action free!
O let not Time us with thoſe ills upbraid,
Leſt fear what hath been, argue what may be,
And faſhioning ſo a habit in the mind,
Make us alone the haters of our kind!

LI.

O pow'rful Heav'n, in whoſe moſt ſov'reign reign
All thy pure bodies move in harmony,
By thee in an inviolable chain
Together link'd; ſo ty'd in unity,
That they therein continually remain,
Sway'd in one certain courſe eternally:
Why his true motion keepeth every ſtar,
Yet, what they govern, ſo irregular?

LII.

But in the courſe of this unnatural war,
Muſe, ſay from whence this height of miſchief grew,
That in ſo ſhort time ſpread itſelf ſo far,
From whence ſo ſundry bloodſheds did enſue,
The cauſe, I pray thee, faithfully declare.
What, men religious, was the fault in you?
Which, reſty grown with your much pow'r, withdraw
Your ſtiffen'd necks from th' yoke of civil awe?

LIII.

No wonder though the people grew profane,
When churchmen's lives gave laymen leave to fall,
And did their former humbleneſs diſdain;
The ſhirt of hair turn'd coat of coſtly pall,
The holy ephod made a cloak for gain:
What done with cunning, was canonical,
And blind promotion ſhunn'd that dang'rous road,
Which the old prophets diligently trode.

LIV.

Hence 'twas, that God ſo ſlightly was ador'd;
That rock remov'd, whereon our faith was grounded,
Conſcience eſteem'd but as an idle word,
And being weak, by vain opinions wounded:
Profeſſors lives did little fruit afford,
And in her ſects religion lay confounded;
Moſt ſacred things were merchandiſe become,
None talk'd of texts, but propheſying dumb.

LV.

The church then rich, and with ſuch pride poſſeſt,
Was like the poiſon of infectious air,
That having found a way into the breaſt,
Is not preſcrib'd, nor long time ſtays it there,
But through the organs ſeizeth on the reſt,
The rank contagion ſpreading ev'ry where;
So, from that evil by the church begun,
The commonwealth was laſtly over run.

LVI.

When craft crept in, to cancel wholſome laws,
Which faſt'ning once on the defective weal,
Where doubts ſhould ceaſe, they roſe in ev'ry clauſe,
And made them hurt, which firſt were made to heal.
One evil ſtill another forward draws:
For when diſorder doth ſo far prevail,
That conſcience is caſt off as out of uſe,
Right is the cloak of wrong, and all abuſe.

LVII.

Mean while the king thus keeping in his hold,
(In that his poor impriſon'd liberty,
Living a death in hunger, want, and cold,
Almoſt beyond imagin'd miſery)
By hateful treaſon ſecretly was ſold,
Through keys deliver'd to the enemy.

For when th' oppreſs'd is once up to the chin
Quite over head all help to thruſt him in.

LVIII.

The dire diſaſter of that captiv'd king,
So ſurely ſeiz'd on by the adverſe part,
(To his few friends ſad matter menacing)
Struck with pale terror ev'ry willing heart,
Their expectation clean diſcouraging,
Him no evaſion left whereby to ſtart;
And the black cloud, which greatlieſt did them fear,
Roſe where their hopes once brighteſt did appear.

LIX.

For firſt, their envy with unuſual force
Fell on the Spenſers, from whoſe only hate
The war firſt ſprung; who found their lawleſs courſe
Drew to an end, confined by their fate:
Of whom there was not any took remorſe,
But as pernicious cankers of the ſtate,
The father firſt to Briſtol being led,
Was drawn to death, then hang'd and quartered.

LX.

When as the heir to Wincheſter then dead,
The lot e'er long to his ſon Glo'ſter fell:
Reding the Marſhal the like way was led,
And after him the Earl of Arundel,
To pay the forfeit of a reverend head:
Then Muchelden, and with him Daniel;
Theſe following him in his laſcivious ways,
Then went before him to his fatal days.

LXI.

Like ſome large pillar of a lordly height,
On whoſe proud top ſome huge frame doth depend,
By time diſabled to uphold the weight,
And that with age his back begins to bend,
Shrinks to his firſt ſeat, and in piteous plight
The leſſer props with his ſad load doth ſpend;
So far'd it with King Edward, cruſhing all
That had ſtood near him, in his violent fall.

LXII.

The ſtate whereon theſe princes proudly lean,
Whoſe high aſcent men trembling ſtill behold,
From whence oft times with inſolent diſdain
The kneeling ſubject hears himſelf controul'd,
Their earthly weakneſs truly doth explain,
Promoting whom they pleaſe, not whom they ſhould;
When as their fall ſhews how they ſoully err'd,
Procur'd by thoſe whom fondly they prefer'd.

LXIII.

For when that men of merit go ungrac'd,
And by her fautors ignorance held in,
And paraſites in good men's rooms are plac'd,
Only to ſooth the higheſt in their ſin,
From thoſe whoſe ſkill and knowledge is debas'd,
There many ſtrange enormities begin.
For great wits forged into factious tools,
Prove great men (oft) to be the greateſt fools.

LXIV.

But why ſo vainly time do I beſtow,
The baſe abuſe of this vile world to chide?
Whoſe blinded judgment ev'ry hour doth ſhew
What folly weak mortality doth guide.
Wiſe was that man which laugh'd at human woe;
My ſubject ſtill more ſorrow doth provide,
And theſe deſigns more matter ſtill do breed,
To haſten that which quickly muſt ſucceed.

THE BARONS WARS

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Th' impriſon'd King his ſceptre doth forſake,
To quit himſelf of what he was accus'd:
His foes him from the Earl of *Lei'ſter* take,
Who their commiſſion fain would have refus'd:
His torturers a mock'ry of him make,
And baſely and reproachfully abus'd,
By ſecret ways to *Berkeley* he is led,
And there in priſon laſtly murthered.

I.

The wretched King unnaturally betray'd,
By too much truſting to his native land,
From Neath in Walls to Kenelworth convey'd
By the Earl of Lei'ſter with a mighty band;
Some few his favourers, quickly over-weigh'd:
When ſtraight there went a parliament in hand,
To ratify the general intent,
For reſignation of his government.

II.

Fall'n through his frailty and intemperate will,
That with his fortune it ſo weakly far'd,
To undergo that unexpected ill,
For his deſerved puniſhment prepar'd;
Paſt meaſure, as thoſe miſeries to fill
To him alloted as his juſt reward:
All arm'd with malice, either leſs or more,
To ſtrike at him who ſtruck at all before.

III.

It being a thing the commons ſtill did crave,
The Barons thereto reſolutely bent,
Such happy helps on ev'ry ſide to have,
To forward that their forcible intent,
So perfect ſpeed to their great action gave,
Eſtabliſh'd by the general conſent:
On Edward that ſuch miſeries did bring,
As never were inflicted on a King.

IV.

Earls, Biſhops, Barons, and the Abbots all,
Each in due order, as became their ſtate,
By Heralds placed in the Caſtle hall;
The Burgeſſes for places corporate,
(Whom the great buſ'neſs at that time did call)
For the Cinque ports the Barons convocate,
With the ſhire Knights for the whole body ſent
Both for the ſouth and for the north of Trent.

v.

When Edward, cloathed mournfully in black,
Was forth before the great aſſembly brought,
A doleful hearſe upon a dead man's back,
Whoſe heavy looks expreſs'd his heavy thought,
In which there did no part of ſorrow lack;
True grief needs not feign'd action to be taught:
His funeral ſolemniz'd in his cheer,
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the beer.

vi.

Torlton, as one ſelect to that intent,
The beſt exerienc'd in that great affair,
A man grave, ſubtle, ſtout, and eloquent,
Firſt with fair ſpeech th' aſſembly doth prepare;
Then with a grace auſtere and eminent,
Doth his abuſe effectually declare,
Winning each ſad eye to a reverend fear,
To due attention drawing every ear.

vii.

Urging th' exactions raiſed by the King,
With whoſe full plenty he his minions fed,
Him and his ſubjects ſtill impoveriſhing;
And the much blood he laviſhly had ſhed,
A deſolation on the land to bring:
As under him, how ill all bus'neſs ſped;
The loſs in war, ſuſtained through his blame,
A laſting ſcandal to the Engliſh name,

viii.

Withall, proceeding with the future good
That they thereby did happily intend,
And with what upright policy it ſtood,
No other hopes their fortunes to amend;
The reſignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend;
The preſent want, that will'd it to be ſo,
Whoſe impoſition they might not foreſlow.

ix.

Much more he ſpake; but fain would I be ſhort,
To this intent a ſpeech delivering:
Nor may I be too curious to report
What toucheth the depoſing of a King:
Wherefore I warn thee, Muſe, not to exhort
The after-times to this forbidden thing,
By reaſons for it by the Biſhop laid,
Or from my feeling what he might have ſaid.

x.

The grave delivery of whoſe vehement ſpeech,
Grac'd with a dauntleſs uncontracted brow,
Th' aſſembly with ſeverity did teach,
Each word of his authentic to allow,
That in the bus'neſs there could be no breach,
Each thereto bound by a peculiar vow;
Which they in public gen'rally proteſt,
Calling the King to confummate the reſt,

xi.

Whoſe fair cheeks cover'd with pale ſheets of ſhame
Near in a ſwoon he his firſt ſcene began,
Wherein his paſſions did ſuch poſtures frame,
As ev'ry ſenſe play'd the tragedian,
Truely to ſhew from whence his ſorrows came,
Far from the compaſs of a common man:
As nature to herſelf had added art,
To teach deſpair to act a Kingly part.

xii.

O pity, didſt thou live, or wert thou not?
(Mortals by ſuch ſights have to ſtone been turn'd)
Or, what men have been, had their feed forgot?
Or that for one, another never mourn'd?
In what ſo ſtrangely were ye over-ſhot,
Againſt yourſelves that your own frailty ſpurn'd
Or had tears then abandon'd human eyes,
That there was none to pity miſeries?

xiii.

His paſſion calm'd, his crown he taketh to him,
With a ſlight view, as though he thought not on it,
As he were ſenſeleſs that it ſhould forgo him;
And then he caſt a ſcorneful eye upon it,
As he would leave it, yet would have it woo him:
Then ſnatching at it, loth to have foregone it,
He puts it from him; yet he would not ſo,
He fain would keep what fain he would forego.

xiv

In this confuſed conflict in his mind,
Tears drowning ſighs, and ſighs repelling tears:
But when in neither that he eaſe could find,
And to his wrong no remedy appears,
Perceiving none to pity there inclin'd,
Beſides, the time to him prefixed wears;
As then his ſorrow ſomewhat 'gan to ſlake,
From his full boſom thus he them beſpake.

xv.

" If firſt my title ſtedfaſtly were planted
" Upon a true indubitate ſucceſſion,
" Confirm'd by nations, as by nature granted,
" Which lawfully deliver'd me poſſeſſion;
" You muſt think heav'n ſufficiency hath wanted,
" And ſo deny it power, by your oppreſſion,
" That into queſtion dare this boldly bring
" The awful right of an anointed King.

xvi.

" That hallowed unction by a ſacred hand,
" Which once was pour'd upon this crowned head,
" And of this kingdom gave me the command,
" When it about me the rich verdure ſpread,
" Either my right in greater ſtead ſhould ſtand,
" Or wherefore then was it ſo vainly ſhed?
" Whoſe profanation, and unrev'rend touch,
" Juſt Heaven hath often puniſh'd, always much.

xvii.

" As from the Sun, when from our ſov'reign due,
" Whoſe virtual influence, as the ſource of right,
" Lends ſafety of your livelihood to you,
" As from our fulneſs taking borrow'd light;
" Which to the ſubject being ever true,
" Why thus oppugn you by prepoſt'rous might?
" But what Heaven lent me, wiſely to have uſed,
" It gives to him that vainly I abuſed.

xviii.

" Then here I do reſign it to your King;
[Pauſing thereat, as though his tongue offended,
With griping throws ſeem'd forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full point, as he there had ended.
O how that ſound his grieved heart did wring!
Which he recalling, gladly would have mended.]
" Things of ſmall moment we can ſcarcely hold,
" But griefs that touch the heart are hardly told,

XIX.

[Which ſaid, his eyes ſeem'd to diſſolve to tears,
After ſome great ſtorm like a ſhow'r of rain,
As his tongue ſtrove to keep it from his ears,
Or he had ſpoke it with exceeding pain;
Oh, in his lips how vile that word appears,
Wiſhing it were within his breaſt again!]
" Yet," ſaith he, "ſay ſo to the man you bear it,
" And thus ſay to him that you mean ſhall
" wear it:

X.

" Let him account his bondage from that day,
" That he is with a diadem inveſted;
" (A glittering crown hath made this hair ſo
" gray)
" Within whoſe circle he is but arreſted,
" To true content this is no certain way;
" With ſweeter cates the mean eſtate is feaſted:
" For when his proud feet ſcorn to touch the
" mold,
" His head's a priſoner in a gaol of gold.

XXI.

" In numb'ring ſubjects, he but numbers care;
" And when with ſhouts the people do begin,
" Let him ſuppoſe, th' applauſe but prayers are,
" That he may 'ſcape the danger he is in,
" Wherein t' adventure he ſo boldly dares:
" The multitude hath multitudes of ſin,
" And he that firſt doth cry God ſave the king,
" Is the firſt man him evil news doth bring.

XXII.

" Loſt in his own, miſled in other ways,
" Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
" Himſelf diſpleaſing, wicked men to pleaſe;
" Obey'd no more than he ſhall tyrannize,
" The leaſt in ſafety, being moſt at eaſe,
" With one friend winning many enemies:
" And when he ſitteth in his greateſt ſtate,
" They that behold him moſt, bear him moſt
" hate.

XXIII.

" A king was he but now, that now is none,
" Diſarm'd of power, and here dejected is;
" By whoſe depoſing he enjoys a throne,
" Who, were he natural, ſhould not have done
" I muſt confeſs th' inheritance his own; [" this:
" But, whilſt I live, it ſhould be none of his:
" But the ſon climbs, and thruſts the father
" down,
" And thus the crowned goes without a crown."

XXIV.

Thus having play'd his hard conſtrained part,
His ſpeech, his reign, the day together ended,
His breaſt ſhot through with ſorrow's deadlieſt dart,
Car'd for of none, nor look'd on, unattended,
Sadly returning with a heavy heart,
To his ſtrait lodging ſtrictly recommended,
Left to bemoan his miſerable plight
To the deaf walls, and to the darkſome night.

XXV.

Whilſt things were thus diſaſt'rouſly decreed,
Seditious libels every day were ſpred,
(By ſuch as lik'd not of the violent deed)
That he by force ſhould be delivered:
Whether his wrong remorſe in ſome did breed,
That him (alas!) untimely pitied;
Who knew: or whether but deviſ'd by ſome,
To cloak his murther, afterward to come.

XXVI.

And hate at hand, which heark'ning ſtill did
lurk,
And ſtill ſuſpicious Edward was not ſure,
Fearing that blood with Leiceſter might work,
Or that him friends his name might yet procure,
Which the Queen's faction mightily did irk:
At Kenelworth, that no way could endure
His longer ſtay, but caſt to have him laid,
Where his friends leaſt might hope to lend him
aid.

XXVII.

Of which men as they had debated long,
Of Berkely caſtle they themſelves bethought,
A place by nature that was wond'rous ſtrrong,
And yet far ſtronger eas'ly might be wought:
Beſides, it ſtood their chiefeſt friends among,
And where he was unlikelieſt to be ſought;
And for their men, to work what they de-
fir'd,
They knew where villains were that might be
hir'd.

XXVIII.

For though the great, to cover their intent,
Seem not to know of any that are ill,
Yet want they not a deviliſh inſtrument,
Which they have ready ever at their will:
Such men theſe had, to miſchief wholly bent,
In villany notorious for their ſkill,
Diſhoneſt, deſp'rate, mercileſs and rude,
That dar'd into damnation to intrude.

XXIX.

Vile Gurney and Matrevers were the men,
Of this black ſcene the actors choſe to be,
Whoſe hateful deed pollutes my maiden pen:
But, I beſeech you, be not griev'd with me,
Which have theſe names now, that were famous
then,
Some boughs grow crooked from the ſtraiteſt tree:
Yet are no way partakers of their ſhame;
The fault is in their fact, not in their name.

XXX.

To Kenelworth they ſpeedily diſpatch'd,
Fitted with each thing that they could deſire,
At ſuch a time as few their coming watch'd,
When of their buſ'neſs none was to inquire:
Well were the men and their commiſſion match'd,
For they had their authority entire,
To take the king, his guardian to acquit,
And to beſtow him where they thought it fit.

XXXI.

This crew of ribalds, villanous and nought,
With their co-agents in this damned thing,
To noble Lei'ſter their commiſſion brought,
Commanding the deliv'ry of the king;
Which (with much grief) they laſtly from him
wrought;
About the caſtle cloſely hovering,
Watching a time, when ſilence and the night
Could with convenience privilege their flight.

XXXII.

With ſhameful ſcoffs, and barbarous diſgrace,
Him on a lean ill-favour'd jade they ſet,
In a vile garment, beggarly and baſe,
Which (it ſhould ſeem) they purpoſely did get;
So carrying him in a moſt wretched caſe,
Benumb'd and beaten with the cold and wet,
Depriv'd of all repoſe and natural reſt,
With thirſt and hunger grievouſly oppreſs'd.

XXXIII.

Yet ſtill ſuſpicious that he ſhould be known,
From beard and head they ſhav'd away the hair,
Which was the laſt that he could call his own:
Never left Fortune any wight ſo bare,
Such tyranny on king was never ſhewn,
And till that time with mortals had been rare;
His comfort then did utterly deceive him,
But to his death his ſorrows did not leave him.

XXXIV.

For when they had him far from all reſort,
They took him down from his poor weary beaſt,
And on a mole-hill (for a ſtate in court)
With puddle water him they lewdly dreſt,
Then with his woful miſeries made ſport;
And for his baſon, ſitting with the reſt,
A ruſty iron ſcull.—O wretched ſight!
Was ever man ſo miſerably dight?

XXXV.

His tears increas'd the water with their fall,
Like a pool riſing with a ſudden rain,
Which wreſtled with the puddle, and withal
A troubled circle made it to retain;
His endleſs grief which to his mind did call,
His ſighs made billows like a little main;
Water and tears contending whether ſhould
The maſt'ry have, the hot ones or the cold.

XXXVI.

Vile traitors, hold off your unhallow'd hands,
His brow upon it majeſty ſtill bears:
Dare you thus keep your ſov'reign lord in bands?
And can your eyes behold th' anointed's tears?
Or if your ſight all pity thus withſtands,
Are not your hearts yet pierced through your ears?
The mind is free, whate'er afflicts the man;
A king's a king, do Fortune what ſhe can.

XXXVII.

Dare man take that which God himſelf hath given?
Or mortal ſpill the ſpir't by him infus'd,
Whoſe pow'r is ſubject to the pow'r of heaven?
Wrongs paſs not unreveng'd, although excus'd.
Except that thou ſet all at ſix and ſeven,
Riſe, Majeſty, when thou art thus abus'd:
Or for thy refuge which way wilt thou take,
When in this ſort thou doſt thy ſelf forſake?

XXXVIII.

When in deſpite and mock'ry of a crown,
A wreath of graſs they for his temples make:
Which when he felt, then coming from a ſwoon,
And that his ſpirits a little 'gan to wake:
"Fortune, quoth he, thou doſt not always frown;
"I ſee thou giv'ſt, as well as thou doſt take;
"That wanting natural covert for my brain,
"For that defect thou lend'ſt me this again.

XXXIX.

"To whom, juſt Heaven, ſhould I my grief com-
"plain,
"Since it is only thou that work'ſt all?
"How can this body natural ſtrength retain,
"To ſuffer things ſo much unnatural?
"My cogitations labour, but in vain:
"'Tis from thy juſtice that I have my fall,
"That when ſo many miſeries do meet,
"The change of ſorrow makes my torment
"ſweet."

XL.

Thus they to Berkely brought the wretched king,
Which for their purpoſe was the place forethought.
Ye heavenly pow'rs, do ye behold this thing,
And let this deed of horror to be wrought,
That might the nation into queſtion bring?
But oh, your ways with juſtice ſtill are fraught:
But he is hap'd ioto his earthly hell,
From whence he bade the wicked world fare-
well.

XLI.

They lodg'd him in a melancholic room,
Where through ſtrait windows the dull light came
far,
(In which the ſun did at no ſeaſon come)
Which ſtrengthen'd were with many an iron bar,
Like to a vault under ſome mighty tomb,
Where night and day wag'd a continual war;
Under whoſe floor the common ſewer paſs'd,
Up to the ſame loathſome ſtench that caſt.

XLII.

The ominous raven often he doth hear,
Whoſe croaking him of following horror tells,
Begetting ſtrange imaginary fear,
With heavy echoes, like to paſſing-bells:
The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,
As though they chim'd his laſt ſad burying knells:
Under his cave the buzzing ſcreech-owl ſings,
Beating the windows with her fatal wings.

XLIII.

By night affrighted in his fearful dreams,
Of raging fiends and goblins that he meets;
Of falling down from ſteep rocks into ſtreams;
Of deaths, of burials, and of winding-ſheets;
Of wand'ring helpleſs in far foreign realms;
Of ſtrong temptations by ſeducing ſprights:
Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow voice doth make himſelf afraid.

XLIV.

Then came the viſion of his bloody reign,
Marching along with Lancaſter's ſtern ghoſt;
Twenty-eight Barons, either hang'd or ſlain,
Attended with the rueful mangled hoſt,
That unreveng'd did all that while remain,
At Burton-bridge and fatal Borough loſt;
Threat'ning with frowns, and quaking ev'ry
limb,
As though that piece-meal they would torture
him.

XLV.

And if it chanc'd that from the troubled ſkies
The leaſt ſmall ſtar through any chink gave light,
Straitways on heaps the thronging clouds did riſe,
As though that heaven were angry with the night,

That it ſhould lend that comfort to his eyes:
Deſormed ſhadows glimpſing in his ſight,
As darkneſs, that it might more ugly be,
Through the leaſt cranny would not let him ſee.

XLVI.

When all th' affliction that they could impoſe
Upon him, to the utmoſt of their hate,
Above his torments yet his ſtrength ſo roſe,
As though that nature had conſpir'd with fate;
When as his watchful and too wary foes,
That ceas'd not ſtill his woes to aggravate,
His further helps ſuſpected, to prevent,
To take away his life to Berkely ſent.

XLVII.

And to that end a letter faſhioning,
Which in the words a double ſenſe did bear;
Which ſeem'd to bid them not to kill the King,
Shewing withal how vile a thing it were;
But, by the pointing, was another thing,
And to diſpatch him bids them not to fear:
Which taught to find, the murth'rers need no more,
Being thereto too ready long before.

XLVIII.

When Edward hap'd a chronicle to find,
Of thoſe nine kings which did him there precede,
Which ſome there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
On which, to paſs the hours, he fell to read,
Thinking thereby to recreate his mind,
But in his breaſt that did ſore conflicts breed:
For when true ſorrow once the fancy ſeizeth,
What e'er we ſee, our miſery increaſeth.

XLIX.

And to that Norman ent'ring on this iſle,
Call'd William Conqueror, firſt his time he plies;
The fields of Haſtings how he did defile
With Saxon blood, and Harold did ſurpriſe;
And thoſe which he ſo could not reconcile,
How over them he long did tyrannize:
Where he read, how the ſtrong o'ercame the ſtrong,
As God oft-times makes wrong to puniſh wrong.

L.

How Robert then his eldeſt ſon abroad,
Ruſus his ſecond ſeiz'd on his eſtate,
His father's ſteps apparently that trod,
Depreſſing thoſe who had been conquer'd late;
But as on them he laid a heavy load,
So was he guerdon'd by impartial fate:
For whilſt men's rooms for beaſts he did intend,
He in that foreſt had a beaſtly end.

LI.

Henry, his young'ſt, his brother William dead,
Taketh the crown from his uſurping hand,
Due to the eldeſt, good Duke Robert's head,
Not then returned from the Holy Land:
Whoſe pow'r was there ſo much diminiſhed,
That he his foe not able to withſtand,
Was ta'en in battle, and his eyes outdone,
For which, the ſeas left Henry not a ſon.

LII.

To Maud the Empreſs he the ſceptre leaves,
(His only daughter, whom (through falſe pretext)
Stephen Earl of Bulloin from the kingdom heaves,
The Conqueror's nephew, in ſucceſſion next,
By which the land a ſtranger war receives,
Wherewith it long was miſerably vext:
Till Stephen ſailing, and his iſſue gone,
The heir of Maud ſteps up into the throne.

LIII.

Henry the ſecond, Maud the Empreſs' ſon,
Of th' Engliſh kings Plantagenet the firſt,
By Stephen's end a glorious reign begun;
But yet his greatneſs ſtrangely was accurſt,
By his ſon Henry's coronation:
Which to his age much woe and ſorrow nurſt,
When his, whom he had labour'd to make great,
Abroad his towns, at home uſurp'd his ſeat.

LIV.

Richard, his ſon, him worthily ſucceeds,
Who not content with what was ſafely ours,
(A man whoſe mind ſought after glorious deeds)
Into the Eaſt tranſports the Engliſh pow'rs;
Where, with his ſword while many a pagan bleeds,
Relentleſs fate doth haſte on his laſt hours,
By one, whoſe ſire he juſtly there had ſlain,
With a ſharp arrow ſhot into the brain.

LV.

Next follow'd him his faithleſs brother John,
By Arthur's murther (compaſs'd by his might)
His brother Geffrey, th' Earl of Britain's ſon;
But he by poiſon was repay'd his ſpight:
For whilſt he ſtrove to have made all his own,
(For what he got by wrong, he held his right)
And on the clergy tyrannouſly fed,
Was by a monk of Swinſted poiſoned.

LVI.

Henry his ſon, then crowned very young,
For hate the Engliſh to the father bare,
The ſon's here reigning was in queſtion long,
Who thought on France t' have caſt the kingdom's care;
With whom the Barons, inſolent and ſtrong,
For the old charter in commotion were:
Which his long reign did with much care moleſt,
Yet with much peace went laſtly to his reſt.

LVII.

Of him deſcends a prince, ſtout, juſt, and ſage,
(In all things happy, but in him, his ſon)
In whom wiſe nature did herſelf engage,
More than in man, in Edward to have done;
Whoſe happy reign recurr'd the former rage,
By the large bounds he to his empire won:
"O God!" quoth he, "had he my pattern been,
"Heav'n! had not pour'd theſe plagues upon
"my ſin.

LVIII.

Turning the leaf, he found at unawares,
What day young Edward Prince of Wales was born;
Which letters look'd like conjuring characters,
Or to deſpight him they were ſet in ſcorn,
Blotting the paper like diſfig'ring ſcars.
"O let that name (quoth he) from books be torn,
"Left in that place the ſad diſpleaſed earth
"Doth loath itſelf, as ſlander'd with my birth."

LIX.

"Be thence hereafter human birth exil'd,
"Sunk to a lake, or ſwallow'd by the ſea;
"And future ages aſking for that child,

" Say, 'twas abortive, or 'twas ſtoln away :
" And leſt, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
" In thy unnumber'd hours devour that day ;
" Let all be done that pow'r can bring to paſs,
" To make forgot that ſuch a one there was."

LX.

The troubled tears then ſtanding in his eyes,
Through which he did upon the letters look,
Made them to ſeem like roundiets, that ariſe
By a ſtone caſt into a ſtanding brook,
Appearing to him in ſuch various wiſe,
And at one time ſuch ſundry faſhions took,
As like deluding goblins did affright,
And with their foul ſhapes terrify his ſight.

LXI.

And on his death-bed ſits him down at laſt,
His fainting ſpirits foreſhewing danger nigh,
When the doors forth a fearful howling caſt,
To let thoſe in by whom he was to die :
At whoſe approach, whilſt there he lay aghaſt,
Thoſe ruthleſs villains did upon him fly ;
Who ſeeing none to whom to call for aid,
Thus to theſe cruel regicides he ſaid :

LXII.

" O be not authors of ſo vile an act,
" My blood on your poſterity to bring,
" Which after-time with horror ſhall diſtract,
" When fame ſhall tell it, how you kill'd a king :
" And yet more, by the manner of the fact,
" Mortality ſo much aſtoniſhing,
" That they ſhould count their wickedneſs
" ſcarce ſin
" Compar'd to that which done by you hath been.

LXIII.

" And ſince you deadly hate me, let me live ;
" Yea this advantage angry heaven hath left,
" Which, except life, hath ta'en what it did give :
" But that revenge from you ſhould not be reft,
" Me yet with greater miſery to grieve,
" Hath ſtill reſerv'd this from its former theft ;
" That this, which might of all theſe plagues
" prevent me,
" Were I depriv'd it, laſteth to torment me."

LXIV.

Thus ſpake this woful and diſtreſſed Lord,
As yet his breath found paſſage to and fro,
With many a ſhort pant, many a broken word,
Many a ſore groan, many a grievous throw,
Whilſt him his ſpirit could any ſtrength afford,
To his laſt gaſp to move them with his woe ;
Till over-maſter'd by their too much ſtrength,
His ſickly heart ſubmitted at the length.

LXV.

When 'twixt two beds they clos'd his weary'd coarſe,
Baſely uncovering his moſt ſecret part,
And without human pity or remorſe,
With a hot ſpit they thruſt him to the heart
O that my pen had in it but that force,
T' expreſs the pain ! but that ſurpaſſeth art ;
And that the ſoul muſt ev'n with trembling do,
For words want weight, nor can they reach thereto.

LXVI.

When thoſe (i' th' depth and dead time of the night)
Poor ſimple people, that then dwelled near,
Whom that ſtrange noiſe did wond'rouſly affright,
That his laſt ſhriek did in his parting hear,
As pitying that moſt miſerable wight,
(Betwixt compaſſion and obedient fear,
Turn'd up their eyes, with heavineſs oppreſt,
Praying to heaven to give the ſoul good reſt.

LXVII.

Berkely, whoſe fair ſeat hath been famous long,
Let thy ſad echoes ſhriek a deadly ſound,
To the vaſt air complain his grievous wrong,
And keep the blood that iſſued from his wound,
The tears that dropp'd from his dead eyes among,
In their black footſteps printed on the ground,
Thereby that all the ages that ſucceed,
May call to mind the foulneſs of their deed.

LXVIII.

When now the Genius of this woful place,
Being the guide to his affrightful ghoſt,
With hair diſhevell'd and a ghaſtly face,
Shall haunt the priſon where his life was loſt ;
And as the den of horror and diſgrace
Let it be fearful unto all the coaſt,
That thoſe hereafter that do travel near,
Never behold it but with heavy cheer.

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

Lord *Mortimer* made Earl of *March*; when he
And the fair Queen rule all things by their might.
The pomp wherein at *Nottingham* they be;
The coſt wherewith their amorous court is dight,
Envy'd by thoſe their hateful pride that ſee.
The King attempts the dreadful cave by night;
Ent'ring the caſtle, taketh him from thence,
And *March* at *London* dies for the offence.

I.

Inforc'd of other accidents to ſing,
(Bearing fair ſhews of promiſed delight,
Somewhat to ſlack this melancholy ſtring)
That new occaſions to our Muſe excite,
To our conceit ſtrange objects faſhioning,
Doth our free numbers liberally invite:
Matter of moment much to be reſpected,
Muſt by our pen be ſeriouſly directed.

II.

And now the time more cunningly redeeming,
Theſe fraudful courſes fitly to contrive,
How ill ſo'er, to bear the faireſt ſeeming,
For which they now muſt diligently ſtrive,
Caſting all ways to gain the ſame eſteeming,
That to the world it proſp'rouſly might thrive;
This far gone on, now with the hand of might,
Upon this wrong to build a laſting right.

III.

The pompous ſynod of theſe earthly gods
At Sal'ſbury ſelected by their king,
To ſet all even that had been at odds,
And into faſhion their deſigns to bring,
And ſtrongly now to ſettle their abodes,
That peace might after from their actions ſpring,
Firmly t' eſtabliſh what was well begun,
Under which colour mighty things were done.

IV.

When Mortimer purſuing his deſire,
Whilſt ev'ry engine had his temperate heat,
To b' Earl of March doth ſuddenly aſpire,
T' increaſe the honour of his ancient ſeat,
That his command might be the more entire;
Who now, but only Mortimer, is great?
Who knew a kingdom as her lot was thrown,
Which having all, would never ſtarve her own.

v.

Now ſtand they firm as thoſe celeſtial poles,
'Twixt which the ſtars in all their courſe do move,
Whoſe ſtrength this frame of government upholds,
An argument their wiſdoms to approve,
Which way ſoe'er the time in motion rolls,
So perfect is the union of their love.
For might is ſtill moſt abſolute alone,
Where pow'r and fortune kindly meet in one.

vi.

Whilſt Edward's nonage gives a further ſpeed
To th' ancient foe-man to renew the war,
Which to prevent they muſt have ſpecial heed,
Matters ſo ſtrangely manag'd as they are,
Which otherwiſe if their neglect ſhould breed,
Nothing yet made, it might not eaſily mar;
Which with the moſt, reſerving their eſtate,
Inforc'd to purchaſe at the deareſt rate.

vii.

So much t' releaſe the homage as ſuffic'd,
'Mongſt which that deed nam'd *Ragman*, of renown,
By which the kings of Scotland had devis'd
Their fealty unto the Engliſh crown,
With other relics that were highly priz'd,
Wars that which forc'd the greateſt part to frown:
Th' black croſs of Scotland men did ominous deem,
Being a relic of ſo high eſteem.

viii.

To colour which, and to confirm the peace,
They make a marriage 'twixt the Scot and us,
To give more ſtrength unto this ſtrange releaſe,
Which unto all men ſeem'd ſo dangerous
Whilſt Robert's reign, and after his deceaſe,
The league might ever be continued thus;
David the Prince the Lady Jane ſhould take,
Which 'twixt the realms a laſting bond ſhould make.

ix.

When th' Earl of Kent, that being one of thoſe
Which in their actions had a pow'rful hand,
Perceiving them of matters to diſpoſe
To the ſubjection of ſo great a land,
Finding the inconvenience that grows
Under the guidance of their wilful hand,
To ſhake their pow'r whilſt he ſtrangely doth caſt,
His fatal end too violently doth haſte.

x.

Which giving out his brother yet to live,
(Long now ſuppoſed the deceaſed king)
Unto his nephew might that ſcandal give,
As into queſtion might his title bring;
Ill this report began, and worſe it thrive,
Being ſo foul and dangerous a thing,
Which being the motive of inteſtine ſtriſe,
The time not long e'er it bereft his life.

xi.

Whilſt Edward takes what late their pow'r did give,
Whoſe nonage craves their bountiful protection,
Which know to rule, whilſt he muſt learn to live,
From their experience taking his direction,
Which more and more their doubtful hopes revive,
When born to reign, yet crown'd by their election,
Th' allegiance duly doth to him belong,
Now makes their faction abſolutely ſtrong.

xii.

Providing for protection of the king,
Men of moſt power, and nobleſt of the peers,
That no diſtaſte unto the realm might bring,
For ripen'd judgment, or well-ſeaſon'd years,
With comelineſs all matters managing:
Yet whilſt they row, 'tis Mortimer that ſteers.
Well might we think the man were worſe than blind,
That wanted ſea-roomth, and could rule the wind.

xiii.

To ſmooth the path wherin this courſe was gone,
Which as a teſt might to their actions ſtand,
And give more full poſſeſſion of their own,
In being received from a ſovereign hand,
Into their boſoms abſolutely thrown,
Both for the good and ſafety of the land;
When their proceedings colour'd with this care,
To the world's eye ſo fair an outſide bare.

xiv.

All complement that appertain'd to ſtate,
By giving greatneſs every honour'd rite,
To feed thoſe eyes that did their hours await,
And by all means to nouriſh their delight;
That entertaining love, they welcome hate,
And with free bounty equally invite.
A prince's wealth in ſpending ſtill doth ſpread,
Like to a brook with many fountains fed.

xv.

To Nottingham, the North's imperious eye,
Which as a Pharns guards the goodly ſoil,
And arm'd by nature danger to deſy,
There to repoſe him ſafely after toil,
Where treaſon leaſt advantage might eſpy,
Cloſely conveys this great invalued ſpoil;
That by reſiding from the public ſight,
He might more freely reliſh his delight.

xvi.

Nine ſcore in check attending in their court,
Whom honour'd knighthood knits in mutual bands,
Men moſt ſelect, of ſpecial worth and ſort;
Much might they do that have ſo many hands.
Who pays not tribute to this lordly port?
This high-rear'd caſtle ev'ry way commands;
Thus like thoſe giants, 'gainſt great heav'n they riſe,
Which darted rocks at th' empyréal ſkies.

xvii.

It ſeems in him Fame means her pow'r to ſhew,
And 'twixt her wings to bear him through the ſky,
He might more eas'ly ſee the things below,
Having above them mounted him ſo high,
Unto whoſe will they meekly ſeem to bow,
Under whoſe greatneſs meaner pow'rs do lie:
All things concur with fair ſucceſsful chance,
To raiſe that man whom Fortune will advance.

XVIII.

Here, all along the flow'r-enamell'd vales,
The-filver Trent on pearly ſands doth ſlide,
And to the meadows telling wanton tales,
Her chryſtal limbs laſciviouſty in pride
(As raviſhed with the enamour'd gales)
With often turnings caſts from ſide to ſide,
As loth ſhe were the ſweet ſoil to forſake,
And caſt herſelf into the German lake.

XIX.

Near whom fair Sherwood, wildly bent to rove,
Twines her looſe arms about the flatt'ring tow'rs,
By the mild ſhadows of her ſcatter'd grove,
Lends Winter ſhelter, and gives Summer bow'rs,
As with the ſtood in courteſy it ſtrove;
And by repulſing the ſharp northern ſhow'rs,
Courts the proud caſtle, who by turning to her,
Smiles to behold th' laſcivious wood-nymph woo her.

XX.

Who being retir'd ſo ſtrictly to this place,
To this fair ſted the Princeſs' perſon draws,
When fortune ſeems their greatneſs to embrace,
That as a working and eſpecial cauſe,
Effects each formal ceremonious grace,
As by her juſt and neceſſary laws,
That in the town retains his kingly ſeat,
With March's court the caſtle is replete.

XXI.

Occaſion'd where, in counſels to debate,
And by the king conveniently is met,
So ſovereign and magnificent in ſtate,
As might all eyes upon his greatneſs ſet,
Prizing his honour at that coſtly rate,
As to the ſame due reverence might beget,
Which as the object ſundry paſſions wrought,
Stirring ſtrange forms in many a wand'ring thought.

XXII.

Could blind ambition find the meaneſt ſtay
His diſproportion'd and vain courſe to guide,
T' aſſure ſome ſafety in that ſlippery way
Where the moſt worldly provident do ſlide,
Feeling the ſteep fall threat'ning ſure decay,
Beſotted in the wantonneſs of pride,
The mind aſſuming abſoluter pow'rs,
Might check the frail mortality of ours.

XXIII.

But ſtill in pleaſure ſitting with exceſs,
His ſavory junkets taſted with delight,
Ne'er can that glutton appetite ſuppreſs,
Where ev'ry diſh invites a liqu'riſh ſight.
Nor having much, is his deſire the leſs,
Till tempted paſt the compaſs of his might,
The pamper'd ſtomach more than well ſuffic'd,
Caſts up the ſurfeit lately gormandiz'd.

XXIV.

As when ſome brook from th' over-moiſten'd ground
By ſwelling waters proudly overflow'd,
Stoppeth his current, ſhould'reth down his mound,
And from his courſe doth quite himſelf unload,
The bord'ring meadows ev'ry where ſurround,
Diſperſing his own riches all abroad,
Spending the ſtore he was maintained by,
Leaves his firſt channel deſolate and dry.

XXV.

When now thoſe few that many tears had ſpent,
And long had wept on murther'd Edward's grave,
Mutt'ring in corners, griev'd and diſcontent,
And finding ſome a willing ear that gave,
Still as they durſt bewraying what they meant,
Tending his pride and greatneſs to deprave;
Urging withall what ſome might juſtly do,
If things thus born were rightly look'd into.

XXVI.

Some give it out, that March by blood to riſe
Had cut off Kent, the man might next ſucceed,
And his late treaſons falſely did ſurmiſe
As a mere colour to this lawleſs deed;
That his ambition only did deviſe,
In time the royal family to weed,
When in account there was but only one,
That kept him off from ſtepping to the throne.

XXVII.

And thoſe much buſied in the former times,
Then credulous that honour was his end,
And by the hate they bare to others crimes,
Did not his faults ſo carefully attend,
Perceiving how he diſſolutely climbs,
Having thus brought his purpoſe to an end,
With a ſevere eye now more ſtrictly look
Into the courſe that his ambition took.

XXVIII.

All ſence the tree that ſerveth for a ſhade,
Whoſe large-grown body doth repulſe the wind,
Until his waſtful branches do invade
The ſtraiter plants, and them in priſon bind,
And as a tyrant to the weaker made;
When, like a foul devourer of his kind,
Unto his root all put their hands to hew,
Whoſe roomth but hinders other that would grow.

XXIX.

Thus at his eaſe whilſt he ſecurely ſate,
And to his will theſe things aſſured were
With a well-govern'd and contented fate,
Never ſo much freed from ſuſpicious fear,
Well fortify'd, and in ſo good eſtate,
As not admits of danger to be near.
But ſtill we ſee, before a ſudden ſhow'r
The ſun ſhines hott'ſt, and hath the greateſt pow'r.

XXX.

Within the caſtle hath the queen devis'd
A chamber with choice rarities ſo fraught,
As in the ſame ſhe had imparadiz'd
Almoſt what man by induſtry hath ſought;
Where with the curious pencil was compris'd
What could with colours by the art be wrought,
In the moſt ſure place of the caſtle there,
Which ſhe had nam'd the Tuwer of Mortimer.

XXXI.

An orbal form with pillars ſmall cumpos'd,
Which to the top like parallels do bear,
Arching the compaſs where they were inclos'd,
Faſhioning the fair roof like the hemiſphere,
In whoſe partitions by the lines diſpos'd,
All the clear northern aſteriſms were
In their corporeal ſhapes with ſtars inchaſed,
As by th' old Poets they in heav'n were placed.

XXXII.

About which lodgings, tow'rds the upper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equal 'twixt the high'ſt point and the baſe,
That as a zone the waiſt ingirdled,
That lends the ſight a breathing, or a ſpace,
'Twixt things near view and thoſe far over head,
Under the which the painter's curious ſkill
In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

XXXIII.

Here Phoebus clipping Hyacinthus ſtood,
Whoſe life's laſt drops his ſnowy breaſt imbrue,
The one's tears mixed with the other's blood,
That ſhould't be blood or tears no ſight could view,
So mix'd together in a little flood;
Yet here and there they ſev'rally withdrew,
The pretty wood-nymphs chaſing him with balm,
To bring the ſweet boy from this deadly qualm.

XXXIV.

With the God's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,
His golden mantle caſt upon the ground,
T' expreſs whoſe grief Art ev'n her beſt did ſhew,
The ſledge ſo ſhadow'd ſtill ſeem'd to rebound,
To counterfeit the vigour of the blow,
As ſtill to give new anguiſh to the wound;
The purple flower ſprung from the blood that run,
That op'neth ſince and cloſeth with the ſun.

XXXV.

By which the heifer Io, Joves's fair rape,
Gaziog her new-ta'en figure in a brook,
The water ſhadow'd to obſerve the ſhape
In the ſame form that ſhe on it doth look.
So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'ſcape,
That gazing eyes the portraiture miſtook,
By perſpective devis'd beholding now,
This way a maiden, that way't ſeem'd a cow.

XXXVI.

Swift Mercury, like to a ſhepherd's boy,
Sporting with Hebe by a fountain brim,
With many a ſweet glance, many an am'rous toy,
He ſprinkling drops at her, and ſhe at him;
Wherein the painter ſo explain'd their joy,
As though his ſkill the perfect life could limn,
Upon whoſe brows the water hung ſo clear,
As through the drops the fair ſkin might appear.

XXXVII.

And ciffy Cynthus with a thouſand birds,
Whoſe freckled plumes adorn his buſhy crown,
Under whoſe ſhadow graze the ſtraggling herds,
Out of whoſe top the freſh ſprings trembling down,
Dropping like fine pearl through his ſhaggy beards,
With moſs and climbing ivy over-grown;
The rock ſo lively done in ev'ry part,
As Nature could be patterned by Art.

XXXVIII.

The naked nymphs, ſome up and down deſcending,
Small ſcatt'ring flow'rs at one another flung,
With nimble turns their limber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately ſprung,
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles rending)
Which on the rocks grew here and there among;
Some comb their hair, ſome making garlands by,
As with delight might ſatisfy the eye.

XXXIX.

There comes proud Phaeton tumbling through the clouds,
Caſt by his palfreys that their reigns had broke,
And ſetting fire upon the welked ſhrouds,
Now through the heav'n run madding from the yoke,
The elements together thruſt in crouds,
Both land and ſea hid in a reeking ſmoke;
Drawn with ſuch life, as ſome did much deſire
To warm themſelves, ſome frighted with the fire.

XL.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,
His ſeven ſiſters ſtanding in degrees,
Trees into women ſeeming to be turn'd,
As the God's turn'd the women into trees,
Both which at once ſo mutually that mourn'd,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from their eyes;
The fire ſeem'd to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in ſhewing of the ſame.

XLI.

And to this lodging did the light invent,
That it ſhould firſt a lateral courſe reflect,
Through a ſhort room into the window ſent,
Whence it ſhould come expreſſively direct,
Holding juſt diſtance to the lineament,
And ſhould the beams proportionably project,
And being thereby condenſated and grave,
To ev'ry figure a ſure colour gave.

XLII.

In part of which, under a golden vine,
Whoſe broad-leav'd branches cov'ring over all,
Stood a rich bed, ſpread with this wanton twine,
Doubling themſelves in their laſcivious fall,
Whoſe rip'ned cluſters ſeeming to decline,

Where, as among the naked Cupids ſpraul,
Some at the ſundry-colour'd birds do ſhoot,
Some ſwarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

XLIII.

On which a tiſſue counterpane was caſt,
Arachne's web the ſame did not ſurpaſs,
Wherein the ſtory of his fortunes paſt
In lively pictures neatly handled was;
How he eſcap'd the Tow'r, in France how grac'd,
With ſtones embroider'd, of a wond'rous maſs;
About the border, in a curious fret,
Emblems, impreſa's, hieroglyphics ſet.

XLIV.

This flatt'ring ſun-ſhine had begot the ſhow'r,
And the black clouds with ſuch abundance fed,
That for a wind they waited but the hour,
With force to let their fury on his head:
Which when it came, it came with ſuch a pow'r,
As he could hardly have imagined.
But when men think they moſt in ſafety ſtand,
Their greateſt peril often is at hand.

XLV.

For to that largeneſs they increaſed were,
That Edward felt March heavy on his throne,
Whoſe props no longer both of them could bear;
Two for one ſeat, that over-great were grown,
Prepoſt'rouſly that moved in one ſphere,
And to the like predominancy prone,
That the young king down Mortimer muſt caſt,
If he himſelf would e'er hope to ſit faſt.

XLVI.

Who finding the neceſſity was ſuch,
That urg'd him ſtill th' aſſault to undertake,
And yet his perſon it might nearly touch,
Should he too ſoon his ſleeping pow'r awake:
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was ſo much,
Drove him at length a ſecret means to make,
Whereby he might the enterprize effect,
And hurt him moſt, where he did leaſt ſuſpect.

XLVII.

Without the caſtle, in the earth is found
A cave, reſembling ſleepy Morpheus' cell,
In ſtrange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkneſs ſeeks continually to dwell,
Which with ſuch fear and horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into hell;
By architects to ſerve the caſtle made,
When as the Danes this iſland did invade.

XLVIII.

Now on along the crankling path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up another way,
Riſing tow'rds day, then falling tow'rds the deep,
On a ſmooth level then itſelf doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the courſe keeps any certain ſtay;
Till in the caſtle, in an odd by-place,
It caſts the foul maſk from its duſky face.

XLIX.

By which the king, with a ſelected crew
Of ſuch as he with his intent acquainted,
Which he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of Edward had not fainted,
That to their utmoſt would the cauſe purſue,
And with thoſe treaſons that had not been tainted,
Adventured the labyrinth t' aſſay,
To rouze the beaſt which kept them all at bay.

L.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring team,
To his pale ſiſter and reſign'd his place,
To waſh his cauples in the ocean ſtream,
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;
And Phœbe, ſcanted of her brother's beam,
Into the Weſt went after him apace,
Leaving black darkneſs to poſſeſs the ſky,
To fit the time of that black tragedy.

LI.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance ſeemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er ſeen any light;
Which, ſtriving there preheminence to have,
Darkneſs therewith ſo daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkneſs light, and light but darkneſs were.

LII.

The craggy cliffs, which croſs them as they go,
Made as their paſſage they would have deny'd,
And threat'ned them their journey to foreſlow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And ſadly ſeem'd their diſcontent to ſhow
To the vile hand that did them firſt divide;
Whoſe cumb'rous falls and riſings ſeem'd to ſay,
So ill an action could not brook the day.

LIII.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their ſhadows then them following at their back,
Where like to mourners carrying forth their dead,
And as the deed, ſo were they, ugly, black,
Or like to fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to bloodſhed and to wrack;
Whilſt the light look'd as it had been amaz'd
At their deformed ſhapes, whereon it gaz'd.

LIV.

The clatt'ring arms their maſters ſeem'd to chide,
As they would reaſon wherefore they ſhould wound,
And ſtruck the cave in paſſing on each ſide,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
That it an act ſo pitileſs ſhould hide;
Whoſe ſtony roof lock'd in their angry ſound,
And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
As willing them from murder to refrain.

LV.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of theſe things)
And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,
o whom a choice muſician plays and ſings,

Whilſt ſhe ſat under an eſtate of lawn,
In night-attire more god-like glittering,
Than any eye had ſeen the cheerful dawn,
Leaning upon her moſt-lov'd Mortimer,
Whoſe voice, more than the muſic, pleas'd her ear,

LVI.

Where her fair breaſts at liberty were let,
Whoſe violet veins in branched riverets flow,
And Venus' ſwans and milky doves were ſet
Upon thoſe ſwelling mounts of driven ſnow;
Whereon whilſt Love to ſport himſelf doth get,
He loſt his way, nor back again could go,
But with thoſe banks of beauty ſet about,
He wander'd ſtill, yet never could get out.

LVII.

Her looſe hair look'd like gold (O word too baſe!
Nay, more than ſin, but ſo to name her hair)
Declining, as to kiſs her fairer face,
No word is fair enough for thing ſo fair,
Nor ever was there epithet could grace
That, by much praiſing which we much impair;
And where the pen fails, pencils cannot ſhew it,
Only the ſoul may be ſuppos'd to know it.

LVIII.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
The Gods pure ſcepters and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tigre meek,
Or might great Atlas from his ſeat remove;
So white, ſo ſoft, ſo delicate, ſo ſleek,
As ſhe had worn a lilly for a glove;
As might beget life where was never none,
And put a ſpirit into the hardeſt ſtone.

LIX.

The fire of precious wood; the light perfume,
Which left a ſweetneſs on each thing it ſhone,
As ev'ry thing did to itſelf aſſume
The ſcent from them, and made the ſame their own:
So that the painted flowers within the room
Were ſweet, as if they naturally had grown;
The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
And to the colours the perfume gave ſmell.

LX.

When on thoſe ſundry pictures they deviſe,
And from one piece they to another run,
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, thoſe eyes,
Shew how that bird, how well that flow'r was done;
How this part ſhadow'd, and how that did riſe,
This top was clouded, how that trail was ſpun,
The landſcape, mixture, and delineatings,
And in that art a thouſand curious things:

LXI.

Looking upon proud Phaëton wrapt in fire,
The gentle queen did much bewail his fall;
But Mortimer commended his deſire,
To loſe one poor life, or to govern all:
" What though (quoth he) he madly did aſpire,
" And his great mind made him proud Fortune's
" thrall?
" Yet in deſpight, when ſhe her worſt had
" done,
" He periſh'd in the chariot of the Sun."

LXII.

' Phœbus (ſhe ſaid) was over-forc'd by art;
' Nor could ſhe find how that embrace could
' be.'
But Mortimer then took the painter's part:
" Why thus, bright empreſs, thus and thus,
" (quoth he:)
" That hand doth hold his back, and this his
" heart;
" Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips,
" you ſee:
" Now are you Phœbus, Hyacinthus I;
" It were a life, thus ev'ry hour to die."

LXIII.

When, by that time, into the caſtle-hall
Was rudely enter'd that well-armed rout,
And they within ſuſpecting nought at all,
Had then no guard to watch for them without.
See how miſchances ſuddenly do fall,
And ſteal upon us, being farth'ſt from doubt!
Our life's uncertain, and our death is ſure,
And tow'rds moſt peril man is moſt ſecure.

LXIV.

Whilſt youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,
To the bright queen that ever waited near,
Two with great March much credit that had won,
That in the lobby with the ladies were,
Staying delight, whilſt time away did run,
With ſuch diſcourſe as women love to hear;
Charg'd on the ſudden by the armed train,
Were at their entrance miſerably ſlain.

LXV.

When, as from ſnow-crown'd Skidow's lofty cliffs,
Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rds her preying hour,
Amongſt the teal and moor-bred mallard drives,
And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth ſcow'r,
Whilſt to regain her former height ſhe ſtrives,
The fearful fowl all proſtrate to her pow'r:
Such a ſharp ſhriek did ring throughout the vault,
Made by the women at the fierce aſſault.

LXVI.

Unarm'd was March (ſhe only in his arms,
Too ſoft a ſhield to bear their boiſt'rous blows)
Who leaſt of all ſuſpected ſuch alarms,
And to be ſo encounter'd by his foes,
When he was moſt improvident of harms.
O, had he had but weapons to his woes!
Either his valour had his life redeem'd,
Or in her fight dy'd happily eſteem'd.

LXVII.

But there, about him looking for the king,
Whom he ſuppos'd his judgment could not miſs;
Which when he found, by his imagining
Of thoſe moſt perfect lineaments of his:

Quoth he, " The man that to thy crown did
" bring
" Thee, at thy hands might leaſt have look'd for
" this;
" And in this place the leaſt of all the reſt,
" Where only ſacred Solitude is bleſt.

LXVIII.

" Her preſence frees th' offender of this ill,
" Whoſe godlike greatneſs makes the place di-
" vine;
" And canſt thou, king, thus countermand her
" will,
" Who gave to thee the pow'r that now is
" thine,
" And in her arms in ſafety kept thee ſtill,
" As in a moſt inviolated ſhrine?
" Yet dar'ſt thou irreligiouſly deſpiſe,
" And thus profane theſe ſacred liberties?"

LXIX.

But ev'n as when old Ilion was ſurpris'd,
The Grecians iſſuing from the wooden horſe,
Their pride and fury roughly exercis'd,
Op'ning the wide gates, letting in their force,
Putting in act what was before deviſ'd,
Without all human pity or remorſe;
Ev'n ſo did they, with whoſe confuſed ſound
Words were not heard, and poor complaints
were drown'd.

LXX.

Diſſolv'd to tears, ſhe follow'd him: (O tears!
Elixir-like, turn all to tears you touch;
To weep with her, the hard wall ſcarce for-
bears,
The woful words ſhe uttered were ſuch,
Able to wound th' impenetrableſt ears,
Her plaints ſo piercing, and her grief ſo much:)
And to the king, when ſhe at laſt could come,
Thus to him ſpake, though he to her were
dumb.

LXXI.

" Dear ſon," quoth ſhe, " let not his blood be
" ſpilt,
" So often ventur'd to redeem thy crown.
" In all his life can there be found that guilt?
" Think of his love, on which thou once ſhouldſt
" frown!
" 'Twas he thy Seat that ſo ſubſtantial built,
" Long with his ſhoulder ſav'd from ſhaking
" down;
" 'Twas he the means that firſt for thee did
" find,
" To paſs for France, to exerciſe thy mind.

LXXII.

" Ev'n for the love thou bear'ſt to that dear
" blood,
" From which (my ſon) thou didſt receive thy
" life,
" Play not the niggard in ſo ſmall a good,
" With her to whom thy bounties ſhould be rife,
" Begg'd on thoſe knees at which thou oft haſt
" ſtood:
" O, let my up-held hands appeaſe this ſtrife!
" Let not the breath, from this ſad boſom ſent,
" Without thy pity be but vainly ſpent."

LXXIII.

When in the tumult, with the ſudden fright,
Whilſt ev'ry one for ſafety fought about,
And none regarded to maintain the light,
Which being over-waſted, was gone out,
It being then the mid-time of the night,
Ere they could quit the caſtle of the rout;
The queen alone (at leaſt, if any near,
They were her women, almoſt dead with
fear:)

LXXIV.

When horror, darkneſs, and her inward woe,
Began to work on her afflicted mind,
Upon her weakneſs tyrannizing ſo,
As they would do their utmoſt in their kind;
And as then thoſe, ſhe need no other foe,
Such pow'r her fortune had to them aſſign'd,
To rack her conſcience (by their torture due)
Itſelf t' accuſe of whatſoe'er it knew.

LXXV.

O God! (thought ſhe) is yet an hour ſcarce paſt,
Since that my greatneſs, my command more
high,
And eminency wherein I was plac'd,
Wan me reſpect in ev'ry humble eye?
How am I now abuſed! how diſgrac'd!
Did ever queen in my dejection lie?
Theſe things ſhe ponder'd, as deſpair ſtill
brought
Their ſundry forms into her troubled thought.

LXXVI.

To London thus they March a priſ'ner led,
Which there had oft been courted by the queen,
From whom his friends and his late foll'wers
fled,
Of many a gallant follow'd that had been,
Of which, there was not one durſt ſhew his
head,
Much leſs t' abet his ſide, that durſt be ſeen;
Which at his fall made them to wonder more,
Who ſaw the pomp wherein he liv'd before.

LXXVII.

O Miſery! where once thou art poſſeſt,
See but how quickly thou canſt alter kind,
And, like a Circe, metamorphoſeſt
The man that hath not a moſt godlike mind:
The fainting ſpirit, O how thou canſt infeſt!
Whoſe yielding frailty eas'ly thou canſt find,
And by thy vicious preſence, with a breath,
Gives him up fetter'd, baſely fear'd, to death.

LXXVIII.

When ſoon the king a parliament decreed,
(Ne'er till that time ſole maſter of his crown)
And againſt March doth legally proceed,
Fitted with tools to dig that mountain down,
To which both high and low took ſpecial heed:
He ne'er had fawn, but then he had a frown,
King Edward's blood, with both the Spenſers,
call
For vengeance on him, by the voice of all.

LXXIX.

With dear Kent's death his credit next they
blot,
Then on him lay the Wards and Liveries,

Which he by craft into his hands had got,
The ſums then ſeized to his treaſuries
Then Joan the princeſs marry'd to the Scot,
The ſign at Stanhope to the enemies;
With all things ripp'd from the records of time,
That any way might aggravate his crime.

LXXX.

O dire Revenge! when thou by time art rak'd
Out of the aſhes which have hid thee long,
(Wherein thou laidſt as thou hadſt quite been ſlak'd)
And becom'ſt kindled with the breath of wrong,
How ſoon thy hideous fury is awak'd!
From thy poor ſparks what flames are quickly ſprung!
To waſte their tops how ſoon doſt thou aſpire,
Whoſe weight and greatneſs once repreſt thy fire!

LXXXI.

And what avail'd his anſwer in that caſe?
Which the time then did utterly diſtaſte,
And look'd upon him with ſo ſtern a face,
As it his actions utterly di'grac'd:
No friendly boſom gave him any place,
Who was clean out of all opinion caſt;
Taking his pen, his ſorrows to deceive,
Thus of the queen he laſtly took his leave.

LXXXII.

" Bright Empreſs, yet be pleaſed to peruſe
" The ſwan-like Dirges of a dying man,
" Altho' not like the raptures of the Muſe
" In our freſh youth, when our love firſt began,
" Into my breaſt that did the fire infuſe,
" That glorious day that I thy rich glove wan,
" And in my courſe a flame of light'ning beat,
" Out of proud Hertford's high-plum'd burgonet.

LXXXIII.

" As for your ſon, that haſt'neth on my death,
" Madam you know I lov'd him as mine own;
" And when I could have graſped out his breath,
" I ſet him eas'ly on his father's throne;
" Which now his pow'r too quickly witneſſeth,
" Who to this height in tyranny is grown:
" But yet, be his ingratitude forgiven,
" As after death I wiſh to be in heaven.

LXXXIV.

" And for the ſole rule, whereon ſo he ſtands,
" Came baſtard William but himſelf to ſhore?
" Or had he not our father's valiant hands,
" Who in that field our ancient enſign bore,
" (Guarded about with our well-order'd bands)
" Which then his leopards for their ſafety wore,
" Looking at Haſtings like that ominous lake,
" From whoſe black depths our glorious name we take?

LXXXV.

" Why fell I not from that my all-arm'd horſe,
" On which I rode before the gates of Gaunt,
" Before the Belgic and Burgonian force,
" There challenging their countries combatant;
" Caſt from my ſeat in ſome robuſtious courſe,
" That they of me the victory might vaunt?
" Why ſunk I not under my batter'd ſhield,
" To grace a brave foe, and renown a field?

LXXXVI.

" Yet never ſerv'd I Fortune like a ſlave,
" Nor have, through baſeneſs, made her bounties leſs.
" In me her judgment poorly to deprave,
" Nought hath ſhe lent me that I'll not confeſs;
" Nay, int'reſt for her principal I gave.
" My mind hath ſuited with her mightineſs;
" Her frowns with ſcorn and Mortimer doth bear,
" For nothing can ſhe do that he can fear.

LXXXVII.

" That ne'er quails me, at which your greateſt quake;
" Nor aught that's dreadful danger me can ſhow,
" Through ſword and fire ſo us'd my way to take:
" In death what can be, that I do not know,
" That I ſhould fear a covenant to make
" With it, which welcom'd, finiſheth my woe?
" And nothing can th' afflicted conſcience grieve;
" But he may pardon, who can all forgive.

LXXXVIII.

" And thus, thou moſt adored in my heart,
" The thoughts of whom my humbled ſpir't doth raiſe,
" Lady moſt fair, moſt dear, of moſt deſert,
" Worthy of more than any mortal praiſe,
" Condemned March thus laſtly doth depart
" From the great'ſt empreſs living in her days:
" Nor with my duſt my honour I inter;
" Cæſar thus dy'd, and thus dies Mortimer."

LXXXIX.

When ſecretly he ſent this letter to her,
Whoſe ſuperſcription was her princely ſtile,
She knew the hand, and thought it came to woo her;
With which conceit ſhe pleas'd herſelf a while,
Than which no one thing ſerv'd ſo to undo her,
By feeding her with flatt'ry and with guile,
To make her ſtill more ſenſible of pain,
Which her ſad heart was ſhortly to ſuſtain.

XC.

Uſing her fingers to rip up the ſeal,
Which help'd to hide theſe ill news from her eyes,
Loth as it were ſuch tidings to reveal,
As might her ſenſes ſuddenly ſurprize;
But when her white hand did ſo hardly deal
With the poor paper, that the wax muſt riſe,
It ſtuck upon her fingers bloody red,
As to portend ſome dear blood ſhould be ſhed.

XCI.

When by degrees ſhe eas'ly doth begin,
And as a fiſh plays with a baited hook,
So ſoftly yet ſhe ſwallow'd ſorrow in,
Till ſhe her bane into her bowels took;

And then she sees th' expences of her sin,
Sadly set down in that black doomsday book,
And the dear sums that were to be defray'd,
Before the debt were absolutely paid.

XCII.

Whole hosts of sorrows her sick heart assail,
When ev'ry letter lanc'd her like a dart,
Striving against her which should most prevail,
And yet not one but prick'd her to the heart:
Where one word might another's woe bewail,
And with its neighbour seem'd to bear a part,
Each line serv'd for so true a text to her,
As in her woes would no way let her err.

XCIII.

Grief bade her look, yet soon it bade her leave,
Wherewith o'ercharg'd she neither sees nor hears,
Her usefull'st senses soonest her deceive,
The sight shuts up her eyes, the sound her ears,
And of her reading doth her quite bereave,
When for a fescue she doth use her tears;
Which when some line she loosely over-past,
The drops could tell her where she left the last.

XCIV.

Somewhat at length recov'ring of her sight,
Deeply she curs'd her sorrow-seeing eye,
And said she was deluded by the light,
Or was abus'd by the orthography,
Or some one had devised it in spight,
Pointing it false her scholarship to try.
Thus when we fondly flatter our desires,
Our best conceits do prove the greatest liars.

XCV.

Her trembling hand, as in a fever, quakes,
Wherewith the paper doth a little stir,
Which, she imagines, at her sorrow shakes,
And pities it, which she thinks pities her:
Each small thing somewhat to the greater makes,
And to her humour something doth infer.
Her woe-ty'd tongue but when she once could free,
"Sweet Mortimer, my most-lov'd Lord
"(quoth she:)

XCVI.

"For thy dear ashes be my breast the urn,
"Which as a relique I of thee will save,
"Mix'd with the tears that I for thee shall
"mourn,
"Which in this bosom shall their burial have;
"Out of which place they never shall return,
"Nor give the honour to another grave;
"But here, as in a temple, be preserv'd,
"Wherein thy image is most lively carv'd.

XCVII.

Then breaks she out in curling of her son;
But Mortimer so runneth in her mind,
As that she ended ere she had begun,
Speaking before what should have come behind:
From that she to another course doth run,
To be reveng'd in some notorious kind,
By stab, or poison; and she'll swear to both,
But for her life she could not find an oath.

XCVIII.

She pen and paper takes, and makes no doubt,
But the king's cruel dealing to discover;
But soon forgetting what she went about,
Poor queen, she fell to scribbling to her lover:
Here she put in, and there she blotted out,
Her passion did so violently move her,
That turning back to read what she had writ,
She tore the paper, and condemn'd her wit.

XCIX.

But from her passion being somewhat rais'd,
Like one that lately had been in a swound,
Or felt some strange extremity appeas'd,
That had been taken from some blow or wound,
Yet on that part it had so strongly seiz'd,
That for the same no remedy was found;
But at the very point their life to lose,
As they their goods, she doth her grief dispose.

C.

Quoth she, "King Edward as thou art my
"son,
"Leaving the world, this legacy I leave thee:
"My heart's true love, my Mortimer hath
"won,
"And yet of all he shall not so bereave thee;
"But for this mischief to thy mother done,
"Take thou my curse, so that it may out-live
"thee,
"That as thy deed doth daily me torment,
"So may my curse thee, by my testament.

CI.

"And henceforth in this solitary place.
"Ever residing from the public sight,
"A private life I willingly embrace,
"No more rejoycing in the obvious light,
"To consummate this too-long-ling'ring space;
"Till death inclose me in continual night,
"Let never sleep more close my wearied
"eye,
"So, Isabella, lay thee down and die."

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

TO THE READER.

SEEING theſe Epiſtles are now to the world made public, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine own diſcharge, leſt being miſtaken, I fall in hazard of a juſt aud univerſal reprehenſion: For,

——Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent,
In mala derifum ſemel exceptumq; ſiniſtre,

Two points are eſpecially therefore to be explained: firſt, why I entitle this work *England's Heroical Epiſtles*; ſecondly, why I have annexed notes to every Epiſtle's end. For the firſt, the title (I hope) carrieth reaſon in itſelf; for that the moſt and greateſt perſons herein were *Engliſh*: or elſe, that their loves were obtained in *England*. And, though heroical be properly underſtood of Demi-gods, as of *Hercules* and *Æneas*, whoſe parents were ſaid to be, the one celeſtial, the other mortal; yet is it alſo transferred to them, who for the greatneſs of mind come near to Gods. For to be born of a celeſtial incubus, is nothing elſe, but to have a great and mighty ſpirit, far above the earthly weakneſs of men; in which ſenſe Ovid (whoſe imitator I partly profeſs to be) doth alſo uſe heroical. For the ſecond, becauſe the work might in truth be judged brainiſh, if nothing but amorous humour were handled therein, I have interwoven matters hiſtorical, which, unexplained, might defraud the mind of much content: As for example, in Margarite's epiſtle to William de la Poole,

My daizy flow'r, which once perfum'd the air.

Margarite in *French* ſignifies a Daizy, which for the alluſion to her name this Queen gave for her device; and this, as others more, have ſeem'd to me not unworthy the explaining.

Now, though no doubt I had need to excuſe other things beſide, yet theſe moſt eſpecially; the reſt I overpaſs, to eſchew tedious recital. If they be as harmleſsly taken as I meant them, I ſhall not laſtly be afraid to believe and acknowledge thee a gentle reader.

M. DRAYTON.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY.

The Argument.

Henry the Second keepeth (with much care)
Lord Clifford's daughter, Roſamond the fair;
And whilſt his ſons do Normandy invade,
He forc'd to France, with wond'rous coſt hath made
A labyrinth in Woodſtock, where unſeen
His love might lodge ſafe from his jealous queen:
Yet when he ſtay'd beyond his time abroad,
Her penſive breaſt, his darling to unload,
In this epiſtle doth her grief complain;
And his reſcription tells her his again.

If yet thine eyes (Great Henry) may endure
Theſe tainted lines, drawn with a hand impure,
(Which fain would bluſh, but fear keeps bluſhes back,
And therefore ſuted in deſpairing black)
Let me for Love's ſake their acceptance crave.
But that ſweet name vile I profaned have;
Puniſh my fault, or pity mine eſtate;
Read them for love, if not for love, for hate.
If with my ſhame thine eyes thou fain would'ſt feed,
Here let them ſurfeit of my ſhame to read.
This ſcribbled paper which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, doth reſemble me:
As this pure ground, whereon theſe letters ſtand,
So pure was I, ere ſtained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foul offence,
So clear and ſpotleſs was mine innocence:
Now, like theſe marks which taint this hateful feroul,
Such the black ſins which ſpot my leprous ſoul.
What by this conqueſt canſt thou hope to win,
Where thy beſt ſpoil is but the act of ſin?
Why on my name this ſlander doſt thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a king?
" Fame never ſtoops to things but mean and poor,
" The more our greatneſs, our fault is the more;
" Lights on the ground themſelves do leſſen far
" But in the air each ſmall ſpark ſeems a ſtar."

Why on my woman-frailty ſhould'ſt thou lay
So ſtrong a plot mine honour to betray?
Or thy unlawful pleaſure ſhould'ſt thou buy,
Both with thine own ſhame and my infamy?
'Twas not my mind conſented to this ill,
Then had I been tranſported by my will;
For what my body was inforc'd to do,
(Heav'n knows) my ſoul yet ne'er conſented to:
For through mine eyes had ſhe her liking ſeen,
Such as my love, ſuch had my lover been.
" True love is ſimple, like his mother truth,
" Kindly affection, youth to love with youth;
" No greater cor'five to our blooming years,
" Than the cold badge of winter-blaſted hairs.
" Thy kingly power makes to withſtand thy
" foes,
" But cannot keep back age, with time it
" grows:
" Though honour our ambitious ſex doth pleaſe,
" Yet, in that honour, age a ſoul diſeaſe:
" Nature hath her free courſe in all, and then
" Age is alike in kings and other men."
Which all the world will to my ſhame impute,
That I myſelf did baſely proſtitute;
And ſay, that gold was fuel to the fire,
Gray hairs in youth not kindling green deſire.
O no, that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree;
That ſubtle ſerpent, that ſeducing devil,
Which bade me taſte the fruit of good and
evil:
That Circe, by whoſe magic I was charm'd,
And to this monſtrous ſhape am thus trans-
form'd:
That vip'rous hag, the foe to her own kind,
That dev'liſh ſpirit, to damn the weaker mind,
Our frailty's plague, our ſex's only curſe,
Hell's deep'ſt damnation, the worſt evil's worſe.
But Henry, how canſt thou affect me thus,
T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapleſs name, with Henry's name I found
Cut in the glaſs with Henry's diamond;
That glaſs from thence fain would I take a-
way,
But then I fear the air would me betray:
Then do I ſtrive to waſh it out with tears,
But then the ſame more evident appears.
Then do I cover it with my guilty hand,
Which that name's witneſs doth againſt me
ſtand;
Once did I ſin, which memory doth cheriſh,
Once I offended, but I for ever periſh.
" What grief can be, but time doth make it
" leſs?
" But infamy time never can ſuppreſs."
Sometimes, to paſs the tedious irkſome hours,
I climb the top of Woodſtock's mounting tow'rs,
Where in a turret ſecretly I lie,
To view from far ſuch as do travel by:
Whither, methinks, all caſt their eyes at me,
As through the ſtones my ſhame did make them
ſee;
And with ſuch hate the harmleſs walls do view,
As ev'n to death their eyes would me purſue.
The married women curſe my hateful life,
Wronging a fair queen and a virtuous wife:
The maidens wiſh I buried quick may die,
And from each place near my abode do flie.
(*a*) Well knew'ſt thou what a monſter I would
be,
When thou didſt build this labyrinth for me,
(*b*) Whoſe ſtrange meanders turning ev'ry way,
Be like the courſe wherein my youth did ſtray:
Only a clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walk I circular in ſin.
As in the gallery this other day,
I and my woman paſt the time away,
'Mongſt many pictures which were hanging
by,
The ſilly girl at length hapt to eſpy
Chaſte Lucrece' image, and deſires to know
What ſhe ſhould be, herſelf that murder'd ſo?
Why, girl (quoth I) this is that Roman dame—
Not able then to tell the reſt for ſhame,
My tongue doth mine own guiltineſs betray;
With that I ſent the prattling wench away,
Leſt when my liſping guilty tongue ſhould halt,
My lips might prove the index to my fault.
As that life-blood which from the heart is ſent,
In beauty's field pitching his crimſon tent,
In lovely ſanguine ſutes the lily cheek,
Whilſt it but for a reſting place doth ſeek;
And changing oftentimes with ſweet delight,
Converts the white to red, the red to white:
The bluſh with paleneſs for the place doth ſtrive,
The paleneſs thence the bluſh would gladly
drive:
Thus in my breaſt a thouſand thoughts I carry,
Which in my paſſion diverſly do vary.
When as the ſun hales tow'rds the weſtern
ſtade,
And the trees ſhadows hath much taller made,
Forth go I to a little current near,
Which like a wanton trail creeps here and there,
Where with mine angle caſting in my bait,
The little fiſhes (dreading the deceit)
With fearful nibbling fly th' inticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reaſonleſs thus warn'd by nature be,
Yet I devour'd the bait was laid for me:
Thinking thereon, and breaking into groans,
The bubbling ſpring, which trips upon the ſtones,
Chides me away, leſt ſitting but too nigh,
I ſhould pollute that native purity.
(*c*) *Roſe of the World*, ſo doth import my name,
Shame of the World, my life hath made the ſame:
And to th' unchaſte this name ſhall given be,
Of Roſamond, deriv'd from ſin and me.
The Cliffords take from me that name of theirs,
Which hath been famous for ſo many years:
They blot my birth with hateful baſtardy,
That I ſprang not from their nobility;
They my alliance utterly refuſe,
Nor will a ſtrumpet ſhall their name abuſe.
Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked Diana in the fountain ſtands,
With all her nymphs got round about to hide her,
As when Acteon had by chance eſpy'd her:

This ſacred image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd man purſu'd
By his own hounds, ſo by my thoughts am I,
Which chaſe me ſtill, which way ſoe'er I fly.
Touching the graſs, the honey-dropping dew,
Which falls in tears before my limber ſhoe,
Upon my foot conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, Why went'ſt thou to this ill?
Thus to no place in ſafety can I go,
But every thing doth give me cauſe of wo.
In that fair caſket of ſuch wond'rous coſt,
Thou ſent'ſt the night before mine honour loſt,
Amimone was wrought, a harmleſs maid,
By Neptune that adult'rous God betray'd;
She proſtrate at his feet, begging with pray'rs,
Wringing her hands, her eyes ſwoln up with tears:
This was not an entrapping bait from thee,
But by thy virtue gently warning me,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Leſt I therein ſhould ever keep my ſhame.
And in this caſket (ill I ſee it now)
That Jove's love, Io, turn'd into a cow;
Yet was ſhe kept with Argus' hundred eyes,
So wakeful ſtill be Juno's jealouſies:
By this I well might have forwarned been,
T' have clear'd myſelf to thy ſuſpecting Queen,
Who with more hundred eyes attendeth me;
Than had poor Argus ſingle eyes to ſee.
In this thou rightly imitateſt Jove,
Into a beaſt thou haſt transform'd thy love;
Nay, worſer far (beyond their beaſtly kind)
A monſter both in body and in mind.
The waxen taper which I burn by night,
With the dull vap'ry dimneſs mocks my ſight,
As tho' the damp, which hinders the clear flame,
Came from my breath in that night of my ſhame:
When as it look'd with a dark lowering eye,
To ſee the loſs of my virginity.
And if a ſtar but by the glaſs appear,
I ſtraight intreat it not to look in here:
I am already hateful to the light,
And will it too betray me to the night?
Then ſith my ſhame ſo much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that, by only murd'ring me;
And let it juſtly to my charge be laid,
That I thy perſon meant to have betray'd:
Thou ſhalt not need by circumſtance t' accuſe me;
If I deny it, let the heavens refuſe me.
My life's a blemiſh, which doth cloud thy name,
Take it away, and clear ſhall ſhine thy fame:
Yield to my ſuit, if ever pity mov'd thee;
In this ſhew mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Well know'ſt thou what a monſter would I be
When thou didſt build this labyrinth for me.

In the Cretan labyrinth a monſter was incloſed, called Minotaur, the hiſtory whereof is well known; but the labyrinth was framed by Dedalus with ſo many intricate ways, that being entered, one could either hardly or never return, being in manner of a maze, ſave that it was larger, the ways being walled in on every ſide, out of which Theſeus by Ariadne's help (lending him a clue of thread) eſcaped. Some report that it was a houſe, having one half beneath the ground, another above; the chamber doors therein ſo deceitfully inwrapped, and made to open ſo many ways, that it was held a matter almoſt impoſſible to return.

Some have held it to have been an allegory of man's life: true it is that the compariſon will hold; for what liker to a labyrinth than the maze of life? But it is affirmed by antiquity, that there was indeed ſuch a building, though Dedalus, being a name applied to the workman's excellency, make it ſuſpected: for Dedalus is nothing elſe but ingenious or artificial. Hereupon, it is uſed among the ancient Poets for any thing curiouſly wrought.

Roſamond's labyrinth, whoſe ruins, together with her well, being paved with ſquare ſtone in the bottom, and alſo her tower, from which the labyrinth did run, are yet remaining, was altogether under ground, being vaults arched and walled with brick and ſtone, almoſt inextricably wound one within another; by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the queen, ſhe might eaſily avoid peril imminent, and if need be, by ſecret iſſues take the air abroad many furlongs round about Woodſtock in Oxfordſhire, wherein it was ſituated. Thus much for Roſamonds labyrinth.

(b) Whoſe ſtrange Meanders *turning ev'ry way.*

Meander is a river in Lycia, a province of Natolia, or Aſia Minor, famous for the ſinuoſity and often turning thereof, riſing from certain hills in Meonia: hereupon are intricate turnings, by a tranſumptive and metonymical kind of ſpeech, called Meanders: for this river did ſo ſtrangely path itſelf, that the foot ſeemed to touch the head.

(c) Roſe of the world, *ſo doth import my name;*
Shame of the world, *my life hath made the ſame.*

It might be reported, how at Godſtow, where this *Roſe of the world* was ſumptuouſly interred, a certain biſhop, in the viſitation of his dioceſe, cauſed the monument, which had been erected to her honour, utterly to be demoliſhed; but let that ſevere chaſtiſement of Roſamond then dead, at this time alſo be overpaſſed, leſt ſhe ſhould ſeem to be the *ſhame of the world.*

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

When firſt the poſt arrived at my tent,
And brought the letters Roſamond had ſent,
Think from his lips but what dear comfort came,
When in mine ear he ſoftly breath'd thy name.
Straight I injoin'd him of thy health to tell,
Longing to hear my Roſamond did well;
With new inquiries then I cut him ſhort,
When of the ſame he gladly would report,
That with the earneſt haſte my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words half ſpoke out of his lips:
This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,
To loſe no time, whilſt I unrip'd the ſeal.
The more I read, ſtill do I err the more,
As though miſtaking ſomewhat ſaid before:
Miſſing the point, the doubtful ſenſe is broken,
Speaking again what I before had ſpoken.
Still in a ſwound, my heart revives and faints,
'Twixt hopes, deſpairs, 'twixt ſmiles and deep complaints.
As theſe ſad accents ſort in my deſires,
Smooth calms, rough ſtorms, ſharp froſt, and raging fires,
Put on with boldneſs, and put back with fears,
For oft thy troubles do extort my tears.
Oh, how my heart at that black line did tremble!
That blotted paper ſhould thyſelf reſemble!
Oh, were there paper but near half ſo white,
The Gods thereon their ſacred laws would write,
With pens of angels wings; and for their ink,
That heav'nly nectar, their immortal drink!
Majeſtic courage ſtrives to have ſuppreſt
This fearful paſſion, ſtirr'd up in my breaſt;
But ſtill in vain the ſame I go about,
My heart muſt break within, or woes break out,
(a) Am I at home purſu'd with private hate.
And war comes raging to my palace-gate?
Is meagre envy ſtabbing at my throne,
Treaſon attending when I walk alone?
(b) And am I branded with the curſe of Rome,
And ſtand condemned by a council's doom?
(c) And by the pride of my rebellious ſon,
Rich Normandy with armies overrun?
Fatal my birth, unfortunate my life,
(d) Unkind my children, moſt unkind my wife.
Grief, cares, old age, ſuſpicion too torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me;
So many woes, ſo many plagues to find,
Sickneſs of body, diſcontent of mind;
Hopes left, helps reſt, life wrong'd, joy interdicted,
Baniſh'd, diſtreſs'd, forſaken, and afflicted.
Of all relief hath fortune quite bereſt me?
Only my love yet to my comfort left me:
And is one beauty thought ſo great a thing,
To mitigate the ſorrows of a king?
Barr'd of that choice the vulgar often prove,
Have we, than they, leſs privilege in love?
Is it a king the woful widow hears?
Is it a king dries up the orphans tears?
Is it a king regards the client's cry?
Gives life to him, by law condemn'd to die?
Is it his care the commonwealth that keeps,
As doth the nurſe her baby whilſt it ſleeps?
And that poor king of all thoſe hopes prevented,
Unheard, unhelp'd, unpity'd, unlamented?
Yet let me be with poverty oppreſt,
Of earthly bleſſings robb'd and diſpoſſeſt,
Let me be ſcorn'd, rejected, and revil'd,
And from my kingdom let me live exil'd,
Let the world's curſe upon me ſtill remain,
And let the laſt bring on the firſt again;
All miſeries that wretched man may wound,
Leave for my comfort only Roſamond.

For thee ſwift Time his ſpeedy courſe doth ſtay,
At thy command the Deſtinies obey;
Pity is dead, that comes not from thine eyes,
And at thy feet ev'n Mercy proſtrate lies.
If I were feeble, rheumatic, or cold,
Theſe were true ſigns that I were waxed old;
But I can march all day in maſſy ſteel,
Nor yet my arms unwieldy weight do feel;
Nor wak'd by night with bruiſe or bloody wound,
The tent my bed, no pillow but the ground:
For very age had I lain bed rid long,
One ſmile of thine again could make me young.
Were there in art a power but ſo divine,
As is in that ſweet-angel tongue of thine,
That great enchantreſs, which once took ſuch pains
To put young blood into old Æſon's veins,
And in groves, mountains, and the mooriſh fen,
Sought out more herbs than had been known to men,
And in the pow'rful potion that ſhe makes,
Put blood of men, of birds, of beaſts, and ſnakes,
Never had needed to have gone ſo far,
To ſeek the ſoils where all thoſe ſimples are;
One accent from thy lips the blood more warms,
Than all her philters, exorciſms, and charms.
Thy preſence hath repaired in one day,
What many years with ſorrows did decay,
And made freſh beauty in her flow'r to ſpring
Out of the wrinkles of time's ruining.
Ev'n as the hungry winter-ſtarved earth,
When ſhe by nature labours tow'rds her birth,
Still as the day upon the dark world creeps,
One bloſſom forth after another peeps,
Till the ſmall flow'r, whoſe root at laſt unbound,
Gets from the froſty priſon of the ground,
Spreading the leaves unto the pow'rful noon,
Deck'd in freſh colours ſmiles upon the ſun.
Never unquiet care lodg'd in that breaſt,
Where but one thought of Roſamond did reſt:
Nor thirſt nor travail, which on war attend,
E'er brought the long day to deſired end:
Nor yet did pale fear or lean famine live,
Where hope of thee did any comfort give:
Ah! what injuſtice then is this of thee,
That thus the guiltleſs doſt condemn for me?
When only ſhe (by means of my offence)
Redeems thy pureneſs and thy innocence:
When to our wills perforce obey they muſt,
That's juſt in them, whate'er in us unjuſt;
Of what we do, not them account we make,
The fault craves pardon for th' offender's ſake:
And what to work a prince's will may merit,
Hath deep'ſt impreſſion in the gentleſt ſpirit.
If 't be my name that doth thee ſo offend,
No more myſelf ſhall be mine own name's friend;
If it be that which thou doſt only hate,
That name in my name laſtly has his date:
Say, 'tis accurſt and fatal, and diſpraiſe it;
If written, blot it; if engraven, raze it:
Say, that of all names 'tis a name of woe,
Once a king's name, but now it is not ſo:
And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee,
And therefore (ſweet) why ſhould I now believe thee?
Nor ſhould'ſt thou think thoſe eyes with envy lowre,
Which paſſing by thee gaze up to the tow'r;
But rather praiſe thine own, which be ſo clear,
Which from the turret like two ſtars appear:
Above, the ſun doth ſhine; beneath, thine eye,
Mocking the heav'n, to make another ſky.
The little ſtream which by thy tow'r doth glide,
Where oft thou ſpend'ſt the weary ev'ning tide,
To view thee well, his courſe would gladly ſtay,
As loth from thee to part ſo ſoon away,
And with ſalutes thyſelf would gladly greet,
And offer up ſome ſmall drops at thy feet;
But finding that the envious banks reſtrain it,
T' excuſe itſelf doth in this ſort complain it,
And therefore this ſad bubbling murmur keeps,
And for thy want within the chappel weeps.
And as thou doſt into the water look,
The fiſh, which ſee thy ſhadow in the brook,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lie,
So daunted with the luſtre of thine eye.
And that ſweet name which thou ſo much doſt wrong,
In time ſhall be ſome famous poet's ſong;
And with the very ſweetneſs of that name,
Lions and tigers men ſhall learn to tame.
The careful mother, at her penſive breaſt,
With Roſamond ſhall bring her babe to reſt;
The little birds (by men's continual ſound)
Shall learn to ſpeak and prattle Roſamond;
And when in April they begin to ſing,
With Roſamond ſhall welcome in the ſpring;
And ſhe in whom all rarities are found,
Shall ſtill be ſaid to be a Roſamond.
The little flow'rs dropping their honey'd dew,
Which (as thou writ'ſt) do weep upon thy ſhoe,
Not for thy fault (ſweet Roſamond) do moan,
Only lament that thou ſo ſoon art gone:
For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,
That hemlock's made far ſweeter than the roſe.
Of Jove or Neptune, how they did betray,
Speak not, of Io or Amimone;
When ſhe, for whom Jove once became a bull,
Compar'd with thee, had been a tawny trull;
He a white bull, and ſhe a whiter cow,
Yet he nor ſhe ne'er half ſo white as thou.
Long ſince (thou knowſt) my care provided for
To lodge thee ſafe from jealous Eleanor;
The labyrinth's conveyance guides thee ſo
(e) (Which only Vaughan, thou and I do know)
If ſhe do guard thee with an hundred eyes,
I have an hundred ſubtle Mercuries,
To watch that Argus which my love doth keep,
Until eye after eye fall all to ſleep.
And thoſe ſtars which look in, but look to ſee,
(Wond'ring) what ſtar here on the earth ſhould be;
As oft the moon, amidſt the ſilent night,
Hath come to joy us with her friendly light,
And by the curtain help'd mine eye to ſee,
What envious night and darkneſs hid from me;
When I have wiſh'd that ſhe might ever ſtay,
And other worlds might ſtill enjoy the day.
What ſhould I ſay? words, tears, and ſighs be ſpent,
And want of time doth farther help prevent:

My camp refounds with fearful ſhocks of war,
Yet in my breaſt more dang'rous conflicts are;
Yet is my ſignal to the battle's ſound,
The bleſſed name of beauteous Roſamond.
Accurſed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
Should think, ſhould ſpeak, or whiſper of thy death:
For in one ſmile or lowre from thy ſweet eye
Conſiſts my life, my hope, my victory.
Sweet Woodſtock, where my Roſamond doth reſt,
Be bleſt in her, in whom thy king is bleſt:
For though in France a while my body be,
My heart remains (dear paradiſe) in thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) Am I at home purſu'd with private hate,
And war comes raging to my palace-gate?

Robert Earl of Leiceſter, who took part with young King Henry, entered into England with an army of three thouſand Flemings, and ſpoiled the countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, being ſuccoured by many of the king's private enemies.

(b) And am I branded with the curſe of Rome?

King Henry II. the firſt Plantagenet, accuſed for the death of Thomas Becket Archbiſhop of Canterbury, ſlain in that cathedral church, was accurſed by Pope Alexander, although he urged ſufficient proof of his innocency in the ſame, and offered to take upon him any penance, ſo he might avoid the curſe and interdiction of his realm.

(c) And by the pride of my rebellious ſon,
Rich Normandy with armies overrun.

Henry the young king, whom King Henry had cauſed to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his own good, and the good of his ſubjects, which indeed turned to his own ſorrow, and the trouble of the realm: for he rebelled againſt him, and raiſing a power by the means of Lewis King of France, and William King of Scots (who took part with him) invaded Normandy.

(d) Unkind my children, moſt unkind my wife.

Never was king more unfortunate than King Henry in the diſobedience of his children: firſt Henry, then Geoffry, then Richard, then John, all at one time or other, firſt or laſt, unnaturally rebelled againſt him; then the jealouſy of Eleanor his Queen, who ſuſpected his love to Roſamond; which grievous troubles the devout of thoſe times attributed to happen to him juſtly for refuſing to take on him the government of Jeruſalem, offered to him by the patriarch there, which country was mightily afflicted by the Sultan.

(e) Which only Vaughan, *thou and I do know.*

This Vaughan was a knight, whom the king exceedingly loved, who kept the palace at Woodſtock, and much of the king's jewels and treaſure, to whom the king committed many of his ſecrets, and in whom he repoſed ſuch truſt, that he durſt commit his love unto his charge.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

KING JOHN TO MATILDA.

The Argument.

King John enamour'd, by all means aſſay'd
To win Matilda, a chaſte noble maid,
The Lord Fitzwater's daughter; and to gain her,
When by his courtſhip he could not obtain her,
Nor by his gifts, ſtrives (ſo far being in)
To get by force, what fair means could not win,
And baniſheth the neareſt of her blood,
Which he could think had his deſires withſtood:
When ſhe to Dunmow to a nun'ry flies,
Whither he writeth, and whence ſhe replies.

WHEN theſe my letters come into thy view,
Think 'em not forc'd, or fain'd, or ſtrange, or new,
Thou know'ſt no way, no means, no courſe exempted,
Left now unſought, unprov'd, or unattempted.
All rules, regards, all ſecret helps of art,
What knowledge, wit, experience can impart,
And in the old world's ceremonies doated,
Good days for love, times, hours, and minutes noted;
And where art left, love teacheth more to find,
By ſigns in preſence to expreſs the mind.
Oft hath mine eye told thine eye beauty griev'd it,
And begg'd but for one look to have reliev'd it;
And ſtill with thine eye's motion mine eye mov'd,
Lab'ring for mercy, telling how it lov'd:
You bluſht, I bluſht; your cheek pale, pale was mine;
My red, thy red, my whiteneſs anſwer'd thine;
You ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, we both one paſſion prove;
But thy ſigh is for hate, my ſigh for love.
If a word paſs'd that inſufficient were,
To help that word mine eye let forth a tear;
And if that tear did dull or ſenſeleſs prove,
My heart would fetch a throb to make it move.
Oft in thy face one favour from the reſt
I fingled forth, that pleas'd my fancy beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both thoſe lik'd before:
Then one, as wonder were derived thence,
Than that, whoſe rareneſs paſſeth excellence.
Whilſt I behold thy globe-like rowling eye,
Thy lovely cheek (methinks) ſtands ſmiling by,
And tells me thoſe are ſhadows and ſuppoſes,
But bids me thither come and gather roſes:
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to me,
To come to it, if wonders I will ſee:
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled chin
Again doth tell me newly I begin,

And bids me yet to look upon thy lip,
Leſt wond'ring leaſt, the great'ſt I over ſlip:
My gazing eye on this and this doth ſeize,
Which furfeits, yet cannot deſire appeaſe.
Now like I brown (O lovely brown thy hair!)
Only in brownneſs beauty dwelleth there.
Then love I black, thine eye-ball black as jet,
Which in a globe pure cryſtalline is ſet:
Then white; but ſnow, nor ſwan, nor ivory pleaſe,
Then are thy teeth more whiter than all theſe;
In brown, in black, in pureneſs, and in white,
All love, all ſweets, all rareneſs, all delight:
Thus thou, vile thief, my ſtol'n heart hence do'ſt carry,
And now thou fly'ſt into a ſanctuary.
Fie, peeviſh girl, ungrateful unto nature;
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a creature,
That thou her glory ſhould'ſt increaſe thereby,
And thou alone do'ſt ſcorn ſociety?
Why, heav'n made beauty like herſelf, to view,
Not to be lock'd up in a ſmoaky mew:
A roſy-tincted feature is heav'n's gold,
Which all men joy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the world begun,
That ſo rare a beauty ſhould not live a Nun:
But of this vow thou needs wilt undertake,
O were mine arms a cloiſter for thy ſake!
Still may his pains for ever be augmented,
This ſuperſtition idly that invented:
Ill might he thrive, who brought this cuſtom hither,
That holy people might not live together.
A happy time, a good world was it then,
When holy women liv'd with holy men;
But kings in this yet privileg'd may be;
I'll be a Monk, ſo I may live with thee.
Who would not riſe to ring the morning's knell,
When thy ſweet lips might be the facring bell?
Or what is he, not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe lips might feaſt his lips at laſt?
Who to his mattins early would not riſe,
That might read by the light of thy fair eyes?
On worldly pleaſures who would ever look,
That had thy curls his beads, thy brows his book?
Wert thou the croſs, to thee who would not creep,
And wiſh the croſs ſtill in his arms to keep?
Sweet girl, I'll take this holy habit on me,
Of meer devotion that is come upon me;
Holy Matilda, thou the ſaint of mine,
I'll be thy ſervant, and my bed thy ſhrine.
When I do offer, be thy breaſt the altar;
And when I pray, thy mouth ſhall be my pſalter.
The beads that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet kiſſes,
Which we will number, if one pleaſure miſſes;
And when an ave comes, to ſay Amen,
We will begin, and tell them o'er again:
Now all good fortune give me happy thrift,
As I ſhould joy t' abſolve thee after ſhrift.
But ſee how much I do myſelf beguile,
And do miſtake thy meaning all this while!
Thou took'ſt this vow to equal my deſire,
Becauſe thou wouldſt have me to be a Frier,
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy ſiſter and a holy brother:
Thou as a vot'reſs to my love alone,
"She is moſt chaſte that's but enjoy'd of one."
Yea, now thy true devotion do I find,
And ſure, in this I much commend thy mind,
Elſe here thou do'ſt but ill example give,
And in a nun'ry thus thou ſhouldſt not live.
Is't poſſible, the houſe that thou art in,
Should not be touch'd (though with a venial ſin?)
When ſuch a ſhe-prieſt comes her maſs to ſay,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray:
Well may we wiſh they would their hearts amend,
When we be witneſs that their eyes offend:
All creatures have deſires, or elſe ſome lie;
Let them think ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Do'ſt thou not think our anceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe religious cells did firſt deviſe,
As hoſpitals were for the ſore and ſick,
Theſe for the crook'd, the halt, the lligmatic,
Leſt that their ſeed mark'd with deformity,
Should be a blemiſh to poſterity?
Would heav'n her beauty ſhould be hid from ſight,
Ne'er would ſhe thus herſelf adorn with light,
With ſparkling lamps, nor would ſhe paint her throne,
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd upon:
And when the golden glorious ſun goes down,
Would ſhe put on her ſtar beſtudded crown,
And in her maſking ſuit, the ſpangled ſky,
Come forth to bride it in her revelry,
And gave this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her faſhion.
All things that fair, that pure, that glorious been,
Offers themſelves of purpoſe to be ſeen.
In ſinks and vaults the ugly toads do dwell,
The devils, ſince moſt ugly, they in Hell.
Our mother (earth) ne'er glories in her fruit,
Till by the ſun clad in her tinſel ſuit;
Nor doth ſhe ever ſmile him in the face,
Till in his glorious arms he her embrace:
Which proves ſhe hath a foul, ſenſe, and delight
Of generation's feeling appetite.
Well, hypocrite (in faith) wouldſt thou confeſs,
What ere thy tongue ſay, thy heart faith no leſs.
Note but this one thing (if nought elſe perſwade)
Nature of all things male and female made,
Shewing herſelf in our proportion plain;
For never made ſhe any thing in vain:
For as thou art, ſhould any have been thus,
She would have left enſample unto us.
The turtle, that's ſo true and chaſte in love,
Shews by her mate ſomething the ſpirit doth move:
Th' Arabian bird that never is but one,
Is only chaſte, becauſe ſhe is alone:
But had our mother nature made them two,
They would have done as doves and ſparrows do

And therefore made a martyr in desire,
To do her penance lastly in the fire:
So may they all be roasted quick, that be
Apostata's to nature, as is she.
Find me but one so young, so fair, so free,
(Woo'd, su'd, and sought by him that now seeks thee)
But of thy mind, and here I undertake
To build a nun'ry for her only sake.
O, hadst thou tasted of those rare delights,
Ordain'd each where to please great princes sights!
To have their beauty and their wits admir'd,
(Which is by nature of your sex desir'd)
Attended by our trains, our pomp, our port,
Like gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in court,
To be saluted with the cheerful cry
Of highness, grace, and sovereign majesty:
"But unto them that know not pleasure's price,
"All's one, a prison and a paradise."
If in a dungeon clos'd up from the light,
There is no diff'rence 'twixt the day and night;
"Whose palate never tasted dainty cates,
"Thinks homely dishes princely delicates."
Alas, poor girl, I pity thine estate,
That now thus long hast liv'd disconsolate!
Why now at length yet let thy heart relent,
And call thy father back from banishment,
And with those princely honours here invest him,
Of which fond love, not hate, hath dispossest him.
Call from exile thy dear allies and friends,
To whom the fury of my grief extends;
And if thou take my counsel in this case,
I make no doubt thou shalt have better grace:
And leave thy Dunmow, that accursed cell,
There let black night and melancholy dwell;
Come to the court, where all joys shall receive thee,
And till that hour, yet with my grief, I leave thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle of King John to Matilda is much more poetical than historical, making no mention at all of the occurrents of the time or state, touching only his love to her, and the extremity of his passion, forced by his desires, rightly fashioning the humour of this king, as hath been truly noted by the most authentical writers, whose nature and disposition is truelieſt discerned in the course of his love: first, jesting at the ceremonies of the services of those times: then going about by all strong and probable arguments to reduce her to pleasures and delights: next with promises of honour, which he thinketh to be the last and greatest means, and to have greatest power on her sex, with a promise of calling home her friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his desires.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

MATILDA TO KING JOHN.

No ſooner I receiv'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But ſudden fear my bloodleſs veins doth fill,
As though divining of ſome future ill;
And in a ſhiv'ring extaſy I ſtood,
A chilly coldneſs ran through all my blood:
Opening the packet, I ſhut up my reſt,
And let ſtrange cares into my quiet breaſt,
As though thy hard unpitying hand had ſent me
Some new-deviſed torture to torment me.
Well had I hop'd I had been now forgot,
Caſt out with thoſe things thou remembreſt not;
And that proud beauty, which enforc'd me hither,
Had with my name been periſhed together:
" But O (I ſee) our hoped good deceives us;
" But what we would forego, that ſeldom leaves us."
Thy blameful lines, beſpotted ſo with ſin,
Mine eye would cleanſe, ere they to read begin:
But I to waſh an Indian go about,
For ill ſo hard ſet on is hard got out.
I once determin'd ſtill to have been mute,
Only by ſilence to refel thy ſute;
But this again did alter my intent,
For ſome will ſay, that ſilence doth conſent:
" Deſire with ſmall encouraging grows bold,
" And hope of every little thing takes hold."
I ſet me down, at large to write my mind,
But now, nor pen nor paper can I find;
For ſtill my paſſion is ſo pow'rful o'er me,
That I diſcern not things that ſtand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the wax,
Theſe at command, and now invention lacks:
This ſentence ſerves, and that my hand outſtrikes;
That pleaſeth well, and this as much miſlikes.
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I interline, I blot, correct, I note:
I hope, deſpair, take courage, faint, diſdain,
I make, allege, I imitate, I ſain:
Now thus it muſt be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, ſhame-fac'd, fearleſs, doubtful, timorous:
My faint hand writing when my full eye reads,
From ev'ry word ſtrange paſſion ſtill proceeds.
" O, when the ſoul is fett'red once in woe,
" 'Tis ſtrange what humours it doth force us to!"
A tear doth drown a tear, ſigh ſigh doth ſmother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th' over-watch'd weakneſs of the ſick conceit,
Is that which makes ſmall beauty ſeem ſo great;
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, ſeem ſtraight, if ſtraight, the contrary:
And thus our vain imagination ſhews it,
As it conceives it, not as judgment knows it.
(As in a mirrour, if the ſame be true,
Such as your likeneſs, juſtly ſuch are you:
But as you change your ſelf, it changeth there,
And ſhews you as you are, not as you were:
And with your motion doth your ſhadow move,
If frown or ſmile, ſuch the conceit of love.)
Why tell me, is it poſſible the mind
A form in all deformity ſhould find?
Within the compaſs of man's face, we ſee,
How many ſorts of ſeveral favours be;
And in the chin, the noſe, the brow, the eye,
The ſmalleſt diff'rence that you can deſcry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
Nay, oft deſtroys the favour of the face:
And in the world ſcarce two ſo like there are,
One with the other which if you compare,
But being ſet before you both together,
A judging ſight doth ſoon diſtinguiſh either.
How woman-like a weakneſs is it then?
O, what ſtrange madneſs ſo poſſeſſeth men!

Bereft of ſenſe, ſuch ſenſeleſs wonders ſeeing,
Without form, faſhion, certainty, or being?
For which ſo many die to live in anguiſh,
Yet cannot live, if thus they ſhould not languiſh:
That comfort yields not, and yet hope denies not,
A life that lives not, and a death that dies not;
That hates us moſt, when moſt it ſpeaks us fair,
Doth promiſe all things, always pays with air:
Yet ſometime doth our greateſt grief appeaſe,
To double ſorrow after little eaſe.
Like that which thy laſcivious will doth crave,
Which if once had, thou never more canſt have;
Which if thou get, in getting thou do'ſt waſte it,
Taken is loſt, and periſh'd if thou haſt it:
Which if thou gain'ſt, thou ne'er the more haſt won,
I loſing nothing, yet am quite undone;
And yet of that if that a king deprave me,
No king reſtores, though he a kingdom gave me.
(*a*) Do'ſt thou of father and of friends deprive me?
And tak'ſt thou from me all that heav'n did give me?
What nature claims by blood, allies, or nearneſs,
Or friendſhip challenge by regard or dearneſs,
Mak'ſt me an orphan ere my father die,
A woful widow in virginity?
Is thy unbridled luſt the cauſe of all?
And now thy flatt'ring tongue bewails my fall.
The dead man's grave with fained tears to fill,
So the devouring crocodile doth kill:
To harbour hate in ſhew of wholſom things,
So in the roſe the poiſon'd ſerpent ſtings:
To lurk far off, yet lodge deſtruction by,
The baſiliſk ſo poiſons with the eye:
To call for aid, and then to lie in wait,
So the hyæna murders by deceit:
By ſweet inticement ſudden death to bring,
So from the rocks th' alluring mermaids ſing:
In greateſt wants t' inflict the greateſt woe,
Is ev'n the utmoſt tyranny can do.
But where (I ſee) the tempeſt thus prevails,
What uſe of anchors? or what need we ſails?
Above us, bluſt'ring winds and dreadful thunder,
The waters gape for our deſtruction under;
Here on this ſide the furious billows fly,
There rocks, there ſands, and dang'rous whirlpools lie.
Is this the mean that mightineſs approves?
And in this ſort do princes woo their loves?
Mildneſs would better ſuit with majeſty,
Than raſh revenge and rough ſeverity.
O, in what ſafety temperance doth reſt,
Obtaining harbour in a ſovereign breaſt!
Which if ſo praiſeful in the meaneſt men,
In pow'rful kings how glorious is it then?
(*b*) Fled I firſt hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus to have mine innocence betray'd?
Is court and country both her enemy,
And no place found to ſhrowd in chaſtity?
Each houſe for luſt a harbour and an inn,
And ev'ry city a receipt for ſin?
And all do pity beauty in diſtreſs;
If beauty chaſte, then only pitileſs:
Thus is ſhe made the inſtrument to ill,
And unreliev'd may wander where ſhe will.
Laſcivious poets, which abuſe the truth,
Which oft teach age to ſin, infecting youth;
For the unchaſte make trees and ſtones to mourn,
Or as they pleaſe to other ſhapes do turn.
Cinyra's daughter, whoſe inceſtuous mind
Made her wrong nature, and diſhonour kind,
Long ſince by them is turn'd into a myrrh,
Whoſe dropping liquor ever weeps for her:
And in a fountain Biblis doth deplore
Her fault ſo vile and monſterous before:
Scylla, which once her father did betray,
Is now a bird (if all be true they ſay:)
She that with Phœbus did the foul offence,
Now metamorphos'd into frankincenſe:
Other to flowers, to odours, and to gum,
At leaſt, Jove's leman is a ſtar become:
And more, they fain a thouſand fond excuſes,
To cloud their 'ſcapes, and cover their abuſes:
The virgin only they obſcure and hide,
Whilſt the unchaſte by them are deify'd;
And if by them a virgin be expreſt,
She muſt be rank'd ignobly with the reſt.
I am not now, as when thou ſaw'ſt me laſt,
Time hath thoſe features utterly defac'd,
And all thoſe beauties which ſate on my brow,
Thou wouldſt not think ſuch ever had been now:
And glad I am that time with me is done,
(*c*) Vowing myſelf religiouſly a Nun:
My veſtal habit me contenting more,
Than all the robes adorning me before.
Had Roſamond (a recluſe of our ſort)
Taken our cloiſter, leſt the wanton court,
Shadowing that beauty with a holy vail,
Which ſhe (alas!) too looſly ſet to ſale,
She need not, like an ugly Minotaur,
Have been lock'd up from jealous Ele'nor,
But been as famous by thy mother's wrongs,
As by thy father ſubject to all tongues.
" To ſhadow ſin, might can the moſt pretend;
" Kings, but the conſcience, all things can de-
" fend."
A ſtronger hand reſtrains our wilful pow'rs,
A will muſt rule above this will of ours;
Not following what our vain deſires do woo,
For virtue's ſake but what we only do.
And hath my father choſe to live exil'd,
Before his eyes ſhould ſee my youth defil'd?
(*d*) And, to withſtand a tyrant's lewd deſire,
Beheld his towns ſpent in revengeful fire,
Yet never touch'd with grief: ſo only I,
Exempt from ſhame, might honourably die?
And ſhall this jewel, which ſo dearly coſt,
Be after all by my diſhonour loſt?
No, no, each rev'rend word, each holy tear
Of his in me too deep impreſſion bear;
His lateſt farewel at his laſt depart,
More deeply is ingraved in my heart;

Nor ſhall that blot by me his name ſhall have,
Bring his gray hairs with ſorrow to the grave:
Better his tears to fall upon my tomb,
Than for my birth to curſe my mother's womb.

(e) Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body burial.
If all remorſeleſs, no tear-ſhedding eye,
Myſelf will moan myſelf, ſo live, ſo die.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epiſtle containeth no particular points of hiſtory more than the generality of the argument layeth open: for after the baniſhment of the Lord Robert Fitzwater, and that Matilda was become a recluſe at Dunmow (from whence this reply is imagined to be written) the king ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his ſuit, Matilda with this chaſte and conſtant denial, hopes yet at length to find ſome comfortable remedy, and to rid herſelf of doubts, by taking upon her this monaſtic habit; and to ſhew that ſhe ſtill beareth in mind his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his luſt, ſhe remembereth him of her father's baniſhment, and the lawleſs exile of her allies and friends.

(a) Doſt thou of father and of friends deprive me?

Then complaining of her diſtreſs, that flying thither, thinking there to find relief, ſhe ſeeth herſelf moſt aſſaulted, where ſhe hoped to have found moſt ſafety.

(b) Fled I firſt hither, hoping to have aid.
Here thus, &c.

After again ſtanding upon the preciſe points of conſcience, not to caſt off this habit ſhe had taken:

(c) Vowing myſelf religiouſly a nun.

And at laſt, laying open more particularly the miſeries ſuſtained by her father in England, the burning of his caſtles and houſes, which ſhe proveth to be for her ſake; as reſpecting only her honour more than his native country, and his own fortunes.

(d) And to withſtand a tyrant's lewd deſires,
Beheld his towns ſpent in revengeful fires.

Knitting up her epiſtle with a great and conſtant reſolution:

(e) Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body burial.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN ISABEL TO MORTIMER.

The Argument.

Fair *Iſabel* (*Edward* the ſecond's Queen,
Philip of *France*'s daughter) for the ſpleen
She bare her huſband, for that he affected
Laſcivious minions, and her love neglected,
Drew to her favour (ſtriving to prefer)
That valiant young Lord *Roger Mortimer*,
Who with the Barons roſe, but wanting pow'r,
Was taken and impriſon'd in the Tow'r;
But by a ſleepy drink which ſhe prepar'd,
And at a banquet given to his guard,
He makes eſcape: to whom to *France* ſhe ſends;
Who thence to her his ſervice recommends.

THOUGH ſuch ſweet comfort comes not now from her,
As England's Queen hath ſent to Mortimer:
Yet what that wants (may it my pow'r approve,
If lines can bring) this ſhall ſupply with love.
Methinks affliction ſhould not fright me ſo,
Nor ſhould reſume thoſe ſundry ſhapes of woe;
But when I fain would find the cauſe of this,
Thy abſence ſhews me where my error is.
Oft when I think of thy departing hence,
Sad ſorrow then poſſeſſeth ev'ry ſenſe;
But finding thy dear blood preſerv'd thereby,
And in thy life my long-wiſh'd liberty,
With that ſweet thought my ſelf I only pleaſe
Amidſt my grief, which ſometimes gives me eaſe:
Thus do extremeſt ills a joy poſſeſs,
And one woe makes another woe ſeem leſs.

That bleſſed night, that mild-aſpected hour,
Wherein thou mad'ſt eſcape out of the Tow'r,
Shall conſecrated evermore remain;
Some gentle planet in that hour did reign,
And ſhall be happy in the birth of men,
Which was chief lord of the aſcendant then.
(*a*) O how I fear'd that ſleepy juice I ſent
Might yet want pow'r to further thine intent:
Or that ſome unſeen myſtery might lurk,
Which wanting order kindly ſhould not work!
Oft did I wiſh thoſe dreadful pois'ned lees,
Which clos'd the ever-waking Dragon's eyes;
Or I had had thoſe ſenſe-bereaving ſtalks,
That grow in ſhady Proſerpine's dark walks;
Or thoſe black weeds on Lethe banks below,
Or lunary, that doth on Latmus flow.

Oft did I fear this moiſt and foggy clime,
Or that the earth, wax'd barren now with time,
Should not have herbs to help me in this caſe,
Such as do thrive on India's parched face.
That morrow when the bleſſed ſun did riſe
And ſhut the lids of all heaven's leſſer eyes,
Forth from my palace, by a ſecret ſtair,
(*b*) I ſtole to Thames, as though to take the air;
And aſk'd the geotle flood as it doth glide,
If thou didſt paſs or periſh by the tide?
If thou didſt periſh, I deſire the ſtream
To lay thee ſoftly on his ſilver team,
And bring thee to me to the quiet ſhore,
That with his tears thou might'ſt have ſome tears more.
When ſuddenly doth riſe a rougher gale,
With that (methinks) the troubled waves look pale.
And ſighing with that little guſt that blows,
With this remembrance ſeem to knit their brows.
Even as this ſudden paſſion doth affright me,
The cheerful ſun breaks from a cloud to light me;
Then doth the bottom evident appear,
As it would ſhew me that thou waſt not there:
When as the water flowing where I ſtand,
Doth ſeem to tell me, thou art ſafe on land.
(*c*) Did Bulloin once a feſtival prepare,
For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?
When France envy'd thoſe buildings (only bleſt)
Grac'd with the orgies of my bridal feaſt,
That Engliſh Edward ſhould refuſe my bed,
For that laſcivious ſhameleſs Ganymede?
(*d*) And in my place, upon his regal throne,
To ſet that girl-boy, wanton Gaveſton?
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glaſs aſſures me no ſuch diff'rence is,
(*e*) That a foul witch's baſtard ſhould thereby
Be thonght more worthy of his love than I.
What doth avail us to be princes heirs,
When we can boaſt, our birth is only their's?
When baſe diſſembling flatt'rers ſhall deceive us
Of all that our great anceſtors did leave us;
(*f*) And of our princely jewels, and our dow'rs,
Let us enjoy the leaſt of what is ours?
When minions heads muſt wear our monarchs crowns,
To riſe up dunghills with our famous towns?
Thoſe beggars-brats, wrapt in our rich perfumes,
Their buzzard wings imp'd with our eagles plumes,
(*g*) And match'd with the brave iſſue of our blood,
Ally the kingdom to their cravand blood.
Did Lonſhanks purchaſe with his conqu'ring hand
(*h*) Albania, Gaſcoin, Cambria, Ireland,
That young Carnarvon (his unhappy ſon)
(*i*) Should give away all that his father won,
To back a ſtranger, proudly bearing down
The brave allies and branches of the crown?
(*k*) And did great Edward on his death-bed give
This charge to them which afterwards ſhould live,
That that proud Gaſcoin baniſhed the land,
No more ſhould trade upon the Engliſh ſand?
And have theſe great Lords in the quarrel ſtood,
And ſeal'd his laſt will with their deareſt blood?
(*l*) That after all this fearful maſſacre,
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaſter,
Another faithleſs fav'rite ſhould ariſe,
To cloud the ſun of our Nobilities
(*m*) And glory'd I in Gaveſton's great fall,
That now a Spencer ſhould ſucceed in all?
And that his aſhes ſhould another breed,
Which in his place and empire ſhould ſucceed?
That wanting one a kingdom's wealth to ſpend,
Of what that left this now ſhall make an end?
To waſte all that our father won before,
Nor leave our ſon a ſword to conquer more?
Thus, but in vain, we fondly do reſiſt,
" Where pow'r can do (ev'n) all things as it liſt,
" And of our right with tyrants to debate,
" Lendeth them means to weaken our eſtate.
Whilſt parliaments muſt remedy their wrongs,
And we muſt wait for what to us belongs;
Our wealth but fuel to their fond exceſs,
And all our faſts muſt feaſt their wantonneſs,
Think'ſt thou our wrongs then inſufficient are
To move our brother to religious war?
(*n*) And if they were, yet Edward doth detain
Homage for Poictou, Guien, and Aquitain:.
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;
Thus all occur to put back all excuſe.
The ſiſter's wrong, join'd with the brother's right,
Methinks might urge him in this cauſe to fight.
Be all thoſe people ſenſeleſs of our harms,
Which for our country oft have manag'd arms?
Is the brave Normans courage quite forgot?
Have the bold Britains loſt the uſe of ſhot?
The big-bon'd Almans, and ſtout Brabanders,
Their warlike pikes and ſharp-edg'd ſcimeters?
Or do the Picards let their croſs-bows lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Theſſaly?
Or if a valiant leader be their lack,
Where thou art preſent, who ſhall beat them back?
I do conjure thee by what is moſt dear,
By that great name of famous Mortimer,
(*o*) By ancient Wigmore's honourable creſt,
The tombs where all thy famous grandſires reſt,
Or if than theſe what more may thee approve,
Ev'n by thoſe vows of thy unfained love;
In all thou can'ſt to ſtir the Chriſtian King,
By foreign arms ſome comfort yet to bring,
To curb the pow'r of traitors that rebel
Againſt the right of princely Iſabel.
Vain witleſs woman! why ſhould I deſire
To add more heat to thy immortal fire?
To urge thee by the violence of hate,
To ſhake the pillars of thine own eſtate,
When whatſoever we intend to do,
Our moſt misfortune ever forteth to;
And nothing elſe remains for us beſide,
By tears and coffins (only) to provide?
(*p*) When ſtill ſo long as borough bears that name,
Time ſhall not blot out our deſerved ſhame;
And whilſt clear trent her wonted courſe ſhall keep,
For our ſad fall ſhe evermore ſhall weep.
All ſee our ruin on our backs is thrown,
And we too weak to bear it out are grown.
(*q*) Torlton, that ſhould our buſineſs direct,
The gen'ral foe doth vehemently ſuſpect:

" For dangerous things get hardly to their end,
" Whereon ſo many watchfully attend.
What ſhould I ſay? My griefs do ſtill renew,
And but begin when I ſhould bid adieu.

Few be my words but manifold my woe,
And ſtill I ſtay the more I ſtrive to go.
Then till fair time ſome greater good affords,
Take my love's payment in theſe airy words.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) O, how I fear'd that ſleepy juice I ſent,
Might yet want pow'r to further mine intent!

Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordaining a feaſt in honour of his birth day, as he pretended, and inviting thereunto Sir Stephen Segrave conſtable of the Tower, with the reſt of the officers belonging to the ſame, he gave them a ſleepy drink provided him by the Queen, by which means he got liberty for his eſcape.

(b) I ſtole to Thames, as though to take the air,
And aſk'd the gentle flood as it doth glide.

Mortimer being out of the Tower, ſwam the river of Thames into Kent, whereof ſhe having intelligence, doubteth of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long impriſonment, being almoſt the ſpace of three years.

(c) Did Bulloin once a feſtival prepare
For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?

Edward Carnarvon, the firſt Prince of Wales of the Engliſh blood, married Iſabel daughter of Philip the fair at Bulloin, in the preſence of the Kings of Almain, Navarre and Sicil, with the chief nobility of France and England; which marriage was there ſolemnized with exceeding pomp and magnificence.

(d) And in my place, upon his regal throne,
To ſet that girl-boy, wanton Gaveſton.

Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wantonneſs of Gaveſton the King's minion, his behaviour and attire ever ſo woman-like, to pleaſe the eye of his laſcivious maſter.

(e) That a foul witch's baſtard ſhould thereby.

It was urged by the Queen and the Nobility, in the diſgrace of Pierce Gaveſton, that his mother was convicted of witchcraft, and burned for the ſame, and that Pierce had bewitched the King.

(f) And of our Princely jewels and our dow'rs,
Let us enjoy the leaſt of what is ours.

A complaint of the prodigality of King Edward; giving unto Gaveſton the jewels and treaſure which was left him by the ancient Kings of Englnnd, and enriching him with the goodly manor of Wallingford, aſſigned as parcel of the dower to the Queens of this famous iſle.

(g) And match'd with the brave iſſue of our blood,
Ally the kingdom to their cravand brood.

Edward II. gave to Pierce Gaveſton in marriage the daughter of Gilbert Clare Earl of Glouceſter, begot of the King's ſiſter Joan of Acres, married to the ſaid Earl of Glnuceſter.

(b) Albania, Gaſcoin, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland ſo called of Albanact the ſecond ſon of Brutus; and Cambria, Wales, ſo called of Camber, the third ſon. The four realms and countries brought in ſubjection by Edward Longſhanks.

(i) Should give away all that his father won,
To back a ſtranger, &c.

King Edward offered his right in France to Charles his brother-in-law, and his right in Scotland to Robert Bruce, to be aided againſt the Barons in the quarrel of Pierce Gaveſton.

(k) And did great Edward *on his deathbed give.*

Edward Longſhanks, on his deathbed at Carliſle, commanded young Edward his ſon, on his bleſſing, not to call back Gaveſton, who for the miſguiding of the Prince's youth) was before baniſhed by the whole council of the land.

(l) That after all this feorful maſſacre,
The full of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaſter.

Thomas Earl of Lancaſter, Guy Earl of Warwick, and Henry Earl of Lincoln, who had taken their oaths before the deceaſed King at his death, to withſtand his ſon Edward, if he ſhould call Gaveſton from exile, being a thing which he much feared; now ſeeing Edward to violate his fathers commandment, riſe in arms againſt the King, which was the cauſe of the civil war, and the ruin of ſo many Princes.

(m) And glory'd I in Gaveſton's *great fall,*
That now a Spenſer *ſhould ſucceed in all?*

The two Hugh Spenſers, the father and the ſon, after the death of Gaveſton, became the great

favourites of the King, the ſon being created by him Lord Chamberlain, and the father Earl of Wincheſter.

(n) And if they were, yet Edward *doth detain Homage for* Poictou, Guien *and* Aquitain.

Edward Longſhanks did homage for thoſe cities and territories to the French King, which Edward II. neglecting, moved the French King, by the ſubornation of Mortimer, to ſeize thoſe countries into his hands.

(o) By ancient Wigmore's *honourable creſt.*

Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, was the ancient houſe of the Mortimers, that noble and couragious family.

(p) When ſtill ſo long as Borough *bears that name.*

The Queen remembreth the great overthrow given to the Barons by Andrew Herkley Earl of Carliſle at Borough-bridge after the battle at Burton.

(q) Torlton, *that ſhould our buſineſs direct.*

This was Adam Torlton Biſhop of Hertford, that great politician, who ſo highly favoured the faction of the Queen and Mortimer; whoſe evil counſel afterward wrought the deſtruction of the King.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

MORTIMER TO QUEEN ISABEL.

As thy ſalutes my ſorrows do adjourn,
So back to thee their int'reſt I return,
Though not in ſo great bounty (I confeſs)
As thy heroic princely lines expreſs:
For how ſhould comfort iſſue from the breath
(*a*) Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for death?
From murther's rage thou didſt me once reprieve
Now in exile my hopes thou doſt revive:
(*b*) Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt give,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to live.
This double life of mine, your only due
You gave to me, I give it back to you.
Ne'er my eſcape had I adventur'd thus,
As did the ſky-attempting Dedalus;
And yet to give more ſafety to my flight,
Did make a night of day, a day of night:
Nor had I backt the proud aſpiring wall,
Which held without my hopes, within my fall,
(*c*) Leaving the cords to tell were I had gone,
For gazers with much fear to look upon;
But that thy beauty (by a power divine)
Breath'd a new life into this ſpirit of mine,
Drawn by the ſun of thy celeſtial eyes,
With fiery wings, which bare me through the ſkies.
The heav'ns did ſeem the charge of me to take,
And ſea and land befriend me for thy ſake;
Thames ſtop'd his tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadſt charg'd him that it ſhould be ſo:
The hollow murm'ring winds their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, while all things ſlept;
One billow bare me, and another drave me,
This ſtrove to help me, and that ſtrove to ſave me:
The briſling reeds, mov'd with ſoft gales, did chide me,
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me:
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heavy chear,
And would not let one little ſtar appear,
But over all her ſmoaky mantle hurl'd,
And in thick vapours muffled up the world:
And the ſad air became ſo calm and ſtill,
As it had been obedient to my will;
And every thing diſpos'd it to my reſt,
As on the ſeas when th' halcyon builds her neſt.
When on thoſe rough waves, which late with fury ruſh'd,
Slide ſmoothly on, and ſuddenly are huſh'd:
Nor Neptune lets his ſurges out ſo long,
As nature is in bringing forth her young,
(*d*) Ne'er let the Spenſers glory in my chance,
In that I live an exile here in France,
That I from England baniſhed ſhould be,
But England rather baniſhed from me:
More were her want, France our great blood ſhould bear,
Than England's loſs can be to Mortimer.
(*e*) My grandſire was the firſt ſince Arthur's reign,
That the round-table rectify'd again;
To whoſe great court at Kenelworth did come
The peerleſs Knighthood of all Chriſtendome,
Whoſe Princely order honour'd England more,
Than all the conqueſts ſhe atchiev'd before.
Never durſt Scot ſet foot on Engliſh ground,
Nor on his back did Engliſh bear a wound,
Whilſt Wigmore flouriſh'd in our princely hopes,
And whilſt our enſigns march'd with Edward's troops:

(*f*) Whilſt famous Longſhanks' bones (in fortune's ſcorn)
As ſacred reliques to the field were born:
Nor ever did the valiant Engliſh doubt,
Whilſt our brave battles guarded them about;
Nor did our wives and woful mothers mourn,
(*g*) The Engliſh blood that ſtained Banocks-bourn,
Whilſt with his minions ſporting in his tent,
Whole days and nights in banqueting were ſpent,
Until the Scots (which under ſafeguard ſtood)
Made laviſh havoc of the Engliſh blood:
Whoſe batter'd helms lay ſcatter'd on the ſhore,
Where they in conqueſt had been born before.
A thouſand kingdoms will we ſeek from far,
As many nations waſte with civil war,
Where the diſhevel'd ghaſtly ſea-nymph ſings,
Or well-rigg'd ſhips ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling wings,
And drag their anchors through the ſandy foam,
About the world in ev'ry clime to roam,
And thoſe unchriſt'ned countries call our own,
Where ſcarce the name of England hath been known:
(*h*) And in the dead ſea ſink our houſe's fame;
(From whoſe vaſt depth we firſt deriv'd our name)
Before foul black-mouth'd infamy ſhall ſing,
That Mortimer e'er ſtoop'd unto a King.
And we will turn ſtern-viſag'd fury back,
To ſeek his ſpoil, who fought our utter ſack;
And come to beard him in our native iſle,
Ere he march forth to follow our exile:
And after all theſe boiſt'rous ſtormy ſhocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chalky rocks;
Nor will we ſteal, like pirates or like thieves,
From mountains, foreſts, or ſea-bord'ing cleeves,
But fright the air with terror (when we come)
Of the ſtern trumpet, and the bellowing drum:
And in the field advance our plumy creſt,
And march upon fair England's flow'ry breaſt.
And Thames, which once we for our life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewy treſſes on his brim,
Shall bear my navy vaunting in her pride,
Falling from Tanet with the pow'rful tide:
Which fertile Eſſex, and fair Kent ſhall ſee,
Spreading her flags along the pleaſant lee,
Where on her ſtemming poop ſhe proudly bears
The famous enſigns of the Belgic peers.
(*i*) And for that hateful ſacrilegious ſin,
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in,
The canon text ſhall have a common gloſs,
Receipts in parcels ſhall be paid in groſs;
This doctrine preach'd, *who from the church doth take;*
At leaſt ſhall treble reſtitution make.
For which Rome ſends her curſes out from far,
Through the ſtern throat of terror-breathing war;
Till to th' unpeopled ſhores ſhe brings ſupplies
(*k*) Of thoſe induſtrious Roman colonies,
And for his homage, by the which of old,
Proud Edward, Guien and Aquitain doth hold,
(*l*) Charles by invaſive arms again ſhall take,
And ſend the Engliſh forces o'er the lake.
When Edward's fortune ſtands upon this chance,
To loſe in England, or to forfeit France;
And all thoſe towns great Longſhanks left his ſon,
Now loſt, which once he fortunately won,
Within their ſtrong porteculiz'd ports ſhall lie,
And from their walls his ſieges ſhall defy:
And by that firm and undiſſolved knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring French and bord'ring Scot,
Bruce ſhall bring his Redſhanks from the ſeas,
From th' iſled Orcads and the Eubides,
And to his weſtern havens give free paſs,
To land the Kern and Iriſh Galloglaſs,
Marching from Tweed to ſwelling Humber's ſands,
Waſting along the northern Netherlands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his pow'r ſuſtain,
Conſum'd with ſlaughter in his bloody reign,
Our warlike ſword ſhall drive him from his throne,
Where he ſhall lie for us to trade upon.
(*m*) And thoſe great lords, now after their attaints,
Canonized amongſt the Engliſh ſaints,
And by their ſuperſtitious people thought,
That by their reliques miracles are wrought:
And think that blood much virtue doth retain,
Which took the blood of famous Bohun ſlain;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the people more abhor their King.
Nor ſhall a Spenſer (be he ne'er ſo great)
Poſſeſs our Wigmore, our renowned ſeat,
To raze the ancient trophies of our race,
With our deſerts their monuments to grace:
Nor ſhall he lead our valiant marchers forth,
To make the Spenſers famous in the north;
Nor be the guardians of the Britiſh pales,
Defending England, and preſerving Wales.
At firſt our troubles eaſily recul'd,
But now grown head-ſtrong, hardly to be rul'd;
" Deliberate counſel needs us to direct.
" Where not ev'n plainneſs frees us from ſuſpect:
By thoſe miſhaps our errors that attend,
Let us our faults ingenuouſly amend.
Then (dear) repreſs all peremptory ſpleen,
Be more than woman, as you are a Queen;
Smother thoſe ſparks, which quickly elſe would burn.
Till time produce what now it doth adjourn,
Till when, great Queen, I leave you (though a while)
Live you in reſt, nor pity my exile.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *Of one condemn'd and long lodg'd up for death.*
Roger Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, had ſtood publicly condemned for his inſurrection with Thomas Earl of Lancaſter, and Bohun Earl of Hertford, by the ſpace of three months: and, as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to have been ſhortly, which he prevented by his eſcape.

(*b*) *Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt give.*
At what time the two Mortimers, this Roger Lord of Wigmore, and his uncle Roger Mortimer the elder, were apprehended in the weſt, the Queen by means of Torlton Biſhop of Hereford, and Becke Biſhop of Durham and Patriarch of Jeruſalem, being then both mighty in the ſtate, upon the ſubmiſſion of the Mortimers, ſomewhat pacified the King: and now ſecondly ſhe wrought means for his eſcape.

(*c*) *Leaving the cords to tell where I had gone.*
With ſtrong ladders made of cords, provided him for the purpoſe, he eſcaped out of the Tower; which when the ſame were found faſtned to the walls in ſuch a deſperate attempt, they bred aſtoniſhment in the beholders.

(*d*) *Ne'er let the* Spenſers *glory in my chance.*
The two Hugh Spenſers, the father and the ſon, then being ſo highly favoured of the King, knew that their greateſt ſafety came by his exile, whoſe high and turbulent ſpirit could never brook any corrival in greatneſs.

(*e*) *My grandſire was the firſt ſince* Arthur's *reign,*
That the round table rectify'd again.
Robert Mortimer, called the great Lord Mortimer, grandfather to this Roger, who was afterward the firſt Earl of March, erected again the round table at Kenelworth, after the ancient order of King Arthur's table with the retinue of an hundred Knights and an hundred ladies in his houſe, for the entertaining of ſuch adventurers as came thither from all parts of Chriſtendom.

(*f*) *Whilſt famous* Longſhanks' *bones* (*in Fortune's ſcorn.*)
Edward Longſhanks willed at his death, that his body ſhould be boiled the fleſh from the bones, and that the bones ſhould be born to the wars in Scotland, which he was perſuaded unto by a prophefy, which told that the Engliſh ſhould ſtill be fortunate in conqueſt, ſo long as his bones were carried in the field.

(*g*) *The Engliſh blood that ſtained Banocks-bourn.*
In the great voyage Edward the ſecond made againſt the Scots at the battle of Stirling, near unto the river of Banocks-burn in Scotland, there was in the Engliſh camp ſuch banqueting and exceſs, ſuch riot and miſorder, that the Scots (who in the mean time laboured for advantage) gave to the Engliſh a great overthrow.

(*h*) *And in the dead ſea ſink our houſe's fame,*
From whoſe, &c.
Mortimer ſo called of *Mare mortuum*, and in French *Mortimer*, in Engliſh the *dead ſea*, which is ſaid to be were Sodom and Gomorrah once were, before they were deſtroyed with fire from heaven.

(*i*) *And for that hateful ſacrilegious ſin,*
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in.
Gauſtellinus and Lucas, two Cardinals, ſent into England from Pope Clement to appeaſe the ancient hate between the King and Thomas Earl of Lancaſter; to whoſe embaſſy the King ſeemed to yield, but after their departure he went back from his promiſes, for the which he was accurſed at Rome.

(*k*) *Of thoſe induſtrious Roman colonies.*
A Colony is a ſort or number of people, that come to inhabit a place before not inhabited; whereby he ſeems here to prophefy of the ſubverſion of the land, the Pope joining with the power of other Princes againſt Edward, for the breach of his promiſe.

(*l*) Charles *by invaſive arms again ſhall take.*
Charles the French King, moved by the wrong done unto his ſiſter, ſeizeth the provinces which belonged to the King of England into his hands, ſtirred the rather thereto by Mortimer, who ſolicited her cauſe in France, as is expreſſed before in the other epiſtle, in the gloſs upon this point.

(*m*) *And thoſe great Lords, now after their attaints.*
Canonized among the Engliſh ſaints.
After the death of Thomas Earl of Lancaſter at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be done by his reliques; as they did of the body of Bohun Earl of Hertford ſlain at Borough-bridge.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE TO ALICE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

The Argument.

Count *Sal'ſbury*, a grave and prudent Lord,
Diſpatch'd for France, was ſcarcely gone abroad,
But the Scots hearing that he was away,
Beſieg'd the caſtle where his lady lay.
Edward the Black Prince, with an army ſent
T' remove the foe, beholding from his tent
Her walking on the hattlement above,
With the fair Counteſs ſtrangely falls in love.
Her noble huſband not long after dy'd;
When he, who thought he ſhould not be deny'd,
Courts her by letters, and thus writeth to her;
She in her anſwer checks him ſo to woo her.

Receive (*a*) theſe papers from thy woful Lord,
With far more woes than they with words are ſtor'd,
Which if thine eye for raſhneſs do reprove,
They'll ſay they came from that imperious love.
In ev'ry line well may'ſt thou underſtand,
Which love hath ſign'd and ſealed with his hand;
And where to farther proceſs he refers,
In blots ſet down to thee for characters.
This cannot bluſh, although you do refuſe it,
Nor will reply, however you ſhall uſe it:
All's one to this, though you ſhould bid deſpair,
This ſtill intreats you, this ſtill ſpeaks you fair.
Haſt thou a living ſoul, a human ſenſe,
To like, diſlike, prove, order, and diſpenſe?
The depth of reaſon ſoundly to adviſe,
To love things good, things hurtful to deſpiſe?
The touch of judgment, which ſhould all things prove,
Haſt thou all this, yet not allow'ſt my love?
Sound moves a ſound, voice doth beget a voice,
One echo makes another to rejoice;
One well-tun'd ſtring ſet truly to the like,
Struck near at hand, doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then, that our affections jar?
What oppoſition doth beget the war?

I know that Nature frankly to thee gave
That meaſure of her bounty that I have;
And as to me, ſhe likewiſe to thee lent,
For ev'ry ſenſe a ſeveral inſtrument:
But ev'ry one, becauſe it is thine own,
Doth prize itſelf unto itſelf alone.
Thy dainty hand, when it itſelf doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none ſuch:
When in thy glaſs thine eye itſelf doth ſee,
That thinks there's none like to itſelf can be;
And ev'ry one doth judge itſelf divine,
Becauſe that thou doſt challenge it for thine:
And each itſelf Narciſſus like doth ſmother,
Loving itſelf, nor cares for any other.
Fie! be not burn'd thus in thine own deſire,
'Tis needleſs beauty ſhould itſelf admire:
"The ſun, by which all creatures light'ned be,
"And ſeeth all, itſelf yet cannot ſee;
"And his own brightneſs his own foil is made,
"And is to us the cauſe of his own ſhade."
When firſt thy beauty by mine eye was prov'd,
I ſaw not then ſo much to be belov'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each look of one doth many beauties make:
In little circlets there it doth ariſe,
Then ſomewhat larger ſeeming in mine eyes:
And in this gyring compaſs as it goes,
So more and more the ſame in greatneſs grows;
And as it yet at liberty is let,
The motion ſtill doth other forms beget:
Until at length, look any way I could,
Nothing there was but beauty to behold.
Art thou offended that thou art belov'd?
Remove the cauſe, th' effect is ſoon remov'd:
Indent with beauty how far to extend,
Set down deſire a limit where to end;
Then charm thine eyes, that they no more may wound,
And limit love to keep within a bound.
If thou do this, nay then thou ſhalt do more,
And bring to paſs what never was before:
Make anguiſh ſportive, craving all delight,
Mirth ſolemn, ſullen, and inclin'd to night;
Ambition lowly, envy ſpeaking well,
Love his relief for niggardize to ſell.
Our warlike fathers did theſe forts deviſe,
As ſureſt holds againſt our enemies,
Places wherein your ſex might ſafely reſt,
"Fear ſoon is ſettled in a woman's breaſt:"
Thy breaſt is of another temper far,
And than thy caſtle fitter for the war;
Thou doſt not ſafely in thy caſtle reſt,
Thy caſtle ſhould be ſafer in thy breaſt:
That keeps out foes, but doth our friends incloſe,
But thy breaſt keeps out both thy friends and foes:
That may be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
Or by ſtraight ſiege, for want of ſuccour pin'd;
But thy heart is invincible to all,
And more obdurate than thy caſtle wall.
Of all the ſhapes that ever Jove did prove,
Wherewith he us'd to entertain his love,
That likes me beſt, when in a golden ſhow'r,
He rain'd himſelf on Danae in her tow'r;
Nor did I ever envy his command
In that he bears the thunder in his hand:
But in that ſhowry ſhape I cannot be,
And as he came to her, I come to thee.
Thy tow'r with foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are beſieg'd without,
One hair of thine more vigour doth retain
To bind thy foe, than any iron chain:
Who might be gyv'd in ſuch a golden ſtring,
Would not be captive, though he were a king.
Hadſt thou all India heap'd up in thy ſort,
And thou thyſelf beſieged in that ſort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee eſpie,
They'll follow thee, and let the treaſure lie.
I cannot think what force thy tow'r ſhould win,
If thou thyſelf do'ſt guard the ſame within:
Thine eye retains artillery at will,
To kill whoever thou deſir'ſt to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds men' hearts,
Than they can thee, though with a thouſand darts:
For there intrenched little Cupid lies,
And from thoſe turrets all the world deſies;
(*b*) And when thou let'ſt down that tranſparent lid,
Of entrance there an army doth forbid.
And as for famine, thou need'ſt never fear,
Who thinks of want, when thou art preſent there?
Thy only ſight puts ſpirits into the blood,
And comforts life, without the taſte of food.
And as thy ſoldiers keep their watch and ward,
Thy chaſtity thy inward breaſt doth guard:
Thy modeſt pulſe ſerves as a larum bell,
Which watched by ſome wakeful ſentinel,
Is ſtirring ſtill with every little fear,
Warning if any enemy be near.
Thy virtuous thoughts, when all the others reſt,
Like careful ſcouts, paſs up and down thy breaſt,
And ſtill they round about that place do keep,
Whilſt all the bleſſed garriſon do ſleep.
But yet I fear, if that the truth were told,
That thou haſt robb'd, and fly'ſt into this hold:
I thought as much, and didſt this fort deviſe,
That thou in ſafety here might'ſt tyrannize.
Yes, thou haſt robb'd the heaven and earth of all,
And they againſt thy lawleſs theft do call.
Thine eyes, with mine that wage continual wars,
Borrow their brightneſs of the twinkling ſtars:
Thy lips, from mine that in thy maſk be pent,
Have filch'd the bluſhing from the orient:
Thy cheek, for which mine all this penance proves,
Steals the pure whiteneſs both from ſwans and doves:

Thy breath, for which mine ſtill in ſighs conſumes,
Hath robb'd all flowers, all odours, and perfumes.
O mighty love! bring hither all thy pow'r,
And fetch this heavenly thief out of her tow'r:
For if ſhe may be ſuffer'd in this ſort,
Heav'n's ſtore will ſoon be hoarded in this fort.
When I arriv'd before that ſtate of love,
And ſaw thee on that battlement above,
I thought there was no other heav'n but there,
And thou an angel didſt from thence appear:
But when my reaſon did reprove mine eye,
That thou wert ſubject to mortality,
I then excus'd what erſt the Scot had done,
No marvel though he would the ſort have won;
Perceiving well, thoſe envious walls did hide
More wealth than was in all the world beſide.
Againſt thy foe I came to lend thee aid,
And thus to thee myſelf I have betray'd.
He is beſieg'd, the ſiege that came to raiſe,
There's no aſſault that not my breaſt aſſays.
" Love grown extreme, doth find unlawful
" ſhifts,
" The Gods take ſhapes, and do allure with
" gifts:
" Commanding Jove, that by great Styx doth
" ſwear,
" Forſworn in love, with lovers oaths doth bear;
" Love cauſeleſs ſtill, doth aggravate his cauſe,
" It is his law to violate all laws:
" His reaſon is in only wanting reaſon,
" And were untrue, not deeply touch'd with
" treaſon;
" Unlawful means doth make his lawful gain;
" He ſpeaks moſt true, when he the moſt doth
" fain"
Pardon the faults that have eſcap'd by me,
Againſt fair virtue, chaſtity, and thee:
" If Gods can their own excellence excel,
" It is in pard'ning mortals that rebel."
When all thy trials are enroll'd by fame,
And all thy ſex made glorious by thy name,
Then I a captive ſhall be brought hereby
T' adorn the triumph of thy chaſtity.
I ſue not now thy paramour to be,
But as a huſband to be link'd to thee:
I am England's heir, I think thou wilt confeſs,
Wert thou a prince, I hope, I am no leſs,
But that thy birth doth make thy ſtock divine,
Elſe durſt I boaſt my blood as good as thine:
Diſdain me not, nor take my love in ſcorn,
Whoſe brow a crown hereafter may adorn.
But what I am, I call mine own no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt reſtore;
Only I crave, whate'er I did intend,
In faithful love all happily may end.
Farewel, ſweet lady, ſo well may'ſt thou fare,
To equal joy with meaſure of my care:
Thy virtues more than mortal tongue can tell;
A thouſand thouſand times farewel, farewel.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Receive theſe papers from thy woful Lord.*

Bandello, by whom this hiſtory was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the peoples cuſtom in that clime, rather to fail ſometimes in the truth of circumſtance, than to forego the grace of their conceit: in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the ſatyriſt:

Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in hiſtoria,

thinking it to be a greater trial that a Counteſs ſhould be ſued unto by a King, than by the ſon of a King, and conſequently that the honour of her chaſtity ſhould be the more, hath cauſed it to be generally taken ſo; but, as by *Polydore*, *Fabian*, and *Froiſard* appears, the contrary is true. Yet may Bandello be very well excuſed, as being a ſtranger, whoſe errors in the truth of our hiſtory are not ſo material, that they ſhould need an invective, leſt his wit ſhould be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not leſs were every part a fiction. Howbeit, leſt a common error ſhould prevail againſt a truth, theſe Epiſtles are conceived in thoſe perſons who were indeed the actors; to wit, Edward the Black Prince, not ſo much of his complexion, as of the diſmal battles which he fought in France (in like ſenſe as we may ſay a *black day*, for ſome tragical event, though the ſun ſhine never ſo bright therein.) And Alice the Counteſs of Saliſbury, who (as it is certain) was beloved of Prince *Edward*, ſo it is as certain,

that many points now current in the received ſtory can never hold together with likelihood of ſuch inforcement, had it not been ſhaded under the title of a king.

(*b*) *And when thou lett'ſt down that tranſparent lid.* Not that the lid is tranſparent; for no part of the ſkin is tranſparent; but for that the gem, which that cloſure is ſaid to contain, is tranſpatent; for otherwiſe how could the mind underſtand by the eye, ſhould not the images ſlide through the ſame, and repleniſh the ſtage of the fancy? But this belongs to optics. The Latins call the eye-lid *cilium* (I will not ſay of *celando*) as the eye-brow *ſupercilium*, and the hair on the eye-lids *palphebra*, perhaps *quod palpitet*, all which have their diſtinct and neceſſary uſes.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ALICE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, TO THE BLACK PRINCE.

As one that fain would grant, yet fain deny,
'Twixt hope and fear I doubtfully reply;
A woman's weakneſs leſt I ſhould diſcover,
Anſwering a prince, and writing to a lover:
And ſome ſay, love with reaſon doth diſpenſe,
And wreſts our plain words to another ſenſe.
Think you not then, poor women had not need
Be well advis'd, to write what men ſhould read;
When being ſilent, but to move awry,
Doth often bring us into obloquy?
" Whilſt in our hearts our ſecret thoughts abide,
" Th' envenom'd tongue of ſlander yet is ty'd;
" But if once ſpoke, deliver'd up to fame,
" In her report that often is to blame."
About to write, but newly entring in,
Methinks I end, e'er I can well begin:
When I would end, then ſomething makes me ſtay,
For then methinks I ſhould have more to ſay,
And ſome one thing remaineth in my breaſt,
For want of words that cannot be expreſt:
What I would ſay, as ſaid to thee I feign,
Then in thy perſon I reply again;
And in thy cauſe urge all that may effect,
Then, what again mine honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what fundry paſſions do I try,
To ſet that right, which is ſo much awry?
Being a prince, I blame you not to prove;
The greater reaſon to obtain your love.
That greatneſs, which doth challenge no denial,
The only teſt that doth allow my trial:
Edward ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capital.
" To men is granted privilege to tempt,
" But in that charter women be exempt:
" Men win us not, except we give conſent,
" Againſt ourſelves unleſs that we be bent.
" Who doth impute it as a fault to you?
" You prove not falſe, except we be untrue;
" It is your virtue, being men, to try;
" And it is ours, by virtue to deny.
" Your fault itſelf ſerves for the ſault's excuſe,
" And makes it ours, though yours be the abuſe.
" Beauty a beggar? fie! it is too bad,
" When in itſelf ſufficiency is had;
" Not made a lure t' intice the wand'ring eye,
" But an attire t' adorn our modeſty:
" If modeſty and women once do ſever,
" We may bid farewel to our fame for ever."
Let John and Henry, Edward's inſtance be,
Matilda and fair Roſamond for me;
Alike both woo'd, alike ſu'd to be won,
Th' one by the father, th' other by the ſon:
Henry obtaining, did our weakneſs wound,
And lays the fault on wanton Roſamond.
Matilda chaſte, in life and death all one,
By her denial lays the fault on John.
" By theſe we prove men acceſſary ſtill,
" But women only principals of ill.
" What praiſe is ours, but what our virtues get?
" If they be lent, ſo much we be in debt;
" Whilſt our own honours we ourſelves defend,
" All force too weak, what ever men pretend;

" If all the world elſe ſhould ſuborn our fame,
" 'Tis we ourſelves that overthrow the ſame:
" And howſoe'er, although by force you win,
" Yet on our weakneſs ſtill returns the ſin."
A virtuous prince who doth not Edward call?
And ſhall I then be guilty of your fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Than ſuch a ſin upon my ſoul ſhould lie.
Where is great Edward? whither is he led,
At whoſe victorious name whole armies fled?
Is that brave ſpirit, that conquer'd ſo in France,
Thus overcome, and vanquiſh'd with a glance?
Is that great heart, that did aſpire ſo high,
So ſoon tranſpierced with a woman's eye?
He that a King at Poictiers battle took,
Himſelf led captive with a wanton look?
(a) Twice as a bride to church I have been led,
Twice have two lords enjoy'd my bridal bed:
How can that beauty yet be undeſtroy'd,
That years have waſted, and two men enjoy'd?
Or ſhould be thought fit for a prince's ſtore,
Of which two ſubjects were poſſeſt before?
Let Spain, let France, or Scotland ſo preſer
Their infant queens for England's dowager,
That blood ſhould be much more than half divine,
That ſhould be equal ev'ry way with thine:
Yet, princely Edward, though I thus reprove you,
As mine own life ſo dearly do I love you.
My noble huſband, which ſo loved you,
That gentle Lord, that reverend Montague,
Ne'er mother's voice did pleaſe her babe ſo well,
As his did mine, of you to hear him tell:
I have made ſhort the hours that time made long,
And chain'd mine ears to his moſt pleaſing tongue:
My lips have waited on your praiſe's worth,
And ſnatcht his words, ere he could get them forth:
When he had ſpoke, and ſomething by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to ſay,
I kept in mind where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him the reſidue to tell.
Oft he would ſay, How ſweet a prince is he!
When I have prais'd him but for praiſing thee;
And to proceed, I would intreat and woo,
And yet to eaſe him, help to praiſe thee too.
And muſt ſhe now exclaim againſt the wrong
Offer'd by him, whom ſhe hath lov'd ſo long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durſt almoſt ſwear,
Edward will bluſh, when he his fault ſhall hear.
Judge now, that time doth youth's deſire aſſwage,
And reaſon mildly quench the fire of rage;
By upright juſtice let my cauſe be try'd,
And be thou judge, if I not juſtly chide.
(b) That not my father's grave and reverend years,
When on his knee he beg'd me with his tears,
By no perſuaſions poſſibly could win,
To free himſelf from prompting me to ſin;
The woe for me my mother did abide,
Whoſe ſute (but you) there's none could have deny'd,
Your luſtful rage, your tyranny could ſtay,
Mine honour's ruin further to delay,
Have I not lov'd you? let the truth be ſhown,
That ſtill preſerv'd your honour with mine own.
Had your fond will, your foul deſires prevail'd,
When you by them my chaſtity aſſail'd;
(Though this no way could have excus'd my fault,
" True virtue never yielded to aſſault:")
Beſides, the ill of you that had been ſaid,
My parents ſin had to your charge been laid;
(c) And I have gain'd my liberty with ſhame,
To ſave my life, made ſhipwreck of my name.
Did Roxborough once vail her tow'ring fanes
To thy brave enſigns on the northern plains?
And thy trumpets ſounding from thy tent,
Mine oft again thee hearty welcome ſent,
And did receive thee as my ſoveraign liege,
Coming to aid me, thus me to beſiege,
To raiſe a foe that but for treaſure came,
To plant a foe, to take my honeſt name;
Under pretence to have remov'd the Scot,
And would'ſt have won more than he could have got?
That did ingirt me, ready ſtill to fly,
But thou laid'ſt batt'ry to my chaſtity:
O modeſty, didſt thon not me reſtrain,
How could I chide you in this angry vein!
A prince's name (Heav'n knows) I do not crave,
To have thoſe honours Edward's ſpouſe ſhould have;
Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,
In my chaſte breaſt to harbour ſuch a thought,
As to be worthy to be made a bride,
A piece unfit for princely Edward's ſide;
Of all, the moſt unworthy of that grace,
To wait on her that ſhould enjoy that place:
But if that love Prince Edward doth require
Equal his virtues, and my chaſte deſire;
If it be ſuch as we may juſtly vaunt,
A prince may ſue for, and a lady grant;
If it be ſuch as may ſuppreſs my wrong,
That from your vain unbridled youth hath ſprung;
That faith I ſend, which I from you receive:
(d) The reſt unto your princely thoughts I leave.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *Twice as a bride I have to church been led.*
The two huſbands of which ſhe makes mention, objecting bigamy againſt herſelf, as being therefore not meet to be married with a bachelor prince, were Sir Thomas Holland knight, and Sir William Mountague, afterwards made Earl of Saliſbury.

(*b*) *That not my father's grave and reverend years.*
A thing incredible, that any prince ſhould be ſo unjuſt, to uſe the father's means for the corruption of the daughter's chaſtity, though ſo the hiſtory importeth; her father being ſo honourable, and a man of ſo ſingular deſert: though Polydore would have her thought to be Jane the daughter of Edmond Earl of Kent, uncle to Edward the third, beheaded in the protectorſhip of Mortimer that dangerous aſpirer.

(*c*) *And I have gain'd my liberty with ſhame.*
Roxburgh is a caſtle in the north, miſtermed by Bandello Saliſbury caſtle, becauſe the king had given it to the Earl of Saliſbury; in which, her lord being abſent, the counteſs by the Scots was beſieged: who, by the coming of the Engliſh army, were removed. Here firſt the prince ſaw her, whoſe liberty had been gain'd by her ſhame, had ſhe been drawn by diſhoneſt love to ſatisfy his appetite: but by her moſt praiſe worthy conſtancy, ſhe converted that humour in him to an honourable purpoſe, and obtained the true reward of her admired virtue.

(*d*) *The reſt unto your princely thoughts I leave.*
Leſt any thing be left out which were worth the relation, it ſhall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are uttered concerning her, whoſe name is ſaid to have been Ælips: but that being rejected, as a name unknown among us, Froiſard is rather believed, who calleth her Alice. Polydore contrariwiſe, as before is declared, names her Jane, who by Prince Edward had iſſue, Edward dying young, and Richard the ſecond king of England, though (as he ſaith) ſhe was divorced afterwards, becauſe within the degrees of conſanguinity prohibiting to marry. The truth whereof I omit to diſcuſs. Her huſband, the Lord Mountague, being ſent over into Flanders by King Edward was taken priſoner by the French; and not returning, left his counteſs a widow: in whoſe bed ſucceeded Prince Edward; to whoſe luſt and lawful requeſt, the rejoiceful lady ſends this loving anſwer.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN ISABEL TO KING RICHARD II.

The Argument.

Richard the ſecond, wrongfully depos'd
By Henry Duke of *Hertford*, and incloſ'd
In *Pomfret* caſtle; *Iſabel* the Queen,
To the neglected King; who having ſeen
His diſinveſting, and diſaſt'rous chance,
To *Charles* her father ſhipp'd again for *France*,
(Where for her huſband griev'd and diſcontent)
Thence this epiſtle to King *Richard* ſent,
By which when he her ſorrow doth deſcry,
He to the ſame as ſadly doth reply.

As doth the yearly augur of the ſpring,
In depth of woe thus I my ſorrow ſing;
My tunes with ſighs yet ever mixt among,
A doleful burthen to a heavy ſong:
Words iſſue forth, to find my grief ſome way,
Tears overtake them, and do bid them ſtay;
Thus whilſt one ſtrives to keep the other back,
Both once too forward, ſoon are both too ſlack.

(*a*) If fatal Pomfret hath in former time
Nouriſh'd the grief of that unnatural clime,
Thither I ſend my ſorrows to be fed;
Than where firſt born, where fitter to be bred?
They unto France be aliens and unknown,
England from her doth challenge theſe her own,
They ſay, all miſchief cometh from the North;
It is too true, my fall doth ſet it forth:
But why ſhould I thus limit grief a place,
When all the world is fill'd with our diſgrace?
And we in bonds thus ſtriving to contain it,
The more reſiſts, the more we do reſtrain it.

(*b*) Oh, how even yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſs oft call them faithleſs ſpies!
(Prepar'd for Richard) that unawares did look
Upon that traitor Henry Bullenbrook:
But that exceſs of joy my ſenſe bereav'd
So much, my ſight had never been deceiv'd.
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd lord was he,
Whom raſhly I (ſweet Richard) took for thee!
I might have ſeen, the courſer's ſelf did lack
That princely rider to beſtride his back;
He that ſince nature her great work began,
She only made the mirror of a man,
That when ſhe meant to form ſome matchleſs limb,
Still for a pattern took ſome part of him,
And jealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
When ſhe in him had done the beſt ſhe could.
Oh, let that day be guilty of all ſin
That is to come, or heretofore hath been, [ſtay'd,
(*c*) Wherein great Norfolk's forward courſe was
To prove the treaſons he to Hertford lay'd,

When (with ſtern fury) both theſe dukes enrag'd,
Their warlike gloves at Coventry engag'd,
When firſt thou didſt repeal thy former grant,
Seal'd to brave Mowbray as thy combatant!
From his unnumber'd hours let Time divide it,
Leſt in his minutes he ſhould hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to bear it,
That when it comes, all other hours may fear it,
And all ill-boding planets, by conſent,
In it may hold their dreadful parliament:
Be it in heav'n's decrees inrolled thus,
Black, diſmal, fatal, inauſpicious.
Proud Hertford then in height of all his pride,
Under great Mowbray's valiant hand had dy'd;
And never had from baniſhment retir'd,
The fatal brand wherewith our Troy was fir'd.
(*d*) Oh! why did Charles relieve his needy ſtate?
A vagabond and ſtruggling runnagate;
And in his court with grace did entertain
That vagrant exile, that vile bloody Cain,
Who with a thouſand mothers curſes went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten years baniſhment?
(*e*) When thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt farewel,
Millions of knees upon the pavements fell,
And ev'ry where th' applauding echoes ring
The joyful ſhouts that did ſalute a king.
Thy parting hence, the pomp that did adorn,
Was vanquiſh'd quite when as thou didſt return;
Who to my lord one look vouchſaf'd to lend?
Then, all too few on Hertford to attend.
" Princes (like ſuns) be evermore in fight,
" All ſee the clouds betwixt them and their
" light:
" Yet they which lighten all down from their
" ſkies,
" See not the clouds offending others eyes,
" And deem their noon-tide is deſir'd of all,
" When all expect clear changes by their fall."
What colour ſeems to ſhadow Hertford's claim,
When law and right his father's hopes do maim?
(*f*) Affirm'd by churchmen (which ſhould bear no hate)
That John of Gaunt was illegitimate;
Whom his reputed mother's tongue did ſpot,
By a baſe Flemmiſh boor to be begot:
Whom Edward's eaglets mortally did ſhun,
Daring with them to gaze againſt the ſun:
Where lawful right and conqueſt doth allow
A triple crown on Richard's princely brow;
Three kingly lions bears his bloody field,
(*g*) No baſtard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring ſhield:
Never durſt he attempt our hapleſs ſhore,
Nor ſet his foot on fatal Ravenſpore;
Nor durſt his ſlugging hulks approach the ſtrand,
Nor ſtoop a top as ſignal to the land,
Had not the Piercies promis'd aid to bring,
Againſt their oath unto their lawful king,
(*h*) Againſt their faith unto our crown's true heir,
Their valiant kinſman Edmond Mortimer.

When I to England came, a world of eyes,
Like ſtars, attended on my fair ariſe,
Which now (alas!) like angry planets frown,
And are all ſet, before my going down.
The ſmooth-fac'd air did on my coming ſmile,
But I with ſtorms am driven to exile:
But Bullenbrook deviſ'd we thus ſhould part,
Fearing two ſorrows ſhould poſſeſs one heart,
To add to our affliction, to deny
That one poor comfort left our miſery.
He had before divorc'd thy crown and thee,
Which might ſuffice, and not to widow me;
But ſo to prove the utmoſt of his hate,
To part us in this miſerable ſtate.
(*i*) Oh, would Aumerle had ſunk, when he betray'd
The plot, which once that noble abbot laid!
When he iofring'd the oath which he firſt took,
For thy revenge on perjur'd Bullenbrook,
And been the ranſom of our friends dear blood,
Untimely loſt, and for the earth too good!
And we untimely do bewail their ſtate,
They gone too ſoon, and we remain too late!
And though with tears I from my lord depart,
This curſe on Hertford fall, to eaſe my heart:
If the foul breach of a chaſte nuptial bed
May bring a curſe, my curſe light on his head:
If murther's guilt with blood may deeply ſtain,
(*k*) Green, Scroop, and Buſbie dye his fault in grain:
If perjury may heaven's pure gates debar,
(*l*) Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter:
If the depoſing of a lawful king,
Thy curſe condemn him, if no other thing:
If theſe disjoin'd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them united ſtrongly curſe him all.
And for the Piercies, heav'n may hear my pray'r,
That Bullenbrook, now plac'd in Richard's chair,
Such cauſe of woe to their proud wives may be,
As thoſe rebellious lords have been to me!
And that coy dame, which now controuleth all,
And in her pomp triumpheth in my fall,
For her great lord may water her ſad eyne,
With as ſalt tears, as I have done for mine:
(*m*) And mourn for Henry Hotſpur her dear ſon,
As I for my dear Mortimer have done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſs be ſent,
Laſtly to taſte perpetual baniſhment!
Then loſe thy care, when firſt thy crown was loſt,
Sell it ſo dearly, for it dearly coſt:
And ſith it did of liberty deprive thee,
Burying thy hope, let nothing elſe outlive thee.
But hard (God knows) with ſorrow doth it go,
When woe becomes a comforter to woe:
Yet much (methinks) of comfort I could ſay,
If from my heart ſome fears were rid away;
Something there is, that danger ſtill doth ſhew,
But what it is, that heaven alone doth know.
" Grief to itſelf moſt dreadful doth appear,
" And never yet was ſorrow void of fear;
But yet in death doth ſorrow hope the beſt,
And, Richard, thus I wiſh thee happy reſt.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *If fatal Pomfret hath in former time.*
Pomfret caſtle, ever a fatal place to the princes of England, and moſt ominous to the blood of Plantagenet.

(*b*) *Oh, how even yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,*
And in my glaſs, &c.
When Bullenbrook returned to London from the weſt, bringing Richard a priſoner with him; the Queen, who little knew of her huſband's hard ſucceſs, ſtayed to behold his coming in, little thinking to have ſeen her huſband thus led in triumph by his foe: and now ſeemed to hate her eyes, that ſo much had graced her mortal enemy.

(*c*) *Wherein great* Norfolk's *forward courſe was ſtaid.*
She remembereth the meeting of the two Dukes of Hertford and Norfolk at Coventry, urging the juſtneſs of Mowbray's quarrel againſt the Duke of Hertford, and the faithful aſſurance of his victory.

(*d*) *Oh! why did Charles relieve his n'edyſtate?*
A vagabond, &c.
Charles the French king, her father, received the duke of Hertford into his court, and relieved him in France, being ſo nearly allied as couſin-german to King Richard his ſon-in-law; which he did ſimply, little thinking that he ſhould after return into England, and diſpoſſeſs King Richard of the crown.

(*e*) *When thou to Ireland took thy laſt farewel.*
King Richard made a voyage with his army into Ireland againſt Onel and Mackmur, who rebelled: at what time Henry entered here at home and robbed him of all kingly dignity.

(*f*) *Affirm'd by churchmen (which ſhould bear no hate)*
That John *of Gaunt was illegitimate.*
William Wickam in the great quartel betwixt John of Gaunt and the clergy, of mere ſpite and malice (as it ſhould ſeem) reported, that the queen confeſſed to him on her death-bed, being then her confeſſor, that John of Gaunt was the ſon of a Flemming, and that ſhe was brought to bed of a woman child at Gaunt, which was ſmothered in the cradle by miſchance, and that ſhe obtained this child of a poor woman, making the king believe it was her own, greatly fearing his diſpleaſure. *For ex Chron. Alban.*

(*g*) *No baſtard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring ſhield.*
Shewing the true and undubitate birth of Richard, his right unto the crown of England, as carrying the arms without blot or difference.

(*b*) *Againſt their faith unto the crown's true heir,*
Their valiant kinſman, &c.
Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, ſon of Earl Roger Mortimer, who was ſon to lady Philip, daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third ſon to King Edward the third; which Edmond (King Richard going into Ireland) was proclaimed heir apparent to the crown; whoſe aunt, called Ellinor, this Lord Piercy had married.

(*i*) *Oh, would* Aumerle *had ſunk, when he betray'd*
The plot, which once the noble abbot laid.
The abbot of Weſtminſter had plotted the death of King Henry, to have been done at a tilt at Oxford: of which confederacy there was John Holland Duke of Exeter, Thomas Holland Duke of Surry, the Duke of Aumerle, Mountacute Earl of Saliſbury, Spenſer Earl of Gloceſter, the Biſhop of Carliſle, and Sir Thomas Blunt; theſe all had bound themſelves one to another by indenture to perform it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of Aumerle.

(*k*) Scroop, Green, *and* Buſhy *dye his fault in grain.*
Henry going towards the caſtle of Flint, where King Richard was, cauſed Scroop, Green, and Buſhy to be executed at Briſtol, as vile perſons, who had ſeduced the king to this laſcivious and wicked life.

(*l*) *Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter.*
After Henry's exile, at his return into England, he took his oath at Doncaſter upon the ſacrament, not to claim the crown or kingdom of England, but only the dukedom of Lancaſter, his own proper right, and the right of his wife.

(*m*) *And mourn for* Henry Hotſpur *her dear ſon,*
As I for my, &c.
This was the brave outrageous Henry Hotſpur, that obtained ſo many victories againſt the Scots: which after falling out right with the curſe of Queen Iſabel, was ſlain by Henry at the battle at Shrewſbury.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

RICHARD II. TO QUEEN ISABEL.

What can my queen but hope for from this hand,
That it ſhould write, which never could command?
A kingdom's greatneſs think how he ſhould ſway,
That wholeſome counſel never could obey:
Ill this rude hand did guide a ſceptre then,
Worſe now (I fear me) it will rule a pen.
How ſhall I call my ſelf, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters came?
Not from thy huſband, for my hateful life
Makes thee a widow, being yet a wife:
Nor from a king, that title I have loſt,
Now of that name proud Bullenbrook may boaſt
What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,
No words ſo woful, as, *I was a King*.
This lawleſs life, which firſt procur'd my hate;
(*a*) This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal ſtate;
This abject ſoul of mine, conſenting to it;
This hand, that was the inſtrument to do it;
All theſe be witneſs, that I now deny
All princely types, all Kingly ſov'reignty.
Didſt thou for my ſake leave thy father's court,
Thy famous country and thy princely port,
And undertook'ſt to travel dang'rous ways,
Driven by aukward winds and boiſt'rous ſeas?
(*b*) And left'ſt great Bourbon, for thy love to me,
Who ſu'd in marriage to be link'd to thee,
Off'ring for dow'r the countries neighb'ring nigh,
Of fruitful Almain and rich Burgundy?
Didſt thou all this, that England ſhould receive thee,
To miſerable baniſhment to leave thee?
And in my downfal and my fortune's wrack,
Thus to thy country to convey thee back?
When quiet ſleep (the heavy heart's relief)
Hath reſted ſorrow, ſomewhat leſs'ned grief,
My paſſed greatneſs into mind I call,
And think this while I dreamed of my fall:
With this conceit my ſorrows I beguile,
That my fair queen is but withdrawn a while,
And my attendants in ſome chamber by,
As in the height of my proſperity.
Calling aloud, and aſking who is there?
The echo anſw'ring, tells me, Woe is there;
And when mine arms would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold:
Which when my waking eyes preciſely view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many minutes as in the hours there be,
So many hours each minute ſeems to me;
Each hour a day, morn, noontide, and aſet,
Each day a year, with miſeries complete;
A winter, ſpring time, ſummer, and a fall,
All ſeaſons varying, but unſeaſon'd all:
In endleſs woe my thread of life thus wears,
In minutes, hours, days, months, to-ling'ring years.
They praiſe the ſummer, that enjoy the ſouth,
Pomfret is cloſed in the North's cold mouth;
There pleaſant ſummer dwelleth all the year,
Froſt ſtarved winter doth inhabit here:
A place wherein deſpair may fitly dwell,
Sorrow beſt ſuiting with a cloudy cell.
(*c*) When Hertford had his judgment of exile,
Saw I the people's murmuring the while;
'Th' uncertain commons touch'd with inward care,
As though his ſorrows mutually they bare:
Fond women, and ſcarce-ſpeaking children mourn,
Bewail his parting, wiſhing his return:

(*d*) That I was forc'd t' abridge his baniſh'd years,
When they bedew'd his footſteps with their tears;
Yet by example could not learn to know,
To what his greatneſs by their love might grow.
(*e*) But Henry boaſts of our achievements done,
Bearing the trophies our great fathers won;
And all the ſtory of our famous war,
Muſt grace the annals of great Lancaſter.
(*f*) Seven goodly ſcions in their ſpring did flouriſh,
Which one ſelf-root brought forth, one ſtock did nouriſh,
(*g*) Edward, the top-branch of that golden tree,
Nature in him her utmoſt power did ſee,
Who from the bud ſtill bloſſomed ſo fair,
As all might judge what fruit it meant to bear:
But I his graft, of ev'ry weed o'ergrown,
And from our kind, as refuſe forth am thrown.
We from our grandſire ſtood in one degree,
(*h*) But after Edward, John the young'ſt of three
Might Princely Wales beget a ſon ſo baſe,
That to Gaunt's iſſue ſhould give ſovereign place?
(*i*) He that from France brought John his pris'ner home,
As thoſe great Cæſars did their ſpoils to Rome,
(*k*) Whoſe name, obtained by his fatal hand,
Was ever fearful to that conquer'd land:
His fame increaſing, purchas'd in thoſe wars,
Can ſcarcely now be bounded with the ſtars;
With him is valour from the baſe world fled,
(Or here in me it is extinguiſhed)
Who for his virtue, and his conqueſts ſake,
Poſterity a demy-god ſhall make;
And judge, this vile and abject ſpirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper ſo divine.
What earthly humour, or what vulgar eye
Can look ſo low, as on our miſery?
When Bullenbrook is mounted to our throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our own:
Into our councils he himſelf intrudes,
And who but Henry with the multitudes?
His power degrades, his dreadful frown diſgraceth,
He throws them down whom our advancement placeth;
As my diſable and unworthy hand
Never had power, belonging to command.
He treads our ſacred tables in the duſt,
(*l*) And proves our acts of parliament unjuſt;
As though he hated that it ſhould be ſaid,
That ſuch a law by Richard once was made:
Whilſt I depreſt before his greatneſs, lie
Under the weight of hate and infamy.
My back, a foot-ſtool Bullenbrook to raiſe,
My looſeneſs mock'd, and hateful by his praiſe,
Outlive mine honour, bury my eſtate,
And leave myſelf nought, but my people's hate.
Sweet queen, I'll take all counſel thou canſt give,
So that thou bid'ſt me neither hope nor live:
"Succour that comes, when ill hath done his "worſt,
"But ſharpens grief, to make us more accurſt."
Comfort is now unpleaſing to mine ear,
Paſt cure, paſt care, my bed become my bier:
Since now misfortune humbleth us ſo long,
Till heaven be grown unmindful of our wrong;
Yet it forbid my wrongs ſhould ever die,
But ſtill remember'd to poſterity:
And let the crown be fatal that he wears,
And ever wet with woful mother's tears.
Thy curſe on Piercy angry heavens prevent,
Who have not one curſe left, on him unſpent,
To ſcourge the world, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich of woes, as I a king am poor.
Then ceaſe (dear queen) my ſorrows to bewail,
My wound's too great for pity now to heal.
Age ſtealeth on, whilſt thou complaineſt thus,
My griefs be mortal and infectious:
Yet better fortunes thy fair youth may try,
That follow thee, which ſtill from me do fly.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal ſtate.*

Richard the Second, at the reſignation of the crown to the Duke of Hertford in the tower of London, delivering the ſame with his own hand, there confeſſed his diſability to govern, utterly renouncing all kingly authority.

(*b*) *And left'ſt great* Bourbon, *for thy love to me.*

Before the Princeſs Iſabel was married to the king, Lewis Duke of Bourbon ſued to have had her in marriage; which was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out in the mean time. This Duke of Bourbon ſued again to have received her at her coming into France

after the imprifonment of king Richard, but king Charles her father then croſſed him as before, and gave her to Charles ſon to the duke of Orleans.

(*c*) *When* Hertford *had his judgment of exile.*
When the combat ſhould have been at Coventry, betwixt Henry duke of Hertford, and Thomas duke of Norfolk (where Hertford was adjudged to baniſhment for ten years) the commons exceedingly lamented; ſo greatly was he ever favoured of the people.

(*d*) *That I was forc'd t' abridge his baniſh'd years.*
When the duke came to take his leave of the king, being then at Eltham, the king, to pleaſe the commons, rather than for any love he bare to Hertford, repealed four years of his baniſhment.

(*e*) *But* Henry *boaſts of our achievements done.*
Henry, the eldeſt ſon of John duke of Lancaſter, at the firſt earl of Derby, then created duke of Hertford; after the death of the duke, John his father was duke of Lancaſter and Hertford, earl of Darby, Leiceſter, and Lincoln: and after he had obtained the crown, was called by the name of Bullenbrook, which is a town in Lincolnſhire; as uſually all the kings of England bare the name of the place where they were born.

(*f*) *Seven goodly ſcions in their ſpring did flouriſh.*
Edward the Third had ſeven ſons: Edward Prince of Wales, after called the Black Prince: William of Hatfield the ſecond; Lionel duke of Clarence the third; John of Gaunt duke of Lancaſter the fourth; Edward of Langly duke of York the fifth; Thomas Woodſtock duke of Gloceſter the ſixth; William of Windſor the ſeventh.

(*g*) Edward, *the top branch of that golden tree.*
Truly boaſting himſelf to be the eldeſt ſon of Edward the Black Prince.

(*h*) *Yet after* Edward, John *the young'ſt of three.*
As diſabling Henry Bullenbrook, being but the ſon of the fourth brother; William and Lionel being both before John of Gaunt.

(*i*) *He that from France brought* John *his priſ'ner home.*
Edward the Black Prince taking John king of France priſoner at the battle of Poictiers, brought him into England, where at the Savoy he died.

(*k*) *Whoſe name, atchieved by his fatal hand.*
Called the Black Prince, not ſo much of his complexion, as of the famous battles he fought; as is ſhewed before in the gloſs upon the epiſtle of Edward to the counteſs of Saliſbury.

(*l*) *And proves our acts of parliament unjuſt.*
In the next parliament after Richard's reſignation of the crown, Henry cauſed to be annihilated all the laws made in the parliament called the wicked parliament, held in the twentieth year of king Richard's reign.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN CATHERINE TO OWEN TUDOR.

The Argument.

Henry the Fifth, that only man of men,
To ſoon deceaſed; bright Queen *Cath'rine* then,
(*Henry* the Sixth, her ſon, of tender years,
Fortune ſo ſtrangely her affection ſteers,
That amongſt many, call'd one day to dance
Before the king and her) this heir of France,
And England's dowager, her eye taken had
By *Owen Tudor*, a brave youthful lad,
One of her wardrobe, and from Wales deſcended:
She, the great good that was to him intended,
To let him know, this letter doth deviſe,
Leſt that the greatneſs of the enterpriſe
Should hap to daunt him; but he, bold by kind,
Shew'd her, his love was anſw'ring to her mind.

JUDGE not a princeſs worth impeach'd hereby,
That love thus triumphs over majeſty;
Nor think leſs virtue in this royal hand,
That it intreats, and wonted to command:
For in this ſort though humbly now it woo,
The day hath been, thou would'ſt have kneel'd unto.
Nor think that this ſubmiſſion of my ſtate
Proceeds from frailty; rather judge it fate.
Alcides ne'er more fit for war's ſtern ſhock,
Than when with women ſpinning at the rock;
Never leſs clouds did Phœbus glory dim,
Than in a clown's ſhape when he covered him:
Jove's great command was never more obey'd,
Than when a fatyr's antic parts he play'd.
He was thy king, who ſu'd for love to me;
And ſhe is queen, who ſues for love to thee.
When Henry was, my love was only his;
But by his death, it Owen Tudor's is.
My love to Owen, him my Henry giveth;
My love to Henry, in my Owen liveth.
Henry woo'd me, whilſt wars did yet increaſe,
I woo my Tudor in ſweet calms of peace;
To force affection, he did conqueſt prove;
I come with gentle arguments of love.
(*a*) Incamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
Firſt ſaw I Henry clad in princely arms:
At pleaſant Windſor, firſt theſe eyes of mine
My Tudor judg'd, for wit and ſhape, divine:
Henry abroad, with puiſſance and with force;
Tudor at home, with courtſhip and diſcourſe:
He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether,
Did like me beſt, Plantagenet or Tether;
A march, a meaſure, battle, or a dance,
A courtly rapier, or a conqu'ring lance.
His princely bed hath ſtrength'ned my renown,
(*b*) And on my temples ſet a double crown,

Which glorious wreath (as Henry's lawful heir)
Henry the Sixth upon his brow doth bear.
(*e*) At Troy in Champain he did firſt enjoy
My bridal rites, to England brought from Troy;
In England now that honour thou ſhalt have,
Which once in Champain famous Henry gave.
I ſeek not wealth, three kingdoms in my power:
If theſe ſuffice not, where ſhall be my dower?
Sad diſcontent may ever follow her,
Which doth baſe pelf before true love prefer:
If titles ſtill could our affections tye,
What is ſo great, but majeſty might buy?
As I ſeek thee, ſo kings do me deſire;
To what they would, thou eaſily may'ſt aſpire.
That ſacred fire once warm'd my heart before,
The fuel fit, the flame is now the more:
And means to quench it I in vain do prove,
"We may hide treaſure, but not hide our love:"
And ſince it is thy fortune thus to gain it,
It were too late, nor will I now reſtrain it.
(*d*) Nor theſe great titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, ſiſter to a king,
Of grandſire, father, huſband, ſon and brother,
More thou alone to me than all theſe other.
(*e*) Nor fear, my Tudor, that this love of mine
Should wrong the Gaunt-born great Lancaſtrian line,
(*f*) Or make the Engliſh blood, the ſun or moon,
Repine at Lorain, Bourbon, Alanſon;
Nor do I think there is ſuch different odds,
They ſhould alone be number'd with the gods:
Of Cadmus earthly iſſue reck'ning us,
And they from Jove, Mars, Neptune, Æolus;
Of great Latona's offspring only they,
And we the brats of woful Niobe.
Our famous grandſires (as their own) beſtrid
That horſe of fame, that God-begotten ſteed,
Whoſe bounding hoof plow'd that Beotian ſpring,
Where thoſe ſweet maids of memory do ſing.
I claim not all from Henry, but as well
To be the child of Charles and Iſabel:
Nor can I think from whence their grief ſhould grow,
That by this match they be diſparag'd ſo.
(*g*) When John and Longſhanks iſſue were affy'd
And to the kings of Wales in wedlock ty'd,
Shewing the greatneſs of your blood thereby,
Your race and royal conſanguinity:
And Wales, as well as haughty England boaſts,
(*h*) Of Camilot, and all her pentecoſts,
To have precedence in Pendragon's race,
At Athur's table challenging the place.
If by the often conqueſt of your land,
They boaſt the ſpoils of their victorious hand;
If theſe our ancient chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
(*i*) When bloody Rufus fought your utter ſack,
Twice ent'ring Wales, yet twice was beaten back;
When famous Cambria waſh'd her in the flood,
Made by th' effuſion of the Engliſh blood;
(*k*) And oft return'd with glorious victory,
From Wor'ſter, Her'ford, Cheſter, Shrewſbury;
Whoſe pow'r in ev'ry conqueſt ſo prevails,
As once expuls'd the Engliſh out of Wales.
Although my beauty made my country's peace,
And at my bridal former broils did ceaſe;
More than his pow'r had not his perſon been,
I had not come to England as a queen.
Nor took I Henry to ſupply my want,
Becauſe in France that time my choice was ſcant,
When it had robb'd all Chriſtendom of men,
And England's flow'r remain'd amongſt us then:
Glo'ſter, whoſe counſels (Neſtor like) aſſiſt;
Couragious Bedford, that great martialiſt;
Clarence, for virtue honour'd of his foes;
And York, whoſe fame yet daily greater grows;
Warwick, the pride of Nevil's haughty race;
Great Sals'bury, ſo fear'd in every place;
That valiant Pool, who no atchievements dares;
And Vere, ſo famous in the Iriſh wars;
Who, though my ſelf ſo great a prince were born,
The worſt of theſe my equal need not ſcorn:
But Henry's rare perfections, and his parts,
As conqu'ring kingdoms, ſo he conquer'd hearts;
As chaſte was I to him as queen might be,
But freed from him, my chaſte love vow'd to thee.
Beauty doth fetch all ſavour from thy face,
All perfect courtſhip reſteth in thy grace:
If thou diſcourſe, thy lips ſuch accents break,
As love a ſpirit forth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeak.
The Britiſh language, which our vowels wants,
And jars ſo much upon harſh conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy melliſluous tongue,
As do the ſweet notes of a well-ſet ſong,
And runs as ſmoothly from thoſe lips of thine,
As the pure Tuſcan from the Florentine;
Leaving ſuch ſeaſon'd ſweetneſs in the ear,
That the voice paſt, yet ſtill the ſound is there:
In Niſus Tower, as when Apollo lay,
And on his golden viol us'd to play;
Where ſenſeleſs ſtones were with ſuch muſic drown'd,
As many years they did retain the ſound.
Let not the beams, that greatneſs doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timorous reſpect;
Aſſure thee, Tudor, majeſty can be
As kind in love, as can the mean'ſt degree;
And the embraces of a queen as true
As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by you.
When in our greatneſs, our affections crave
Thoſe ſecret joys that other women have:
So I (a queen) be ſovereign in my choice,
Let others fawn upon the public voice;
Or what (by this) can ever hap to thee,
Light, in reſpect to be belov'd of me?
Let peeviſh worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leave plaints and pleas to whom they do belong;
Let old men ſpeak of chances and events,
And lawyers talk of titles and deſcents;
Leave fond reports to ſuch as ſtories tell,
And covenants to thoſe that buy and ſell:
Love, my ſweet Tudor, that becomes thee beſt,
And to our good ſucceſs refer the reſt.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *Incamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,*
First, &c.

Near unto Melans, upon the river of Seyne, was the appointed place of parley between the two kings of England and France; to which place Iſabel the queen of France, and the duke of Burgoin brought the young princeſs Catharine, where king Henry firſt ſaw her.

(*b*) *And on my temples ſet a double crown.*

Henry the fifth, and queen Catharine, were taken as king and queen of France; and during the life of Charles the French king, Henry was called king of England, and heir of France: and after the death of Henry the fifth, Henry the ſixth his his ſon then being very young, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawful king of England and France.

(*c*) *At Troy in Champain he did firſt enjoy.*

Troy in Champain was the place where that victorious king Henry the fifth married the princeſs Catharine, in the preſence of the chief nobility of the realms of England and France.

(*d*) *Nor theſe great titles vainly will I bring,*
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.

Few queens of England or France were ever more princely allied than this queen, as it hath been noted by hiſtoriographers.

(*e*) *Nor fear my* Tudor, *that this love of mine*
Should wrong the Gaunt-boro, *&c.*

Noting the deſcent of Henry her huſband from John duke of Lancaſter the fourth ſon of Edward the third; which duke John was ſirnamed Gaunt, of the city of Gaunt in Flanders where he was born.

(*f*) *Or make he Engliſh blood, the ſun and moon,*
Repine, &c.

Alluding to the greatneſs of the Engliſh line to Phœbus and Phœbe, feigned to be the children of Latona, whoſe heavenly kind might ſcorn to be joined with any earthly progeny: yet with all, boaſting the blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this alluſion followeth on the hiſtory of the ſtrife betwixt Juno and the face of Cadmus, whoſe iſſue was afflicted by the wrath of heaven. The children of Niobe ſlain; for which the woful mother became a rock, guſhing forth continually a fountain of tears.

(*g*) *When* John *and* Longſhanks' *iſſue were affy'd.*

Lhewellen or Leolin ap Jorwith, married Joan daughter to King John, a moſt beautiful lady. Some authors affirm that ſhe was baſe-burn. Lhewellin ap Gryfith married Eleanor, daughter to Simon Montfort earl of Leiceſter, and couſin to Edward Longſhanks; both which Lhewellins were princes of Wales.

(*h*) *Of Camilot, and all her Pentecoſts,*
To have precedence, &c.

Camilot the ancient palace of king Arthur, to which place all the knights of the famous order yearly repaired at Pentecoſt, according to the law of the table: and moſt of the famous home-born knights were of that country, as to this day is perceived by their ancient monuments.

(*i*) *When bloody* Rufus *fought your utter ſack.*

Noting the ill ſucceſs which William Ruſus had in two voyages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chief nobility were ſlain.

(*k*) *And oft return'd with glorious victory.*

Noting the divers and ſundry incurſions that the Welſhmen made into England in the time of Ruſus, John, Henry the ſecond, and Longſhanks.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

OWEN TUDOR TO QUEEN CATHARINE.

When firſt mine eyes beheld your princely name,
And found from whence this friendly letter came;
As in exceſs of joy, I had forgot,
Whether I ſaw it, or I ſaw it not:
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceed,
My dazzled eyes invite my tongue to read,
Which wanting their direction, dully miſt it:
My lips, which ſhould have ſpoke, were dumb, and kiſt it,
And left the paper in my trembling hand,
When all my ſenſes did amazed ſtand:
Even as a mother coming to her child,
Which from her preſence hath been long exil'd,
With gentle arms his tender neck doth ſtrain,
Now kiſſing it, now clipping it again;
And yet exceſſive joy deludes her ſo,
As ſtill ſhe doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length awaken'd from this pleaſing dream,
When paſſion ſomewhat left to be extreme,
My longing eyes with their fair object meet,
Where ev'ry letter's pleaſing, each word ſweet.
It was not Henry's conqueſts, nor his court,
That had the power to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadful terror-ſtriking name,
The cauſe that I from Wales to England came:
For chriſtian Rhodes, and our religion's truth,
To great atchievement firſt had won my youth:
This great adventure did my valour prove,
Before I e'er knew what it was to love.
Nor came I hither by ſome poor event,
But by th' eternal Deſtinies conſent;
Whoſe uncompriſed wiſdom did foreſee,
That you in marriage ſhould be link'd to me.
By our great Merlin was it not foretold,
(Amongſt his holy propheſies enroll'd)
When firſt he did of Tudor's name divine,
That kings and queens ſhould follow in our line?
(*a*) And that the helm (the Tudors ancient creſt)
Should with the golden flow'r-de-luce be dreſt?
As that the leek (our country's chief renown
Should grow with roſes in the Engliſh crown?
As Charles his daughter, you the lily wear;
As Henry's queen, the bluſhing roſe you bear;
By France's conqueſt, and by England's oath,
You are the true made dowager of both:
Both in your crown, both in your cheek together,
Join Tether's love to yours, and yours to Tether.
Then caſt no future doubts, nor fear no hate,
When it ſo long hath been foretold by fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doom of heav'n,
Before our births, we to one bed were giv'n.
No Pallas here, nor Juno is at all,
When I to Venus yield the golden ball:
Nor when the Grecians wonder I enjoy,
None in revenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And have not ſtrange events divin'd to us,
That in our love we ſhould be proſperous?
(*b*) When in your preſence I was call'd to dance,
In loſty tricks whilſt I myſelf advance,
And in a turn my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?
Who would not judge it fortune's greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?
His birth from heav'n, your Tudor not derives,
Nor ſtands on tip toes in ſuperlatives,
Although the envious Engliſh do deviſe
A thouſand jeſts of our hyperbolies;

Nor do I claim that plot by ancient deeds,
Where Phœbus paſtures his fire-breathing ſteeds
Nor do I boaſt my God-made graodſire's ſcars,
Nor giants trophies in the Titans wars:
Nor feign my birth (your princely ears to pleaſe)
By three nights getting, as was Hercules:
Nor do I forge my long deſcent to run
From aged Neptune, or the glorious ſun:
(c) And yet in Wales, with them that famous be,
Our learned bards do ſing my pedigree;
(d) And boaſt my birth from great Cadwallader,
(e) From old Caer-Septon, in mount Palador:
(f) And from Eneon's line, the South-Wales King,
By Theodor, the Tudors name do bring.
My royal mother's princely ſtock began
(g) From her great grandame, fair Gwenellian,
(h) By true deſcent from Leolin the great,
As well from North-Wales, as fair Powſland's ſeat.
Though for our princely genealogy
I do not ſtand to make apology:
Yet who with judgment's true impartial eyes,
Shall look from whence our name at firſt did riſe,
Shall find, that fortune is to us in debt;
And why not Tudor, as Plantagenet?
(i) Nor that term *Croggen*, nickname of diſgrace,
Us'd as a by-word now in ev'ry place,
Shall blot our blood, or wrong a Welſhman's name,
Which was at firſt begot with England's ſhame.
Our valiant ſwords our right did ſtill maintain,
Againſt that cruel, proud, uſurping Dane,
Buckling beſides in many dang'rous fights,
With Norways, Swethens, and with Muſcovites;
(k) And kept our native language now thus long,
And to this day yet never chang'd our tongue:
When they which now our nation fain would tame,
Subdu'd, have loſt their country and their name.
Nor ever could the Saxons ſwords provoke
Our Britiſh necks to bear their ſervile yoke:
Where Cambria's pleaſant countries bounded be
With ſwelling Severn, and the holy Dee:
And ſince great Brutus firſt arriv'd, have ſtood
The only remnant of the Trojan blood.
To every man is not allotted chance,
To boaſt with Henry, to have conquer'd France:
Yet if my fortune be thus rais'd by thee,
This may preſage a farther good to me;
And our Saint David, in the Britons right,
May join with George, the ſainted Engliſh knight:
(l) And old Caer-Merdin, Merlin's famous town,
Not ſcorn'd by London, though of ſuch renown.
Ah, would to God that hour my hopes attend,
Were with my wiſh brought to deſired end!
Blame me not, madam, though I thus deſire,
Many there be, that after you inquire;
Till now your beauty in night's boſom ſlept,
What eye durſt ſtir, where awful Henry kept?
Who durſt attempt to ſail but near the bay,
Where that all-conqu'ring great Alcides lay?
Your beauty now is ſet a royal prize,
And kings repair to cheapen merchandiſe.
If you but walk to take the breathing air,
Orithia makes me that I Boreas fear:
If to the fire, Jove once in light'ning came,
And fair Egina makes me fear the flame:
If in the ſun, then ſad ſuſpicion dreams
Phœbus ſhould ſpread Lucothoe in his beams:
If in a fountain you do cool your blood,
Neptune I fear, which once came in a flood:
If with your maids, I dread Apollo's rape,
Who cous'ned Chion in an old wife's ſhape:
If you do banquet, Bacchus makes me dread,
Who in a grape Erigone did feed:
And if myſelf your chamber door ſhould keep,
Yet fear I Hermes coming in a ſleep.
Pardon (ſweet queen) if I offend in this,
In theſe delays love moſt impatient is:
And youth wants pow'r his hot ſpleen to ſuppreſs,
When hope already banquets in exceſs.
Though Henry's fame in me you ſhall not find,
Yet that which better ſhall content your mind;
But only in the title of a king
Was his advantage, in no other thing:
If in his love more pleaſure you did take,
Never let queen truſt Briton for my ſake.
Yet judge me not from modeſty exempt,
That I another Phæton's charge attempt;
My mind, that thus your favours dare aſpire,
Shews, that 'tis touch'd with a celeſtial fire:
If I do fault, the more is beauty's blame,
When ſhe herſelf is author of the ſame:
"All men to ſome one quality incline,"
Only to love is naturally mine.
Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth,
Ordain'd by heav'n to cheer the drooping earth:
Add faithful love unto your greater ſtate,
And be alike in all things fortunate.
A king might promiſe more, I not deny,
But yet (by heav'n) he lov'd not more than I,
And thus I leave, till time my faith approve;
I ceaſe to write, but never ceaſe to love.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *And that the helm, the* Tudors *ancient creſt.*
The arms of Tudor was three helmets; whereof he ſpeaketh as a thing prophetically foretold of Merlin.

(*b*) *When in thy preſence I was call'd to dance.*
Owen Tudor, being a courtly and active gentleman, commanded once to dance before the queen, in a turn (not being able to recover himſelf) fell into her lap, as ſhe ſat upon a little ſtool with many of her ladies about her.

(*c*) *And yet in Wales with them that famous be,*
Our learned bards, &c.
This Berdh, as they call it in the Britiſh tongue, or as we more properly ſay, Bard, or Bardus, be their poets, which kept the records of pedigrees and deſcents, and ſung in odes and meaſures to their harps, after the old manner of the Lyric poets.

(*d*) *And boaſt my blood from great* Cadwallader.
Cadwallader the laſt king of the Britons, deſcended of the noble and ancient race of the Trojans; to whom an angel appeared commanding him to go to Rome to Pope Sergius, where he ended his life.

(*e*) *From old Caer-Septin in mount Palador.*
Caer-Septon, now called Shafteſbury, at whoſe building it was ſaid an eagle propheſied (or rather, one Aquila) of the fame of that place, and of the recovery of the iſle by the Britons, bringing back with them the bones of Cadwallader from Rome.

(*f*) *And from* Eneon's *line, the South Wales king,*
By Theodor, *&c.*
This Eneon was ſlain by the rebels of Gwentland; he was a notable and worthy gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was father to Theodor, or Tudor Maur, of whom deſcended the princes of South-Wales.

(*g*) *From her great grandame, fair* Gwenellian.
Gwenellian, the daughter of Rees ap Griffith ap Theodore of South-Wales, married Ednivet Vaughan anceſtor to Owen Tudor.

(*h*) *By true deſcent from* Leolin *the great.*
This is the Lehwellin, called Leolinus Magnus, prince of North-Wales.

(*i*) *Nor that word* Croggen, *nickname of diſgrace.*
In the voyage that Henry the ſecond made againſt the Welſhmen, as his ſoldiers paſſed Offa's ditch at Croggen caſtle, they were overthrown by the Welſhmen. Which word Croggen hath ſince been uſed to the Welſhmens diſgrace, which was firſt begun with their honour.

(*k*) *And kept our native language now thus long.*
The Welſhmen be thoſe ancient Britons, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons invaded here, were firſt driven into thoſe parts where they have kept their language ever ſince the firſt, without commixation with any other.

(*l*) *And old Caer-Merdin,* Merlin's *famous town.*
Caer-Merdin, or Merlin's town, ſo called of Merlin's being found there: This was Ambroſe Merlin, whoſe propheſies we have. There was another of that name, called Merlin Sylveſtris, born in Scotland, ſirnamed Calidonius, of the foreſt of Calidon, where he propheſied.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ELENOR COBHAM TO DUKE HUMPHRY.

The Argument.

Wiſe Humphry Duke of Glo'ſter, nam'd the good,
Next to his nephew of the royal blood,
(Henry the Sixth then being very young)
Choſen protector: by ambition ſtrong,
Whoſe ducheſs Elenor, violently led
To think the crown theirs, were young Henry dead,
Convicted was with ſorcerers to conſpire,
Which practiſed to haſten her deſire:
For which ſhe her thrice-penance was aſſign'd;
To th' iſle of Man and afterwards confin'd
From whence ſhe writes this letter to her Lord,
Who that ſad Lady doth the like afford.

METHINKS, not knowing who theſe lines ſhould ſend,
Thou ſtraight turn'ſt over to the latter end,
Where thou my name no ſooner haſt eſpy'd,
But in diſdain my letter caſts aſide:
Why, if thou wilt, I will myſelf deny,
Nay i'll affirm and ſwear, I am not I:
Or if in that thy ſhame thou do'ſt perceive,
Lo, for thy dear ſake, I my name will leave.
And yet, methinks, amaz'd thou ſhouldſt not ſtand,
Nor ſeem ſo much appalled at my hand;
For my misfortunes have inur'd thine eye
(Long before this) to ſights of miſery.
No, no, read on, 'tis I, the very ſame,
All thou canſt read, is but to read my ſhame.
Be not diſmay'd, nor let my name affright;
The worſt it can, is but t'offend thy ſight;
It cannot wound, nor do thee deedly harm,
It is no dreadful ſpell, no magic charm:
If ſhe that ſent it, love Duke Humphry ſo,
Is't poſſible her name ſhould be his foe?
Yes, I am El'nor, I am very ſhe,
Who brought for dower a virgin's bed to thee:
(*a*) Though envious Beauford ſlander'd me before,
To be Duke Humphry's wanton paramour.
And though indeed I can it not deny,
(*b*) To magic once I did myſelf apply,
I won thee not, as there be many think,
With pois'ning philters, and bewitching drink;
Nor on thy perſon did I ever prove
Thoſe wicked potions, ſo procuring love.

I cannot boaſt, to be rich Holland's heir,
Nor of the blood and greatneſs of Baviere:
(*c*) Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in,
To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin;
Nor clam'rous huſband follow'd me, that fled,
Exclaiming Humphry to defile his bed:
Nor waſt thou forc'd, the ſlander to ſuppreſs,
To ſend me back as an adultereſs:
(*d*) Brabant, nor Burgoin, claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome to haſten my divorce;
Nor Belgia's pomp, defac'd with Belgia's fire,
The juſt reward of her unjuſt deſire:
(*e*) Nor Bedford's ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter Ann,
That princely-iſſued great Burgonian,
Need ſtand with me, to move a woman's ſtriſe,
To yield the place to the protector's wife;
If Cobham's name my birth can dignify
Or Storborough renown my family.
(*f*) Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court of late,
Where ſhe with Humphry held a princely ſtate?
That pleaſant Kent, when I abroad ſhould ride.
That to my pleaſure laid forth all her pride?
The Thames, by water when I took the air,
That danc'd my barge, in launching from the ſtair?
The anch'ring ſhips, which, when I paſs'd the road,
Were wont to hang their chequer'd tops abroad?
How could it be, thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my pomp, ſo goddeſs-like to land,
Should after ſee me mail'd up in a ſheet,
Do ſhamſeul penance three times in the ſtreet?
Rung with a bell, a taper in my hand,
Bare-foot to trudge before a beadle's wand;
That little babes, not having uſe of tongue,
Stood pointing at me as I came along.
Where then was Humphry? where was his command?
Was thou not Lord protector of the land?
Or for thy juſtice, who could thee deny
The title of the good Duke Humphery?
What blood extract from famous Edward's line,
Could boaſt itſelf to be ſo pure as thine?
Who elſe, next Henry, ſhould the realm prefer,
If it allow the line of Lancaſter?
But Rayner's daughter muſt from France be ſet,
And with a vengeance on our throne be ſet;
Mauns, Main, and Anjou, on that beggar caſt,
To bring her home to England in ſuch haſte;
And what for Henry thou haſt labour'd there,
To join the King with Arminack's rich heir,
Muſt all be daſh'd as no ſuch thing had been;
Pool needs muſt have his darling made a Queen:
How ſhould he with our princes elſe be plac'd,
To have his Earlſhip with a Dukedom grac'd,
And raiſe the offſpring of his blood ſo high,
As Lords of us and our poſterity?
O! that by ſea when he to France was ſent,
The ſhip had ſunk, wherein the traitor went!
Or, that the ſands had ſwallow'd her, before
She e'er ſet foot upon the Engliſh ſhore!
But all is well, nay, we have ſtore to give,
What need we more: we by her looks can live.
All that great Henry by his conqueſts heapt,
And famous Bedford to his glory kept,
Is given back to Rayner all in poſt;
And by this means rich Normandy is loſt.
Thoſe which have come as miſtreſſes of ours,
Have into England brought their goodly dow'rs,
Which to our coffers yearly tribute brings,
The life of ſubjects, and the ſtrength of Kings,
The means whereby fair England ever might
Raiſe power in France, to back her ancient right:
But ſhe brings ruin here to make abode,
And cancels all our lawful claim abroad;
And ſhe muſt recapitulate my ſhame,
And give a thouſand by-words to my name,
And call me beldam, gib, witch, night-mare, trot,
With all diſpight that may a woman ſpot.
O, that I were a witch but for her ſake!
I'faith her Queenſhip little reſt ſhould take:
I'd ſcratch that face that may not feel the air,
And knit whole ropes of witch knots in her hair:
O, I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breaſt ſit like a lump of lead,
And like a fairy pinch that dainty ſkin,
Her wanton blood is now ſo cocker'd in;
Or take me ſome ſuch known familiar ſhape,
As ſhe my vengance never ſhould eſcape.
Were I a garment, none ſhould need the more
To ſprinkle me with Neſſus' pois'ned gore;
It were enough, if ſhe once put me on,
To tear both fleſh and ſinews from the bone:
Were I a flower, that might her ſmell delight,
Though I were not the pois'ning aconite,
I would ſend ſuch a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.
(*g*) They ſay, the druids once liv'd in this iſle,
This fatal man, the place of my exile,
Whoſe pow'rful charms ſuch dreadful wonders wrought.
Which in the gotiſh iſland-tongue were taught:
O! that their ſpells to me they had reſign'd,
Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both ſea and wind,
And made the moon pauſe in her pale'd ſphere,
Whilſt her grim dragons drew them through the air;
Their helliſh power, to kill the plough-man's ſeed,
Or to foreſpeak whole flocks as they did feed;
To nurſe a damned ſpirit with human blood,
To carry them through earth, air, fire and flood!
Had I this ſkill, that time hath almoſt loſt,
How like a goblin I would haunt her ghoſt!
O pardon, pardon my miſgovern'd tongue,
A woman's ſtrength cannot endure my wrong.
(*h*) Did not the heavens her coming in with-ſtand,
As though affrighted when ſhe came to land?
The earth did quake, her coming to abide;
The goodly Thames did twice keep back his tide;
Paul's ſhook with tempeſt, and that mounting ſpire,
With lightning ſent from heaven, was ſet on fire:
Our ſtately buildings to the ground were blown,
Her pride by theſe prodigious ſigns was ſhewn;

More fearful viſions on the Engliſh earth,
Than ever were at any death or birth,
Ah Humphry, Humphry, if I ſhould not ſpeak,
My breaſt would ſplit, my very heart would break!
I, that was wont ſo many to command,
Worſe now than with a clap-diſh in my hand:
A ſimple mantle covering me withal,
The verieſt leper of care's hoſpital;
That from my ſtate a preſence held in awe,
Glad here to kennel in a pad of ſtraw:
And like an owl, by night to go abroad,
Rooſted all day within an ivy tod,
Among the ſea-cliffs, in the dampy caves,
In charnel-houſes, fit to dwell in graves.
Saw'ſt thou thoſe eyes, in whoſe ſweet cheerful look
Duke Humphry once ſuch joy and pleaſure took?
Sorrow hath ſo deſpoil'd them of all grace,
Thou couldſt not ſay, this was my El'nor's face:
Like a foul gorgon, whoſe diſhevel'd hair
With every blaſt flies glaring in the air;
Some ſtanding up like horns upon my head,
E'en like thoſe women that are in coos bred:
My lank breaſts hang like bladders left unblown,
My ſkin with loathſome jaundice over-grown;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'ſt to ſee
Ruin's true picture, only look on me.
Sometimes, in thinking of what I have had,
I from a ſudden extaſy grow mad:
Then, like a bedlam, forth thy El'nor runs,
Like one of Bacchus' raging frantic nuns;
Or, like a Tartar, when in ſtrange diſguiſe,
Prepar'd unto a diſmal ſacrifice.
That prelate Beauford, a foul ill befall him:
Prelate, ſaid I? nay, devil I ſhould call him:
Ah, God forgive me, if I think amiſs,
His very name, methinks, my poiſon is:
Ah that vile Judas, our profeſſed foe,
My curſe purſue him whereſoe'r he go;
That to my judgment when I did appear,
Laid to my charge thoſe things that never were:
That I ſhould know of Bullenbrook's intents,
(*i*) The hallowing of his magic inſtruments:
That I procured Southwell to aſſiſt,
Which was by order conſecrate a prieſt:
That it was I ſhould cover all they did,
Which but for him had to this day been hid,
Ah that vile baſtard, that himſelf dare vaunt,
To be the ſon of thy great grandſire Gaunt,
Whom he but father'd of mere charity
To rid his mother of that infamy;
Who, if report of elder times be true,
Yet to this day his father never knew.
He that by murther's black and odious crime,
To Henry's throne attempted once to climb,
(*k*) Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain,
A fatal hand his ſovereign to have ſlain,
Whom to his chamber cloſely he convey'd,
And for that purpoſe fitly there had laid.
Upon whoſe ſword that famous prince had dy'd,
If by a dog he had not been deſcry'd.
But now the Queen, her minion pool, and he,
As it pleaſe them, ev'n ſo muſt all things be:
England's no place for any one beſide,
All is too little to maintain their pride.
What of a King hath Henry but the name?
And now ſcarce that, ſo public his defame!
And I pray God I do not live the day,
To ſee his ruin and the realm's decay:
And yet as ſure as Humphry ſeems to ſtand,
He be preſerv'd from the vile traitor's hand.
From Glo'ſter's ſeat I would thou wert eſtrang'd,
Or would to God that dukedom's name were chang'd
For it portends ſome after-ill to us,
Ah Humphry, Humphry, it is ominous!
Yet rather than thy hap ſo hard ſhould be,
I would thou wert here baniſhed with me.
Humhpry, adieu, farewell true noble Lord,
My wiſh is all thy El'nor can afford.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *Though envious* Beauford *ſlander'd me before.*

Noting the extreme hate that Cardinal Beauford had ever born to her.

(*b*) *To magic once I did myſelf apply.*

Elenor Cobham was accuſed by ſome, that fought to withſtand, and miſliked her marriage with Duke Humphry, that ſhe practiſed to give him philters, and ſuch poiſoning potions, to make him love her; as ſhe was ſlandered by Cardinal Beauford, to have lived as the Duke's lemman: againſt the which Cardinal, ſhe exclaimeth in this epiſtle in the verſe before.

(*c*) *Yet* El'nor *brought no foreign armies in;*
To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin.

This was the chief and only thing that ever touched the reputation of this good Duke, that doatingly he married Jacomin, or as ſome call

her, Jaques, daughter and heir to William Bavier, Duke of Holland, before married, and lawful wife to John Duke of Brahant, then living: which after, as it is ſhewed in this verſe following,

(*d*) Brabant *nor* Burgoin *claimed me by force*
Nor ſu'd to Rome, *to haſten my divorce*,

cauſed great wars, by reaſon that the Duke of Burgoin took part with Brabant againſt the Duke of Glouceſter; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adjudged to be delivered back to her former huſband.

(*e*) *Nor* Bedford's *ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter* Ann,
That princely-iſſued great Burgonian.

John Duke of Bedford, that ſcourge of France and the glory of the Engliſhmen, marry'd Ann ſiſter to the Duke of Burgundy, a virtuous and beautiſuly Lady: by which marriage, as alſo by his victories obtained in France, he brought great ſtrength to the Engliſh nation.

(*f*) *Where's Greenwich now, thy* El'nor's *court of late?*

That fair and goodly palace of Greenwich in Kent, was firſt builded by that famous Duke; whoſe rich and pleaſant ſituation might remain an aſſured monument of his wiſdom, if there were no other memory of the fame.

(*g*) *They ſay, the Druids once liu'd in this iſle.*

It ſhould ſeem that there were two iſlands, both of them called *Mona*, though now diſtinguiſhed, the one by the name of *Man*, the other by the name of *Angleſey*; both which were full of many infernal ceremonies, as may appear by Agricola's voyage made into the hithermoſt *Man*, deſcribed by his ſon-in-law Cornelius Tacitus. And as ſuperſtition, the daughter of barbariſm and ignorance, ſo amongſt thoſe northerly nations, like as in America, magic was moſt eſteem'd.

Druids were the public miniſters of their religion, as thoroughly taught in all the rites thereof. Their doctrine concerned the immortality of the ſoul, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to reſolution, fortitude, and magnanimity. Their abode was in groves and woods, whereupon they have their name: their power extended itſelf to maſter the ſouls of men deceaſed, and to confer with ghoſts and ſpirits about the ſucceſs of things.

Plutarch, in his profound and learned diſcourſe of the defect of oracles, reporteth that the outmoſt Britiſh iſles were the priſon of I wot not what Demigods. But I ſhall not need to ſpeak any farther of the *Druidæ*, than that which Lucan doth:

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque ſiniſtrum
Sacrorum, Druidæ *poſitis repetiſtis ab armis.*

(*h*) *Did not the heavens her coming in withſtand?*

Noting the fearful and prodigious ſigns that were ſeen in England a little before her coming in: which Elenor expreſſeth in this epiſtle, as fore-ſhewing the dangers which ſhould enſue upon this unlucky marriage.

(*i*) *The hallowing of his magic inſtruments.*

The inſtruments which Bullenbrook uſed in his conjurations, according to the deviliſh ceremonies and cuſtoms of theſe unlawful arts, were dedicated at a maſs in Harnſey park by Southwell a prieſt of Weſtminſter.

(*k*) *Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain.*

This was one of the articles that Duke Humphry urged againſt the Cardinal Beauford, that he conſpired the death of Henry the Fifth, by conveying a villain into his chamber, which in the night ſhould have murthered him: but what ground of truth he had for the ſame, I leave to diſpute.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

DUKE HUMPHRY TO ELENOR COBHAM.

METHINKS thou ſhould'ſt not doubt I could forget
Her, whom ſo many do remember yet,
" No, no, our joys away like ſhadows ſlide,
" But ſorrows firm in memory abide:
Nay, I durſt anſwer thou durſt nothing leſs,
But into paſſion urg'd by thy diſtreſs.
No El'nor, no thy woes, thy grief, thy wrong,
Have in my breaſt been reſident too long.
Oh, when report in ev'ry place had ſpread,
My El'nor was to ſanctuary fled
With curſed onley, and the witch of eye,
As guilty of their vile conſpiracy;
The dreadful ſpirits when they did invocate,
For the ſucceſſion, and the realm's eſtate:
When Henry's image they in wax had wrought.
By which he ſhould have to his death been brought,
That as his picture did conſume away,
His perſon ſo by ſickneſs ſhould decay:
Grief, that before could ne'er my thoughts controul,
That inſtant took poſſeſſion of my ſoul.
Ah, would to God I could forget thine ill!
As for mine own, let that afflict me ſtill;
But that before hath taken too ſure hold:
Forget it, ſaid I? would to God I could!
Of any woe if thou haſt but one part,
I have the whole remaining in my heart;
I have no need of others cares to borrow,
For all I have is nothing elſe but ſorrow,
No, my ſweet Nell, thou took'ſt not all away,
Though thou went'ſt hence, here ſtill thy woes do ſtay;
Though from thy huſband thou wert forc'd to go,
Thoſe ſtill remain, they will not leave him ſo:
No eye bewails my ill, moans thy diſtreſs,
Our grief's the more, but yet our debt the leſs:
We owe no tears, no mourning days are kept
For thoſe that yet for us have never wept,
We hold no obiits, no ſad exequies,
Upon the death-days of unweeping eyes.
Alas, good Nell, what ſhould thy patience move,
T'upbraid thy kind Lord with a foreign love?
Thou might'ſt have bid all former ills adieu,
Forgot the old, we have ſuch ſtore of new.
Did I omit thy love to entertain,
With mutual grief to anſwer grief again?
Or think'ſt thou I unkindly did forbear
To bandy woe for woe, and tear for tear?
Did I forget, or careleſsly neglect
Thoſe ſhews of love that ladies ſo reſpect?
In mournful black was I not ſeen to go,
By outward ſigns t'expreſs my inward woe?
Did I thy loſs not publicly lament,
Nor by my looks bewray'd my diſcontent?
Is this the cauſe? if this be it, know then,
" One grief conceal'd, more grievous is than ten,"
If in my breaſt thoſe ſorrows ſometimes were,
And never utter'd, they muſt ſtill be there;
And if thou know'ſt they many were before,
By time encreaſing, they muſt needs be more.
England to me can challenge nothing lent
Let her caſt up what is receiv'd, what ſpent:
If I her own, can ſhe from blame be free,
If ſhe but prove a ſtep-mother to me?
That if I ſhould with that proud baſtard ſtrive,
To plead for birth-right my prerogative,
Be that allow'd, I ſhould not need to fear it,
For then my true nobility ſhould bear it:
If counſel aid, that France will tell (I know)
Whoſe towns lie waſte before the Engliſh foe,
When thrice we gave the conquer'd French the foil,
(a) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoile:

If faith avail, theſe arms did Henry hold,
To claim his crown, yet ſcarcely nine months old;
If countries care have leave to ſpeak for me,
Gray hairs in youth my witneſs then may be:
If peoples tongues give ſplendour to my fame,
They add a title to Duke Humphry's name:
If toil at home, French treaſon, Engliſh hate,
Shall tell my ſkill in managing the ſtate;
If foreign travel my ſucceſs may try,
(*b*) Then Flanders, Almain, Boheme, Burgundy,
That robe of Rome proud Beauford now doth wear,
In every place ſuch ſway ſhould never bear:
(*c*) The croſier-ſtaff in his imperious hand,
To be the ſceptre that controuls the land;
That home to England diſpenſations draws,
Which are of power to abrogate our laws:
And for thoſe ſums the wealthy church ſhould pay,
Upon the needy commonalty to lay;
His ghoſtly counſels only do adviſe
(*d*) The means how Langley's progeny may riſe,
Pathing young Henry's unadviſed ways,
A Duke of York from Cambridge houſe to raiſe,
Which after may our title undermine.
Grafted ſince Edward in Gaunt's famous line,
Us of ſucceſſion falſly to deprive,
Which they from Clarence feignedly derive,
Knowing the will old Cambridge ever bore,
To catch the wreath that famous Henry wore:
With Gray and Scroop when firſt he laid the plot,
From us and ours the garland to have got;
As from the March-born Mortimer to reign,
Whoſe title Glendour ſtoutly did maintain,
When the proud Percies, haughty March, and he,
Had ſhar'd the land by equal parts in three.
(*e*) His prieſthood now proud Mowbary will reſtore,
To ſtir the fire that kindled was before:
Againſt the Yorkiſts ſhall their claim advance,
To ſteel the point of Norfolk's ſturdy lance,
Upon the breaſt of Hertford's iſſue bent,
In juſt revenge of ancient baniſhment.
He doth adviſe to let our priſ'ner go,
And doth enlarge the faithleſs Scottiſh foe,
(*f*) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their dow'rs
May bring invaſion upon us and ours.
Ambitious Suffolk ſo the helm doth guide,
With Beauford's damned policies ſupply'd;
He and the Queen in counſel ſtill conſer,
How to raiſe him, who hath advanced her.
But, my dear heart, how vainly do I dream,
And fly from thee, whoſe ſorrows are my theme!
My love to thee and England thus divided,
Which hath the moſt, how hard to be decided?
Or thou, or that, to cenſure I am loth,
So near are you, ſo dear unto me both;
'Twixt that and thee, for equal love I find,
England ungrateful, and my El'nor kind.
But though my country juſtly I reprove,
Yet I for that neglected have my love;
Neverthleſs, thy Humphry's to thee now,
As when freſh beauty triumph'd on thy brow;
As when thy graces I admired moſt,
Or of thy favours might the frankli'ſt boaſt:
Thoſe beauties were ſo infinite before,
That in abundance I was only poor,
Of which, thou time hath taken ſome again,
I aſk no more but what doth yet remain.
Be patient, gentle heart, in thy diſtreſs,
Thou art a Princeſs not a whit the leſs.
Whilſt in theſe breaſts we bear about this life,
I am thy huſband, and thou art my wife.
Caſt not thine eye on ſuch as mounted be,
But look on thoſe caſt down as low as we;
For ſome of them which proudly perch ſo high,
E'er long ſhall come as low as thou or I,
They weep for joy, and let us laugh in woe,
We ſhall exchange, when heav'n will have it ſo;
We mourn, and they in after-time may mourn;
Wo paſt, may once laugh preſent wo to ſcorn;
And worſe than hath been, we can never taſte,
Worſe cannot come, than is already paſt;
" In all extremes, the only depth of ill
" Is that which comforts the afflicted ſtill.
Ah, would to God thou couldſt thy grief deny,
And on my back let all the burthen lye!
Or if thou canſt reſign, make them mine own,
Both in one carriage to be undergone,
Till we again our former hopes recover,
And proſp'rous times blow theſe misfortunes over:
For in the thought of thoſe fore-paſſed years,
Some new reſemblance of old joy appears.
Mutual our care, ſo mutual be our love,
That our affliction never can remove;
So reſt in peace, where peace hath hope to live,
Wiſhing thee more than I myſelf can give.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoile.*
The three famous battles fought by the Engliſhmen in France: Agincourt by Henry the Fifth, againſt the whole power of France: Cravant, fought by Montacute Earl of Saliſbury and the Duke of Burgoin, againſt the Dauphin of France, and William Stuart Conſtable of Scotland: Vernoile, fought by John Duke of Bedford, againſt the Duke of Alanſon, and with him moſt of the nobility of France; Duke Humphry an eſpecial counſellor in all theſe expeditions.

(*b*) *Then Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundy.*
Here remembering the ancient amity which in his embaſſies he had concluded betwixt the King of England, and Sigiſmund Emperor of Almain, drawing the Duke of Burgoin into the ſame league, giving himſelf as an hoſtage for the Duke of Saint Omers, while the Duke came to Calice to confirm the league: with his many other employments to foreign kingdoms.

(*c*) *The croſier ſtaff in his imperious hand.*
Henry Beauford Cardinal of Wincheſter, that proud and haughty Prelate, received the Cardinal's hat at Calice by the Pope's legate; which dignity, Henry the Fifth, his nephew, forbad him to take upon him, knowing his haughty and malicious ſpirit unfit for that robe and calling.

(*d*) *The means how* Langley's *progeny may riſe.*
As willing to ſhew, the houſe of Cambridge to be deſcended of Edmond Langley Duke of York, a younger brother to John of Gaunt his grandfather, (as much as in him lay) to ſmother the title the Yorkiſts made to the crown (from Lionel of Clarence, Gaunt's eldeſt brother) by the daughter of Mortimer.

(*e*) *His prieſthood now ſtern* Mowbray *will reſtore.*
Noting the ancient grudge between the houſe of Lancaſter and Norfolk, ever ſince Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was baniſhed, for the accuſation of Henry duke of Hertford (after that, King of England, and father to Duke Humphry); which accuſation, he came as a combatant to have made good, in the liſts at Coventry.

(*f*) *Giving our heirs in marriage, that their dow'rs.*
James Stuart King of Scots having been long priſoner in England, was releaſed, and took to wife the daughter of John Duke of Somerſet, ſiſter to John Duke of Somerſet, niece to the Cardinal, and the Duke of Exeter, and couſin-german removed to the King: this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemy to England.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO QUEEN MARGARET.

The Argument.

The Duke of Suffolk, *William*, to advance
A lady long belov'd of him in France,
His miſtreſs *Marg'ret*, that duke *Rayner's* child,
Himſelf who of Jeruſalem inſtil'd
The king: this *Pool*, his darling to prefer
Betwixt young *Henry* nam'd the Sixth, and her,
Concludes a marriage; and her ſire to gain,
Gives up the towns of Mons, Anjou, and Main,
To *Rayner* for her: for which lawleſs fact,
The peers him five years baniſhment enact.
When for his lateſt farewel of the queen,
Theſe two epiſtles paſs them two between.

In my diſgrace (dear queen) reſt thy content,
And Margaret's health from Suffolk's baniſhment:
Five years exile were not an hour to me,
But that ſo ſoon I muſt depart from thee;
Where thou not preſent, it is ever night;
All be exil'd, that live not in thy ſight.
Thoſe ſavages which worſhip the ſun's riſe,
Would hate their god, if they beheld thine eyes:
The world's great light, might'ſt thou be ſeen abroad,
Would at our noon-ſtead ever make abode,
And force the poor Antipodes to mourn,
Fearing leſt he would never more return.
Wer't not for thee, it were my great'ſt exile,
To live within the ſea-environ'd iſle.
Pool's courage brooks not limiting in bands,
But that (great queen) thy ſov'reignty commands:
(a) Our faulcons kind cannot the cage endure,
Nor buzzard like doth ſtoop to ev'ry lure;
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.
We all do breathe upon this earthly ball,
Likewiſe one heaven encompaſſeth us all.
" No baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
" Who doth retain a true-reſolved mind.
" Man in himſelf a little world doth bear,
" His ſoul the monarch, ever ruling there:

Wherever then his body doth remain,
" He is a king, that in himſelf doth reign;
" And never feareth fortune's hot'ſt alarms,
" That bears againſt her patience for her arms.
(*b*) This was the mean proud Warwick did invent,
To my diſgrace, at Lei'ſter parliament,
(*c*) That only I, by yielding up of Maio,
Should cauſe the loſs of fertile Aquitain,
(*d*) With the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,
To be the heir of good duke Humphry's name;
And ſo by treaſon ſpotting my pure blood,
Make this a mean to raiſe the Nevils brood.
(*e*) With Sal'ſbury his vile ambitious fire,
In York's ſtern breaſt kindling long-hidden fire;
By Clarence title working to ſupplant
The eagle-airy of great John of Gaunt.
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to pleaſe the raſcal multitude;
(*f*) Urg'd by theſe envious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Crying revenge for the protector's death:
That ſince the old decrepit duke is dead,
By me, of force, he muſt be murthered.
(*g*) If they would know who robb'd him of his life,
Let them call home dame Elenor his wife,
Who with a taper walked in a ſheet,
To light her ſhame at noon through London ſtreet;
And let her bring her necromantic book,
That foul hag Jordan, Hun, and Bullenbrook,
And let them call the ſpirits from hell again,
To know how Humphry dy'd, and who ſhall reign.
(*h*) For twenty years and have I ſerv'd in France,
(*i*) Againſt great Charles and baſtard Orleance,
And ſeen the ſlaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?
(*k*) And have I ſeen Vernoila's batful fields,
Strew'd with ten thouſand helms, ten thouſand ſhields,
Where famous Bedford did our fortune try,
Or France, or England, for the victory?
The ſad inveſting of ſo many towns,
Scor'd on my breaſt in honourable wounds;
When Montacute, and Talbot of much name,
Under my enſign both firſt won their fame:
In heat and cold all theſe have I endur'd,
To rouſe the French, within their walls immur'd;
Through all my life theſe perils have I paſt,
And now to fear a baniſhment at laſt?
Thou know'ſt how I (thy beauty to advance)
For thee refus'd the Infanta of France,
Brake the contract duke Humphry firſt did make
'Twixt Henry and the princeſs Alminack:
Only that here thy preſence I might gain,
I gave duke Rayner Anjou, Mons, and Main;
Thy peerleſs beauty for a dower to bring,
As of itſelf ſufficient for a king.
(*l*) And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike pow'rs,
(*m*) And came myſelf in perſon firſt to Tours,
Th' embaſſadors for truce to entertain,
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary, and Spain:
And to the king, relating of thy ſtory,
My tongue flow'd with ſuch plenteous oratory,
As the report by ſpeaking did endite,
Begetting ſtill more raviſhing delight.
And when my ſpeech did ceaſe (as telling all)
My look ſhew'd more, that was angelical;
And when I breath'd again, and pauſed next,
I left mine eyes dilating on the text:
Then coming of thy modeſty to tell,
In muſic's numbers my voice roſe and fell:
And when I came to paint thy glorious ſtile,
My ſpeech in greater cadences to file,
(*n*) By true deſcent to wear the diadem
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jeruſalem,
As from the gods thou didſt derive thy birth,
If thoſe of heaven could mix with theſe of earth,
Gracing each title that I did recite,
With ſome melliſluous pleaſing epithet:
Nor left him not, till he for love was ſick,
Beholding thee in my ſweet rhetoric.
(*o*) A fifteen's tax in France I freely ſpent
In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;
And ſolemniz'd thy marriage in a gown,
Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:
And only ſtriving how to honour thee,
Gave to my king what thy love gave to me.
Judge if his kindneſs have not pow'r to move,
Who for his love's ſake gave away his love.
Had he, which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom th' old poets long ago did ſing)
(*p*) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep,
Would over-board have caſt his golden ſheep,
As too unworthy ballaſt to be thought,
To peſter room with ſuch perfection fraught.
The briny ſeas, which ſaw the ſhip infold thee,
Would vault up to the hatchets to behold thee,
And falling back, themſelves in thronging fr'other,
Breaking for grief, envying one another:
When the proud bark for joy thy ſteps to feel,
Scorn'd that the brack ſhould kiſs her furrowing keel,
And trick'd in all her flags, herſelf ſhe braves,
Cap'ring for joy upon the ſilver waves:
When like a bull from the Phœnician ſtrand,
Jove with Europa ruſhing from the land,
Upon the boſom of the main doth ſcud,
And with his ſwanniſh breaſt cleaving the flood,
Tow'rd the fair fields, upon the other ſide,
Beareth Agenor's joy, Phœnicia's pride:
All heavenly beauties join themſelves in one,
To ſhew their glory in thine eye alone,
Which when it turneth that celeſtial ball,
A thouſand ſweet ſtars riſe, a thouſand fall.
Who juſtly ſaith, mine, baniſhment to be,
When only France for my recourſe is free?
To view the plains where I have ſeen ſo oft
England's victorious enſigns rais'd aloft;
When this ſhall be a comfort in my way,
To ſee the place, where I may boldly ſay,
Here mighty Bedford forth the vaward led;
Here Talbot charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;
Here with our archers valiant Scales did lie,
Here ſtood the tents of famous Willoughby;

Here Montacute rang'd his unconquer'd band;
Here march'd we out, and here we made a ſtand.
What ſhould we ſit to mourn and grieve all day,
For that which time doth eas'ly take away?
What fortune hurts, let ſuff'rence only heal,
" No wiſdom with extremities to deal."
To know ourſelves to come of human birth,
Theſe ſad afflictions croſs us here on earth;
A puniſhment from the eternal law,
To make us ſtill of heaven to ſtand in awe.
" In vain we prize that at ſo dear a rate,
" Whoſe long'ſt aſſurance bears a minute's date,
" Why ſhould we idly talk of our intent,
" When heav'n's decree no counſel can prevent?
" When our foreſight not poſſibly can ſhun,
" That which the fates determine ſhall be done."
Henry hath pow'r, and may my life depoſe,
Mine honour's mine, that none hath power to loſe.
Then be as cheerful (beauteous royal queen)
As in the court of France we oft have been;
(g) As when arriv'd in Porcheſter's fair road,
(Where, for our coming, Henry made abode)
When in mine arms I brought thee ſafe to land,
And gave my love to Henry's royal band:
The happy hours we paſſed with the king
At fair Southampton long in banqueting;
With ſuch content as lodg'd in Henry's breaſt,
When he to London brought thee from the weſt
Through golden cheap, when he in pomp did ride
To Weſtminſter, to entertain his bride.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Our faulcons kind cannot the cage endure.*
He alludes in theſe verſes to the Faulcon, which was the ancient device of the Pools, comparing the greatneſs and haughtineſs of his ſpirit to the nature of this bird.

(b) *This was the mean proud* Warwick *did invent*
To my diſgrace, &c.
The commons at this parliament, through Warwick's means, accuſed Suffolk of treaſon, and urged the accuſation ſo vehemently, that the king was forced to exile him for five years.

(c) *That only I, by yielding up of Main,*
Should be the loſs of fertile Aquitain.
The duke of Suffolk being ſent into France to conclude a peace, choſe duke Rayner's daughter the lady Margaret, whom he eſpouſed for Henry VI. delivering for her to her father the countries of Anjou and Main, and the city of Mons. Whereupon the earl of Arminack (whoſe daughter was before promiſed to the king) ſeeing himſelf to be deluded, cauſed all the Engliſhmen to be expulſed Aquitain, Gaſcoine, and Guien.

(d) *With the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,*
To be the heir of good duke Humphry's *name.*
This Richard that was called the great earl of Warwick, when duke Humphry was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the commons.

(e) *With* Sal'ſbury, *his vile ambitious fire,*
In York's *ſtern breaſt kindling long-hidden fire,*
By Clarence *title working, to ſupplant*
The eagle-army of great John *of* Gaunt.
Richard Plantagenet duke of York, in the time of Henry the Sixth, claimed the crown (being aſſiſted by this Richard Nevill earl of Saliſbury and and father to the great earl of Warwick, who favoured exceedingly the houſe of York in open parliament, as heir to Lionel duke of Clarence, the third ſon of Edward III. making his title by Ann his mother, wife to Richard earl of Cambridge, ſon to Edmond of Langley duke of York; which Ann was daughter to Roger Mortimer, earl of March; which Roger was ſon and heir to Lionel duke of Clarence the third ſon of king Edward, to whom the crown, after king Richard the ſecond's death lineally deſcended, he dying without iſſue; and not to the heirs of the duke of Lancaſter, that was younger brother to the duke of Clarence. Hall. *cap.* 1. *tit.* Yor. & Lanc.

(f) *Urg'd by theſe envious lords to ſpend their breath,*
Crying revenge on the protector's death.
Humphry duke of Gloceſter, and Lord Protector, in the twenty-fifth year of Henry VI. by the means of the queen and the duke of Suffolk, was arreſted by the lord Beaumont, at the parliament holden at Bury, and the ſame night after murthered in his bed.

(g) *If they wou'd know who robb'd him*, &c. to this verſe,
To know how Humphry *dy'd, and who ſhall reign.*
In theſe verſes he jeſts at the protector's wife, who (being accuſed and convicted of treaſon, becauſe with John Hun a prieſt, Roger Bullenbrook a necromancer, and Margery Jordan, called the witch of Eye, ſhe had conſulted by ſorcery to kill the king) was adjudged to perpetual priſon in the iſle of Man, and to do penance openly in three public places in London.

(*b*) *For twenty years and have I ſerv'd in France!*
In the ſixth year of Henry VI. the duke of Bedford being deceaſed, then Lieutenant General and Regent of France, this duke of Suffolk was promoted to that dignity, having the lord Talbot, lord Scales, and the lord Montacute to aſſiſt him.

(*i*) *Againſt great* Charles *and baſtard* Orleance.
This was Charles VII. who after the death of Henry V. obtained the crown of France, and recovered again much of that his father had loſt. Baſtard Orleance was ſon to the duke of Orleance, begotten of the lord Cawny's wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, becauſe he being a moſt valiant captain, was a continual enemy to the Engliſhmen, daily infeſting them with divers incurſions.

(*k*) *And have I ſeen Vernoila's baſful fields.*
Vernoile is that noted place in France, where the great battle was fought in the beginning of Henry the ſixth's reign, where moſt of the French chivalry were overcome by the duke of Bedford.

(*l*) *And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike powers.*
Aumerle is that ſtrong defenced town in France, which the duke of Suffolk got after four and twenty great aſſaults given unto it.

(*m*) *And came myſelf in perſon firſt to Tours,*
Th' embaſſadors for truce to entertain,
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary and Spain.
Tours is a city in France built by Brutus as he came into Britain; where, in the one and twentieth year of the reign of Henry VI. was appointed a great diet to be kept, whither came embaſſadors of the empire, Spain, Hungary, and Denmark, to intreat for a perpetual peace to be made between the two kings of England and France.

(*n*) *By true deſcent to wear the diadem*
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jeruſalem.
Rayner duke of Anjou, father to queen Margaret, called himſelf king of Naples, Sicily, and Jeruſalem, having the title alone of the king of thoſe countries.

(*o*) *A fifteen's tax in France I freely ſpent.*
The duke of Suffolk, after the marriage concluded between king Henry and Margaret daughter to duke Rayner, aſked in open parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

(*p*) *Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep.*
Diep is a town in France bordering upon the ſea, where the duke of Suffolk with queen Margaret took ſhip for England.

(*q*) *As when arriv'd in Porcheſter's fair road.*
Porcheſter, a haven town in the ſouthweſt part of England, near where Portſmouth now ſtands, which owes its riſe to the decay of Port *Poris*, or *Porceſter*, once a ſea-port of great note, till the harbour was almoſt abandoned by the ſea, and the greateſt part of the inhabitants removed into the little iſland of *Portſea*, and built the town of *Portſmouth* at this *Porcheſter*, where the king tarried, expecting the queen's arrival, whom from thence he conveyed to Southampton.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN MARGARET TO WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

What news (ſweet Pool) look'ſt thou my lines ſhould tell,
But like the tolling of the doleful bell,
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the grave?
Expect from me no other news to have.
My breaſt, which once was mirth's imperial throne,
A vaſt and deſert wilderneſs is grown:
Like that cold region, from the world remote,
On whoſe breem ſeas the icy mountains flote;
Where thoſe poor creatures, baniſh'd from that light,
Do live impris'ned in continual night.
No object greets my ſoul's internal eyes,
But divinations of ſad tragedies;
And care takes up her ſolitary inn,
Where youth and joy their court did once begin.
As in September, when our year reſigns
The glorious ſun to the cold wat'ry ſigns,
Which through the clouds looks on the earth in ſcorn;
The little bird, yet to ſalute the morn,
Upon the naked branches ſets her foot,
The leaves then lying on the moſſy root,
And there a ſilly chirriping doth keep,
As though ſhe fain would ſing, yet fain would weep,
Praiſing fair ſummer, that too ſoon is gone,
Or ſad for winter, too faſt coming on:
In this ſtrange plight I mourn for thy depart,
Becauſe that weeping cannot eaſe my heart.
Now to our aid who ſtirs the neighb'ring kings?
Or who from France a puiſſant army brings?
Who moves the Norman to abet our war?
(*a*) Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaſter?
(*b*) Who in the North our lawful claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant friends?
To whom ſhall I my ſecret griefs impart?
Whoſe breaſt ſhall be the cloſet of my heart?
The ancient heroes fame thou doſt revive,
As from all them thyſelf thou didſt derive:
Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,
Alone in Pool ſhe was too prodigal;
Of ſo divine and rich a temper wrought,
As heav'n for thee perfection's depth had ſought,
Well knew King Henry what he pleaded for,
When he choſe thee to be his orator;
Whoſe angel eye, by powerful influence,
Doth utter more than human eloquence:
That if again Jove would his ſports have try'd,
He in thy ſhape himſelf would only hide;
Which in his love might be of greater pow'r,
Than was his nymph, his flame, his ſwan, his ſhow'r.
(*c*) To that allegiance York was bound by oath,
To Henry's heirs, for ſafety of us both;
No longer now he means record ſhall bear it,
He will diſpenſe with heaven, and will unſwear it,
He that's in all the world's black ſins forlorn,
Is careleſs now how oft he be forſworn;
And here of late his title hath ſet down,
By which he makes his claim unto our crown.
And now I hear his hateful Ducheſs chats,
And rips up their deſcent unto her brats,
And bleſſeth them as England's lawful heirs,
And tells them that our diadem is theirs:
And if ſuch hap her goddeſs Fortune bring,
(*d*) If three ſons fail, ſhe'll make the fourth a king.

(e) He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dick,
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd stigmatic,
That like a carcass stol'n out of a tomb,
Came the wrong way out of his mother's womb,
With teeth in's head, his passage to have torn,
As though begot an age ere he was born.
Who now shall curb proud York, when he shall rise?
Or arm our right against his enterprise,
To crop that bastard weed, which daily grows,
(f) To over-shadow our vermillion rose?
(g) Or who will muzzle that unruly bear,
Whose presence strikes our peoples hearts with fear?
Whilst on his knees this wretched king is down,
To save them labour, reaching at his crown,
Where like a mounting cedar, he should bear
His plumed top aloft into the air;
And let these shrubs sit underneath his shrowds,
Whilst in his arms he doth embrace the clouds.
O, that he should his father's right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mighty spirit!
How were those pow'rs dispers'd, or whither gone,
Should sympathise in generation?
Or what opposed influence had force,
So much t' abuse and alter nature's course?
"All other creatures follow after kind,
"But man alone doth not beget the mind."
(h) My daisy flow'r, which erst perfum'd the air,
Which for my favour princes deign'd to wear,
Now in the dust lies trodden on the ground,
And with York's garlands ev'ry one is crown'd:
When now his rising waits on our decline,
And in our setting he begins to shine;
Now in the skies that dreadful comet weaves,
(i) And who be stars, but Warwick's bearded staves?
And all those knees, which bended once so low,
Grow stiff, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none, like them, pursue me with dispite,
Which most have cry'd, God save Queen Margaret.
When fame shall bruit thy banishment abroad,
The Yorkist's faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our Western coast,
O, how that hag, dame Elenor, will boast!
And labour straight, by all the means she can,
To be call'd home out of the Isle of Man;
To which I know great Warwick will consent,
To have it done by act of parliament:
That to my teeth my birth she may defy,
(k) Sland'ring Duke Rayner with base beggary:
The only way she could devise to grieve me,
Wanting sweet Suffolk, which should most relieve me,
And from that stock doth sprout another bloom,
(l) A Kentish rebel, a base up-start groom:
(m) And this is he the white rose must prefer
By Clarence' daughter, match'd with Mortimer.
Thus by York's means this rascal peasant Cade,
Must in all haste Plantagenet be made:
For that ambitious duke sets all on work,
To found what friends affect the claim of York,
Whilst he abroad doth practise to command,
(n) And makes us weak by strength'ning Ireland:
More his own power still seeking to increase,
Than for King Henry's good or England's peace.
(o) Great Winchester untimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes should be increas'd.
Beauford, whose shoulders proudly bare up all,
The church's prop, that famous Cardinal.
The commons (bent to mischief) never let
(p) With France t' upbraid the valiant Somerset,
Railing in tumults on his soldiers loss;
Thus all goes backward, cross comes after cross:
And now of late Duke Humphry's old allies,
With banish'd Elenor's base accomplices,
Attending their revenge, grow wond'rous crouse,
And threaten death and vengeance to our house:
And I alone the last poor remnant am,
(q) T' endure these storms with woful Buckingham.
I pray thee, Pool, have care how thou do'st pass,
Never the sea yet half so dangerous was:
(r) And one foretold by water thou should'st die,
(Ah! foul befal the foul tongue's prophesie:)
Yet I by night am troubled in my dreams,
That I do see thee toss'd in dangerous streams;
And oft times shipwreck'd, cast upon the land,
And lying breathless on the queachy sand:
And oft in visions see thee in the night,
Where thou at sea maintain'st a dangerous fight,
And with thy proved target and thy sword,
Beat'st back the pirate which would come aboard.
Yet be not angry, that I warn thee thus,
"The truest love is most suspicious."
Sorrow doth utter what it still doth grieve:
But hope forbids us sorrow to believe;
And in my counsel yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I think amiss.
Then live in hope, in triumph to return,
When clearer days shall leave in clouds to mourn.
But so hath sorrow girt my soul about,
That that word Hope (methinks) comes slowly out:
The reason is, I know it here would rest,
Where it might still behold thee in my breast.
Farewel, sweet Pool, fain more I would indite,
But that my tears do blot what I do write.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *Or brings in* Burgoin *to aid* Lancaſter.

Philip duke of Burgoin and his ſon were always great favourites of the houſe of Lancaſter; howbeit they often diſſembled both with Lancaſter and York.

(*b*) *Who in the north our lawful claim commends,*
To win us credit with our valiant friends?

The chief lords of the north parts in the time of Henry the ſixth withſtood the duke of York at his riſing, giving him two great overthrows.

(*c*) *To that allegiance* York *was bound by oath,*
To Henry's *heirs, for ſafety of us both;*
No longer now he means record ſhall bear it,
He will with heav'n diſpenſe, and will unſwear it.

The duke of York at the death of Henry fifth, and at this king's coronation, took his oath to be true ſubject to him and his heirs for ever: but afterwards diſpenſing therewith, claimed the crown as his rightful and proper inheritance.

(*d*) *If three ſons fail, ſhe'll make the fourth a king.*

The duke of York had four ſons: Edward earl of March that afterwards was duke of York and king of England, when he had depoſed Henry the ſixth; and Edmond earl of Rutland, ſlain by the lord Clifford at the battle at Wakefield: and George duke of Clarence that was murthered in the Tower; and Richard duke of Gloceſter, who was (after he had murthered his brother's ſons) king, by the name of Richard the third.

(*e*) *He that's ſo like his dam, her youngeſt* Dick,
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd ſtigmatic, &c.
Till this verſe, *As though begot an age,* &c.

This Richard (whom ironically ſhe calls Dick) that by treaſon, after the murther of his nephews, obtained the crown, was a man low of ſtature, crook'd back'd, the left ſhoulder much higher than the right, and of a very crabbed and ſower countenance. His mother could not be delivered of him; he was born toothed, and with his feet forward, contrary to the courſe of nature.

(*f*) *To overſhadow our vermilion roſe.*

The Red Roſe was the badge of the houſe of Lancaſter, and the White Roſe of York; which, by the marriage of Henry the ſeventh with Elizabeth, indubitable heir of the houſe of York, were happily united.

(*g*) *Or who will muzzle that unruly bear?*

The earl of Warwick, the ſetter up and puller down of kings, gave for his arms the White Bear rampant, and the ragged Staff.

(*h*) *My daiſy flower, which erſt perfum'd the air,*
Which for my favour princes deign'd to wear,
Now in the duſt lies, &c.

The daiſy in French is called *Margarite*, which was queen Margaret's badge: wherewithal the nobility and chivalry of the land at her firſt arrival were ſo delighted, that they wore it in their hats in token of honour.

(*i*) *And who be ſtars, but* Warwick's *bearded ſtaves?*

The ragged or bearded ſtaff, was a part of the arms belonging to the earldom of Warwick.

(*k*) *Sland'ring duke* Rayner *with baſe beggary.*

Rayner duke of Anjou, called himſelf king of Naples, Sicily, and Jeruſalem, who had neither inheritance, nor received any tribute from thoſe parts; and was not able at the marriage of the queen at his own charges to ſend her into England, though he gave no dower with her: which, by the ducheſs of Gloceſter, was often in diſgrace caſt in her teeth.

(*l*) *A Kentiſh rebel, a baſe upſtart groom.*

This was Jack Cade, who cauſed the Kentiſh men to rebel in the twenty-eighth year of king Henry the ſixth.

(*m*) *And this is he the white roſe muſt prefer,*
By Clarence' *daughter match'd to* Mortimer.

This Jack Cade, inſtructed by the duke of York, pretended to be deſcended from Mortimer, who married lady Philip daughter to the duke of Clarence.

(*n*) *And makes us weak by ſtrengthening* Ireland.

The duke of York being made deputy of Ireland, firſt there began to practiſe his long pretended purpoſe, and ſtrengthening himſelf by all means poſſible, that he might at his return into England, by open war claim that which ſo long before he had privily gone about to obtain.

(*o*) *Great* Winchester *untimely is deceas'd.*

Henry Beauford, biſhop and cardinal of Winchester, ſon to John of Gaunt, begot in his age,

was a proud and ambitious prelate, favouring mightily the queen and the duke of Suffolk, continually heaping up innumerable treasure, in hope to have been pope, as himself on his death-bed confessed.

(*p*) *With France t' upbraid the valiant* Somerset.
Edmond duke of Somerset, in the twenty-fourth year of Henry the sixth, was made regent of France, and sent into Normandy to defend the English territories against the French invasions: but in short time he lost all that king Henry the fifth won; for which cause, the nobles and commons ever after hated him.

(*q*) *T' endure these storms with woful* Buckingham.
Humphry duke of Buckingham was a great favourite of the queen's faction in the time of Henry the sixth.

(*r*) *And one foretold by water thou shouldst die.*
The witch of *Eye* received answer from her spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of water: which the queen forewarns him of, as remembering the witch's prophesy; which afterwards came to pass.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

EDWARD IV. TO MRS. SHORE.

The Argument.

Edward the Fourth, bewitch'd with the report
Of Miſtreſs *Shore*, reſounded through his court,
Steals to the city in a ſtrange diſguiſe,
To view that beauty, whoſe tranſpiercing eyes
Had ſhot ſo many: which did ſo content
The amorous king, that inſtantly he ſent
Theſe lines to her, whoſe graces did allure him;
Whoſe anſwer back doth of her love aſſure him.

To thee, the fair'ſt that ever breath'd this air,
(*a*) From Engliſh Edward, to the faireſt fair;
Ah, would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remain of Shore,
To countermand a monarch's high deſire,
And bar mine eyes of what they moſt admire!
O, why ſhould fortune make the city proud,
To give that more, than is the court allow'd?
Where they, (like wretches) hoard it up to ſpare,
And do engroſs it, as they do their ware.
When fame firſt blaz'd thy beauty here in court,
Mine ears repuls'd it, as a light report:
But when mine eyes ſaw what mine ear had heard,
They thought report too niggardly had ſpar'd;
And ſtrucken dumb with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiving more than it had words to utter.
Then think of what thy huſband is poſſeſt,
When I malign the wealth wherewith he's bleſt;
" When much abundance makes the needy mad,
" Who having all, yet knows not what is had:
" Into fools boſoms this good fortune creeps,
" And ſums come in, whilſt the baſe miſer ſleeps."
If now thy beauty be of ſuch eſteem,
Which all of ſo rare excellency deem;
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a kingly ſtate?
Which being now but in ſo mean a bed,
Is like an uncut diamond in lead,
Ere it be ſet in ſome high-prized ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamelling;
We ſee the beauty of the ſtone is ſpilt,
Wanting the gracious ornament of gilt.
(*b*) When firſt attracted by thy heavenly eyes,
I came to ſee thee in a ſtrange diſguiſe,
Paſſing thy ſhop, thy huſband call'd me back,
Demanding what rare jewel I did lack.
I want (thought I) one that I dare not crave,
And one (I fear) thou wilt not let me have.
He calls for caſkets forth, and ſhews me ſtore;
But yet I knew he had one jewel more,
And deadly curſt him, that he did deny it,
That I might not for love or money buy it.
O, might I come a diamond to buy,
That had but ſuch a luſtre as thine eye,

Would not my treaſure ſerve, my crown ſhould go,
If any jewel could be prized ſo!
An agat, branched with thy bluſhing ſtrains;
A ſaphir, but ſo azur'd as thy veins;
My kingly ſcepter only ſhould redeem it,
At ſuch a price if judgment could eſteem it.
How fond and ſenſeleſs be thoſe ſtrangers then,
Who bring in toys, to pleaſe the Engliſhmen?
I ſmile to think how fond th' Italians are,
To judge their artificial gardens rare;
When London in thy cheeks can ſhew them here
Roſes and lilies growing all the year.
The Portugueſe, that only hopes to win,
By bringing ſtones from fartheſt India in;
When happy Shore can bring them forth a girl,
Whoſe lips be rubies, and her teeth be pearl.
(c) How ſilly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring us cryſtal from the frozen main?
When thy clear ſkin's tranſparence doth ſurpaſs
Their cryſtal, as the diamond doth glaſs.
The fooliſh French, which bring in traſh and toys,
To turn our women, men, our girls to boys,
When with what tire thou do'ſt thyſelf adorn,
That for a faſhion only ſhall be worn;
Which though it were a garment but of hair,
More rich than robe that ever empreſs ware.
Methinks, thy huſband takes his mark awry,
To ſet his plate to ſale, when thou art by;
When they which do thy angel-locks behold,
As the baſe droſs do but reſpect his gold,
And wiſh one hair before that maſſy heap,
And but one lock, before the wealth of Cheap:
And for no cauſe elſe hold we gold ſo dear,
But that it is ſo like unto thy hair.
And ſure, I think, Shore cannot chuſe but ſtout,
Such as would find the great elixir out,
And laugh to ſee the Alchymiſts, that choak
Themſelves with fumes, and waſte their wealth in ſmoak;
When if thy hand but touch the groſſeſt mold,
It is converted to refined gold:
When theirs is chaff'red at an eaſy rate,
Well known to all to be adulterate;
And is no more, when it by thine is ſet,
Than paltry beugle, or light-prized jet.
Let others wear perfumes, for thee unmeet;
If there were none, thou couldſt make all things ſweet;
Thou comfort'ſt ev'ry ſenſe with ſweet repaſt,
To hear, to ſee, to ſmell, to feel, to taſte:
Like a rich ſhip, whoſe very refuſe ware,
Aromaticks and precious odors are.
If thou but pleaſe to walk into the Pawn,
To buy the cambric, callico, or lawn,
If thou the whiteneſs of the ſame wouldſt prove,
From thy far whiter hand pluck off thy glove;
And thoſe which by as the beholders ſtand,
Will take thy hand for lawn, lawn for thy hand.
A thouſand eyes clos'd up by envious night,
Do wiſh for day, but to enjoy thy ſight,
And when they once have bleſt their eyes with thee,
Scorn ev'ry object elſe, what e'er they ſee:
So like a goddeſs beauty ſtill controuls,
And hath ſuch pow'rful working in our ſouls,
The merchant, which in traffic ſpends his life,
Yet loves at home to have a dainty wife:
The blunt-ſpoke cynic, poring on his book,
Sometimes (aſide) at beauty loves to look:
The church-man, by whoſe teaching we are led,
Allows what keeps love in the marriage bed:
The bloody ſoldier, ſpent in dang'rous broils,
With beauty yet content to ſhare his ſpoils:
The buſy lawyer wrangling in his pleas,
Findeth that beauty gives his labour eaſe:
The toiling tradeſman, and the ſweating clown,
Would have his wench fair, though his bread be brown.
So much is beauty pleaſing unto all,
That prince and peaſant equally doth call;
Nor never yet did any man deſpiſe it,
Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.
Unlearn'd is learning, artleſs be all arts,
If not employ'd to praiſe thy ſev'ral parts:
Poor plodding ſchool-men they are far too low,
Which by probations, rules, and axioms go;
He muſt be familiar with the ſkies,
Which notes the revolutions of thine eyes:
And by that ſkill which meaſures ſea and land,
See beauties all, thy waiſt, thy foot, thy hand;
Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights, as are both ſtrange and new,
And other worlds of beauty more and more,
Which never were diſcovered before:
And to thy rare proportion, to apply
The lines and circles in geometry,
Uſing alone arithmetic's ſtrong ground,
Numbring the virtues that in thee are found:
And when all theſe have done what they can do,
For thy perfections all too little too.
When from the eaſt the dawn hath gotten out,
And gone to ſeek thee all the world about,
Within thy chamber hath ſhe fix'd her light,
Where, but that place, the world hath all been night:
Then is it fit that ev'ry vulgar eye
Should ſee love banquet in her majeſty?
" We deem thoſe things our ſight doth moſt frequent,
" To be but mean, although moſt excellent:
" For ſtrangers ſtill the ſtreets are ſwept and ſtrow'd,
" Few look on ſuch as daily come abroad:
" Things much reſtrain'd, do make us much deſire 'em,
" And beauties ſeldom ſeen, make us admire them."
Nor is it fit a city ſhop ſhould hide
The world's delight, and nature's only pride;
But in a prince's ſumptuous gallery,
Hung all with tiſſue, floor'd with tapeſtry,

Where thou ſhall ſit, and from thy ſtate ſhall ſee
The tilts and triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the diff'rence (if thou liſt to prove)
Betwixt a vulgar and a kingly love:
And when thou find'ſt, as now thou doubt'ſt, the troth,
Be thou thyſelf unpartial judge of both.
Where hearts be knit, what helps, if not, enjoy?
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy:
Whilſt lazy time his turn by tarriance ſerves,
Love ſtill grows ſickly, and hope daily ſtarves:
Mean while, receive that warrant by theſe lines,
Which princely rule and ſov'reignty reſigns;
Till when, theſe papers, by their lord's command,
By me ſhall kiſs thy ſweet and dainty hand.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epiſtle of Edward to Miſtreſs Shore, and of hers to him being of unlawful affection, miniſtreth ſmall occaſion of hiſtorical notes; for had he mentioned the many battles betwixt the Lancaſter faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had been more like to Plautus' boaſting ſoldier, than a kingly courtier. Notwithſtanding it ſhall not be amiſs to annex a line or two.

(a) From Engliſh Edward to the faireſt fair.

Edward the Fourth was by nature very chivalrous, and very amorous, applying his ſweet amiable aſpect to attain his wanton appetite the rather: which was ſo well known to Lewis the French King, who at their interview invited him to Paris, that as Comineus reports, being taken at his word, he notwithſtanding brake off the matter, fearing the Pariſian dames, with their witty converſation, would detain him longer than ſhould be for his benefit: by which means, Edward was diſappointed of his journey. And albeit princes, whilſt they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not miſtruſt the flattery of the court in thoſe times. For certain it is, that his ſhape was excellent; his hair drew near to a black, making his face's favour to ſeem more delectable: though the ſmallneſs of his eyes, full of ſhining moiſture, as it took away ſome comelineſs, ſo it argued much ſharpneſs of underſtanding, and cruelty mingled together. And indeed, George Buchanan (that imperious Scot) chargeth him, and other princes of thoſe times with affection of tyranny; as Richard the Third manifeſtly did.

(b) When firſt attracted by thy heavenly eyes.

Edward's intemperate deſires, by which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his offspring were puniſhed, is univerſally known. A mirrour, repreſenting their overſight, that rather leave their children what to poſſeſs, than what to imitate.

(c) How ſilly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring us cryſtal from the frozen main?

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine cryſtal to be a kind of ice; and therefore it is likely, they who came from thoſe frozen parts, ſhould bring great ſtore of that tranſparent ſtone, which is thought to be congealed with extreme cold. Whether cryſtal be ice, or ſome other liquor, I omit to diſpute: yet by the examples of amber and coral, there may be ſuch an induration: for Solinus out of Pliny mentioneth, that in the northerly region a yellow gelly is taken up out of the ſea at low tides which he calls Succinum, we Amber. So likewiſe out of the Liguſtic deep, a part of the Mediterranean ſea, a greeniſh ſtalk is gathered, which hardened in the air, comes to be coral, either white or red. Amber notwithſtanding is thought to drop out of trees; as appears by Martial's epigram:

Et latet & lucet, Phaetontide condita gutta,
Ut videatur apis nectare clauſa ſuo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credibile eſt ipſam ſic voluiſſe mori.

To behold a bee incloſed in *Electrum*, is not ſo rare, as that a boy's throat ſhould be cut with the fall of an iceſicle; the which epigram is excellent, the 18 *li.* 4. He calls it *Phaetontis gutta*, becauſe of that fable which Ovid rehearſeth concerning the *Heliades* or *Phaeton's* ſiſters, metamorphoſed into thoſe trees whoſe gum is amber, where flies alighting, are oftentimes tranſlucently impriſoned.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

THE EPISTLE OF MRS. SHORE TO EDWARD IV.

As the weak child, that from the mother's wing
Is taught the lute's delicious fingering,
At ev'ry ſtring's ſoft touch is mov'd with fear,
Noting his maſter's curious liſt'ning ear,
Whoſe trembling hand at ev'ry ſtrain bewrays,
In what doubt he his new-ſet leſſon plays:
As this poor child, ſo ſit I to indite,
At every word ſtill quaking as I write.
(*a*) Would I had led an humble ſhepherd's life,
Nor known the name of Shore's admired wife.
And liv'd with them in country fields that range,
Nor ſeen the golden cheap, nor glitt'ring 'change.
Here, like a Comet gaz'd at in the ſkies,
Subject to all tongues, object to all eyes:
Oft have I heard my beauty prais'd of many,
But never yet ſo much admir'd of any:
A Prince's eagle-eye to find out that,
Which common men do ſeldom wonder at,
Makes me to think affection flatters ſight,
Or in the object ſomething exquiſite.
" To houſed beauty ſeldom ſtoops report,
" Fame muſt attend on that which lives in court.
What ſwan of bright Apollo's brood doth ſing,
To vulgar love, in courtly ſonneting?
Or what immortal poet's ſugar'd pen
Attends the glory of a citizen?
Oft have I wondered what ſhould blind your eye,
Or what ſo far ſeduced Majeſty,
That having choice of beauties ſo divine,
Amongſt the moſt, to chuſe this leaſt of mine
More glorious ſons adorn fair London's pride,
Than all rich England's continent beſide;
That who t' account their multitudes would wiſh,
(*b*) Might number Romney's flow'rs, or Iſis' fiſh.
Who doth frequent our temples, walks, and ſtreets,
Noting the ſundry beauties that he meets,
That if but ſome one beauty ſhould incite
Some ſacred muſe, ſome raviſh'd ſpirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true Promethean fire,
That after-ages ſhould his lines admire;
Gathering the honey from the choiceſt flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd weeds in country bow'rs.
Here, in this garden only, ſprings the roſe,
In ev'ry common hedge the bramble grows:
Nor are we ſo turn'd Neapolitan,
(*c*) That might incite ſome foul-mouth'd Mantuan,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And have juſt cauſe to rail upon our ſex:
To prank old wrinkles up in new attire,
To alter nature's courſe, prove time a liar,
To abuſe fate, and heav'n's juſt doom reverſe,
On beauty's grave to ſet a crimſon hearſe,
With a deceitful foil to lay a ground,
To make a glaſs to ſeem a diamond:
Nor cannot, without hazard of our name,
In faſhion follow the Venetian dame:
Nor the fantaſtic French to imitate,
Attir'd half Spaniſh, half Italianate;
With waiſt, nor curl, body, nor brow adorn,
That is in Florence or in Genoa born.
But with vain boaſts how witleſs fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine own indignity?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to love belong,
Yet he which now's poſſeſſed of the room,
Crop'd beauty's flow'r when it was in the bloom,
And goes away enriched with the ſtore,
Whilſt others glean, where he hath reap'd before;
And he dares ſwear that I am true and juſt,
And ſhall I then deceive his honeſt truſt?
Or what ſtrange hope ſhould make you to aſſail,
Where the ſtrong'ſt batt'ry never could prevail?

Belike you think that I repuls'd the reſt,
To leave a king the conqueſt of my breaſt,
And have thus long preſerv'd myſelf from all,
To have a monarch glory in my fall;
Yet rather let me die the vileſt death,
Than live to draw that ſin-polluted breath.
But our kind hearts men's tears cannot abide,
And we leaſt angry oft, when moſt we chide.
Too well know men what our creation made us,
And nature too well taught them to invade us:
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to ſpeak, to ſue, and to forbear;
By ſigns, by ſighs, by motions, and by tears,
When vows ſhould ſerve, when oaths, when ſmiles, when pray'rs;
What one delight our humours moſt doth move,
Only in that you make us nouriſh love.
If any natural blemiſh blot our face,
You do proteſt, it gives our beauty grace;
And what attire we moſt are us'd to wear,
That, of all other excellent'ſt, you ſwear:
And if we walk, or ſit, or ſtand, or lie,
It muſt reſemble ſome one deity;
And what you know we take delight to hear,
That you are ever founding in our ear:
And yet ſo ſhameleſs, when you tempt us thus,
To lay the fault on beauty and on us.
Rome's wanton Ovid did thoſe rules impart,
O, that your nature ſhould be help'd with art!
Who would have thought, a king that cares to reign,
Inforc'd by love, ſo poet-like ſhou'd feign?
To ſay that beauty, time's ſtern rage to ſhun,
In my cheeks (lilies) hid her from the ſun;
And when ſhe meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her eaſt, and here ſhe broke her day?
And that fair ſummer ſtill is in my ſight,
And but where I am, all the world is night;
As though the fair'ſt e'er ſince the world began,
To me, a ſun-burnt baſe Egyptian.
But yet I know more than I mean to tell,
(O, would to God you knew it not too well!)
That women oft their moſt admirers raiſe,
Though publicly not flatt'ring their own praiſe.
Our churliſh huſbands, which our youth enjoy'd,
Who with our dainties have their ſtomachs cloy'd,
Do loath our ſmooth hands with their lips to feel,
T' inrich our favours, by our beds to kneel;
At our command to wait, to ſend, to go,
As ev'ry hour our am'rous ſervants do;
Which makes a ſtol'n kiſs often we beſtow,
In earneſt of a greater good we owe:
When he all day torments us with a frown,
Yet ſports with Venus in a bed of down;
Whoſe rude embracement but too ill beſeems
Her ſpan-broad waiſt, her white and dainty limbs:
And yet ſtill preaching abſtinence of meat,
When he himſelf of ev'ry diſh will eat.
Blame you our huſbands then, if they deny
Our public walking, our looſe liberty?
If with exception ſtill they us debar
(*d*) The circuit of the public theatre:
To hear the poet in a comic ſtrain,
Able t' infect with his laſcivious ſcene:
And the young wanton wits, when they applaud
The ſly perſwaſion of ſome ſubtle bawd;
Or paſſionate tragedian, in his rage
Acting a love-ſick paſſion on the ſtage:
(*e*) When though abroad reſtraining us to roam,
They very hardly keep us ſafe at home;
And oft are touch'd with fear and inward grief,
Knowing rich prizes ſooneſt tempt a thief.
What ſports have we, whereon our minds to ſet?
Our dog, our parrot, or our marmozet,
Or once a week to walk into the field;
Small is the pleaſure that theſe toys do yield;
But to this grief a med'cine you apply,
To cure reſtraint with that ſweet liberty;
And ſov'reignty (O that bewitching thing!)
Yet made more great by promiſe of a king;
And more, that honour which doth moſt intice
The holieſt nun, and ſhe that's ne'er ſo nice.
Thus ſtill we ſtrive, yet overcome at length,
For men want mercy, and poor women ſtrength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men reſiſt,
When kings once come, they conquer as they liſt.
Thou art the cauſe Shore pleaſeth not my ſight,
That his embraces give me no delight;
Thou art the cauſe I to myſelf am ſtrange,
Thy coming is my full, thy ſet my change.
Long winter nights be minutes, if thou here;
Short minutes, if thou abſent, be a year.
And thus by ſtrength thou art become my fate,
And mak'ſt me love even in the midſt of hate.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *Would I had led an humble ſhepherd's life,*
Nor known the name of Shore's *admired wife.*

Two or three poems written by ſundry men have magnified this woman's beauty; whom, that ornament of England and London's more particular glory, Sir Thomas More, very highly hath praiſed for her beauty, ſhe being alive in his time, though being poor and aged. Her ſtature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and ſmooth, her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. That picture which I have ſeen of hers, was ſuch as ſhe roſe out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, caſt under one arm over her ſhoulder, and ſitting in a chair, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where ſhe was born, is not certainly known: but Shore, a young man of right goodly perſon, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed, after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. cauſing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, commanded that no man ſhould relieve her; which the tyrant did not ſo much for his hatred to ſin, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treaſons the more cunningly.

(*b*) *May number Rumney's flow'rs, or Iſis' fiſh.*

Rumney is that famous marſh in Kent, at whoſe ſide Rye, a haven town doth ſtand: hereof the excellent Engliſh antiquary, Mr. Camden, and Mr. Lambert in his perambulation, do make mention. And marſhes are commonly called thoſe low grounds which abut upon the ſea, and from the Latin word are ſo denominated. *Iſis* is here uſed for *Thameſis*, by a Synecdochical kind of ſpeech, or by a poetical liberty, in uſing one for another: for it is ſaid that *Thameſis* is compounded of *Tame* and *Iſis*, making, when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a city much more renowned than that water: which being plentiful of fiſh, is the cauſe alſo why all things elſe are plentiful therein. Moreover, I am perſuaded, that there is no river in the world beholds more ſtately buildings on either ſide, clean thorough, than the Thames. Much is reported of the grand canal in Venice, for that the fronts on either ſide are ſo gorgeous.

(*c*) *That might incite ſome foul-mouth'd Mantuan*

Mantuan, a paſtoral poet, in one of his eclogues bitterly inveigheth againſt womankind; ſome of which, by way of an appendix might be here inſerted, ſeeing the fantaſtic and inſolent humours of many of that ſex deſerve much ſharper phyſic, were it not that they are grown wiſer than to amend for ſuch an idle poet's ſpeech as Mantuan; yea, or for Euripides himſelf, or Seneca's inflexible Hippolitus.

(*d*) *The circuit of the public theatre.*

Ovid, a moſt fit author for ſo diſſolute a ſectary, calls that place chaſtity's ſhipwreck: for though Shore's wife wantonly pleads for liberty, which is the true humour of a courtezan; yet much more is the praiſe of modeſty than of ſuch liberty. Howbeit, the Veſtal nuns had ſeats aſſigned them in the Roman theatre; whereby it ſhould appear, it was counted no impeachment to modeſty, though they offending herein were buried quick: a ſharp law for them, who may ſay as Shore's wife does,

(*e*) *When though abroad reſtraining us to roam,*
They very hardly keep us ſafe at home.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

MARY THE FRENCH QUEEN
TO CHARLES BRANDON DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

The Argument.

Henry the Eighth, firm friendſhip to unite
With France, beſtows the lady *Mary* bright,
His younger ſiſter, on king *Lewis*, then
Being lame and aged; but ſhe, of all men,
Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk moſt affected,
One whom her brother highly had reſpected,
And had advanc'd: but ſcarcely had ſhe been
Five months in France, when the brave beauteous queen
Buried the old king; who no ſooner dead,
But ſhe in heart determining to wed
Her long-lov'd *Brandon*, this epiſtle writes;
Who back to her the anſwer ſoon indites.

Such health from heav'n myſelf may wiſh to me,
Such health from France Queen Mary ſends to thee.
Brandon, how long mak'ſt thou excuſe to ſtay,
And know'ſt how ill we women brook delay?
If one poor channel thus can part us two,
Tell me (unkind!) what would an ocean do?
Leander had an Helleſpont to ſwim,
Yet this from Hero could not hinder him;
His bark (poor ſoul!) his breaſt, his arms, his oars,
But thou a ſhip, to land thee on our ſhores;
And oppoſite to famous Kent do lie
The pleaſant fields of flow'ry Picardy,
Where our fair Calais, walled in her ſands,
In kenning of the cliffy Dover ſtands.
Here is no beldam nurſe to pout nor low'r,
When, wantoning, we revel in my tow'r;
Nor need I top my turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou ſwim'ſt by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but half ſo kind,
Thy ſighs ſhould ſtuff thy ſails, though wanting wind:
But thy breaſt is becalm'd, thy ſighs he ſlack,
And mine too ſtiff, do blow thy broad ſails back.
But thou wilt ſay, that I ſhould blame the flood,
Becauſe the wind ſo full againſt thee ſtood:
Nay, blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, that thou waſt ſo ſlow;
For it came not to keep thee in the bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainly let'ſt occaſion ſlide,
Thou might'ſt have waſted hither with the tide.
If when thou com'ſt, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not, Brandon, thou haſt broke thy vow;

Yet if I meant to frown, I might be dumb,
For this may make thee ſtand in doubt to come:
Nay come, ſweet Charles, have care thy ſhip to guide;
Come, my ſweet heart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my brother and his lovely queen,
In ſad attire for my depart were ſeen,
(a) The utmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I from Dover did depart away,
Thou know'ſt what woe I ſuffer'd for thy ſake,
How oft I feign'd of thee my leave to take:
God and thou know'ſt, with what a heavy heart
I took my farewel, when I ſhould depart;
And being ſhip'd, gave ſignal with my hand
Up to the cliff, where I did ſee thee ſtand:
Nor could refrain, in all the peoples view,
But cry'd to thee, ſweet Charles adieu, adieu.
Look how a little infant, that hath loſt
The thing wherewith it was delighted moſt,
Weary with ſeeking, to ſome corner creeps,
And then (poor ſoul!) it ſits it down and weeps;
And when the nurſe would fain content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mourns for that it cannot find:
Thus in my careful cabbin did I lie,
When as the ſhip out of the road did flie.
(b) Think'ſt thou my love was faithful then to thee,
When young Caſtile to England ſu'd for me?
Be judge thyſelf, if it were not of power,
When I refus'd an empire for my dower.
To England's court when once report did bring,
How thou in France didſt revel with the king,
(c) When he, in triumph of his victory,
Under a rich embroider'd canopy
Enter'd proud Tournay, which did trembling ſtand,
To beg for mercy at his conqu'ring hand;
To hear of his endearments, how I joy'd?
But ſee, this calm was ſuddenly deſtroy'd.
(d) When Charles of Caſtile there to banquet came,
With him his ſiſter, that ambitious dame,
(e) Savoy's proud Ducheſs, knowing how long ſhe
All means had try'd to win my love from me;
Fearing my abſence might thy vows acquit,
To change thy Mary for a Margaret,
(f) When in King Henry's tent of cloth of gold,
She often did thee in her arms enfold:
Where you were feaſted more deliciouſly,
Than Cleopatra did Mark Antony:
Where ſports all day did entertain your ſight,
And then in maſques you paſs'd away the night.
But thou wilt ſay, 'tis proper unto us,
That we by nature all are jealous.
" I muſt confeſs 'tis oft found in our ſex,
" But who not loves, not any thing ſuſpects:
" True love doth look with pale ſuſpicion's eye;
" Take away love, if you take jealouſy."
Turwin and Tournay when King Henry took,
For this great change who then did ever look?
(g) When Maximilian to theſe wars addreſt,
Wore England's croſs on his imperial breaſt,
(h) And in our army let his eagle fly,
(i) That view'd our enſigns with a wond'ring eye;
Little thought I when Bullen firſt was won,
Wedlock ſhould end what angry war begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
(k) But this alone by Wolſey's wit was wrought.
To his advice the king gave free conſent,
That will I, nill I, I muſt be content.
My virgin's right thy ſtate could not advance,
But now enriched with the dower of France;
Then, but poor Suffolk's ducheſs had I been,
Now the great dowager, the moſt Chriſtian queen.
But I perceive where all thy grief doth lie,
Lewis of France had my virginity;
He had indeed, but ſhall I tell thee what?
Believe me, Brandon, he had ſcarcely that:
Good feeble king, he could not do much harm,
But age muſt needs have ſomething that is warm;
" Small drops (God knows) do quench that heat-leſs fire,
" When all the ſtrength is only in deſire."
And I could tell (if modeſty might tell)
There's ſomewhat elſe that pleaſeth lovers well;
To reſt his cheek upon my ſofter cheek,
Was all he had, and more he did not ſeek;
So might the little baby clip the nurſe,
And it content, ſhe never a whit the worſe:
Then think this, Brandon, if that make thee frown,
For maidenhead, he on me ſet a crown.
Who would not change a kingdom for a kiſs?
Hard were the heart that would not yield him this;
And time yet half ſo ſwiftly doth not paſs,
Not yet full five months elder than I was.
When thou to France conducted waſt by fame,
With many knights which from all countries came,
To ſee me at St. Dennis on my throne,
Where Lewis held my coronation;
(l) Where the proud dauphin, for thy valour's ſake,
Choſe thee at tilt his princely part to take:
When as the ſtaves upon thy caſk did light,
Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my ſight,
And ſpake aloud, when I myſelf forgot,
'Tis my ſweet Charles, my Brandon, hurt him not.
But when I fear'd the king perceived this,
Good ſilly man, I pleas'd him with a kiſs;
And to extol his valiant ſon began,
That Europe never bred a braver man:
And when (poor king) he ſimply praiſed thee,
Of all the reſt I aſk'd who thou ſhould'ſt be?
Thus I with him diſſembled for thy ſake;
Open confeſſion now amends muſt make.
Whilſt this old king upon a pallet lies,
And only holds a combat with mine eyes;
Mine eyes from his, by thy ſight ſtol'n away,
Which might too well their miſtreſs' thoughts bewray,
But when I ſaw thy proud unconquer'd lance
To bear the prize from all the flow'r of France,

To ſee what pleaſure did my ſoul embrace,
Might eas'ly be diſcerned in my face.
Look as the dew upon a damaſk roſe,
Now through that liquid pearl his bluſhing ſhows,
And when the ſoft air breathes upon his top,
From the ſweet leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my cheek, diſtilling from mine eyes,
One tear for joy another's room ſupplies.
Before mine eye (like touch) thy ſhape did prove,
Mine eye condemn'd my too too partial love;
But ſince by others I the ſame do try,
My love condemns my too too partial eye.
The precious ſtone moſt beautiful and rare,
When with itſelf we only it compare,
We deem all other of that kind to be
As excellent as that we only ſee;
But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we do condemn our eye,
Which then appears more orient and more bright,
Having a foil whereon to ſhew its light.
Alanſon, a fine timb'red man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withal;
Vandome good carriage, and a pleaſing eye,
Yet hath not Suffolk's princely majeſty:
Courageous Bourbon, a ſweet manly face,
Yet in his looks lacks Brandon's courtly grace;
Proud Longavile, ſuppos'd to have no peer,
A man ſcarce made was thought, whilſt thou waſt here:
County Saint Paul, our beſt at arms in France,
Would yield himſelf a 'ſquire to bear thy lance:
(*m*) Galeas and Bounarme, matchleſs for their might,
Under thy tow'ring blade have couch'd in fight,
If with our love my brother angry be,
I'll ſay, to pleaſe him, I firſt fancy'd thee:
And but to frame my liking to his miod,
Never to thee had I been half ſo kind.
Worthy my love, the vulgar judge no man,
Except a Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian;
Nor think that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the line of great Plantagenet.
I paſs not what the idle commons ſay,
I pray thee Charles make haſte, and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is France, if thou not here?
Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I ſhould gladly ſmile.
When laſt of me his leave my Brandon took,
He ſware an oath (and made my lips the book)
He would make haſte, which now thou do'ſt deny;
Thou art forſworn; O wilful perjury!
Sooner would I with greater ſins diſpenſe,
Than by entreaty pardon this offence.
But yet I think, if I ſhould come to ſhrive thee,
Great were the fault that I ſhou'd not forgive thee:
Yet wert thou here, I would revenged be,
But it ſhould be with too much loving thee.
Ay, that is all that thou ſhalt fear to taſte;
I pray thee Brandon come, ſweet Charles make haſte.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *The utmoſt date expired of my ſtay,*
When I from Dover did depart away.

King Henry VIII. with the queen and nobles, in the ſixth year of his reign, in the month of September, brought this lady to Dover, where ſhe took ſhipping for France.

(*b*) *Think'ſt thou my love was faithful unto thee,*
When young Caſtile *to England ſu'd for me?*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry VII. and Philip King of Caſtile, ſon to Maximilian the emperor, that Charles eldeſt ſon of the ſaid Philip, ſhould marry the lady Mary, daughter to King Henry when they came to age: which agreement was afterward in the 8th year of Henry VIII. annihilated.

(*c*) *When he, in triumph of his victory,*
Under a rich embroider'd canopy
Enter'd proud Tournay, which did trembling ſtand, &c.

Henry VIII. after the long ſiege of Tournay, which was delivered to him upon compoſition, entered the city in triumph under a canopy of cloth of gold, born by four of the chief and moſt noble citizens, the king himſelf mounted upon a gallant courſer harbed with the arms of England, France, and Irelaud.

(*d*) *When* Charles *of Caſtile to a banquet came,*
With him his ſiſter, that ambitious dame,
Savoy's proud ducheſs.

The king being at Tournay, there came to him the prince of Caſtile, and the lady Margaret ducheſs of Savoy his ſiſter, to whom king Henry gave great entertainment.

(*e*) *Savoy's proud ducheſs, knowing how long ſhe*
All means had try'd to win my love from me.

At this time there was talk of a marriage to be concluded between Charles Brandon then lord Liſle, and the ducheſs of Savoy; the lord Liſle being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the ducheſs.

(*f*) *When in king* Henry's *tent of cloth of gold.*

The king cauſed a rich tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feaſted the prince of Caſtile and the ducheſs, and entertained them with ſumptuous maſks and banquets during their abode.

(*g*) *When* Maximilian *to thoſe wars addreſt,*
Wore England's croſs on his Imperial breaſt.

Maximilian the emperor, with all his ſoldiers who ſerved under King Henry, wore the croſs of St. George with the roſe on their breaſts.

(*h*) *And in our army let his eagle fly.*

The black eagle is the badge imperial, which here is uſed for the diſplaying of his enſign or ſtandard.

(*i*) *That view'd our enſigns with a wond'ring eye.*

Henry VIII. at his wars in France, retained the emperor and all his ſoldiers in wages, who ſerved under him during thoſe wars.

(*k*) *But this alone by* Wolſey's *wit was wrought.*

Thomas Wolſey the king's almoner, then biſhop of Lincoln, a man of great authority with the king, and afterward cardinal, was the chief cauſe that this lady Mary was married to the old French king, with whom the French had dealt underhand to befriend him in that match.

(*l*) *Where the proud Dauphin, for thy valour ſake,*
Choſe thee at tilt his princely part to take.

Francis duke of Valois and dauphin of France, at the marriage of the lady Mary, in honour thereof proclaimed a jouſt; where he choſe the duke of Suffolk and the marquis of Dorſet for his aids at all martial exerciſes.

(*m*) Galeas *and* Bounarme, *matchleſs for their might.*

This county Galeas, at the jouſts, ran a courſe with a ſpear, which was at the head five inches ſquare on every ſide, and at the butt nine inches ſquare, whereby he ſhewed his wondrous force and ſtrength. This Bounarme, a gentleman of France, at the ſame time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten ſpears about him: in each ſtirrup three, under each thigh one, one under his left arm, and one in his hand; and putting his horſe to the career, never ſtopt him till he had broken every ſtaff. *Hall.*

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO MARY THE FRENCH QUEEN.

But that my faith commands me to forbear,
The fault's your own, if I impatient were:
Were my diſpatch ſuch as ſhould be my ſpeed,
I ſhould want time your loving lines to read.
Here, in the court, camelion-like I fare,
And as that creature, only feed on air:
All day I wait, and all the night I watch,
And ſtarve mine ears, to hear of my diſpatch.
If Dover were th' Abydos of my reſt,
Or pleaſant Calais were my Mary's Ceſt',
You ſhould not need, bright queen, to blame me ſo,
Did not the diſtance, to deſire ſay no:
No tedious night from travel ſhould be free,
Till through the ſeas, with ſwimming ſtill to thee,
A ſnowy path I made unto the Bay,
So bright as is that nectar-ſtained way,
The reſtleſs ſun by travelling doth wear,
Paſſing his courſe to finiſh up the year.
But Paris locks my love within the main,
And London yet thy Brandon doth detain.
Of thy firm love thou put'ſt me ſtill in mind,
But of my faith, not one word can I find.
(*a*) When Longavile to Mary was affy'd,
And thou by him waſt made King Lewis' bride,
How oft I wiſh'd, that thou a prize might'ſt be,
That I in arms might combat him for thee!
And in the madneſs of my love diſtraught,
A thouſand times his murder have fore-thought:
" But that th' all-ſeeing pow'rs, which ſit above,
" Regard not mad mens oaths, nor faults in love,
" And have confirm'd it by the grant of heav'n,
" That lovers ſins on earth ſhould be forgiv'n:
" For never man is half ſo much diſtreſs'd,
" As he that loves, to ſee his love poſſeſs'd."

Coming to Richmond after thy depart,
(Richmond, where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my heart)
Methought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorn and deſolate;
In whoſe fair walks thou often haſt been ſeen,
To ſport with Kath'rine, Henry's beauteous queen,
Aſtoniſhing ſad winter with thy ſight,
So that for thee the day hath put back night;
And the ſmall birds, as in the pleaſant ſpring,
Forgot themſelves, and have begun to ſing.
So oft as I by Thames go and return,
Methinks for thee the river yet doth mourn,
Whom I have ſeen to let his ſtream at large,
Which like an handmaid waited on thy barge;
And if thou hap'ſt againſt the flood to row,
Which way it eb'd, it preſently would flow,
Weeping in drops upon the labouring oars,
For joy that it had got thee from the ſhoars.
The ſwans with muſic that the roothers make,
Ruffing their plumes, came gliding on the lake,
As the ſwift dolphins by Arion's ſtrings,
Were brought to land with Siren raviſhings:
The flocks and herds that paſture near the flood,
To gaze upon thee have forborn their food,
And ſat down ſadly mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to ſwim.
When as the poſt to England's royal court,
Of thy hard paſſage brought thee true report,
(*b*) How in a ſtorm thy well-rigg'd ſhips were toſt,
And thou thyſelf in danger to be loſt,
I knew 'twas Venus loath'd that aged bed,
Where beauty ſo ſhould be diſhonoured;
Or fear'd the ſea-nymphs haunting of the lake,
If thou but ſeen, their goddeſs ſhould forſake.

And whirling round her dove-drawn coach about,
To view the navy then in launching out,
Her airy mantle loosely doth unbind,
Which fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
Wafted thy sails with speed unto the land,
And ran thy ships on Bullen's harbouring strand.
How should I joy of thy arrive to hear!
But as a poor sea-faring passenger,
After long travel, tempest-torn and wrack'd,
By some unpitying pirate that is sack'd;
Hears the false robber that hath stol'n his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the invaluable store,
For which he long had travelled before.
(*i*) When thou to Abvile held'st th' appointed day,
We heard how Lewis met thee on the way;
Where thou, in glitt'ring tissue strangely dight,
(*d*) Appear'dst unto him like the Queen of Light:
In cloth of silver all thy virgin train,
In beauty sumptuous, as the northern wain;
And thou alone the foremost glorious star,
Which lead'st the team of that great waggoner.
What could thy thought be, but as I did think,
When thine eyes tasted what mine ears did drink?
(*e*) A cripple king laid bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy coming crept out of the door:
'Twas well he rid, he had no legs to go,
But this thy beauty forc'd his body to:
For whom a cullice had more fitter been,
Than in a golden bed a gallant Queen,
To use thy beauty as the miser gold,
Which hoards it up but only to behold;
Still looking on it with a jealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet loving usury.
O sacrilege (if beauty be divine)
The profane hand to touch the hallow'd shrine!
To surfeit sickness on the sound man's diet;
To rob content, yet still to live unquiet;
And having all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet still longing like a little child.
(*f*) When Marquis Dorset and the valiant Grays,
To purchase fame, first cross'd the narrow seas,
With all the knights that my associates went,
In honour of thy nuptial tournament,
Think'st thou I joy'd not in thy beauty's pride,
(*g*) When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride?
Where all the streets, as thou didst pass along,
With Arras, Bisse, and tapestry were hung;
Ten thousand gallant citizens prepar'd,
In rich attire thy princely self to guard:
Next them, three thousand choice religious men,
In golden vestments follow'd on again;
And in procession as they came along,
With Hymenæus sang thy marriage-song.
(*h*) Next these, five dukes, as did their places fall,
With each of them a princely cardinal:
Then thou, on thy imperial chariot set,
Crown'd with a rich impearled coronet;
Whilst the Parisian dames, as thy train past,
Their precious incense in abundance cast.

As Cynthia, from her wave-embattel'd shrowds
Op'ning the west, comes streaming through the clouds,
With shining troops of silver-tressed stars,
Attending on her as her torch-bearers;
And all the lesser lights about her throne
With admiration stand as lookers on;
Whilst she alone, in height of all her pride,
The Queen of Light along her sphere doth glide.
When on the tilt my horse like thunder came,
No other signal had I, but thy name;
Thy voice my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beauty, I esteem'd no prize.
(*i*) That large-limb'd Almain, of the giant's race.
Which bare strength on his breast, fear in his face,
Whose sinew'd arms with his steel-temper'd blade,
Through plate and male such open passage made;
Upon whose night the Frenchmens glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day:
Thou saw'st thy Brandon beat him on his knee,
Off'ring his shield a conquer'd spoil to thee.
But thou wilt say, perhaps, I vainly boast,
And tell thee that which thou already know'st.
No sacred queen, my valour I deny,
It was thy beauty, not my chivalry.
One of thy tressed curls there falling down,
As loth to be imprison'd in thy crown,
I saw the soft air sportively to take it,
And into strange and sundry forms to make it;
Now parting it to four, to three, to twain,
Now twisting it, then it untwist again;
Then make the threads to dally with thine eye,
A sunny candle for a golden fly.
At length from thence one little tear it got,
Which falling down as though a star had shot,
My up-turn'd eye pursu'd it with my sight,
The which again redoubled all my might.
'Tis but in vain of my descent to boast,
When heav'n's lamp shines, all other lights be lost;
Faulcons seem poor, the eagle sitting by,
Whose brood surveys the sun with open eye;
(*k*) Else might my blood find issue from his force,
Who beat the tyrant Richard from his horse
On Bosworth plain, whom Richmond chose to wield
His glorious ensign in that conqu'ring field;
And with his sword in his dear sov'reign's sight,
To his last breath stood fast in Henry's right.
Then, beauteous empress, think this safe delay
Shall be the even to a joyful day:
" Fore-sight doth still on all advantage lie,
" Wise men must give place to necessity;
" To put back ill, our good we must forbear;
" Better first fear, and after still to fear."
'Twere oversight in that, at which we aim,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
With patience then let us our hopes attend,
And till I come, receive these lines I send.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) When Longavile to Mary was affy'd

The duke of Longavile, who was priſoner in England, upon the peace to be concluded between England and France, was delivered, and married the princeſs Mary for Louis the French king his maſter.

(b) How in a ſtorm thy well-rigg'd ſhips were toſt, And thou, &c.

As the queen ſailed for France, a mighty ſtorm aroſe at ſea, ſo that the navy was in great danger, and was ſevered, ſome driven upon the coaſt of Flanders, ſome on Britain. The ſhip wherein the queen ſailed was driven into the haven at Bullen with very great danger.

(c) When thou to Abvile held'ſt th' appointed day.

King Lewis met her by Abvile near to the foreſt of Arders, and brought her into Abvile with great ſolemnity.

(d) Appeard'ſt unto him like the queen of light.

Expreſſing the ſumptuous attire of the queen and her train, attended by the chief of the nobility of England, with ſix-and-thirty ladies all in cloth of ſilver, their horſes trapped with crimſon velvet.

(e) A cripple king, laid bed-rid long before.

King Lewis was a man of great years, troubled much with the gout, ſo that he had long time before little uſe of his legs.

(f) When marquis Dorſet and the valiant Grays.

The duke of Suffolk when the proclamation came into England, of jouſts to be holden in France at Paris; he, for the queen's ſake his miſtreſs, obtained of the king to go thither; with whom went the marquis of Dorſet and his four brothers, the lord Clinton, Sir Edward Nevill, Sir Giles Capell Thomas Cheney, which all went over with the duke as his aſſiſtants.

(g) When thou in triumph didſt thro' Paris ride.

A true deſcription of the queen's entering into Paris, after her coronation performed at St. Dennis.

(h) Next theſe, five dukes, as did their places fall.

The dukes of Alanſon, Bourbon, Vandome, Longavile, Suffolk, with five cardinals.

(i) That large-limb'd Almain of the giants race.

Francis Valois the dauphin of France, envying the glory that the Engliſhmen had obtained at the tilt, brought in an Almain ſecretly, a man thought almoſt of incomparable ſtrength, who encountered Charles Brandon at the barriers; but the duke grappling with him, ſo beat him about the head with the pummel of his ſword, that the blood came out of the ſight of his caſk.

(k) Elſe might my blood find iſſue from his force, Who beat, &c.

Sir William Brandon, ſtandard-bearer to the earl of Richmond (after Henry VII.) at Boſworth field, a brave and gallant gentleman, who was ſlain by Richard there; this was father to this Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, TO THE LADY GERALDINE.

The Argument.

The earl of Surrey, that renowned lord,
Th' old Engliſh glory bravely that reſtor'd,
That prince and poet (a name more divine).
Falling in love with beauteous *Geraldine*,
Of the *Geraldi*, which derive their name
From Florence: whither, to advance her fame,
He travels, and in public jouſts maintain'd
Her beauty peerleſs, which by arms he gain'd:
But ſtaying long, fair Italy to ſee,
To let her know him conſtant ſtill to be,
From Tuſcany this letter to her writes;
Which her reſcription inſtantly invites.

FROM (*a*) learned Florence (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble grandſires came
To famous England, that kind nurſe of mine,
Thy Surrey ſends to heav'nly Geraldine.
Yet let not Tuſcan think I do it wrong,
That I from thence write in my native tongue;
That in theſe harſh tun'd cadences I ſing,
Sitting ſo near the muſes ſacred ſpring;
But rather think it ſelf adorn'd thereby,
That England reads the praiſe of Italy.
Though to the Tuſcans I the ſmoothneſs grant,
Our dialect no majeſty doth want,
To ſet thy praiſes in as high a key,
As France, or Spain, or Germany, or they.
What day I quit the fore-land of fair Kent,
And that my ſhip her courſe for Flanders bent,
Yet think I with how many a heavy look
My leave of England and of thee I took,
And did intreat the tide (if it might be)
But to convey me one ſigh back to thee.
Up to the deck a billow lightly ſkips,
Taking my ſigh, and down again it ſlips,
Into the gulph itſelf it headlong throws,
And as a poſt to England-ward it goes.
As I fate wond'ring how the rough ſea ſtirr'd,
I might far off perceive a little bird,
Which as ſhe fain from ſhore to ſhore would fly,
Had loſt herſelf in the broad vaſty ſky,
Her feeble wing begioning to deceive her,
The ſeas of life ſtill gaping to berave her:
Unto rhe ſhip ſhe makes, which ſhe diſcovers,
And there (poor fool!) a while for refuge hovers;

And when at length her flagging pinion fails,
Painting ſhe hangs upon the rolling ſails
And being forc'd to looſe her hold with pain,
Yet beaten off, ſhe ſtraight lights on again,
And tofs'd with ſiaws, with ſtorms, with wind, with weather,
Yet ſtill departing thence, ſtill torneth thither:
Now with the poop, now with the prow doth bear,
Now on this ſide, now that, now here, now there.
Methinks theſe ſtorms ſhould be my ſad depart,
The ſilly helpleſs bird is my poor heart,
The ſhip, to which for ſuccour it repairs,
That is yourſelf, regardleſs of my cares.
Of every ſurge doth fall, or wave doth riſe,
To ſome one thing I fit and moralize.
When for thy love I left the Belgic ſhore,
Divine Eraſmus and our famous More,
Whoſe happy preſence gave me ſuch delight,
As made a minute of a winter's night;
With whom a while I ſtaid at Roterdame,
Now ſo renowned by Eraſmus' name:
Yet every hour did ſeem a world of time,
Till I had ſeen that foul reviving clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,
A wat'ry foil to clog a firy wit.
And as that wealthy Germany I naſt,
Coming unto the Emperor's court at laſt,
(*b*) Great-learn'd Agrippa, ſo profound in art,
Who the infernal ſecrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did deſire to know,
Me in a glaſs my Geraldine did ſhow,
Sick in thy bed; and for thou could'ſt not ſleep,
By a wax taper ſet the light to keep;
I do remember thou didſt read that ode,
Sent back whilſt I in Thanet made abode,
Where when thou cam'ſt unto that word of love,
Ev'n in thine eyes I ſaw how paſſion ſtrove:
That ſnowy lawn which covered thy bed,
Methought look'd white, to ſee thy cheek ſo red;
Thy roſy cheek oft changing in my ſight,
Yet ſtill was red, to ſee the lawn ſo white:
The little taper which ſhould give thee light,
Methought wax'd dim, to ſee thy eyes ſo bright;
Thine eye again ſupply'd the taper's turn,
And with his beams more brightly made it burn:
The ſhrugging air about thy temples hurls,
And wrapt thy breath in little clouded curls,
And as it did aſcend, it ſtraight did ſeize it,
And as it ſunk it preſently did raiſe it.
Canſt thou by ſickneſs baniſh beauty ſo,
Which if put from thee, knows not where to go
To make her ſhift, and for ſuccour ſeek
To every rivel'd face, each bankrupt cheek?
" If health preſerv'd, thou beauty ſtill doſt cheriſh;
" If that neglected, beauty ſoon doth periſh.
Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
Sorrow breeds ſorrow, one grief brings forth twain.
If live or die, as thou do'ſt, ſo do I;
If live, I live; and if thou die, I die:
One heart, on love, one joy, one grief, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.
If Howard's blood thou hold'ſt as but too vile
Or not eſteem'ſt of Norfolk's princely ſtile;
If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,
(*c*) That lion plac'd in our bright ſilver bend,
Which as trophy beautifies our ſhield,
(*d*) Since Scotiſh blood diſcolour'd Floden field;
When the proud Cheviot our brave enſign bare,
As a rich jewel in a Lady's hair,
And did fair Bramſton's neighbouring vallies choke
With clouds of cannons fire-diſgorged ſmoke;
Of Surrey's Earldom inſufficient be,
And not a dower ſo well contenting thee:
Yet I am one of great Apollo's heirs,
The ſacred Muſes challenge me for theirs.
By Princes my immortal lines are ſung,
My flowing verſes grac'd with ev'ry tongue:
The little children when they learn to go,
By painful mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught by ſugar'd numbers to rehearſe,
And have their ſweet lips ſeaſon'd with my verſe.
When heav'n would ſtrive to do the beſt it can,
And put an angel's ſpirit into man,
The utmoſt pow'r it hath, it then doth ſpend,
When to the world a Poet it doth intend.
That little diff'rence 'twixt the gods and us,
(By them confirm'd) diſtinguiſh'd only thus:
Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
The gods commit their glory to our praiſe;
T' eternal life when they diſſolve their breath,
We likewiſe ſhare a ſecond pow'r by death.
When time ſhall turn thoſe amber locks to gray,
My verſe again ſhall gild and make they gay
And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a ſummer's hue;
That ſacred pow'r, that in my ink remains,
Shall put freſh blood into thy wither'd veins,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteneſs dead,
Shall ſet a white more white, a red more red:
When thy dim ſight thy glaſs cannot deſcry,
Nor thy craz'd mirror can diſcern thine eye;
My verſe, to tell th' one what the other was,
Shall repreſent them both, thine eye and glaſs:
Where both thy mirror and thine eye ſhall ſee,
What once thou ſaw'ſt in that, that ſaw in thee;
And to them both ſhall tell the ſimple truth,
What that in pureneſs was, what thou in youth.
If Florence once ſhould loſe her old renown,
As famous Athens, now a fiſher-town;
My lines for thee a Florence ſhall erect,
Which great Apollo ever ſhall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
Bring marble mines to re-erect thoſe walls.
(*e*) Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues report
To be the glory of the Engliſh court,
Shall by our nation be ſo much admir'd,
If ever Surry truly were inſpir'd.
(*f*) And famous Wyat, who in numbers ſings
To that enchanting Thracian harper's ſtrings,
To whom Phoebus (the Poets god) did drink
A bowl of nectar, fill'd up to the brink;
And ſweet-tongu'd Bryan (whom the Muſes kept,
And in his cradle rockt him whilſt he ſlept)
In ſacred verſes (moſt divinely penn'd)
Upon thy praiſes ever ſhall attend.

What time I came into this famous town,
And made the cauſe of my arrival known,
Great Medices a liſt for triumphs built;
Within the which, upon a tree of gilt,
(Which was with ſundry rare devices ſet)
I did erect thy lovely counterfeit,
To anſwer thoſe Italian dames deſire,
Which daily came thy beauty to admire;
By which, my lion in his gaping jaws
Held up my lance, and in his dreadful paws
Reacheth my gauntlet unto him that dare
A beauty with my Geraldine's compare.
Which, when each manly valiant arm aſſays,
After ſo many brave triumphant days,
The glorious prize upon my lance I bear,
By herald's voice proclaim'd to be thy ſhare.
The ſhiver'd ſtaves here for thy beauty broke,
With fierce encounters paſt at ev'ry ſhock,
When ſtormy courſes anſwer's cuff for cuff,
Denting proud bevers with the counter-buff,
Upon an altar, burnt with holy flame,
I ſacrific'd, as incenſe to thy fame:
Where, as the phœnix from her ſpiced fume
Renews herſelf, in that ſhe doth conſume;
So from theſe ſacred aſhes live we both,
Ev'n as that one Arabian wonder doth.
When to my chamber I myſelf retire,
Burnt with the ſparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England, which my hope contains,
The happy iſle where Geraldine remains:
(*g*) Of Hunſdon, where thoſe ſweet celeſtial eyne
At firſt did pierce this tender breaſt of mine:
(*h*) Of Hampton-Court and Windſor, where abound
All pleaſures that in Paradiſe were found:
Near that fair caſtle is a little grove,
With hanging rocks all cover'd from above,
Which on the bank of goodly Thames doth ſtand,
Clipt by the water from the other land,
Whoſe buſhy top doth bid the ſun forbear,
And checks his proud beams that would enter there;
Whoſe leaves ſtill mutt'ring, as the air doth breathe,
With the ſweet bubbling of the ſtream beneath,
Doth rock the ſenſes (whilſt the ſmall birds ſing)
Lulled aſleep with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot Fairies ſport at priſon-baſe,
(No doubt there is ſome pow'r frequents the place)
There the ſoft poplar and ſmooth beech do bear
Our names together carv'd every where,
And Gordian knots do curiuſly entwine
The names of Henry and Geraldine.
O let this grove, in happy times to come,
Be call'd the lovers bleſs'd Elyzium;
Whither my miſtreſs wonted to reſort,
In ſummer's heat, in thoſe ſweet ſhades to ſport:
A thouſand ſundry names I have it given,
And call'd it Wonder-hider, Cover-heav'n,
The roof where beauty her rich court doth keep,
Under whoſe compaſs all the ſtars do ſleep.
There is one tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth bear theſe verſes carved in the rind:
" When Geraldine ſhall ſit in thy fair ſhade,
" Fan her fair treſſes with perfumed air,
" Let thy large boughs a canopy be made,
" To keep the ſun from gazing on my fair:
" And when thy ſpreading branched arms be " ſunk,
" And thou no ſap nor pith ſhalt more retain,
" Ev'n from the duſt of thy unwieldy trunk
" I will renew thee, phoenix-like, again,
" And from thy dry decayed root will bring
" A new-born ſtem, another Æſon's ſpring.
I find no cauſe, nor judge I reaſon why,
My country ſhould give place to Lombardy.
(*i*) As goodly flow'rs on Thameſis do grow,
As beautify the banks of wanton Po;
As many nymphs as haunt rich Arnus' ſtrand,
By ſilver Severn tripping hand in hand:
Our ſhade's as ſweet, though not to us ſo dear,
Becauſe the ſun hath greater power there.
This diſtant plate doth give me greater woe;
Far off, my ſighs the farther have to go.
Ah abſence! why thus ſhould'ſt thou ſeem ſo long?
Or wherefore ſhould'ſt thou offer time ſuch wrong,
Summer ſo ſoon to ſteal on winter's cold,
Or winter blaſts ſo ſoon make ſummer old?
Love did us both with one ſelf-arrow ſtrike,
Our wounds both one, our cure ſhould be the like;
Except thou haſt found out ſome mean by art,
Some pow'rful med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and abſence being proved,
It ſticks too faſt, it cannot be removed.
Adieu, adieu, from Florence when I go,
By my next letters Geraldine ſhall know,
Which if good fortune ſhall by courſe direct,
From Venice by ſome meſſenger expect;
Till when, I leave thee to thy heart's deſire,
By him that lives thy virtues to admire.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) From learned Florence, long time rich in fame.

Florence, a city of Tuſcany, ſtanding upon the river Arnus (celebrated by Dante, Petrarch, and other the moſt noble wits of Italy) was the original of the family out of which this Geraldine did ſpring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by theſe verſes of the earl of Surrey:

From Tuſcan came my lady's worthy race,
Fair Florence was ſometime her ancient ſeat;
The weſtern iſle, whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.

(b) Great learn'd Agrippa, ſo profound in art.

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time ſo famous for magic, (which the books publiſhed by him concerning that argument do partly prove) as in this place needs no farther remembrance. Howbeit, as thoſe abſtruſe and gloomy arts are but illuſions, ſo in the honour of ſo rare a gentleman as this earl (and therewithal ſo noble a poet, a quality by which his other titles receive their greateſt luſtre) invention may make ſomewhat more bold with Agrippa above the barren truth.

(c) That lion ſet in our bright ſilver bend.

The blazon of the Howards honourable amour was, *Gules, between ſix croſslets fitchy a bend Argent*; to which afterwards was added by atchievement, *In the canton point of the bend an eſcutcheon Or, within the Scottiſh preſſure a demi-lion rampant Gules*, &c. as Mr. Camden, now Clarencieux, from authority noteth. Never ſhall time or bitter envy be able to obſcure the brightneſs of ſo great a victory as that for which this addition was obtained. The hiſtorian of Scotland, George Buchanan, reporteth that the earl of Surrey gave for his badge a *ſilver lion*, (which from antiquity belonged to that name) tearing in pieces *a lion proſtrate Gules*; and withal, that this, which he terms inſolence, was puniſhed in him and his poſterity; as if it were fatal to the conqueror to do his ſovereign ſuch loyal ſervice, as a thouſand ſuch ſevere cenſurers were never able to perform.

(d) Since Scottiſh blood diſcolour'd Floden field.

The battle was fought at Branſton near Flodenhill, being a part of the Cheviot, a mountain that exceedeth all the mountains in the north of England for highneſs; in which the wilful perjury of James V. was puniſhed from heaven by the earl of Surrey, being left by King Henry VIII. (then in France before Turwin) for the defence of his realm.

(e) Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues report
To be the glory, &c.

Of the beauty of that lady he himſelf teſtifies, in an elegy which he writ of her, refuſing to dance with him, which he ſeemeth to allegoriſe under a lion and a wolf. And of himſelf he ſaith:

A lion ſaw I late, as white as ſnow.

And of her,

I might perceive a wolf, as white as a whale's bone,
A fairer beaſt of freſher hue beheld I never none,
But that her looks were coy, and froward was her grace.

(f) And famous Wyat, who in numbers ſings.

Sir Thomes Wyat the elder, a moſt excellent poet, as his poems extant do witneſs; beſides certain encomiums, written by the earl of Surrey upon ſome of David's pſalms, by him tranſlated.

What holy grave, what worthy ſepulchre,
To Wyat's pſalms ſhall Chriſtians purchaſe then?

And afterward, upon his death, the ſaid earl writeth thus:

What virtues rare were temper'd in thy breaſt!
Honour that England ſuch a jewel bred,
And kiſs the ground whereas thy corps did reſt.

(g) Of Hunſdon, where thoſe ſweet celeſtial eyne.

It is manifeſt by a ſonnet, written by this noble earl, that the firſt time he beheld his lady was at Hunſdon.

Hunſdon did firſt preſent her to mine eyne.

Which ſonnet being altogether a deſcription of his love, I do allege in divers places of this gloſs, as proofs of what I write.

(h) Of Hampton-court and Windſor, where abound
All pleaſures, &c.

That he enjoyed the preſence of his fair and virtuous miſtreſs at thoſe two places, by reaſon of queen Catharine's uſual abode there (on whom this lady Geraldine was attending) I prove by theſe verſes of his:

Hampton me taught to wiſh her firſt for mine;
Windſor (alas!) doth chaſe me from her ſight.

And in another ſonnet following:

When Windſor walls ſuſtain'd my weary'd arm,
My hand, my chin, to eaſe my reſtleſs head.

And that his delight might draw him to com-

pare Windſor to paradiſe, an elegy may prove; where he remembereth his paſſed pleaſures in that place.

With a king's ſon my childiſh years I paſs'd,
In greater feaſts than Priam's ſon of Troy.

And again in the ſame elegy:

Thoſe large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
With eyes caſt up unto the maidens tower,
With eaſy ſighs, ſuch as men draw in love.

And again in the ſame:

The ſtately ſeats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances ſhort, long tales of ſweet delight.

And for the pleaſantneſs of the place, theſe verſes of his may teſtify, in the ſame elegy before cited:

The ſecret groves which we have made reſound,
With ſilver drops the meads yet ſpread for ruth.

(*i*) *As goodly flow'rs on Thamecis do grow, &c.*

I had thought in this place not to have ſpoken of Thames, being ſo oft remembered by me before in ſundry places on this occaſion; but thinking of that excellent epigram, which I judge either to be done by the ſaid earl, or Sir Francis Brian, for the worthineſs thereof I will here inſert, which, as it ſeems to me, was compiled at the author's being in Spain.

Tagus, farewel, which weſtward with thy ſtreams
Turn'ſt up the grains of gold, already try'd;
For I with ſpur and ſail go ſeek the Thames,
Againſt the ſun that ſhews his wealthy pride,
And to the town that Brutus *ſought by dreams,*
Like bended moon that leans her luſty ſide,
To ſeek my country now, for whom I live;
O mighty Jove, *for this the winds me give.*

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

THE LADY GERALDINE TO HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Such greeting as the noble Surrey ſends,
The like to thee thy Geraldine commends;
A maiden's thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other terms or compliments to ſtand,
Which (might my ſpeech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in far richer words:
But all is one, my faith as firm ſhall prove,
As her's that makes the greateſt ſhew of love.
In Cupid's ſchool I never read thoſe books,
Whoſe lectures oft we practiſe in our looks,
Nor ever did ſuſpicious rival eye
Yet lie in wait my favours to eſpy;
My virgin thoughts are innocent and meek,
As the chaſte bluſhes ſitting on my cheek:
As in a fever I do ſhiver yet,
Since firſt my pen was to the paper ſet.
If I do err, you know my ſex is weak,
Fear proves a fault where maids are forc'd to ſpeak.
Do I not ill? Ah, ſooth me not herein;
Or, if I do, reprove me of my ſin:
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach myſelf, myſelf to chide.
Nay, noble Surrey, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldneſs ſhould return my guilt:
For that ſhould be ev'n from ourſelves conceal'd,
Which is diſclos'd, if to our thoughts reveal'd;
For the leaſt motion, more the ſmalleſt breath,
That may impeach our modeſty, is death.
The page that brought thy letters to my hand,
(Methinks) ſhould marvel at my ſtrange demand:
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpy
The nakedneſs of my immodeſty,
Which in my face he greater might have ſeen,
But that my fan I quickly put between;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
"Fear ſeeing all, fears it of all is ſpy'd."
Like to a taper burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintain his light,
The blaze aſcending, forced by the ſmoke,
Living by that which ſeeks the ſame to choke;
The flame ſtill hanging in the air, doth burn,
Until drawn down, it back again return:
Then clear, then dim, then ſpreadeth, and then cloſeth,
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſs loſeth;
As well the beſt diſcerning eye may doubt,
Whether it be yet in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheek my ſundry paſſions ſhew'd,
Now aſhy pale, and now again it glow'd.
If in your verſe there be a pow'r to move,
It's you alone, who are the cauſe I love,
It's you bewitch my boſom by mine ear;
Unto that end I did not place you there:
Airs to aſſwage the bloody ſoldier's mind,
Poor women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps you'll think, that I theſe terms enforce,
For that in court this kindneſs is of courſe:
Or that it is that honey-ſteeped gall,
We oft are ſaid to bait our loves withal;
That in one eye we carry ſtrong deſire,
In th' other drops, which quickly quench that fire,
Ah, what ſo falſe can envy ſpeak of us,
But it ſhall find ſome vainly credulous?
I do not ſo, and to add proof thereto,
I love in faith, in faith, ſweet Lord, I do:
Nor let the envy of envenom'd tongues,
Which ſtill is grounded on poor ladies wrongs,

Thy noble breaſt diſaſterly poſſeſs,
By any doubt to make my love the leſs.
My houſe from Florence I do not pretend,
Nor from thoſe Geralds claim I to deſcend;
Nor hold thoſe honours inſufficient are,
That I receive from Deſmond, or Kildare:
Nor better air will ever hoaſt to breathe,
Than that of Lemſter, Munſter, or of Meath:
Nor crave I other foreign far allies,
(a) Than Windſor's, or Fitz-Gerald's families:
It is enough to leave unto my heirs,
If they but pleaſe t' acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place ever did the court remove,
But that the houſe gives matter to my love?
At Windſor ſtill I ſee thee ſit, and walk,
There mount thy courſer, there deviſe, there talk,
The robes, the garter, and the ſtate of Kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped greatneſs brings:
None-ſuch, the name imports (methinks) ſo much,
None ſuch as it, nor as my Lord, none ſuch:
In Hampton's great magnificence I find
The lively image of thy Princely mind:
Fair Richmond's tow'rs like goodly trophies ſtand
Rear'd by the pow'r of thy victorious hand:
White-Hall's triumphing galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich devices of thy wit:
In Greenwich ſtill, as in a glaſs, I view,
Where laſt thou bad'ſt thy Geraldine adieu,
With ev'ry little perling breath that blows,
How are my thoughts confus'd with joys and woes!
As through a gate, ſo through my longing ears
Paſs to my heart whole multiudes of fears.
O, in a map that I might ſee thee ſhow
The place where now in danger thou do'ſt go!
Whilſt we diſcourſe, to travel with our eye
Romania, Tuſcan, and fair Lombardy;
Or with thy pen exactly to ſet down
The model of that temple, or that town;
And to relate at large where thou haſt been,
As there, and there, and what thou there haſt ſeen;
Expreſſing in a figure, by thy hand.
How Naples lies, how Florence fair doth ſtand:
Or as the Grecian's finger dip'd in wine,
Drawing a river in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulf to figure out,
To model Venice moated round about;
Then adding more to counterfeit a ſea,
And draw the front of ſtately Genoa.
Theſe from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now do ſound like 'mandrakes dreadful groans,
Some travel hence, t' enrich their minds with ſkill,
Leave here there good, and bring home others ill;
Which ſeem to like all countries but their own,
Affecting moſt, where they the leaſt are known:
Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head,
As they had been in ſev'ral countries bred;
In their attire, their geſture, and their gate,
Found in each one, all Italianate,
So well in all deformity in faſhion,
Borrowing a limb of ev'ry ſev'ral nation;
And nothing more than England hold in ſcorn,
So live as ſtrangers whereas they were born,
But thy return in this I do not read,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeed:
O God forbid that Howard's noble line,
From ancient virtue ſhould ſo far decline!
The Muſes train (whereof yourſelf are chief)
Only to me participate their grief:
To ſooth their humours, I do lend them ears.
"He gives a Poet, that his verſes hears."
Till thy return, by hope they only live;
Yet had they all they all away would give:
The world and they ſo ill-according be,
That wealth and Poets never can agree.
Few live in court that of their good have care,
The muſes friends are every where ſo rare,
Some praiſe thy worth (that it did never know),
Only becauſe the better ſort do ſo,
Whoſe judgment never further doth extend,
That it doth pleaſe the greateſt to commend;
So great an ill upon deſert doth chance,
When it doth paſs by beaſtly ignorance.
Why art thou ſlack, whilſt no man put his hand
(b) To raiſe the mount where Surrey's towers muſt ſtand?
Or who the groundſil of that work doth lay,
Whilſt like a wand'rer thou abroad do'ſt ſtray,
Clip'd in the arms of ſome laſcivious dame,
When thou ſhould'ſt rear an Ilion to thy name?
When ſhall the muſes by fair Norwich dwell,
To be the city of the learned well?
Or Phœbus' altars there with incenſe heap'd,
And once in Cyrrha, or in Thebe kept?
Or when ſhall that fair hoof-plow'd ſpring diſtil
From great mount-ſurry, out of Leonard's-hill?
Till thou return, the court I will exchange
For ſome poor cottage, or ſome country grange
Where to our diſtaves, as we ſit and ſpin,
My maid and I will tell what things have been.
Our lutes unſtrung ſhall hang upon the wall,
Our leſſons ſerve to wrap our tow withall,
And paſs the night, whiles winter-tales we tell,
Of many things, that long ago befell:
Or tune ſuch homely carrols as were ſung
In country ſport, when we ourſelves were young,
In pretty riddles to bewray our loves,
In queſtions, purpoſe, or in drawing gloves.
The nobleſt ſpirits, to virtue moſt inclin'd,
Theſe here in court thy greateſt want do find:
Others there be, on which we feed our eye,
(c) Like arras-work, or ſuch like imag'ry:
Many of us deſire Queen Cath'rine's ſtate,
But very few her virtues imitate,
Then, as Ulyſſes, wife, write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thyſelf to me.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *Than Windſor's or* Fitzgerald's *families.*

The coaſt of many kings which from time to time have adorned the caſtle at Windſor with their princely magnificence, hath made it more noble than that it need to be ſpoken of now, as though obſcure; and I hold it more meet to refer you to our vulgar monuments for the founders and finiſhers thereof, than to meddle with matter nothiog near the purpoſe. As for the family of the Fitzgeralds, of whence this lady was lineally deſcended, the original was Engliſh, though the branches did ſpread themſelves into diſtant places, and names nothing conſonant, as in former times it was uſual to denominate themſelves of their manors or forenames, as may partly appear in that which enſueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy friend Mr. Francis Thinn. Walter of Windſor the ſon of Oterus, had to iſſue William, of whom Henry now Lord Windſor is deſcended; and Robert of Windſor, of whom Robert the now Earl of Eſſex, and Gerald of Windſor his third ſon, who married the daughter of Rees the great Prince of Wales, of whom came Neſta paramour to Henry the firſt: which Gerald had iſſue Maurice Fitzgerald anceſtor to Thomas Fitzmaurice Juſtice of Ireland, buried at Tralay; leaving iſſue John his eldeſt ſon firſt Earl of Kildare anceſtor to Geraldine, and Maurice his ſecond ſon firſt Earl of Deſmond.

(*b*) *To raiſe the mount where Surrey's tow'rs muſt ſtand.*

Alluding to the ſumptuous houſe which was afterward built by him upon Leonard's-hill, right againſt Norwich; which, in the rebellion of Norfolk under Ket, in King Edward the ſixth's time, was much defaced by that impure rabble. Betwixt the hill and the city, as Alexander Nevel deſcribes it, the river of Yarmouth runs, having weſt and ſouth thereof a wood, and a little village called Thorpe; and on the north the paſtures of Mouſholl, which contain about ſix miles in length and breadth. So that beſides the ſtately greatneſs of Mount-Surrey, which was the houſe's name, the proſpect and ſite thereof was paſſing pleaſant and commodious; and no where elſe did that encreaſing evil of the Norfolk fury unkennel itſelf then, but there, as it were for a manifeſt token of their intent to debaſe all high things, and to profane all holy.

(*c*) *Like arras-work, or ſuch like imag'ry.*

Such was he whom Juvenal taxeth in this manner:

Truncoque ſimilimus Herme
Nullo quippe alio vincis diſcrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput eſt, tua vivit imago.

Seeming to be born for nothing elſe but apparel and the outward appearance entitled complement, with whom the ridiculous fable of the ape in Æſop forteth fitly; who coming into a carver's houſe, and viewing many marble works, took up the head of a man very cunningly wrought, who greatly in praiſing did ſeem to pity it, that having ſo comely an outſide it had nothing within; like empty figures walk and talk in every place, at whom the noble Geraldine modeſtly glanceth.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

THE LADY JANE GRAY TO THE LORD GILFORD DUDLEY.

The Argument.

Edward the ſixth, his timeleſs life bereft,
(Though doubtfully) yet his dominion left
To his ſiſter Mary: but by Henry Gray,
Then Duke of Suffolk, hearing mighty ſway,
With the conſent and by the pow'rful hand
Of John the ſtout Duke of Northumberland,
His fourth ſon, Gilford Dudley, they affy'd
To fair Jane Gray, which by the mother's ſide
Some title claim'd: this marriage them between,
The Lady Jane was here proclaimed Queen,
But Mary ſoon prevailing by her pow'r,
Cauſed thoſe two preſerved in the Tow'r,
There to be priſon'd; where, their blame to quit,
They each to other theſe epiſtles writ.

MINE own dear Lord, ſith thou art lock'd from me,
In this diſguiſe my love muſt ſteal to thee,
Since to renew all loves, all kindneſs paſt,
This refuge ſcarcely left, yet this the laſt.
My keeper coming, I of thee inquire,
Who with thy greeting anſwers my deſire;
Which my tongue willing to return again,
Grief ſtops my words, and I but ſtrive in vain:
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haſte he goes,
When through my lips my heart thruſts forth my woes.
But then the doors, that make a doleful ſound,
Drive back my words, that in the noiſe are drown'd,
Which ſomewhat huſh'd, the echo doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word:
When like an adverſe wind in Iſis' courſe,
Againſt the tide bending his boiſt'rous force;
But when the flood hath wrought itſelf about,
He following on, doth headlong thruſt it out:
Thus ſtrive my ſighs with tears ere they begin,
And breaking out, again ſighs drive them in.

A thouſand forms preſent my troubled thought
Yet prove abortive ere they forth are brought,
" The depth of woe with words we hardly found,
" Sorrow is ſo inſenſibly profound."
As tears do fall and riſe, ſighs come and go,
So do theſe numbers ebb, ſo do they flow.
Theſe briny tears do make my ink look pale,
My ink cloaths tears in this ſad mourning vail;
The letters mourners, weep with my dim eye,
The paper pale, griev'd at my miſery.
Yet miſerable ourſelves why ſhould we deem,
Sith none are ſo but in their own eſteem?
" Who in diſtreſs from reſolution flies,
Is rightly ſaid to yield to miſeries,"
(*a*) They which begot us, did beget this ſin,
They firſt begun what did our grief begin:
We taſted not, 'twas they which did rebell,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell:
They which a crown would to my Lord have
All hope of life and liberty extinct; [link'd,
A ſubject born, a ſov'reign to have been,
Have made me now nor ſubject, nor a Queen.
Ah, vile ambition, how doſt thou deceive us!
Which ſhew'ſt us heav'n, and yet in hell doſt leave us.
" Seldom untouch'd doth innocence eſcape,
" When error cometh in good counſel's ſhape;
" A lawful title counterchecks proud might;
" The weakeſt things become ſtrong props to " right."
Then, my dear Lord, although affliction grieve us,
Yet let our ſpotleſs innocence relieve us.
" Death but an acted paſſion doth appear,
" Where truth gives courage and the conſcience " clear."
And let thy comfort thus conſiſt in mine,
That I bear part of whatſoe'r is thine,
As when we liv'd untouched with theſe diſgraces,
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces:
(*b*) At Durham palace, where ſweet Hymen ſang,
Whoſe buildings with our nuptial muſic rang:
When prothalamions prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great Dudley match'd with noble Gray.
When they devis'd to link by wedlock's band
The houſe of Suffolk to Northumberland;
Our fatal dukedom to your dukedom bound,
To frame this building on ſo weak a ground.
For what avails a lawleſs uſurpation,
Which gives a ſcepter, but not rules a nation?
Only the ſurfeit of a vain opinion:
" What gives content, gives what exceeds do- " minion."
(*c*) When firſt mine ears were pierced with the fame
Of Jane, proclaimed by a Princeſs' name,
A ſudden fright my trembling heart appalls:
" The fear of conſcience ent'reth iron walls."
Thrice happy for our fathers had it been,
If what we fear'd, they wiſely had forſeen,
And kept a mean gate in an humble path,
To have eſcap'd the heav'ns impetuous wrath,
The true-bred eagle ſtrongly ſtems the wind,
And not each bird reſembling their brave kind;
He, like a king, doth from the clouds command
The fearful fowl, that move but near the land.
Though Mary be from mighty Kings deſcended,
My blood not from Plantagenet pretended;
(*d*) My grandſire Brandon did our houſe advance,
By princely Mary, dowager of France:
The fruit of that fair ſtock, which did combine,
And York's ſweet branch with Lancaſter entwine,
And in one ſtalk did happily unite
The pure vermilion roſe and purer white;
I, the untimely ſlip of that rich ſtem,
Whoſe golden bud brings forth a diadem.
But oh, forgive me, Lord, it is not I,
Nor do I boaſt of this, but learn to die:
Whilſt we were as ourſelves, conjoyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien. [blood?
" To gain a kingdom, who ſpares their next
" Nearneſs contemn'd, if ſov'reignty withſtood.
" A diadem once dazzling the eye,
" The day too dark to ſee affinity:
" And where the arm is ſtretch'd to reach a " crown,
" Friendſhip is broke, the deareſt things thrown " down."
(*e*) For what great Henry moſt ſtrove to avoid,
The heav'ns have built, where earth would have deſtroy'd.
And ſeating Edward on his regal throne,
He gives to Mary all that was his own,
By death aſſuring what by life is theirs,
The lawful claim of Henry's lawful heirs.
By mortal laws the bond may be divorc'd,
But heav'n's decree by no means can be forc'd:
That rules the caſe, when men have all decreed,
Who took him hence forſaw who ſhould ſucceed;
For we in vain rely on human laws, [cauſe.
When heaven ſtands forth to plead the righteous
Thus rule the ſkies in their continual courſe;
That yields to fate, that doth not yield to force.
" Man's wit doth build for time but to devour,
" But virtue's free from time and fortune's " pow'r."
Then my kind Lord, ſweet Gilford, be not griev'd,
The ſoul is heav'nly, and from heaven reliev'd;
And as we once have plighted troth together,
Now let us make exchange of minds to either:
To thy fair breaſt take my reſolved mind,
Arm'd againſt black deſpair and all her kind:
Into my boſom breathe that ſoul of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine:
So ſhall our faiths as firmly be approved,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloved.
This life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.
Thou my dear huſband and my lord before,
But truely learn to die, thou ſhalt be more.
Now live by pray'r, on heav'n fix all thy thought,
And ſurely find whate'er by zeal is ſought:
For each good motion that the ſoul awakes,
A heav'nly figure ſees, from whence it takes
That ſweet reſemblance, which by pow'r of kind
Forms (like itſelf) an image in the mind,

And in our faith the operations be,
Of that divineneſs which through that we ſee
Which never errs, but accidentally,
By our frail fleſh's imbecility;
By each temptation over-apt to ſlide,
Except our ſpirit becomes our bodies guide:
For as theſe towers our bodies do encloſe,
So our ſouls priſons verily are thoſe:
Our bodies ſtopping that celeſtial light,
As theſe do hinder our exterior ſight;
Whereon death ſeizing, doth diſcharge the debt,
And us at bleſſed liberty doth ſet.
Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,
The ſtrongeſt fortreſs of this earthly part,
And on theſe three let thy aſſurance lie,
On faith, repentance, and humility,
By which, to heav'n aſcending by degrees,
Perſiſt in pray'r upon your bended knees:
Whereon if you aſſuredly be ſtay'd,
You need in peril not to be diſmay'd,
Which ſtill ſhall keep you that you ſhall not fall,
For any peril that can you appall:
The key of heav'n thus with you you ſhall bear,
And grace you guiding, get you entrance there;
And you of thoſe celeſtial joys poſſeſs,
Which mortal tongue's unable to expreſs.
Then thank the heav'n, preparing us this room,
Crowning our heads with glorious martyrdom,
Before the black and diſmal days begin,
The days of all idolatry and ſin,
Not ſuff'ring us to ſee that wicked age,
When perſecution vehemently ſhall rage;
When tyranny new tortures ſhall invent
To inflict vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heav'n forbid that Mary's womb ſhould bring
England's fair ſceptre to a foreign King;
(f) But ſhe to fair Elizabeth ſhall leave it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receive it:
And on her temples having plac'd the crown,
Root out the dregs idolatry hath ſown:
And Sion's glory ſhall again reſtore,
Laid ruin, waſte, and deſolate before;
And from black cinders, and rude heaps of ſtones,
Shall gather up the martyrs ſacred bones;
And ſhall extirp the pow'r of Rome again,
And caſt aſide the heavy yoke of Spain.
Farewel, ſweet Gilford, know our end is near,
Heav'n ſows home, we are but ſtrangers here
Let us make haſte to go unto the bleſt,
Which from theſe weary worldly labours reſt.
And with theſe lines, my deareſt Lord, I greet thee,
Until in heav'n thy Jane again ſhall meet thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *They which begot us, did beget this ſin.*
Shewing the ambition of the two Dukes their fathers, whoſe pride was cauſe of the utter overthrow of their children.

(b) *At Durham palace where ſweet* Hymen *ſung*
The buildings, &c.
The Lord Gilford Dudely, fourth ſon to John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady Jane Gray, daughter to the Duke of Suffolk, at Durham-houſe in the Strand.

(c) *When firſt mine ears were pierced with the fame*
Of Jane, *proclaimed by a Princeſs' name.*
Preſently upon the death of King Edward, the Lady Jane was taken as Queen, conveyed by water to the tower of London for her ſafety, and after proclaimed in divers parts of the realm, as ſo ordained by King Edward's letters patents and his will.

(d) *My grandſire* Brandon *did our houſe advance*
By Princely Mary, *Dowager of France.*
Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, married Frances the eldeſt daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by the French Queen; by which Frances he had this lady Jane. This Mary the French Queen was daughter to King Henry VII. by Elizabeth his Queen; which happy marriage conjoined the two noble families of Lancaſter and York.

(e) *For what great* Henry *moſt ſtrove to avoid.*
Noting the diſtruſt that King Henry VIII. ever had in the Princeſs Mary his daughter, fearing ſhe would alter the ſtate of religion in the land, by matching with a ſtranger, confeſſing the right that King Henry's iſſue had to the crown.

(f) *But ſhe to fair* Elizabeth *ſhall leave it.*
A propheſy of Queen Mary's barrenneſs, and of the happy and glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth; her reſtoring of religion, the aboliſhing of the Romiſh ſervitude, and caſting aſide the yoke of Spain.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

GILFORD DUDLEY
TO THE LADY JANE GRAY.

As the ſwan ſinging at his dying hour,
So I reply from my impris'ning tow'r:
O, could there be that pow'r but in my verſe,
T' expreſs the grief which my ſad heart doth pierce!
The very walls, that ſtraitly thee incloſe,
Would ſurely weep at reading of my woes;
Let your eyes lend, I'll pay you every tear,
And give you int'reſt, if you do forbear;
Drop for a drop, and if you'll needs have loan,
I will repay you frankly two for one.
Perhaps you'll think (your ſorrows to appeaſe)
That words of comfort fitter were than theſe:
True, and in you when ſuch perfection liveth,
As in moſt grief, me now moſt comfort giveth.
But think not Jane, that cowardly I faint,
To beg man's mercy by my ſad complaint,
That death ſo much my courage can controul,
At the departing of my living ſoul.
For if one life a thouſand lives could be,
All thoſe too few to conſummate with thee
When thou this croſs ſo patiently doſt bear,
As if thou wert incapable of fear,
And doeſt no more this diſſolution fly,
Than if long age conſtrained thee to die.
Yet it is ſtrange, thou art become my foe,
And only now add'ſt moſt unto my woe;
Not that I loath what moſt me delight,
But that ſo long deprived of thy ſight:
For when I ſpeak, and would complain my wrong,
Straitways thy name poſſeſſeth all my tongue,
As thou before me evermore didſt lie
The preſent object to my longing eye,
No ominous ſtar did at thy birthtide ſhine,
That might of thy ſad deſtiny divine;
'Tis only I that did thy fall perſuade,
And thou by me a ſacrifice art made,
As in thoſe countries where the loving wives
With their kind huſbands end their happy lives,
And crown'd with garlands, in their brides attire,
Burn with his body in the fun'ral fire;
And ſhe the worthieſt reckon'd is of all,
Whom leaſt the peril ſeemeth to appall.
I boaſt not of Northumberland's great name,
(*a*) (Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame)
When he to Norfolk with his armies ſped,
And thence in chains the rebels captive led,
And brought ſafe peace returning to our doors,
Yet ſpread his glory on the eaſtern ſhores;
(*b*) Nor of my brothers, from whoſe natural grace
Virtue may ſpring to beautify our race;
(*c*) Nor of Gray's match, my children born by thee,
Of the great blood undoubtedly to be:
But of thy virtue only do I boaſt,
That wherein I may juſtly glory moſt.
I crav'd no Kingdoms, though I thee did crave:
It me ſuffis'd thy only ſelf to have:
Yet let me ſay, however it befell,
Methinks a crown ſhould have becom'd thee well:
For ſure thy wiſdom merited, or none,
(*d*) To have been heard with wonder from a throne;
When from thy lips the counſel to each deed,
Doth as from ſome wiſe oracle proceed.
And more eſteem'd thy virtues were to me,
Than all that elſe might ever come by thee:
So chaſte thy love, ſo innocent thy life,
As being a virgin when thou wert a wife;
So great a gift the heav'n on me beſtow'd,
As giving that, it nothing could have ow'd:

Such was the the good I did poſſeſs of late,
E'er worldly care diſturb'd our quiet ſtate;
E'er trouble did in ev'ry place abound
And angry war our former peace did wound.
But to know this, ambition us affords,
" One crown is guarded with a thouſand ſwords;
" To mean eſtates mean ſorrows are but ſhown,
" But crowns have cares, whoſe workings be
" unknown."
(*e*) When Dudley led his armies to the eaſt,
Of our whole forces gen'rally poſſeſt,
What then was thought his enterprize could let.
(*f*) Whom a grave council freely did abet,
That had the judgment of the pow'rful laws
In ev'ry point to juſtify the cauſe?
The holy church a helping hand that laid,
Who would have thought that theſe could not have ſway'd?
But what (alas!) can parliaments avail,
Where Mary's right muſt Edward's acts repeal?
(*g*) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes withſtand,
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland;
And they that ſhould our greatneſs undergo,
Us and our actions only overthrow.
Ee'r greatneſs gain'd, we give it all our heart,
But being once come, we wiſh it would depart,
And indiſcreetly follow that ſo faſt,
Which overtaken, puniſheth our haſte.
If any one do pity our offence,
Let him be ſure that he be far from hence:
Here is no place for any one that ſhall
So much as once commiſerate our fall:
And we of mercy vainly ſhould but think,
Our timeleſs tears th' infatiate earth doth drink.
All lamentations utterly forlorn,
Dying before they fully can be born.
Mothers, that ſhould their woful children rue;
Fathers, in death to kindly bid adieu;
Friends, their dear farewel lovingly to take;
The faithful ſervant weeping for our ſake;
Brothers and ſiſters waiting on our bier,
Mourners to tell what we were living here:
But we (alas!) deprived are of all,
So fatal is our miſerable fall.
And, where at firſt for ſafety we were ſhut,
Now in dark priſon wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious ſtate,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perſuaſion thus I then reply,
Hold on thy courſe, reſolved ſtill to die;
And when we ſhall ſo happily be gone,
Leave it to heaven to give the rightful throne;
And with that health regreet I thee again,
Which I of late did gladly entertain.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(*a*) *Nor of* Ket *conquer'd, adding to our fame.*

John, Duke of Northumberland, when before he was Earl of Warwick, in his expedition againſt Ket, overthrew the rebels of Norfolk and Suffolk, encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolk.

(*b*) *Nor of my brothers, from whoſe natural grace.*

Gilford Dudley, as remembering in this place the towardneſs of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to have raiſed that houſe of the Dudleys, of which he was a fourth brother, if not fuppreſſed by their father's overthrow.

(*c*) *Nor of* Gray's *match, my children born by thee.*

Noting in this place the alliance of the Lady Jane Gray by her mother, which was Frances the daugeter of Charles Brandon, by Mary the French Queen, daughter to Henry VII. and ſiſter to Henry VIII.

(*d*) *To have been heard with wonder from a throne.*

Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman indued with ſuch wonderful gifts, as was this lady, both for her wiſdom and learning: of whoſe ſkill in the tongues, one reporteth by this epigram:

Miraris Janam *Gradio ſermone valere?*
Quo primum nata eſt tempore Graia *fuit.*

(*e*) *When* Dudley *led his army to the eaſt.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition againſt the rebels in Norfolk, and making haſte away, appointed the reſt of his forces to meet him at Newmarket-Heath: of whom this ſaying is reported, that paſſing through Shore-Ditch, the Lord Gray in his company, ſeeing the people in great numbers came to ſee him, he ſaid, " The people preſs " to ſee us, but none bid God ſpeed us."

(f) What a grave council freely did abet.

John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when he went out againſt Queen Mary, had his commiſſion ſealed for the generalſhip of the army, by the conſent of the whole council of the land: inſomuch that paſſing through the council-chamber at his departure, the Earl of Arundel wiſhed, that he might have gone with him in that expedition, and to ſpend his blood in the quarrel.

(g) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes withſtand.
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland.

The Suffolk men were the firſt that ever reſorted to Queen Mary in her diſtreſs, repairing to her ſuccours whilſt ſhe remained both at Keninghall and at Freningham Caſtle, ſtill increaſing her aids, until the Duke of Northumberland was left forſaken at Cambridge.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

A CATALOGUE OF THE HEROICAL LOVES.

The world's fair Roſe, and Henry's froſty fire;
John's tyranny, and chaſte Matilda's wrong;
Th' inraged Queen, and furious Mortimer;
The ſcourge of France, and his chaſte love I ſung:
Depoſed Richard, Iſabel exil'd;
The gallant Tudor, and fair Catharine;
Duke Humphry, and old Cobham's hapleſs child;
Couragious Pool, and that brave ſpir'tful Queen;
Edward, and the delicious London dame;
Brandon, and that rich Dowager of France;
Surrey, with his fair paragon of fame;
Dudley's miſhap, and virtuous Gray's miſchance;
Their ſev'ral loves ſince I before have ſhown,
Now give me leave at laſt to ſing mine own.

THE MISERIES

OF

QUEEN MARGARET.

I SING a woman, and a pow'rful Queen,
Henry the Sixth, the King of England's wife,
The beauteous Marg'ret, whoſe miſgovern'd ſpleen
So many ſorrows brought upon her life,
As upon woman's never yet were ſeen;
In the beginning of that fatal ſtrife
(Th' unlucky ſeaſon) when the Yorkiſts fought
To bring the line of Lancaſter to nought.

It was the time of thoſe great ſtirs in France,
Their ancient right that th' Engliſh had regain'd,
But the proud French attributing to chance,
What by mere manhood ſtoutly ours obtain'd,
Their late-fall'n enſigns labour'd to advance,
The ſtreets with blood of either nation ſtain'd:
Theſe ſtrive to hold, thoſe to caſt off the yoke,
Whilſt forts and towns flew up to heav'n in ſmoke.

The neighbouring princes, greatly pitying then
The Chriſtian blood in that long quarrel ſhed,
Which had devour'd ſuch multitudes of men,
That the full earth could ſcarcely keep her dead;
Yet for each Engliſh, of her native ten:
In zeal to peace theſe neighbouring princes led,
At Tours in Touraine ſet them down a diet,
(Could it he done) theſe clamorous feuds to quiet.

From th' emperor there ambaſſadors arrive,
The kings of Denmark, Hungary, and Spain;
And that each thing they aptly might contrive,
And both the Kings there largely might complain,
The Duke of Orleance for the French doth ſtrive
To ſhew his grievance; William Pool again,
The Earl of Suffolk, doth for England ſtand,
Who ſteer'd the ſtate then with a pow'rful hand.

For eighteen months they ratify a peace
'Twixt theſe proud realms, which Suffolk doth purſue
With all his pow'rs, with hope ſtill to encreaſe,
The ſame expir'd, that it ſhould ſoon renew:
For by his means, if ſo this war might ceaſe,
He had a plot of which they never knew,
To his intent, which if all things went right,
He'll make the dull world to admire his might.

For having ſeen fair Margaret in France,
(That time's bright'ſt beauty) being then but young,
Her piercing eyes with many a ſubtle glance
His mighty heart ſo forcibly had ſtung,
As made him think, if that he could advance
This mortal wonder, only that among
His riſing fortunes ſhould the greateſt prove,
If to his queen he could advance his love.

Her eyes at all points arm'd with thoſe deceits,
That to her ſex are natural every way;
Which with more art ſhe, as inticing baits,
For this great Lord doth with advantage lay;

As he again, that on her boſom waits,
Had found that there, which could he come to ſway,
He would put fair as ever man did yet,
Upon the height of Fortune's wheel to ſit.

Love and ambition ſpur him in ſuch ſort,
As that (alone) t' accompliſh his deſire,
To fall with Phaëton he would think it ſport,
Though he ſhould ſet the univerſe on fire:
Nor recks he what the world of him report,
He muſt ſcorn that, who will dare to aſpire;
For through the air his wings him way ſhall make,
Though in his fall the frame of heaven he ſhake.

Reyner, deſcended from the royal ſtem
Of France, the Duke of Anjou, ſtiled king
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jeruſalem;
Although in them he had not any thing,
But the poor title of a diadem;
Seeing by Suffolk greater hopes to ſpring,
Puts on his daughter that great Lord to pleaſe,
Of England's counſels who kept all the keys.

But ſtrange encounters ſtrongly him oppoſe,
In his firſt entrance to this great deſign;
Thoſe men were mighty that againſt him roſe,
And came upon him with a countermine;
That he muſt now play cunningly, or loſe;
Cunning they were againſt him that combine,
Plot above plot doth ſtrain aloft to tower.
The conflict great, 'twixt policy and power.

For Humphry Duke of Glo'ſter, ſtil'd the good,
England's protector, ſought a match to make
With a fair princeſs of as royal blood,
The daughter of the Earl of Arminake,
And his crown'd nephew: but ſtout Suffolk ſtood
Still for his miſtreſs, nor will her forſake,
But make her Henry's queen in ſpight of all;
Or ſhe ſhall riſe, or Suffolk ſwears to fall.

By the French faction when ſhe up is cry'd,
Of all angelic excellence the prime,
Who was ſo dull that her not deify'd,
To be the only maſter-piece of time?
The praiſe of her extended is ſo wide,
As that thereon a man to heaven might climb:
All tongues and ears enchanted with delight,
When they do talk, or hear of Margarite.

And thoſe whom Pool about his prince had plac'd,
And for his purpoſe taught the tricks of court;
To this great king, and many a time had grac'd,
To make his ears more apt for their report;
Having the time moſt diligently trac'd,
And ſaw theſe things ſucceſsfully to ſort,
Strike in a hand, and up together bear,
To make fair Marg'ret muſic in his ear.

Anjou a duchy, Main a county great,
Of which the Engliſh long had been poſſeſt;
And Mauns a city of no ſmall receit,
To which the Duke pretended intereſt:
For the concluſion, when they came to treat,
And things by Pool were to the utmoſt preſt,
Are to Duke Reyner render'd up to hold:
To buy a Helen, thus a Troy was ſold.

When of an Earl, a Marquis Pool is made,
Then of a Marquis is a Duke created;
For he at eaſe in Fortune's lap was laid,
To glorious actions wholly conſecrated:
Hard was the thing that he could not perſwade,
In the King's favour he was ſo inſtated;
Without his Suffolk who could not ſubſiſt,
So that he ruled all things as he liſt.

This with a ſtrong aſtoniſhment doth ſtrike
Th' amazed world, which knew not what to ſay;
What living man but did the act miſlike,
If him it did not utterly diſmay,
That what with blood was bought at puſh of pike,
Got in an age, giv'n in an hour away?
Some largely ſpeak, and ſome again are dumb,
Wond'ring what would of this ſtrange world become.

As when ſome dreadful comet doth appear,
Athwart the heaven that throws his threat'ning light,
The peaceful people that at quiet were,
Stand with wild gazes wond'ring at the ſight;
Some war, ſome plagues, ſome famine greatly fear,
Some falls of kingdoms, or of men of might:
The grieved people thus their judgments ſpend,
Of theſe ſtrange actions what ſhould be the end.

When Suffolk, procurator for the king,
Is ſhip'd for France, t' eſpouſe the beauteous bride,
And fitted to the full of every thing,
Follow'd with England's gallantry and pride;
(As freſh as is the bravery of the ſpring)
Coming to Tours, there ſumptuouſly affy'd;
This one, whoſe like no age had ſeen before,
Whoſe eyes out-ſhone the jewels that ſhe wore.

Her reverent parents ready in the place,
As overjoy'd this happy day to ſee,
The king and queen the nuptials there to grace;
On them three dukes, as their attendants be,
Seven earls, twelve barons in their equipace,
And twenty biſhops: whilſt that only ſhe,
Like to the roſy morning towards the riſe,
Cheers all the church, as it doth cheer the ſkies.

Triumphal arches the glad town doth raiſe,
And tilts and turneys are perform'd at court,
Conceited maſks, rich banquets, witty plays,

Beſides amongſt them many a pretty ſport:
Poets write prothalamions in their praiſe,
Until mens ears were cloy'd with the report:
Of either ſex, and who doth not delight
To wear the daiſy for Queen (a) Margarite?

The triumphs ended, he to England goes
With this rich gem allotted him to keep,
Still entertained with moſt ſumptuous ſhows,
In paſſing thorough Normandy to Diepe,
Where like the ſea the concourſe daily flows,
For her departure whilſt ſad France doth weep;
And that the ſhips their crooked anchors weigh'd,
By which to England ſhe muſt be convey'd.

And being fitted both for wind and tide,
Out of the harbour flies this goodly fleet,
And for fair Portſmouth their ſtraight courſe they ply'd,
Where the king ſtay'd his lovely bride to meet:
Yonder ſhe comes, when as the people cry'd,
Buſy with ruſhes ſtrewing ev'ry ſtreet,
The brainleſs vulgar little underſtand
The horrid plagues that ready were to land.

Which but too ſoon all-ſeeing heaven foretold:
For ſhe was ſcarcely ſafely put on ſhore,
But that the ſkies (O wond'rous to behold!)
O'erſpread with lightning hideouſly do roar,
The furious winds with one another ſcold,
Never ſuch tempeſts had been ſeen before:
With ſudden floods whole villages were crown'd,
Steeples with earthquakes tumbled to the ground.

When to their purpoſe things to paſs were brought,
And theſe two brave ambitious ſpirits were met,
The queen and duke now frame their working thought,
Into their hands the ſovreignty to get:
For ſoon they found the king could not be wrought
Up to their ends, nature ſo low had ſet
His humble heart; that what they would obtain,
'Tis they muſt do't; by colour of his reign.

And for they found the grieved commons grutch,
At this which Suffolk deſperately had done,
Who for the queen had parted with ſo much,
Thereby yet nothing to the realm had won.
And thoſe that ſpurr'd the people on, were ſuch,
As to oppoſe them openly begun;
Therefore by them ſome great ones down muſt go,
Which if they miſs'd of, they themſelves muſt ſo.

(a) Margarite in French ſignifies a daiſy.

York then, which had the Regency in France,
They force the king ignobly to diſplace,
Thereto the Duke of Somerſet t' advance,
Their friend, and one of the Lancaſtrian race;
For they betwixt them turn'd the wheel of chance,
'Tis they cry up, 'tis they that do debaſe:
He's the firſt man they purpos'd to remove,
The only minion of the people's love.

This open'd wide the public way, whereby
Ruin ruſht in upon the troubled land,
Under whoſe weight it happen'd long to lye,
Quite overthrown with their ill-guiding hand;
For their ambition looking over high,
Could in no meaſure aptly underſtand
Upon their heads the danger that they drew,
Whoſe force, too ſoon, they and their faction knew.

For whilſt this brave prince was employ'd abroad,
Th' affairs of France his mind up wholly took,
But being thus diſburthen'd of that load,
Which gave him leave into himſelf to look,
The courſe he ran in evidently ſhow'd,
His late allegiance that he off had ſhook,
And underhand his title ſet on foot,
To pluck their red-roſe quite up by the root.

Thus having made a regent of their own,
By whom they mean great matters to effect,
For by degrees they will aſcend the throne,
And but their own all aid they elſe neglect,
As with a tempeſt he to ground is blown,
On whom their rage doth any way reflect:
Which good Duke Humphry firſt of all muſt taſte,
Whoſe timeleſs death intemperately they haſte.

This Henry's uncle, and his next of blood,
Was both protector of the realm, and king,
Whoſe meekneſs had inſtiled him the good,
Of moſt eſpecial truſt in every thing;
One to his country conſtantly that ſtood,
As time ſhould ſay, I forth a man will bring,
So plain and honeſt, as on him I'll reſt
The age he liv'd in, as the only beſt.

This grave protector, who both realms had ſway'd,
Whilſt the king's nonage his grave counſels crav'd,
In his great wiſdom when he throughly weigh'd
How this French lady here herſelf behav'd,
To make her game again, how Suffolk play'd,
The realms from ruin hoping to have ſav'd,
Loſt his dear life within a little ſpace,
Which overthrew the whole Lancaſtrian race.

This prince, who ſtill dar'd ſtoutly to oppoſe
Thoſe whom he ſaw all but their own to hate,
Then found the league of his inveterate foes
To come upon him with the pow'r of fate;
And things to that extremity ſtill roſe,
(The certain ſign of the declining ſtate

As that their faction every day grew ſtrong,
Perceiv'd his virtues like to ſuffer wrong.

Fierce Margaret's malice propt with mighty men,
Her darling Suffolk, who her forward drew;
Proud Somerſet, of France the regent then;
And Buckingham, his pow'r too well that knew;
The Cardinal Beaufort, and with him again
York's great arch-prelate to make up the crew;
By accuſations doing all their beſt,
From the good duke all government to wreſt.

Who then compel the peaceful king to call
A parliament, their grievances to hear
Againſt the duke, that, to inforce his fall,
They might have ſomething that might colour bear:
But then they doobt his anſwer, and withal
The murmuring people they far more do fear,
As their own lives who lov'd him: therefore they
Muſt caſt to make him ſecretly away.

And therefore with the parliament proceed,
Saint Edmond's Bury the appointed place,
Whereas they meant to do the fatal deed,
Which with much quickneſs ſhould decide the caſe,
The cruel manner ſoon they had decreed,
And to the act they haſten them apace;
On this good prince their purpoſe to effect,
Then, when the people nothing ſhould ſuſpect.

No ſooner was this great aſſembly met,
But the high-marſhal doth the duke arreſt,
And on his perſon ſuch a guard they ſet,
That they of him were certainly poſſeſt;
His ſervants were from their attendance let,
And either ſent to priſon or ſuppreſt;
So that their lord left in this piteous plight,
Lay'd in his bed, was ſtrangled in the night.

Then give they out, that of mere grief he dy'd,
To cover what they cruelly had done.
But this black deed when once the day deſcry'd,
The frantic people to his lodging run,
Some rail, ſome curſe, yea little children chide,
Which forc'd that faction the fair ſtreets to ſhun:
Some wiſh proud Suffold ſunk into the ground,
Some bid a plague the cruel queen confound.

Thus their ambition would not let them ſee
How by his death they haſten'd their decay,
Nor let them know, that this was only he
Who kept the Yorkiſts evermore at bay,
But of this man they muſt the murtherers be,
Upon whoſe life their ſafety only lay;
But his dear blood, them nothing could ſuffice,
When now began Queen Margaret's miſeries.

In either kingdom all things go to wreck,
Which they had thought they could have made to thrive,
His noble counſels when they came to lack,
Which could them with facility contrive,
Nor could they ſtay them in their going back,
One miſchief ſtill another doth revive;
As heav'n had ſent a hoſt of horrors out,
Which all at once encompaſs'd them about.

Out fly the Iriſh, and with ſword and fire
Unmercied havoc of the Engliſh made;
They diſcontented here at home, conſpire
Yo ſtir the Scot the borders to invade:
The faithleſs French then having their deſire,
To ſee us thus in ſeas of troubles wade,
In every place outrageouſly rebel,
As out of France the Engliſh to expel.

The ſturdy Normans, with high pride inflam'd,
Shake off the yoke of their ſubjection quite,
Nor will with patience hear the Engliſh nam'd;
Except of thoſe that ſpeak of them in ſpite,
But as their foes them publicly proclaim'd,
And their allies to open arms excite.
In every place thus England's right goes down,
Nor will they leave the Engliſh men a town.

Newcaſtle, Conſtance, Maleon, and St. Lo,
With Caſtle-Galliard, Argenton and Roan,
Ponteu-de-Mer, with forts and cities mo,
Than which that country ſtronger holds had none,
Set ope their gates, and bade the Engliſh go,
For that the French ſhould then poſſeſs their own.
And to their armies up their forts they yield,
And turn the Engliſh out into the field.

And that great earl of Arminack again,
A puiſſant peer and mighty in eſtate,
Upon juſt cauſe, who took in high diſdain
To have his daughter ſo repudiate,
(His countries bord'ring upon Aquitain,)
Purſues the Engliſh nation with ſuch hate,
As that he enter'd with his armed pow'rs,
And from that duchy drave all that was ours.

Th' enraged commons ready are to riſe
Upon the regent, to his charge and lay'd,
That from his ſlackneſs and haſe cowardice
Theſe towns were loſt, by his neglect of aid;
Then follow Suffolk with confuſed cries,
With Main and Anjou, and do him upbraid,
And vow his life ſhall for their loſſes pay,
Or at the ſtake their goods and lives to lay.

In th' open ſeſſion and articulate,
Seven ſeveral treaſons urg'd againſt them both,
As moſt pernicious members of the ſtate,
Which was confirmed by the common oath:
So that the king, who ſaw the people's hate,
(In his own ſelf though he were very loath)
To both the houſes laſtly doth aſſent,
To ſet on Suffolk five years baniſhment.

His ſovereign lady Suffolk thus muſt leave,
And ſhe her ſervant, to her ſoul ſo dear,
Yet muſt they both conceal what they conceive,

Which they would not if any help there were:
Yet of all comfort they cannot bereave
Her, but this hope her penſive heart doth cheer,
That he in France ſhall have his moſt reſort,
And live ſecurely in her father's court.

His mighty mind nor can this doom moleſt,
But kicks the earth with a diſdainful ſcorn:
If any thing do corroſive his breaſt,
It was, that he was in baſe England born.
He curſt the king and kingdom, but he bleſt
The queen; but if in any thing forlorn
'Twas that he ſhould her happy preſence miſs,
The endleſs ſum of all his earthly bliſs.

His ſentence ſcarce in parliament had paſt,
But that the raſcal multitude ariſe,
Pluck down his houſes, lay his lordſhips waſte,
And ſearch how they his perſon may ſurpriſe;
That he from England inſtantly muſt haſte,
Cover'd by night, or by ſome ſtrange diſguiſe,
And to ſome ſmall port ſecretly retire,
And there ſome poor boat for his paſſage hire.

From Harwich haven and embark'd for France,
As he for Calais his ſtraight courſe doth ſteer,
(O here behold a moſt diſaſtrous chance!)
A man of war (*a*) the ſeas that ſcoured there,
One at his actions that ſtill look'd aſcance,
And to this duke did deadly hatred bear,
After a long chaſe took this little cray,
Which he ſuppos'd him ſafely ſhould convey.

And from the fiſher taking him by force,
He under hatches ſtraightly him beſtow'd,
And towards his country ſteering on his courſe,
He runs his veſſel into Dover road,
Where railing on him without all remorſe,
Him from the ſhip to all the people ſhew'd;
And when no more they could the duke deride,
They cut his head off on the cock-boat ſide.

Suffolk thus dead, and Somerſet diſgrac'd,
His title York more freely might prefer;
The commons love when cunningly to taſte,
(Leſt over-weening he perhaps might err,)
He firſt ſuborns a villain that embrac'd
The nobler name of March-born Mortimer,
Which, in the title of the houſe of York,
Might ſet the monſtrous multitude awork.

His name was Cade, his native country Kent,
Who though of birth and in eſtate but poor,
Yet for his courage he was eminent,
(Which the wiſe duke well underſtood before:)
He had a mind was of a large extent,
The ſign whereof on his bold brow he bore;
Stern of behaviour, and of body ſtrong;
Witty, well-ſpoken, cautelous, though young.

(*a*) By our Hiſtorians called the Nicholas, and ſaid to belong to the Duke of Exeter.

But for the Duke his title (*b*) muſt derive
Out of the blood which bare that honour'd name,
Therefore muſt caſt and cunningly contrive
To ſee how people reliſhed the ſame;
And if he found it fortuned to thrive,
Then at the mark he had a farther aim,
To ſhew himſelf his title good to make,
To raiſe him friends and pow'r, his part to take.

All oppoſition likewiſe to prevent,
The crafty duke his meaning doth conceal,
And Cade doth riſe t' reform the government,
And baſe abuſes of the public weal,
To which he knew the commons would conſent,
Which otherwiſe his treaſon might reveal;
Which rightly took, for by this colour he
Drew twenty thouſand on his part to be.

From Suſſex, Surrey, and from Kent that roſe,
Whom hope of ſpoil doth to this act perſuade,
Which ſtill increaſe his army as it goes,
And on Black-heath his rendezvous he made,
Where in ſhort time it to that vaſtneſs grows,
As it at once the kingdom would invade,
And he himſelf the conqueſt could aſſure,
Of any pow'r king Henry could procure.

And did in fight that gen'ral force defeat,
Sent by the king that rebel to purſue,
When under colour of a feign'd retreat,
He made as though he from the army flew,
The ſlaughter of the ſoldiers muſt be great,
When he thoſe Staffords miſerably ſlew,
Captains ſelect, and choſen by the queen
To lead the pow'rs that ſhould have wreak'd her teen.

When for a ſiege he to the city came,
Aſſaults the bridge with his embolden'd pow'r,
And after oft repulſed takes the fame,
Makes himſelf maſter of the town and tow'r,
Doing ſuch things as might the devil ſhame,
Deſtroys records, and virgins doth deflow'r,
Robs, ranſacks, ſpoils, and after all this ſtir,
Laſtly, beheaded the Lord Treaſurer.

Theſe things by York being plotted underhand,
Wiſe as he was, as one that had not known
Aught of theſe treaſons, haſtes to Ireland
To tame thoſe (*c*) kern, rebellious that were grown:
He knew it was not in the barren ſand
That he this ſubtle pois'nous ſeed had ſown,
Which came it on (as very well it might)
It would make room for his pretended right.

Whilſt theſe rebellions are in England broach'd,
As though the fates ſhould enviouſly conſpire
Our ruin, which too faſt approach'd,
About our ears was Aquitain afire:
Their conqueſt ſo upon our towns encroach'd;
That Charles the French king then had his deſire,

(*b*) From the heir of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third ſon of Edward III. married to Edward Mortimer Earl of March.

(*c*) The vulgar.

To ſee theſe troubles tire us here within,
That he the whilſt in France from us might win.

To add to Margaret's miſeries again,
Talbot, in France ſo bravely that had done,
Who many a year had aw'd proud Aquitain,
And many a fort and famous battle won,
At Chatillon (O endleſs grief!) was ſlain,
With the lord Liſle, his over-valiant ſon;
When all the towns that he had got before,
Yielded, nor would for England be no more.

York, in the nick from Ireland coming in,
Finding the kingdom cumber'd in this wiſe,
Thinks with himſelf 'twere time he did begin;
But by no means he 'gainſt the king muſt riſe;
(Oh, ſuch a thought in any man were ſin!)
But that he would proud Somerſet ſurpriſe:
Yet wanting ſtrength 'gainſt the whole ſtate to ſtand
He bears his hus'nefs with a moderate hand.

And firſt to mighty Sal'ſbury doth ſue,
And his ſon Warwick, and doth them intreat
With equal eyes they would be pleas'd to view
His rightful title. Theſe two Nevils, great
In pow'r and with the people, whom he knew
Deadly the duke of Somerſet to hate,
By his large offers he doth win at laſt,
In his juſt quarrel to cleave to him faſt.

Thus his ambition having ſtrongly back'd
With theſe two fatal firebrands of war,
To his deſires there very little lack'd,
He and the earls, all three ſo popular,
To advance himſelf he no occaſion ſlack'd,
For nought he ſees him from his ends to bar:
'Tis no ſmall tempeſt that he needs to fear,
Whom two ſuch columns up betwixt them bear.

And by their ſtrengths encourag'd, doth not ſtick
The other's actions boldly to o'erlook:
And for the ſeaſon that the king was ſick,
Upon himſelf the regency he took;
For now his hopes upon him came ſo thick,
His entrance, doors from off the hinges ſhook.
He with a nod ſeem'd the world for to direct:
Who's he but bow'd, if this great prince but beckt?

And in the queen's great chamber doth arreſt
Great Somerſet, and ſendeth him to ward,
And all his followers ſuddenly ſuppreſt,
Such was the number of his pow'rful guard!
With the proud queen, this prince as proud conteſts,
Nor for her frowns one friend of hers he ſpar'd:
Luck's on his ſide, while ſuch ſtand by to bet.
He'll throw at all that any one dare ſet.

The queen, who ſaw which way this faction went,
And that theſe wrongs muſt ſtill reflect on her,
The duke of York to her deſtruction bent,
Thought with herſelf it was full time to ſtir,
And if his plots ſhe ever would prevent,
Muſt with the wiſeſt of her friends confer,
Their buſy brains, and muſt together beat,
To leſſen him, like elſe to grow too great.

His pride a while yet patiently endure,
The king's recovery only to attend,
Of which themſelves they hardly could aſſure,
Who once they thought had haſten'd to his end;
But when they found his phyſic to procure
His former health, then doth the queen extend
Her utmoſt ſtrength, to let the world to know
Queen Margaret yet muſt not be maſter'd ſo.

With ſmiles and kiſſes when ſhe woos the king,
That of his place the duke he would diſcharge;
Which being done, the next eſpecial thing,
She doth the duke of Somerſet enlarge,
And him of Calais gives the governing,
Whither his friends ſhe caus'd him to inbarge,
Doubting the love and ſafeguard of the town.
Thus doth the queen turn all things upſide down.

Which ſo inceas'd the angry duke to ire,
With thoſe two earls upon his part that take,
Kindling in all that fierce revengeful fire,
Which the dear blood of Somerſet muſt ſlake,
That into Wales they inſtantly retire,
And in the marches up an army make:
And there by oath were each to other ty'd,
By dint of ſword the quarrel to decide.

And whilſt theſe lords are buſied in the weſt,
Of march-men muſt'ring a rebellious band,
Henry again his ſouthern people preſs'd,
And ſettles there, their forces to withſtand:
Then bows and bills were only in requeſt,
Such rage and madneſs doth poſſeſs the land:
Set upon ſpoil on either part they were,
Whilſt the weal-public they in pieces tear.

On either part when for this war prepar'd,
Upon their march they at St. Albans met,
Where drums and enſigns one the other dar'd,
Whilſt they in order the battalions ſet,
And with his fellow every ſoldier ſhar'd,
Bravely reſolv'd to death to pay his debt:
When if that ever horror did appear
On th' Engliſh earth, it certainly was there.

That day the queen's lov'd Somerſet was ſlain;
There took the ſtout Northumberland his end:
There Stafford's blood the pavement did diſtain;
There Clifford fell, king Henry's conſtant friend:
The earl of Warwick, who brought on the main,
All down before him to pale death doth ſend.
Antwefel, Bapthorp, Zouch, and Curwen, all
King Henry's friends, before the Yorkiſts fall.

Whilſt this diſtreſſed miſerable king,
Amazed much with fury of the fight,
And peril ſtill his perſon menacing,
His living friends inforc'd to take their flight;

He, as a needleſs and neglected thing,
In a poor cottage hides him out of ſight:
Who found by York, was as a pris'ner led,
Though with mild words the duke him comforted.

And of his perſon being thus poſſeſt,
They in his name a parliament procure;
For with his regal pow'r they will inveſt
Themſelves, ſuppoſing to make all things ſure,
That if their violent actions ſhould be preſs'd
In after-time, they better might endure
The cenſuring the worſt; and ſo prevent,
To ſhew them done by act of parliament.

And cauſe the king to take into his hands
What to the crown did anciently pertain,
Beſides all honours, offices, and lands,
Granted ſince the beginning of his reign;
And not a fee, though ne'er ſo little, ſtands;
All are call'd in, and let who will complain;
And all his friends from council are remov'd,
None muſt ſit there, but thoſe of them belov'd.

The ſilly king a cypher, ſet aſide,
What was in him that in great York is not?
Amongſt themſelves all places they divide,
And to be chancellor Sals'bury hath got,
He is the man muſt take the law to guide;
And Calais falls to warlike Warwick's lot:
And not a man at theſe muſt look awry,
They make an act their acts to juſtify.

This done, the duke had more to do than this;
Something, it ſeem'd, more ſecretly to lurk,
In which ſuch pow'r (though from apprarance) is,
As yet once more would fret the duke of York,
And let him know he of his ends might miſs;
For now the queen doth ſet her wits to work,
To play the game that muſt renown her ſkill,
And ſhew the law that reſted in her will.

And from the root of Somerſet late ſlain,
Another ſtem to ſtand for her aroſe,
Henry for Edmond, of his father's ſtrain,
(One of whoſe life ſhe knew ſhe could diſpoſe)
Of a ſtrong judgment and a working brain.
Great Buckingham and Exeter are thoſe
She means to work by, and by theſe reſtore
Her to that height from whence ſhe fell before.

Theſe were the men to whom ſhe truſted moſt,
To whom that faction much deſpight had done;
For at St. Alban's Somerſet had loſt
His loved ſire, and Buckingham his ſon;
And Exeter, purſu'd from coaſt to coaſt,
From them enforc'd to ſanct'ary to run:
Fetch'd thence by them, and to cold Pomfret ſent,
And in a dungeon miſerably pent.

Equal in envy as in pride and pow'r,
With every aid to their deſignment fraught,
Taking their turns at every fitting hour,
They on the king's much eaſineſs ſo wrought,
As that they ſeem'd him wholly to devour,
Until to paſs their purpoſes they brought;
Lifting up ſtill his ſpirit that was ſo poor,
Once more to do as he had done before.

For which at Greenwich he a council held,
Where, with th' opinion of thoſe friends ſupply'd,
Thoſe three which late with glorious titles ſwell'd,
Are from their ſev'ral places put aſide;
Yet more, to ſeek their ſafety are compell'd,
At this prodigious turning of the tide:
For now the wind was ſtrangely come about,
And brings them in who lately were ſhut out.

The cruel queen and cunningly had caſt,
At Coventry to cauſe them to appear,
With ſhew to pardon all that had been paſt,
If they but then would their allegiance ſwear;
Which had they done, that day had been their laſt,
For ſhe had plotted to deſtroy them there:
Of which forewarn'd, immediately they fled,
Which then their ſafety only promiſed.

Yet whilſt one wrong thus from another roſe,
'Twixt them at laſt a meeting was ordain'd,
All former ſtrife and quarrels to compoſe,
Which but too long betwixt them had remain'd;
Which to the world though handſomely it ſhews,
Yet in plain truth, all was but merely feign'd,
To outward ſeeming yet are perfect friends:
"But dev'liſh folk have ſtill their dev'liſh ends.

And in proceſſion ſolemnly they go,
In general joy, one ſmiling on the other,
A Yorkiſh and Lancaſtrian make up two,
Envy and malice, brother like to brother,
In mind far ſunder'd, although coupled ſo,
Bloody revenge and in their breaſts they ſmother.
Ill's the proceſſion, and foreruns much loſs,
Wherein men ſay, "the devil bears the croſs."

Theſe rites of peace religiouſly perform'd
To all men's thinking, the enraged queen
At Warwick's greatneſs inwardly yet ſtorm'd,
(Which every day ſtill more and more was ſeen)
Againſt the king who Calais had ſo arm'd,
As it his own inheritance had been.
Which town, ſhe ſaw, that if he ſtill ſhould hold,
That ſhe by him muſt hourly be controul'd.

For which his murther ſhe purſu'd ſo faſt,
As that ſhe ſoon and ſecretly had lay'd
Such to aſſault him as the ſtreets he paſs'd,
As, if his brave name had not brought him aid,
He of her vengeance had been ſure to taſte:
The tragic ſcene ſo furiouſly was play'd,
That he from London was inforc'd to fly;
Like a rough ſea her malice wrought ſo high.

And tow'rds the duke his ſpeedy journey takes,
Who then at Middleham made his moſt abode,

Which Sal'ſbury his habitation makes,
Whereas their time together they beſtow'd,
Whoſe courages the earl of Warwick wakes,
When he to them his ſudden danger ſhew'd
With a pale viſage, and duth there diſcloſe
Her brands ſet on him both with wounds and blows.

This wrong in council when they had diſcuſt,
And weigh'd the danger wherein ſtill they were,
Continual treaſons ſhrouded in their truſt,
Nor other hopes elſe likely to appear,
They find that this might make a war ſeem juſt,
And give their cauſe up to the world more clear;
To riſe in arms when they reſolve at laſt,
To raiſe them force, and wiſely thus forecaſt:

To muſter up their tenants and their friends,
Not as a war upon the land to bring,
Nor to advance their own ſiniſter ends,
Nor wrong a ſubject in the ſmalleſt thing;
Only to guard them (as their caſe then ſtands)
Till they had ſhew'd their grievance to the king,
And give their pow'r to Sal'ſbury to guide,
That with the king the bus'neſs ſhould decide.

With this direction Salſbury is ſent,
Warwick to Calais (with what haſte he may)
By his much ſpeed a miſchief to prevent,
Fearing the town muſt elſe be giv'n away:
The duke of York, by general conſent,
At Middleham-caſtle they allot to ſtay,
To raiſe a ſecond power (if need ſhould be)
To re-inforce them, or to ſet them free.

The queen, who heard (by ſuch as were her own)
With that falſe earl how thoſe of Cheſhire ſided,
As in ſhort time how pow'rful he was grown,
Thinks with herſelf the ſhire might be divided,
If that her love to ſome of them were known;
Which eas'ly might be, were her pleaſure guided
By ſome ſuch perſon, of whoſe valour they
Had an opinion, which ſhe thus doth lay.

Cauſing the king to give a large command
To James Lord Audley, pow'rful in thoſe parts,
To raiſe him force thoſe rebels to withſtand;
Such to their ſov'reign as had loyal hearts,
And to make captains o'er ev'ry band,
Men of the beſt blood, as of beſt deſerts:
Which he ſo labour'd, till that he had brought
That t' half of one houſe 'gainſt the other fought.

So that two men ariſing from one bed,
Falling to talk, from one another fly;
This wears a white roſe, and that wears a red;
And this a York, that Lancaſter doth cry:
He wiſh'd to ſee that Audley well had ſped;
He prays again to proſper Sal'ſbury:
And for their farewel when their leaves they take,
They their ſharp ſwords at one another ſhake.

This fire in ev'ry family thus ſet,
Out go the brown-bills with the well-ſtrung bows,
Till at Blore-heath theſe boiſt'rous ſoldiers met,
For there it chanc'd the armies then to cloſe,
This muſt not live, if that he ſtrove to let;
Never ſuch friends yet e'er became ſuch foes:
With downright ſtrokes they at each other lay;
No word for Cheſhire was, but kill and ſlay.

The ſon (as ſome report) the father ſlew,
In oppoſition as they ſtoutly ſtood;
The nephew's ſeen the uncle to purſue,
Bathing his ſword in his own natural blood:
The brother in his brother's gore imbrue
His guilty hands, and at this deadly food,
Kinſman kills kinſman, which together fall,
As helliſh fury had poſſeſs'd them all.

Here noble Tutchet the Lord Audley dy'd,
(Whoſe father wan him ſuch renown in France)
And many a Cheſhire gentleman beſide,
Fell at this field by war's uncertain chance.
Theſe miſeries queen Marg'ret muſt abide,
Whilſt the proud Yorkiſts do themſelves advance:
And poor king Henry on a pallet lay,
And ſcarcely aſk'd which ſide had got the day.

Thus valiant Audley at this battle ſlain,
And all thoſe friends to the Lancaſtrians loſt;
Cheſhire by her ſuch damage to ſuſtain,
So much dear blood had this late conflict coſt:
Wherefore the grieved queen, with might and main,
Labours for life to raiſe a ſecond hoſt:
Nor time therein ſhe meaneth to foreſlow,
Either ſhe'll get all, or will all forego.

And whilſt their friends them forces gathering were,
(The neighb'ring realms of this great bus'neſs ring)
The duke, and thoſe that to his part adhere,
Proclaimed traitors; pardon promiſing
To thoſe at Blore that arms did lately bear,
So they would yet cleave to their lawful king;
Which drive in many to their part again,
To make their full, they Yorkiſts in their wane.

York, who perceiv'd the puiſſant hoſt prepar'd,
With his dear Nevils counſels what to do;
For it behov'd him to make good his guard
With both their ſtrengths, and all too little too.
And in the marches he no labour ſpar'd,
To win his friends along with him to go;
With expedition which he could not get,
On the king's ſide the commons ſo were ſet.

And being to meet ſo abſolute a pow'r,
Yet wanting much his party good to make;
And Henry's proclamations ev'ry hour
His ſoldiers win, their general to forſake;
Beſides, the ſtorm which rais'd this ſudden ſhow'r,
Them all in ſunder likely was to ſhake:
He ſaw his ſafety to conſiſt in flight;
Thus, e'er he wiſt, o'ermaſter'd in his might.

All on the ſpur for life away they poſt,
Their homes too hot, nor there they might abide,
The three brave (*f*) Earls ſoon reach the weſtern coaſt,
From whence to Calais their ſtrait courſe they ply'd:
The duke to Wales, being there befriended moſt;
Yet for more ſafety he to Ireland hy'd:
So others ſhip themſelves from ev'ry bay,
And happieſt he that ſoon'ſt could get away.

As when a rout of rav'nous wolves are met,
T' aſſail ſome herd the deſert paſt'ring near,
The watchful clowns which over them are ſet,
Oft taught before their tyranny to fear,
With dogs, with ſtaves, and ſhouts together get,
Nor never leave till they their cattle clear:
So the king's pow'r the Yorkiſts ſtill purſue,
Which like thoſe wolves before thoſe herdſmen flew.

They gone, the king at Coventry begun
A parliament, by good advice; wherein
The duke of York, with th' earl of March his ſon,
With Salſb'ry and Warwick, who had been
Conſpirators, much miſchief and had done,
And by whoſe help he hapt ſo much to win,
He there attaints of treaſon, and beſtows
All that was theirs upon his friends, their foes.

When now thoſe Earls in Calais ſtill that kept,
The charge whereof proud Warwick on him took.
In their intended buſ'neſs never ſlept,
Nor yet their former enterprize forſook;
In K. Henry's councils who had thoſe that crept,
And did each day his actions over-look:
From whom as their advertiſements ſtill are,
So they their ſtrengths accordingly prepare.

And in mean time the kingdom to embroil,
That with leſs noiſe their friends might raiſe an hoſt,
They plague the ſeas with piracy and ſpoil,
And rob the havens all along the coaſt;
They ne'er take pity of their native ſoil,
For that they knew this would avail them moſt;
That whilſt the ſtate was buſied there about,
Arms might be rais'd within by thoſe without.

And ſlaughtering many that were ſet to ward
Th' eſpecial ports, th' unwieldy anchors weigh'd
Of the king's ſhips, whoſe fraight as prize they ſhar'd,
And them to Calais carefully convey'd
With their ſtol'n fleet, and his great navy dar'd,
As late by land, ſo now by ſea they ſway'd:
All in combuſtion, and their bloody rage,
Nor ſea, nor land can poſſibly aſſwage.

(*f*) Edward Earl of March, eldeſt ſon to the Duke, the Earls of Salliſbury and Warwick.

Then have they forces rais'd for them in Kent,
Their next and moſt convenient place to land,
(Where ſhould the adverſe pow'r their hopes prevent,
In Dover road yet were their ſhips at hand)
And by their poſts ſtill to and fro that went,
They certainly were let to underſtand,
That Kent was ſurely theirs, and only ſtay'd
To riſe in arms the Yorkiſts pow'r to aid.

When Falconbridge, who ſecond brother was
To Sal'ſbury, they ſend away before,
To ſee no ſhips ſhould out of Sandwich paſs,
To hinder them in coming to the ſhore;
There of munition took a wond'rous maſs,
Heapt in that town, that with th' abundant ſtore
He armed many at their coming in,
Which of their ſide would ſcarcely elſe have been.

That they no ſooner ſettled were on land,
But that in arms th' rebellious Kentiſh roſe,
And the Lord Cobham with a mighty hand,
With their Calicians preſently doth cloſe,
That now they ſway'd all with a pow'rful hand;
And in ſmall time ſo great their army grows,
From Suſſex, Surrey, and thoſe parts about,
That of her ſafety London well might doubt.

But yet at laſt the Earls ſhe in doth let,
To whom the clergy coming day by day,
From further ſhires them greater forces get;
When tow'rds Northampton making forth their way,
Where the ſad king his army down had ſet,
And for their coming only made his ſtay,
With all the force his friends could him afford,
And for a fight with all things fitly ſtor'd:

Who in his march the earl doth oft moleſt,
(By their vauntcurrers hearing how they came)
In many a ſtreight, and often him diſtreſs'd
By ſtakes and trenches that his horſe might lame:
But the ſtout Yorkiſts ſtill upon them preſs'd;
And ſtill ſo fearful was great Warwick's name,
That being once cry'd on, put them oft to flight,
On the king's army till at length they light.

When th' Earl of March, then in the pride of blood,
His virgin valour on that day beſtows;
And furious Warwick, like a raging flood,
Bears down before him all that dare oppoſe;
Old Sal'ſbury ſo to his tackling ſtood,
And Falconbridge ſo lays amongſt his foes,
That ev'n like leaves the poor Lancaſtrians fall,
And the proud Yorkiſts bear away the ball.

There Humphry Duke of Buckingham expir'd,
King Henry's comfort and his cauſe's friend;
There Shrewſbury (even of his foes admir'd
For his high courage) his laſt breath doth ſpend;

Brave Beaumont there and Egremont lay tir'd
To death; there Lucy had his luckleſs end;
And many a noble gentleman that day,
Welt'ring in gore, on the wild champion lay.

The wretched king, as fortune's only ſcorn,
His ſoldiers ſlain, and he of all forſaken,
Left in his tent, of men the moſt forlorn,
The ſecond time a pris'ner there is taken;
The woful queen out of the battle born
In a deep ſwoon, and when ſhe doth awaken,
Nothing about her hears but howls and cries.
Was ever queen's like Marg'ret's miſeries?

York coming in from Ireland in the end,
And to his hands thus finds the battle won,
By the high proweſs of his faithful friend,
Great Warwick, and that valiant March his ſon.
His preſent hopes the former ſo tranſcend,
That the proud duke immediately begun
By his bold actions to expreſs his thought,
Through ſo much blood what he ſo long had ſought.

The king's commandment daring to deny,
His ſovereign Lord being call'd to wait upon,
And on his fortune bears himſelf ſo high,
That he in ſtate preſumes t' aſcend his throne:
From the king's lodgings puts his ſervants by,
And placeth in them ſuch as were his own:
So infinitely inſolent he grows,
As he the crown at pleaſure would diſpoſe.

When he procures a parliament with ſpeed,
In which himſelf protector he doth make,
And only heir apparent to ſucceed
The king, when death him from the world ſhould take:
And what had been at Coventry decreed,
He there annuls, from him and his to ſhake
The ſervile yoke of all ſubjection quite.
Down goes the red roſe, and up goes the white.

And he with fortune that this while doth ſport,
Seeing the Southern to him ſtill were ſure,
Thinks to the North if he ſhould but reſort,
He to his part the Northern ſhould procure,
Seeking all ways his greatneſs to ſupport,
Nor would an equal willingly endure:
Down into Yorkſhire doth to Sandal ride,
Whoſe lofty ſite well ſuited with his pride.

The vexed queen, whoſe very ſoul forgot
That ſuch a thing as patience it had known,
And but ſhe found her friends forſook her not,
As mad as ever Hecuba had grown;
Whilſt both her wrongs and her revenge were hot,
Her mighty mind ſo down could not be thrown,
But that once more the bloody ſet ſhe'll play
With York, ere ſo he bear the crown away.

And down to Sandal doth the duke purſue,
With all the pow'r her friends could her provide,
Led by thoſe lords that had been ever true,
And had ſtood faſt upon King Henry's ſide:
With that moſt valiant and ſelected crew,
The brav'ſt of queens ſo well her buſineſs ply'd,
That coming ſoon in Sandal's lofty ſight,
Into the field ſhe dares him forth to fight.

And for this conflict there came on with her
Her hope Prince Henry, her dear only ſon,
Stout Somerſet, and noble Exeter,
Dukes, that for Marg'ret mighty things had done,
Devon and Wilt, Earls uſing to confer
With this wiſe queen, when danger ſhe would ſhun;
Undaunted Clifford, Roſs in war upbrought,
Barons as brave as ere in battle fought.

When this ſtout duke, who in his caſtle ſtood,
With Sal'ſbury, who beat them all at Blore,
Both which were fleſht abundantly with blood,
In thoſe three battles they had won before,
Thought in their pride it would be ever flood,
Nor 'gainſt Queen Margaret that they needed more;
For they led fortune chain'd with them about,
That of their conqueſt none but fools could doubt.

And for the field ſoon marſhalling their force,
All poor delays they ſcornfully defy,
Nor will the duke ſtay for thoſe troops of horſe,
With which his ſon him promis'd to ſupply;
In ſpight of fate they'll give their foe the worſe,
On their own valour they ſo much rely;
And with five thouſand marſhall'd well they come,
Meaning to charge the queen's main battle home.

But in her hoſt ſhe having thoſe that were
Expert in all the ſtratagems of war,
To fight with him do cauſe her to forbear,
Till from his caſtle ſhe had got him far;
Whilſt in an ambuſh ſhe had placed there
Wiltſhire and Clifford, with their ſtrengths to bar
Him from his home in off'ring to retire,
Or wound his back ev'n as they would deſire.

When to't they fell upon an eaſy plain,
At the hill foot, where furiouſly they fought,
Upon both ſides where there were many ſlain:
But for the queen four to his one had brought,
The Duke of York (for all his pride) was fain
Back to recoil, where he was finely caught;
For Wilt and Clifford that in ambuſh were,
The van thus routed overthrew the rear.

Where York himſelf, who proudly but of late
With no leſs hope than of a kingdom ſed,
Upon this field, before his caſtle gate,
Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay dead;

Upon whoſe body Clifford down him ſat,
Stabbing the corps, and cutting off his head,
Crown'd it with paper, and (to wreak his teen)
Preſents it ſo to the victorious queen.

His baſtard uncles, both courageous knights,
Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, ſo ſped;
Hall, Haſtings, Nevill, who in ſundry fights
Had ſhew'd their valour, on the field found dead;
And Sal'ſbury among theſe tragic ſights,
Who at Blore-heath ſo much dear blood had ſhed,
Taken alive, to Pomfret ſent with ſpeed,
And for their bloods himſelf there made to bleed.

Some climb up rocks, through hedges others run,
Their foes ſo roughly execute their rage;
Where th' Earl of Rutland, the Duke's eldeſt ſon,
Then in his childhood and of tender age,
Coming in hope to ſee the battle won,
Clifford, whoſe wrath no rigour could aſſuage,
Takes, and whilſt there he doth for mercy kneel,
In his ſoft boſom ſheaths his ſharp'ned ſteel.

Edward of March, the Duke his father ſlain,
Succeeding him, whilſt things thus badly ſort,
Gathering an army, but yet all in vain,
To aid his father, for he came too ſhort,
Hearing that Pembroke with a warlike train
Was coming tow'rds him; touch'd with the report,
His valiant Marchers for the field prepares
To meet the Earl, if to approach he dares.

Jaſper, by birth half-brother to the king,
On bright Queen Cath'rine got by Owen Tether,
Whom Henry's love did to this earldom bring,
And as from Wales deſcended, ſent him thither,
And of South Wales gave him the governing,
Where in ſhort time he got an hoſt together,
Cleaving to Henry, who did him prefer,
As an ally to th' houſe of Lancaſter.

Upon their march when as they laſtly met,
Near to the croſs that Mortimer is nam'd,
Where they in order their battalions ſet:
The duke and earl with equal rage inflam'd,
With angry eyes they one the other threat,
Their deadly arrows at each other aim'd:
And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,
A bloodier battle yet there had not been.

The Earl of Ormond, an aſſociate then
With this young Tudor, for the king that ſtood,
Came in the vanguard with his Iriſh men,
With darts and ſkains; thoſe of the Britiſh blood
With ſhafts and gleaves them ſeconding again,
And as they fall, ſtill make their places good:
That it amaz'd the Marchers, to behold
Men ſo ill arm'd upon their bows ſo bold.

Now th' Welch and Iriſh ſo their weapons wield,
As though themſelves they conq'rors meant to call;
Then are the Marchers maſters of the field,
With their brown bills the Welchmen ſo they maul;
Now th' one, now th' other likely were to yield;
Theſe like to fly, then thoſe were like to fall:
Until at length (as fortune pleas'd to guide)
The conqueſt turn'd upon the Yorkiſts ſide.

Three ſuns were ſeen that inſtant to appear,
Which ſoon again ſhut up themſelves in one,
Ready to buckle as the armies were,
Which this brave Duke took to himſelf alone,
His drooping hopes which ſomewhat ſeem'd to cheer,
By his miſhaps near lately overthrown;
So that thereby encouraging his men,
Once more he ſets the white roſe up again.

Pembroke and Ormond ſave themſelves by flight,
Four thouſand ſoldiers of both armies dead,
But the great loſs on the Lancaſtrians light,
So ill the friends of poor King Henry ſped;
Where Owen Tudor taken in the flight,
(This young Earl's father by Queen Cath'rine's bed)
At Hereford, not far away from thence,
Where others with him dy'd for their offence.

This while the queen, the goal at Sandal gain'd,
Leads on tow'rds London her victorious hoſt,
Whoſe blades ſhe ſhews with blood of Yorkiſt's ſtain'd,
Nor of her conqueſt can ſhe leave to boaſt;
But to her ſide whilſt lucky fortune lean'd,
Come what can come, ſhe means to clear the coaſt
Of thoſe ſhe knew in York's revenge would riſe,
Found ſhe not means their forces to ſurpriſe.

And at St. Alban's finding on her way
John Duke of Norfolk, and her dev'liſh foe
Fierce Warwick, who there with an army lay;
Which two, deceaſed York, when he ſhould go
To Sandal, left them as his only kay
To keep King Henry (which they not foreflow,)
Leſt by the queen and her ſhe might be wrought,
T' annul their late paſt parliament for nought.

For which to council calling up her lords,
Well to conſider what was to be done,
Who cheer her up with comfortable words,
And would in no wiſe ſhe her way ſhould ſhun,
For they would make her entrance with their ſwords;
Here what was loſt, might here again be won:
Aſſuring her, their minds them ſtrongly gave,
That of this field the glory ſhe ſhould have.

And ſoon their army ordering for the ground,
Whereof a view they ev'ry way do take!
When for aſſault they bid their trumpets ſound,
And ſo their entry on the town they make;
But coming to the market-place, they found
A ſhower of ſhafts as from a cloud it brake,

Which back again made them ſo faſt to bear,
As that their van was like to rout their rear.

But thus repuls'd, another way they prove
How in upon their enemy to get;
Which makes their foes that they their force remove,
To ſtop that paſſage wherein they were ſet;
That whilſt they ſhafts into each other ſhove,
For a long while it was an even bet,
Death being thus dealt, and both ſo deeply in,
Whether proud Warwick or the Queen ſhould win.

But by the Queen conſtrained to recoil,
Their ground from them they abſolutely won,
When they the Yorkiſts miſerably ſpoil,
And in with them on their main battle run:
Which being greatly ſtraitned by the ſoil,
They could not do what elſe they might have done:
Through thick and thin, o'er hedge and ditch that take,
And happieſt he that greateſt haſte could make.

Whilſt Warwick cries, 'Ye ſouthern cowards, ſtay,
'And once more turn your faces to your foes;
'Tis fear, not danger, doth ye thus diſmay;
'O prove the former fortune of your bows
'Think but upon the late-won glorious day
'Got in this place, the fame whereof you loſe
'By your baſe flight.'—But he his breath might ſpare;
He might as well have call'd upon the air.

Scatter'd like ſheep by wolves that had been ſcar'd,
So run the Yorkiſts; which when Norfolk ſaw,
He calls to Warwick, ſcarcely then prepar'd,
Himſelf out of this danger to withdraw.
'My lord, quoth he, you ſee that all is marr'd;
'Fortune hath ſworn to keep us in her awe:
'Our lives are gone, if longer here we ſtay;
'Loſe not yourſelf, though we have loſt the 'day.'

And for they found the foe came on ſo faſt,
The king by them to this loſt battle brought,
And under guard in his pavilion plac'd,
They're forc'd to leave, which late they little thought;
For there were thoſe which made them make ſuch haſte,
They could not ſtay to have their ſovereign fought:
But ſince the battle had ſuch ill ſucceſs,
That loſt, they thought their loſs of him the leſs.

The foe thus fled, they quickly found the king,
From whom a ſpeedy meſſenger is ſent,
His wife and ſon away to him to bring:
Who with their lords arriving at his tent,
Where after many a fall and many a ſpring
Of tears of joy upon each other ſpent,
With ſtrict embraces they each other ſtrain,
No one had need a gladneſs there to feign.

Like as you ſee when partridges are flown,
(In falc'ners terms which we the covy call,)
By the ſharp hawk and into thickets thrown,
There drops down one, there doth another fall,
Yet when they hear the queſting ſpaniels gone:
They in the evening get together all,
With pretty jugging and each other greet,
Glad as it were they once again ſhould meet.

But the fierce queen, her full revenge to take
Of thoſe ſhe thought the Yorkiſts well that meant,
The ſtout Lord Bonville for King Henry's ſake,
And Thomas Kerril, a brave Knight of Kent,
Who the king's guard ſtrove ever ſtrong to make,
All threatning peril thereby to prevent,
And for their ſafeties had his ſovereign word,
That cruel woman putteth to the ſword.

This well might warn great Warwick not to truſt
Too much to fortune, which ſo ſoon reveals
Her whoriſh likeneſs, like an averſe guiſt,
And on the ſudden makes him ſtrike his ſails,
Which when he moſt believ'd her to be juſt,
His forward hopes then moſt of all ſhe fails;
All his accounts, and teach him thus to ſum,
"None overcomes but may be overcome."

Some think that Warwick had not loſt the day,
But that the king into the field he brought;
For with the worſe that ſide went ſtill away,
Which had King Henry with them when they fought,
Upon his birth ſo ſad a curſe they lay,
As that he never proſpered in aught.
The queen wan two amongſt the loſs of many,
Her huſband abſent; preſent, never any,

But whilſt herſelf with further hopes ſhe fed,
The queen ſtill watchful, wiſely underſtands,
That Warwick late, who at St. Alban's fled,
(Whereas his heels ſerv'd better than his hands,)
And met the Duke of York, and made a head
Of many freſh and yet unfought with bands,
At Chipping-norton for more forces ſtay'd,
From whence tow'rds London they their march had laid.

And for ſhe ſaw the Southern to adhere
Still to the Yorkiſts, who again rely'd
Much on their aid, as London ſhe doth fear,
A ſmall relief which lately her deny'd,
She can (at all) conceive no comfort there,
With any ſuccours nor to be ſupply'd;
But to the north her ſpeedy courſe directs,
From whence freſh aids ſhe every day expects.

Not four days march yet fully on her way,
But York to London with his army comes,
And near the walls his enſigns doth diſplay,
Deaf'ning the city with his clamorous drums;
His title ſo the multitude doth ſway,
That for his ſoldiers they provide him ſums;

And thoſe proviſions they Queen Marg'ret ow'd,
Taken from her's, they on the Duke beſtow'd.

The gates ſet open to receive him in,
They with applauſe his gracious entrance greet;
His preſence ſo the peoples hearts doth win,
That they come flocking in from every ſtreet,
Kneeling before him as he crown'd had been;
And as he rode along, they kiſs his feet:
Whilſt good King Henry tow'rds the north is gone,
The poor Lancaſtrians damn'd by every one.

Whither (at once) doth preſently repair
The ſpiritual lords and temporal, who would have
Him take the crown; who far more ready are
To give, than he their ſuffrages to crave:
The commons take him ſo into their care,
Upon his name that doatingly they rave;
And being aſk'd who ſhould their ſovereign be?
They cry, King Edward, and no man but he.

Thus to his height this puiſſant prince they heave,
The ſeat imperial; where then ſitting down,
Their fealty they force him to receive,
Which on his head might firmly fix his crown,
And in his hand the regal ſceptre leave:
Edward the fourth proclaim'd in ev'ry town,
With all the pomp that they could think upon,
They then adorn his coronation.

This news too quickly in Queen Marg'ret's ear,
What by the Lords at London had been done,
Even at the point to fall into deſpair,
Ready ſhe was on her own death to run;
With her fair fingers rents her golden hair,
Curſing that hour when firſt ſhe ſaw the ſun,
With rage ſhe faints; reviving, and doth call
Upon high heav'n for vengeance on them all.

To aid her right yet ſtill excites her friends,
By her fair ſpeech enchanted, as by charms,
Scarce any man on any lord depends
That follows her, that riſeth not in arms:
The ſpacious north ſuch plenteous ſuccour ſends,
That to her ſide the ſoldiers come in ſwarms.
Thus day by day ſhe addeth more and more
To that full army which ſhe had before.

Not long it was but Edward underſtood
Of this great pow'r prepared in the north,
When he, to make his coronation good,
Calls to his aid his friends of greateſt worth:
With whom, then riſing like a raging flood,
This forward king breaks violently forth,
That with the help of tributary flows,
Extends his breadth ſtill onward as he goes.

Nor Henry's army needed to be ſought,
For every man could tell him where it lay;
In twelve days march which Edward eas'ly rought,
Without reſiſtance keeping on his way,
Near fifty thouſand in his hoſt he brought,
Whoſe brandiſh'd enſigns ſeem'd to brave the day;
And under Pomfret his proud tents he pight,
Providing hourly for a deadly fight.

Of Henry's hoſt when they who had command,
On whom the Queen impoſed had the care,
Great Somerſet and ſtout Northumberland,
And Clifford, whom no danger yet could dare:
The walls of York firſt having throughly mann'd,
There plac'd the King; when quickly they prepare
To range their battle, which conſiſted then
Of threeſcore thouſand valiant Northern men.

From Edward's hoſt the Lord Fitzwater went,
And valiant Nevill, Warwick's baſtard brother,
At Ferrybridge the paſſage to prevent,
From coming over Eyre to keep the other:
'Gainſt whom the adverſe the Lord Clifford ſent,
Who taking night his enterprize to ſmother,
The dawn yet duſky, paſſing through a ford,
Puts them and all their ſoldiers to the ſword.

At the ſhrill noiſe when Warwick coming in,
And finds his brother and Fitzwater dead,
Even as a man diſtracted that had been,
Out of his face the lively colour fled:
'Doth cruel Clifford thus (quoth he) begin?
'For ev'ry drop of blood that he hath ſhed
'This day, I'll make an enemy to bleed,
'Or never more in battle let me ſpeed.'

And to the king returning in this mood:
'My Liege (quoth he) all mercy now defy,
'Delay no longer to revenge their blood,
'Whoſe mangled bodies breathleſs yonder lie;
'And let the man that means King Edward's
'good,
'Stand faſt to Warwick, who no more ſhall
'flie;
'Reſolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu.'
Which ſpoke, the earl his ſprightly courſer flew.

This reſolution ſo extremely wrought
Upon King Edward, that he gave command
That on his ſide who willingly not fought,
Should have his leave to quit him out of hand;
That ev'ry one ſhould kill the man he caught;
To keep no quarter; and who meant to ſtand
In his juſt cauſe, rewarded he would ſee:
This day he'll riſe, or this day ruin'd be.

When near to Towton, on the ſpacious plain,
Theſe puiſſant armies on Palm-Sunday met,
Where downright ſlaughter angry heav'n doth rain,
With clouds of rage the element is ſet:
The winds breathe fury, and the earth again

With the hot gore of her own natives wet,
Sends up a ſmoke, which makes them all ſo mad,
Of neither part that mercy could be had.

One horrid ſight another doth appall;
One fearful cry another doth confound;
Murthers ſo thick upon each other fall,
That in one ſhriek another's ſhriek is drown'd:
Whilſt blood for blood inceſſantly doth call
From the wide mouth of many a gaping wound,
Slaughter ſo ſoon grows big, that com'n to birth,
The monſtrous burthen overloads the earth.

This bloody tempeſt ten long hours doth laſt,
Whilſt neither ſide could to itſelf aſſure
The victory; but as their lot was caſt,
With wounds and death they ſtoutly it endure;
Until the valiant Yorkiſts at the laſt,
Although in number near ten thouſand fewer,
In their long fight their forces manage ſo,
That they before them lay their conquer'd foe.

Couragious Clifford firſt here fell to ground,
Into the throat with a blunt arrow ſtruck:
Here Weſtmorland receiv'd his deadly wound:
Here dy'd the ſtout Northumberland, that ſtuck
Still to his Sovereign; Wells and Dacres found
That they had lighted on King Henry's luck:
Trowlup and Horne, two brave commanders, dead,
Whilſt Somerſet and Exeter were fled.

Thirty two thouſand in this battle ſlain,
Many in ſtrayts lie heap'd up like a wall;
The reſt lie ſcatter'd round about the plain:
And Cock, a river though but ſmall,
Fill'd with thoſe flying, doth ſo deeply ſtain
The river Wharf, int' which this Cock doth fall,
As that the fountain which this flood doth feed,
Beſides their blood, had ſeem'd for them to bleed.

King Henry's hopes thus utterly forlorn,
By the late loſs of this unlucky day:
He feels the crown even from his temples torn,
On his ſword point which Edward bears away:
And ſince his fall the angry Fates had ſworn,
He finds no comfort longer here to ſtay;
But leaving York, he poſt to Berwick goes,
With's Queen and ſon, true partners in his woes.

The King for Scotland, and for France the Queen,
Divided hence, ſince them thus Fortune thwarts,
Before this time there ſeldom had been ſeen
Two to be ſever'd with ſo heavy hearts:
The Prince their ſon then ſtanding them between,
Their ſong is ſorrow, and they bear their parts;
He to the King of Scots, to get ſupplies;
She to the French King, and her father flies.

Which well might ſhow a prince's ſlippery ſtate:
For when ſhe hither at the firſt came in,
England and France did her congratulate;
Then in two battles ſhe had conqueror been,
Seeming to tread upon the Yorkis hate,
As from that day ſhe had been born to win;
Now to ſail back with miſeries far more,
Than were her triumphs landing here before.

This cruel blow to the Lancaſtrians lent,
At fatal Towton that Palm-Sunday fight,
Where ſo much blood they prodigally ſpent,
To France and Scotland as inforc'd their flight,
Lifts up the Yorkiſts to their large extent;
And Edward now to ſee his crown ſate right,
Proud in his ſpoils, to London doth repair,
And re-anointed mounts th' imperial chair.

Where he a ſpeedy parliament doth paſs,
T' annul thoſe laws which had been made before
'Gainſt his ſucceſſion, and diſſolve the maſs
Of treaſons heap'd on his, them to reſtore:
Whereby King Henry ſo much leſſen'd was,
As after that he ſhould ſubſiſt no more;
Little then thinking Lancaſter again,
Now but an exile, over him ſhould reign.

Where he attaints as traitors to his crown,
John earl of Oxford, and his valiant ſon
Aubry De Vere, with whom likewiſe went down
Montgom'ry, Teril, Tudenham, who were done
To death; ſo heav'n on Henry ſeems to frown:
And Somerſet, King's Henry's wrath to ſhun,
Himſelf ſubmitting, is receiv'd to grace.
Such is Queen Marg'ret's miſerable caſe!

Henry in Scotland, the ſad Queen the while
Is left to France, to Lewis there to ſue
To lend her ſuccour: ſcorning her exile,
In ſpite of fate ſhe will the war renew;
She will tempt Fortune till again ſhe ſmile:
In ſuch a pitch her mighty ſpir't till flew,
That ſhould the world oppoſe her, yet that ſtrength
She hopes ſhall work up her deſires at length

And with five thouſand valiant volunteers
Of native French, put under her command,
With arms well-fitted, ſhe tow'rds Scotland ſteers;
With which before ſhe poſſibly could land,
The wrath of heaven upon this Queen appears,
And with fierce tempeſts ſtrives her to withſtand:
The winds make war againſt her with her foe,
Which, join'd together, work her overthrow.

Her forces thus unfortunately loſt,
Which ſhe in Scotland hop'd to have increas'd,
And in this tempeſt ſhe herſelf ſo toſt,
As never lady; yet ſhe here not ceas'd:
But ſince ſhe found her enterprize thus croſs'd,
She to the Scottiſh her fair courſe addreſs'd,
Nor would deſiſt, till ſhe had rais'd again
Ten thouſand valiant well-appointed men.

And in upon Northumberland doth break,
Rouzing the ſluggiſh villages from ſleep,
Bringing in Henry though a help but weak,
But leaves her ſon in Berwick ſafe to keep:
Her rattling drums ſo rough a language ſpeak,
The ruffling Scots and all the country ſweep;
Which rumour ran ſo faſt with through the air,
That Edward thought it ſhook his very chair.

And Somerſet, receiv'd to grace before,
With Sir Ralph Percy, from that fatal day
At Towton, found each minute more and more,
How ſad a fate on the Lancaſtrians lay;
Yet hoping now King Henry to reſtore,
Who, they ſuppos'd, had new found out the way,
Revolt from Edward, and in Henry's name
Call in their friends, to aid him as he came.

This noiſe of war ariſing from the North,
In Edward's ears re-echoing, bids him ſtir;
And rumour tells him, if he made not forth,
Queen Margaret com'n, he muſt reſign to her;
For they were captains of eſpecial worth,
On whom ſhe did this mighty charge confer:
For that her enſigns ſhe at large diſplay'd;
And as ſhe came, ſo ſtill came in her aid.

For which his much lov'd Montacute he ſends,
With England's valiant infantry his peers;
To whoſe wiſe guidance he this war commends,
His ſoldiers expert, pickt in ſundry ſhires.
His utmoſt ſtrength King Edward now extends,
Which he muſt do, or dragg'd down by the ears
From his late-gotten, ſcarcely-ſettled throne,
And on his ſhoulders ſhe remount thereon.

And Montacute had ſcarcely march'd away,
But he himſelf ſets forward with an hoſt,
And a ſtrong navy likewiſe doth purvey,
To ſcour the ſeas, and keep the Britiſh coaſt,
Fearing from France freſh ſucours every day,
To aid Queen Marg'ret, which perplex'd him moſt:
For he perceiv'd his crown ſate not ſo ſure,
But might be ſhak'd, ſhould ſhe her pow'rs procure.

Now is the North fill'd with refulgent arms,
Edward's are Engliſh, Scots Queen Marg'ret brings.
The North's cold boſom this great concourſe warms,
Their quarrel is the right of two great Kings,
Which oft before have wrought each other's harms,
And from that root new horror daily ſprings;
And tho' much blood they both had ſpent before,
Yet not ſo much, but that there muſt be more.

At Hegly-Heath their ſkirmiſhes begin,
Where two bold Barons, Hungerford and Roſs,
With Sir Ralph Percy (he who late had been
Leagu'd with King Edward, but then gotten looſe,
Strives by all means to expiate that ſin,)
To the Lancaſtrian faction cleaves ſo cloſe,
That when thoſe barons from that conflict flie,
In Henry's right he bravely dares to die.

Which leads along as tragical an act,
As ſince the wars had ever yet been play'd:
For Montacute b'ing fortunately backt,
By brave King Edward's coming to his aid:
As of their force King Henry little lackt,
The plain call'd Livels, where the ſcene was laid,
Not far from Exham near to Dowil's flood,
That day diſcolour'd with Lancaſtrians blood:

There ſtruck they battle, bow-men bow-men ply'd,
Northern to Southern, ſlaughter ceaſeth all;
Long the fight laſted, ere that either ſide
Could tell to which the victory would fall:
But to the Yorkiſts Fortune is ſo ty'd,
That ſhe muſt come when they ſhall pleaſe to call;
And in his cradle Henry had the curſe,
That where he was, that ſide had ſtill the worſe.

This luckleſs day by the Lancaſtrians loſt,
Was Somerſet ſurprized in his flight,
And in purſuing of this ſcatter'd hoſt,
On Mullins, Roſs, and Hungerford they light,
Which this day's work ere long full dearly coſt;
And with theſe lords were taken many a knight,
Nor from their hands could Henry hardly ſhift,
Had not his guide been, as his horſe was, ſwift.

Still muſt Queen Marg'ret's miſeries endure,
This maſs of ſorrow markt out to ſuſtain:
For all the aids this time ſhe ſhould procure,
Are either taken, put to flight, or ſlain;
Of nothing elſe ſhe can herſelf aſſure,
That ſhe will leave her loſſes to complain;
For ſince ſhe ſees that ſtill her friends go down,
She will curſe Fortune if ſhe do not frown.

Henry to flie to Scotland back is fain,
To get to France the woful Queen is glad,
There with her fon inforced to remain,
Till other aids might thence again be had:
So them their hard neceſſities conſtrain,
To ſet them down that it doth make me ſad:
Never ſo thick came miſeries, I ween,
Upon a poor King and a woful Queen.

This done, King Edward his ſtrong army ſends
To take thoſe caſtles which not long before
Had been deliver'd to King Henry's friends,
Which he by ſieges makes them to reſtore;
And on the borders watchfully attends,
To Henry's aid that there ſhould come no more:
But oh, behold, as one ordain'd to ill,
The fate that follows hapleſs Henry ſtill!

For out of ſome deep melancholy fit,
Or otherwiſe, as fall'n into deſpair,
Or that he was not rightly in his wit,
Being ſafe in Scotland, and ſtill ſuccour'd there;
Upon the ſudden he abandons it,
And into England inly ent'ring, where
He is ſurpriz'd, and (in his enemies power)
Is by King Edward ſhut up in the Tower.

This hap had Henry; who when he was born
Of Chriſtian Kings the greateſt then alive,
Now he the crown full forty years had worn,
Doth all his regal ſov'reignty ſurvive,
Of all men living and the moſt forlorn,
So ſtrange a thing can deſtiny contrive:
So many ſundry miſeries, as he,
No King before had ever liv'd to ſee.

To hear all this Queen Margaret muſt endure,
Yet ſadly to her father's court confin'd,
And now King Edward held himſelf ſecure,
When things fell out ſo fitly to his mind,
But when of reſt he did himſelf aſſure,
Upon a ſudden roſe ſo rough a wind,
In his ſtrong hand which ſhook his ſcepter more,
Than all the ſtorms that e'er had blown before.

For then in mind to league himſelf with France,
Which he perceiv'd would be the fureſt way
His queſtion'd title highly to advance;
And at his need ſhould ſerve him for a kay
To open him their policies, whoſe chance
Was then in caſting, and they next to play:
For Marg'ret ſtill the French King Lewis preſt
For ſecond aids, nor would ſhe let him reſt.

Wherefore he ſends a marriage to entreat
With beauteous Bona (with whoſe rich report
Fame was oppreſs'd with, as a taſk too great)
The French Queen's ſiſter, and with her in court,
Warwick the man choſe forth to work the feat;
Who is ſent thither in moſt ſumptuous ſort,
And in ſhort time ſo well his bus'nes plies,
That ſhe was like to prove an Engliſh prize.

In the mean while, this youthful King by chance
Coming to Grafton, where the Duchefs lay,
Then ſtil'd of Bedford, his eye haps to glance
On her bright daughter the fair widow Gray,
Whoſe beauties did his ſenſes ſo intrance,
And ſtole his heart ſo ſuddenly away,
That muſt he loſe his crown, come weal, come woe,
She muſt be his, though all the world ſay no.

Her looks (like Lethe) make him to forget
Upon what bus'nefs he had Warwick ſent;
Upon this lady he his love ſo ſet,
That ſhould his crown from off his head be rent,
Or his rebellious people riſe, to let
This choice of his, they ſhould it not prevent:
For thoſe pure eyes, his boſom that had pierc'd,
Had writ a law there, not to be revers'd.

'What leſs amends this Lady can I make,
'For her dear huſband in my quarrel ſlain,
'Than lawful marriage? which for juſtice ſake
'I muſt perform (quoth he) leſt ſhe complain;
'For a juſt prince ſo me the world ſhall take.'
Soothing himſelf up in this amorous vein,
With his affections in this ſort doth play,
Till he a Queen made the fair lady Gray.

This act of Edward's com'n to Warwick's ear,
And that the ſequel ſhow'd it to be true,
In his ſtern eyes it eas'ly might appear
His heart too great for his ſtreight boſom grew,
He his commiſſion doth in piece-meal tear,
Breaks the broad ſeal, and on the ground it threw;
And prays bleſt heav'n may curſe him, if that he
For this diſgrace revenged would not be.

'Have I (quoth he) ſo lifted thee aloft,
'That to thy greatneſs I the ſcorn am grown?
'Have I for thee adventur'd been ſo oft
'In this long war, as to the world is known,
'And now by thee thus baſely am I ſcofft,
'By this diſgrace upon me thou haſt thrown?
'If theſe thy wrongs unpuniſh'd ſlightly paſs,
'Hold Warwick baſe, and fall'n from what he was.

'Know, 'twas the Nevil's for thy title ſtood,
'Elſe long e'er this laid lower than the ground;
'And in thy cauſe my father ſhed his blood,
'None of our houſe for thee but bears ſome wound;
And now at laſt to recompence this good,
Only for me this guerdon haſt thou found?

'From thy proud head this hand ſhall pluck
'thy crown,
'Or if thou ſtand, then needs muſt Warwick
'down.'

Yet he to England peaceably repairs,
And with a ſmooth brow ſmothers his intent,
And to the King relates the French affairs,
And what in court had paſs'd there ſince he went:
His ſpleen he for a fitter ſeaſon ſpares,
Till he the ſame more liberally might vent:
Calm was his count'nance, and his language fair,
But in his breaſt a deep revenge he bare.

MEAN while Queen Marg'ret (a poor exile) hears
How things in England in her abſence went,
Her half-burſt heart which but a little chears,
For from her head ſhe felt the crown was rent:
Yet though far off a little glimpſe appears,
A ſeeming hope and though it faintly lent,
It might have ſaid, had not the Fates ſaid no,
Theſe ſtorms at home might her ſome profit blow.

She hears how Warwick cunningly had wrought
George Duke of (*a*) Clarence from his brother's ſide;
And that brave youth at Calais having caught,
His eldeſt daughter had to him affy'd:
How to rebel the (*b*) Northern men were brought;
And who by Warwick 'pointed was their guide;
As on the Welch he had a mighty hand,
By Edward rais'd thoſe rebels to withſtand.

Of new (*c*) rebellions at Northampton rais'd,
And to deſpight the King what they had done;
How they at Grafton the earl (*d*) Rivers ſeiz'd,
And Sir John Woodville his moſt hopeful ſon,
Who with their heads could hardly be appeas'd;
And of the ſame by puiſſant Warwick won,
Who having taken (*e*) Edward in his tent,
His King his pris'ner into Yorkſhire ſent.

Then hears again how Edward had eſcap'd,
And by his friends a greater pow'r had got;
How he the men of Lincolnſhire intrap'd,
Who near to Stamford pay'd a bloody ſhot:
And when the Earl his courſe of Calais ſhap'd,
When England laſtly grew for him too hot,
Vauclere, who there his depnty he put,
The ports againſt his late grand Captain ſhut.

Laſtly ſhe hears that he at Diepe arrives,
And lately com'n to Amboiſe to the Court,
Whereas King Lewis to his utmoſt ſtrives
To entertain him in moſt Princely ſort:
When the wiſe Queen her bus'neſs ſo contrives,
That ſhe comes thither; ſmall what though her port,
Yet brings along the ſweet young Prince her ſon,
To prove what good with Warwick might be done.

When both in court and preſence of the King,
Their due reſpect to both of them that gave,
He will'd them in ſo pertinent a thing,
That they the like ſhould of each other have;
The tears began from both their eyes to ſpring,
That each from other pity fesm'd to crave;
In graceful manner when the grieved Queen
Thus to that great Earl gently breathes her ſpleen.

'Warwick, ſaith ſhe, how mercileſs a foe
'Haſt thou been ſtill to my poor child and me!
'That villain York which haſt advanced ſo,
'Which never could have riſen but for thee.
'That valour thou on Edward didſt beſtow,
'O hadſt thou ſhow'd for him thou here doſt ſee,
'Our damaſk roſes had adorn'd the creſt,
'And with their wreathes thy ragged ſtaves
'been dreſt.

'Firſt at St. Albans, at Northampton then,
'And fatal Towton, that moſt fearful fight,
'How many, nay, what multitudes of men,
'By thee, fierce Warwick, ſlain and put to
'flight!
'O if thy ſword, that ever ſtood for ten,
'Had but been drawn for Henry, and his right,
'He ſhould have built thee trophies every
'where,
'Wrought with our crown, ſupported with
'thy bear.

'What glory had it won the Nevils name,
'To have upheld the right-ſucceeding race
'Of that fifth Henry, he that was of fame
'The only minion, whom thou now doſt trace!
'But Sal'ſbury the firſt againſt us came,
'Then Falconbridge and Montacute: (o baſe!)
'To advance a traitor to his ſovereign thus:
'But to our crown your name is ominous.

'How many a brave peer, thy too near allies,
'(Whoſe loſs the babe that's yet unborn ſhall
'rue)
'Have made themſelves a willing ſacrifice
'In our juſt quarrel, who it rightly knew,
'Whoſe blood 'gainſt York and his adherents
'cries,
'(Whom many a ſad curſe ever ſhall purſue:)
'O Warwick, Warwick, expiate this guilt,
'By ſhedding theirs, for whom our blood was
'ſpilt.

(*a*) He was ſecond brother to King Edward.
(*b*) Warwick by his agents ſtirs up a rebellion in the north, while he remains at Calais to prevent his being ſuſpected.
(*c*) Headed by one whom they termed Robert of Riddſdale
(*d*) Earl Rivers was father to Lady Gray, then Queen of England.
(*e*) At Wooincy in Warwickſhire, by entering his camp in the night.

When in like language this great Earl again
Regreets the Queen, and woes her to forbear
Of former grief one thought to entertain:
'Things are not now (quoth he) as once they
'were:
'To talk of theſe paſt help, it is in vain;
'What though it eaſe your heart, and pleaſe your
'ear,
'This is not it, no, it muſt be our ſwords
'Muſt right our wrongs (dear Lady) not our
'words.

'Madam, (quoth he) by this my vexed heart,
'On Edward's head which oft hath wiſh'd the
'crown,
'Let but Queen Marg'ret cleave to Warwick's
'part,
'This hand that heav'd him up ſhall hew him
'down;
'And if from Henry, Richard Nevile ſtart,
'Upon my houſe let heav'n for ever frown:
'Or back the crown to this young Prince I'll
'bring,
'Or not be Warwick, if he be not King.

When they accord, Prince Edward ſhould affy
Ann the Earl's daughter; to confirm it more,
By ſacrament themſelves they ſtrictly tie,
By arms again King Henry to reſtore,
Or in the quarrel they would live and die:
Compriſing likewiſe in the oath they ſwore,
That th' Earl and Clarence ſhould protectors
be,
When the King Henry and the prince ſhould
free.

When ſoon great Warwick into England ſends,
To warn his friends that they for war prepare,
King Henry's title and to them commends,
That they ſhould take his cauſe into their care:
Now is the time that he muſt try his friends,
When he himſelf 'gainſt Edward muſt declare;
And when much ſtriſe amongſt the commons
roſe,
Whom they ſhould aid, or whom they ſhould
oppoſe.

Furniſh'd with all things well befitting war,
By great King Lewis to Queen Marg'ret lent;
Warwick (whoſe name fame ſounded had ſo far,
That men with wonder view'd him as he went,
Of all men living the moſt popular)
Thought ev'ry hour to be but idly ſpent,
On England's troubled earth until he were,
To view the troops attending for him there.

And his army took with him along
Oxford and Pembroke, who had been deſtroy'd
By Edward, ſworn now to revenge their wrong,
By Burgoin the French Admiral convoy'd,
At whoſe arrive the ſhores with people throng;
At ſight of Warwick and ſo overjoy'd,
That every one a Warwick, Warwick cries:
Well may the Red-roſe by great Warwick riſe.

Like ſome black cloud, which hovering lately
hung,
Thruſt on at laſt by th' wind's impetuous pow'r,
The groves and fields comes raging in among
As though both fowls and flocks it would devour,
That thoſe abroad make to the ſhelters ſtrong,
To ſave themſelves from the outrageous ſhow'r:
So fly the Yorkiſts before Warwick's drums,
Like a ſtern tempeſt roaring as he comes.

When Edward late who wore the coſtly crown,
Himſelf ſo high and on his fortunes bore,
Then heard himſelf in ev'ry place cry'd down,
And made much leſs than he was great before;
Nor dares he truſt himſelf in any town,
For in the inlands, as along the ſhore,
Their proclamations him a traitor make,
And each man charg'd againſt him arms to
take.

For which the waſhes he is forc'd to wade,
And in much peril laſtly gets to Lynn,
(To ſave himſelf ſuch ſhift King Edward made,
For in more danger he had never been;)
Where finding three Dutch hulks which lay for
trade,
The greateſt of them he hires to take him in,
Richard his brother, Haſtings his true friend,
Scarce worth one ſword their perſons to defend.

When Warwick now the only Prince of pow'r,
Edward the fourth out of the kingdom fled,
Commands himſelf free entrance to the Tow'r,
And ſets th' imperial wreath on Henry's head,
Brings him through London to the Biſhop's how'r,
By the applauding people followed;
Whoſe ſhrill re-echoing ſhouts reſound from
far,
A Warwick, Warwick, long live Lancaſter.

And preſently a parliament they call,
In which they attaint King Edward in his blood;
The lands and goods made forfeitures of all
That in this quarrel with proud York had ſtood;
Their friends in their old honours they inſtall,
Which they had loſt, now by an act made good;
Intail the crown on Henry and his heirs;
The next on Clarence, ſhould they fail in theirs

Whilſt Warwick thus King Henry doth advance,
See but the fate ſtill following the ſad Queen!
Such ſtorms and tempeſts in that ſeaſon chance,
Before that time as ſeldom had been ſeen;
That twice from ſea ſhe was forc'd back to France,
As angry heav'n had put itſelf between
Her and her joys, and would a witneſs be,
That nought but ſorrow this ſad Queen muſt ſee.

This might have lent her comfort yet at laſt,
So many troubles having undergone,
And having through ſo many perils paſt,
T' have ſeen her huſband ſettled on his throne;
Yet ſtill the ſkies with clouds are overcaſt:
Well might ſhe hear, but of this ſees ſhe none,

Which from far off, as flying news, doth greet her:
Nought but miſchanee, when ſhe comes in, muſt meet her.

But all this while King Edward not diſmay'd,
His brother Charles of Burgundy ſo plies,
That though the ſubtile Duke on both ſides play'd,
Edward and Henry both his near allies,
Upon the Duke King Edward yet ſo lay'd,
(Having his ſiſter's furtherance, who was wife,)
That underhand his ſtrength he ſo reſtores,
As that he dar'd t' attempt the Engliſh ſhores.

With fourteen ſhips from th' eaſterlings being hir'd,
And four Burgonians, excellently mann'd,
After ſome time with ſtorms and tempeſts tir'd,
He near the mouth of Humber haps to land,
Where though the beacons at his ſight were fir'd,
Yet few or none his entrance do withſtand;
For that his friends had giv'n it out before,
He ſought the Dukedom, and he would no more.

Upon his march when forward as he came,
Reſolv'd to try the very worſt of war,
He ſummons York (whereof he bare the name)
To him her Duke her gates that doth unbar;
And coming next to rock-rear'd Nottingham,
Montgomery, Borough, Harrington, and Par,
Bring him their pow'r; at Lieceſter again,
Three thouſand came, to Haſtings that retain.

To Coventry and keeping on his way,
Sets down his army in the city's ſight,
Where at that time the Earl of Warwick lay,
To whom he ſends to dare him out to fight;
Which ſtill the Earl defers from day to day,
Perceiving well all that things went not right;
For with his ſuccours Clarence came not in,
Whom to ſuſpect he greatly doth begin.

And not in vain: for that diſloyal Lord
Taking thoſe forces he had levy'd, leaves
The Earl, and with his brother doth accord;
Which of all hope brave Warwick ſo bereaves.
That now King Edward hopes to reſtor'd,
Which then too late the credulous Earl perceives.
Edward towards London with his army ſped,
To take the crown once more from Henry's head.

The Queen, in France this woful news that heard,
How far through England Edward thus had paſt;
As how by Clarence (whom ſhe ever fear'd)
Warwick behind-hand mightily was caſt;
This moſt undaunted Queen her hopes yet cheer'd,
By thoſe great perils ſhe had lately paſt,
And from King Lewis doth three thouſand preſs,
To aid her friends in England in diſtreſs.

Whilſt ſhe is buſy gathering up thoſe aids,
(In ſo ſhort time) as France could her afford;
Couragious Warwick baſely thus betray'd,
By Clarence lewdly falſifying his word,
The moſt couragious Earl no whit diſmay'd
But truſting ſtill to his ſucceſsful ſword,
Follows the King tow'rds London march'd before,
Each day his pow'r increaſing more and more.

But Edward by the Londoners let in,
Who in their gates his army took to guard;
Warwick this while that trifling had not been,
But with a pow'r ſufficiently prepar'd
T' approach the city, bravely doth begin
To dare the King, who lately him had dar'd;
Who then from London his arm'd forces leads,
Tow'rds where his march ambitious Warwick treads.

From London this, that from Saint Alban's ſet,
Theſe two grand ſoldiers ſhould'ring for the crown,
They in the mid-way are at Barnet met,
Where then they ſet their puiſſant armies down;
Warwick, as near as ever he could get,
But Edward only taketh up the town;
Betwixt whoſe tents a heath call'd Gladmoor lies,
Where they prepare to act this bloody prize.

With drums and trumpets they awake the day,
Muffled in miſts her lowring ſelf that ſhows,
To ſtop their madneſs doing all it may,
Knowing what blood her light was like to loſe:
But hope of ſlaughter bears ſo great a ſway,
That with the ſun their rage ſtill higher grows:
Full were their hands of death, ſo freely dealt,
That the moſt mortal wounds the leaſt were felt.

The adverſe enſigns to each other wave,
As 'twere to call them forward to the field
The King the Earl, the Earl the King doth brave,
Nor cares he for the Leopards in his ſhield:
And whilſt one friend another ſtrives to ſave,
He's ſlain himſelf, if not, enforc'd to yield:
In either army there is not one eye,
But is ſpectator of ſome tragedy.

Thoſe wrongs the King had from the Earl receiv'd,
Expuls'd the kingdom only by his pow'r,
Ev'n to the height his pow'rful hand up-heav'd
For full revenge in this unhappy hour;
And by the King the Earl his hopes bereav'd,
Shelter'd by him from many a bloody ſhow'r,
Spurs up revenge, and with that violent rage,
That ſcarcely blood their fury could aſſwage.

Warwick, who ſees his ſoldiers had the worſe,
And at a near point to be put to flight,
Throwing himſelf from off his armed horſe,

Thruſts in on foot into the deadlieſt fight:
Edward again, with an unuſual force,
In his own perſon, in the armies ſight,
Puts for the garland, which if now he loſe,
Warwick his crown at pleaſure would diſpoſe.

To Edward's ſide but Fortune doth encline,
Warwick's high valour then was but in vain;
His noble ſoul there deſtin'd to reſign,
Brave Montacute his valiant brother ſlain:
Here Somerſet (with them that did combine)
Forced to fly; and Exeter is fain
To ſave himſelf by ſanctuary; this day
Edward's victorious, and bears all away.

This fatal field unluckily thus loſt,
That very day ſo deſtiny contrives,
That the griev'd queen at ſea turmoil'd and toſt
Near twenty days, in Weymouth road arrives;
Where ſcarcely landed, but poſt after poſt
Brings her this ill news, which ſo far deprives
Her of all comfort, that ſhe curs'd and bann'd
Thoſe plaguy winds that ſuffer'd her to land.

'Wert thou (quoth he) ſo fortunate in fight,
'O noble Warwick, when thou wert our foe?
'And now thou ſtood'ſt in our undoubted right,
'And ſhould'ſt for Henry thy high valour ſhow,
'Thus to be ſlain; what pow'r in our deſpight
'Watcheth from heav'n upon our overthrow?
'Th' unlucky ſtars have certainly made laws,
'To mark for death the fav'rers of our cauſe.

'O what infernal brought that Edward back,
'So late expell'd by Warwick's pow'rful hand!
'Was there no way his rotten ſhip to wrack?
'Was there no rock? was there no ſwall'wing ſand?
'And too, the wretched ſubjects were ſo ſlack,
'To ſuffer him ſo traiterouſly to land:
'Surely whole heav'n againſt us have conſpir'd,
'Or in our troubles they had elſe been tir'd.

Was I for this ſo long detain'd in France
From rageful tempeſts, and reſerv'd till now,
That I ſhould land to meet with this miſ-
'chance?
'It needs muſt be, the pow'rs have made a
'vow,
Up to that height my ſorrows to advance,
'That before mine all miſeries ſhall bow;
'That all the ſorrow mortals can ſurmiſe,
'Shall fall far ſhort of Marg'ret's miſeries."

Theſe words ſcarce ſpoke, her half-ſlain heart to eaſe,
But the leaſt breath of comfort to prevent,
The next ill news in-ruſhing after theſe,
Was, that King Henry to the Tow'r was ſent,
(As though itſelf ev'n Deſtiny ſhould pleaſe,
In wretched Marg'ret's heavy diſcontent)
Thronging ſo thick, as like themſelves to ſmother,
Or as one ran to overtake another.

Thoſe ſcatter'd troops from Barnet that eſcap'd,
Hearing the queen thus landed with her pow'r,
Though much diſmay'd with what had lately hapt
On gore-drown'd Gladmoor in that bloody ſhow'r,
And fearing by the foe to be entrapt;
Through untrod grounds, in many a tedious hour,
Flock to her daily, till that by their aid,
Equal with Edward's they her army made.

When Somerſet and Devonſhire came in
To the ſad queen, and bade her not deſpair,
Though they of late unfortunate had been,
Yet there was help that ruin to repair;
What they had loſt, they hop'd again to win,
And that the way lay open yet and fair;
For that the Weſt would wholly with her riſe,
Beſides from Wales aſſur'd her of ſupplies.

And every day ſtill adding to their force,
As on their hoſt tow'rds Gloceſter they guide,
When Edward finding their intended courſe,
Again for battel ſtrongly doth provide:
Both armies they ſupply with foot and horſe,
By both their friends, as they affect the ſide;
And in their march at Tewkſbury they met,
Where they in order their battalions ſet.

Ill was her choice of this uneven ground,
Ruckleſs the place, unlucky was the hour,
The heavens upon her ſo extremely frown'd,
As on her head their plagues at once to pour,
As in a deluge here her hopes were drown'd:
Here ſees ſhe death her faithful friends devour,
The earth is fill'd with groans, the air with cries,
Horror on each ſide doth encloſe her eyes.

Never did death ſo terrible appear,
Since firſt their arms the Engliſh learnt to wield:
Who would ſee ſlaughter, might behold it here
In the true ſhape upon this fatal field.
In vain was valour, and in vain was fear,
In vain to fight, in vain it was to yield,
In vain to fly; for deſtiny diſcuſt,
By their own hands, or others, die they muſt.

Here her dear Devonſhire, noble Courtney dy'd;
Her faithful friend great Somerſet here fell;
Delves, Leuknor, Hamden, Whittingham beſide.
O Marg'ret, who thy miſeries can tell!
Sharp were thoſe ſwords which made their wounds ſo wide,
Whoſe blood the ſoil did with th' abundance ſwell.
Other her friends, into the town that fled,
Taken, no better than the former ſped.

But the amazing miſery of all,
As heaven the great'ſt until the laſt had kept,
As it would ſay, that after this none ſhall

By mortal eyes be worthy to be wept,
The prince her ſon, who ſees his friends thus fall,
And on each ſide their carcaſes lie heapt,
Making away in this moſt piteous plight,
Is taken pris'ner in his tardy flight:

And forth by Crofts before the conq'ror brought,
His proclamations clearing every doubt
Of the youth's ſafety, living were he caught,
As a reward to him ſhould bring him out;
But when they once had found him whom they ſought,
Hearing his anſwers princely, wiſe, and ſtout,
Thoſe bloody brothers, Haſtings, and the reſt,
Sheath'd their ſharp poinards in his manly breaſt.

Queen Marg'ret thus of mortals moſt forlorn,
Her ſon now ſlain, her army overthrown,
Left to the world as Fortune's only ſcorn,
And not one friend to whom to make her moan,
(To ſo much woe was never woman born)
This wretched lady wand'ring all alone,
Gets to a homely cell not far away,
If poſſibly to hide her from the day.

But (wretched woman!) quickly there be-wray'd,
She thence is taken, and to priſon ſent,
Meanly attended, miſerably array'd,
The people wond'ring at her as ſhe went:
Of whom the moſt malicious her upbraid
With good Duke Humphry's death, her heart to rent;
Whilſt her mil'd looks and graceful geſture drew
Many a ſad eye, her miſeries to rue.

Till by Duke Rayner ranſomed at laſt,
Her tender father, who a prince but poor,
Borrow'd great ſums of Lewis with much waſte,
Which for he was not able to reſtore,
Provence and both the Sicils to him paſs'd,
With fruitful Naples, which was all his ſtore:
To bring her back, from earthly joys exil'd,
The undone father helps the undone child.
And though enlarg'd, e'er ſhe could leave the land,
Making a long year of each ſhort-liv'd hour,
She hears that by Duke Richard's murth'ring hand
The King her huſband ſuffers in the Tow'r:
As though high heaven had laid a ſtrict command
Upon each ſtar, ſome plague on her to pour;
And until now that nothing could ſuffice,
Nor give a period to her miſeries.

NYMPHIDA:

THE

COURT OF FAIRY.

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowſabel,
With ſuch poot trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and ſome of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they muſt be ſaying.

Another ſort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies ſtill,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them:
No tales of them their thirſt can ſlake,
So much delight therein they take,
And ſome ſtrange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then ſince no muſe hath been ſo bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Thoſe elviſh ſecrets to unfold,
Which lie from others reading;
My active muſe to light ſhall bring
The court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling:
Jove proſper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphida, gentle Fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
Theſe ſecrets didſt to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling:
My pretty light fantaſtic maid,
I here invoke to thee my aid,
That I may ſpeak what thou haſt ſaid,
In numbers ſmoothly ſwelling.

This palace ſtandeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempeſts needs to fear,
Which way ſoe'er it blow it:
And ſomewhat ſouthward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as ſoon
Paſs to the earth below it.

The walls of ſpiders legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid,
He was the maſter of his trade,
It curiouſly that builded:
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, inſtead of flats,
Is cover'd with the ſkins of hats,
With moonſhine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him ſport to make,
(Their reſt when weary mortals take,
And none but only Fairies wake)
Deſcendeth for his pleaſure:
And Mab, his merry Queen, by night
Beſtrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the Mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of meaſure.

Hence ſhadows, ſeeming idle ſhapes,
Of little friſking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton ſcapes,
As hope of paſtime haſtes them:
Which maids think on the hearth they ſee,
When fires well-near conſumed be,
There dancing hayes by two and three,
Juſt as their fancy caſts them.

Theſe make our girls their flutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their ſhoe,
The houſe for cleanly ſweeping:
And in their courſes make that round,
In meadows and in marſhes found,
Of them ſo call'd the Fairy ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

Theſe, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to ſmother:
Some ſilly doating brainleſs calf,
That underſtands things by the half,
Say, that the Fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But liſten, and I ſhall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befel,
Which certainly may pleaſe ſome well,
In love and arms delighting:
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his Queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this Fairy Knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the ſight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorouſly obſerved:
Which made King Oberon ſuſpect
His ſervice took too good effect,
His ſaucineſs and often checkt,
And could have wiſh'd him ſtarved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to ſend,
If ſea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing:
At length this lover doth deviſe,
A bracelet made of emmets eyes,
A thing he thought that ſhe would prize,
No whit her ſtate impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he moſt curiouſly indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, ſhe would be pleaſed
To meet him her true ſervant, where
They might without ſuſpect or fear
Themſelves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eaſed.

"At midnight the appointed hour,
"And for the Queen a fitting bow'r,
"Quoth he) is that fair cowſlip flow'r,
"On Hipcut-hill that groweth:
"In all your train there's not a Fay,
"That ever went to gather May,
"But ſhe hath made it in her way,
"The talleſt there that groweth."

When by Tom Thum a Fairy page
He ſent it, and doth him engage,
By promiſe of a mighty wage,
It ſecretly to carry:
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go ſee her ſummer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready ſtrait is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That ſhe by nothing might be ſtay'd,
For naught muſt her be letting:
Four nimble gnats the horſes were,
Their harneſſes of goſſamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a ſnail's fine ſhell,
Which for the colours did excell;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The ſeat the ſoft woll of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to ſee)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,
I trow, 'twas ſimple trimming,

The wheels compos'd of crickets bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the ſtones,
With thiſtle-down they ſhod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his Queen ſhould have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would ſhe ſtay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were ſo nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herſelf away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But haſted after to be gone,
As ſhe had been diſwitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap ſo clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their ſovereign dear,
Her ſpecial maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a graſhopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they ſpared not,
But after her they hie them.

A cobweb over them they throw,
To ſhield the wind if it ſhould blow,
Themſelves they wiſely could beſtow,
Leſt any ſhould eſpy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a ſtile,
That now had gotten by this wile,
Her dear Pigwiggen kiſſing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had ſought each place with care,
And found his Queen was miſſing.

By grieſly Pluto he doth ſwear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acron-cup he getteth;
Which ſoon he taketh by the ſtalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature baulk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuſcan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And thoſe more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So Bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare aſſure ye.

And firſt encount'ring with a waſp,
He in his arms the fly doth claſp,
As though his breath he forth would graſp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
'Where is my wife, thou rogue? (quoth he)
'Pigwiggen, ſhe is come to thee;
'Reſtore her, or thou dy'ſt by me.'
Whereat the poor waſp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King,
"Contents thee, I am no ſuch thing;
"I am a waſp, behold my ſting!"
At which the Fairy ſtarted.
When ſoon away the waſp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frighted ſo,
He thought his wings were much too ſlow,
O'erjoy'd they ſo were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You muſt ſuppoſe it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;
And furiouſly doth her aſſail
For carrying fier in her tail;
He thraſh'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad King fear'd no evil.

'Oh! (quoth the glow-worm) hold thy hand,
'Thou puiſſant King of Fairy land,
'Ty mighty ſtrokes who may withſtand?
'Hold, or of life deſpair!'

Together then herſelf doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She ſeem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongſt the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have ſpoiled:
Which with their wax his face beſmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man affear'd,
To ſee how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides:
He met an ant, which he beſtrides,
And poſt thereon away he rides,
Which with his haſte doth ſtumble,
And came full over on her ſnout,
Her heels ſo threw the dirt about,
For ſhe by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous caſe,
And all beſlurried head and face,
On runs he in this wildgooſe chaſe,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, againſt a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he ſcrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himſelf he could not ſtop,
But down on th' other ſide doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing ſuch turmoil over head,
Thought ſurely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth ſomewhat ſlake,
He calleth for a ferry:
Where you may ſome recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As ſafe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures ſtrange
Of Don Quiſhot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancha's travel:
But ſhould a man tell every thing
Done by this frantic Fairy King,
And them in lofty numbers ſing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce ſet on ſhore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which moſt men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from phrenzy ſpoken:

' Hoh, hoh, quoth Hob, God ſave thy grace,
' Who dreſt thee in this piteous caſe?
' He thus that ſpoil'd my ſov'reign's face,
' I would his neck were broken."

This Puck ſeems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a buſh doth bolt,
Of purpoſe to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to ſtray
Long winters nights out of the way,
And when we ſtick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

' Dear Puck, quoth he, my wife is gone;
' As e'er thou lov'ſt King Oberon,
' Let every thing but this alone,
' With vengeance and purſue her:
' Bring her to me, alive or dead;
' Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head;
' That villain hath defil'd my bed,
' He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
" But I will thorough thick and thin,
" Until at length I bring her in,
" My deareſt lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For firſt this bus'neſs broaching:
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her ſoveteign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's pow'rful charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were ſkipping:
A humble-bee their minſtrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphida, and doth cry,
' My ſovereign, for your ſafety fly,
' For there is danger but too nigh,
' I poſted to forewarn you:
' The king hath ſent Hobgobblin out,
' To ſeek you all the fields about,
' And of your ſafety you may doubt,
' If he but once diſcern you.'

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and ſome a gown,
'Gainſt one another juſtling:
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haſte ſome left their maſks behind,
Some could not ſtay their gloves to find;
There never was ſuch buſtling.

Forth ran they by a ſecret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to ſtay,
Leſt Hob ſhould hap to find them:
He had a ſharp and piercing ſight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were reſolv'd by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There ſcatter'd by a ſquirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had:
When quoth this Fay, 'Dear queen, be glad,
' Let Oberon be ne'er ſo mad,
' I'll ſet you ſafe from peril.

' Come all into this nut, (quoth ſhe)
' Come cloſely in, be rul'd by me,
' Each one may here a chuſer be,
' For room ye need not wreſtle,
' Nor need ye be together heapt.'
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down, they ſoundly ſlept,
And ſafe as in a caſtle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the queen ſhould catch,
That he would be her over-match,
Of which ſhe well bethought her;
Found it muſt be ſome pow'rful charm,
The queen againſt him that muſt arm,
Or ſurely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had ſought her.

And liſt'ning if ſhe aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding ſtill the coaſt was clear,
Nor creature had deſcry'd her:
Each circumſtance and having ſcann'd,
She came thereby to underſtand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms ſhe hy'd her.

And firſt her fern-ſeed doth beſtow,
The kernel of the miſsletow;
And here and there as Puck ſhould go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-ſhade ſtraws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpoſe to deſpight him.

Then ſprinkles ſhe the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary diſtilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the ſame the piſmire's gall:
For ſhe in nothing ſhort would fall,
The Fairy was ſo willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times ſhe leapt,
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proſerpina doth call,
And ſo upon her ſpell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I ſhall,
Not in one tittle failing.

'By the croaking of the frog;
'By the howling of the dog;
'By the crying of the hog
'Againſt the ſtorm ariſing;
'By the evening curfeu-bell;
'By the doleful dying knell;
'O let this my direful ſpell,
'Hob, hinder thy ſurpriſing.

'By the mandrakes dreadful groans;
'By the Lubricans ſad moans;
'By the noiſe of dead mens bones
'In charnel-houſes rattling;
'By the hiſſing of the ſnake,
'The ruſtling of the fire-drake,
'I charge thee this place forſake,
'Nor of Queen Mab be prattling.

'By the whirlwind's hollow ſound,
'By the thunder's dreadful ſtound,
'Yells of ſpirits under ground,
'I charge thee not to fear us:
'By the ſcreechowl's diſmal note,
'By the black night-raven's throat,
'I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
'With thorns, if thou come near us."

Her ſpell thus ſpoke, ſhe ſtept aſide,
And in a chink herſelf doth hide,
To ſee thereof what would betide,
For ſhe doth only mind him:
When preſently ſhe Puck eſpies,
And well ſhe markt his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In ſeeking ſtill to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do ſtraight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:
For as he thus was buſy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Againſt a ſtubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward ſets,
And through the buſhes ſcrambles,
A ſtump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his caſe
Amongſt the briers and brambles.

'Plague upon Queen Mab (quoth he)
'And all her maids, where'er they be;
'I think the devil guided me,
'To ſeek her, ſo provoked.'
When ſtumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he ſtood,
In danger to be choaked.

Now worſe than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd Queen Mab, who doubted ſore
Some treaſon had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the Queen
What ſhe had done, what ſhe had ſeen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her ſpleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now diſtrought,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he ſo long the queen had ſought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he ſtill doth cry,
'King Oberon, I thee defy,
'And dare thee here in arms to try,
'For my dear lady's honour:
'For that ſhe is a queen right good,
'In whoſe defence I'll ſhed my blood,
'And that thou in this jealous mood
'Haſt laid this ſlander on her,

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-ſhell his ſhield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced:
His ſpear a bent both ſtiff and ſtrong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horſe-fly's tongue,
Whoſe ſharpneſs naught reverſed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fiſh's ſcale,
That when his foe ſhould him aſſail,
No point ſhould be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's ſting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Moſt horrible and full of dread,
That able was to ſtrike one dead,
Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horſe's hair,
Which being toſſed by the air,
Had force to ſtrike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himſelf he on an earwig ſet,
Yet ſcarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
E'er he himſelf could ſettle:

He made him turn, and ſtop, and hound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He ſcarce could ſtand on any ground,
He was ſo full of mettle.

When ſoon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin:
Quoth he, 'Thou manly Fairy,
'Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
'Then bid him ſtand upon his guard;
This hand his baſeneſs ſhall reward,
'Let him be ne'er ſo wary.

Say to him thus, That I deſy
'His ſlanders and his infamy,
'And as a mortal enemy
'Do publicly proclaim him:
'Withal, that if I had mine own,
'He ſhould not wear the Fairy crown,
'But with a vengeance ſhould come down;
'Nor we a king ſhould name him.'

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his ſovereign vilify'd;
But to the Fairy court him hy'd,
Full furiouſly he poſted,
With ev'ry thing Pigwiggen ſaid;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
And how himſelf he boaſted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint;
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he ſat, how ſure he rid;
As of the courſer he beſtrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
The king, which liſten'd to it,

Quoth he, Go, Tomalin, with ſpeed,
'Provide me arms, provide my ſteed,
'And every thing that I ſhall need,
'By thee I will be guided:
'To ſtrait account call thou thy wit,
'See there be wanting not a whit,
'In ev'ry thing ſee thou me fit,
'Juſt as my foe's provided.

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave Queen Mab to underſtand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt thoſe men ſo mighty:
Which greatly ſhe began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The firſt occaſion from her grew,
Of theſe affairs ſo weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and miſts, and damps ſhe wades,
To Proſerpine the Queen of ſhades,
To treat, that it would pleaſe her
The cauſe into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendſhip's ſake,
And ſoon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would eaſe her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud Pigwiggen crying:
Who fought the Fairy King as faſt,
And had ſo well his journies caſt,
That he arrived at the laſt,
His puiſſant foe eſpying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in ev'ry thing
To ſingle fights belonging:
And therefore they themſelves engage,
To ſee them exerciſe their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms theſe champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almoſt ſwear
That either had been either:
Their furious ſteeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way:
Their ſtaves upon their reſts they lay;
Yet e'er they flew together,

Their ſeconds miniſter an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
No magic them ſupplied;
And ſought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each uther's harms,
But came with ſimple open arms,
To have their cauſes tried.

Together furiouſly they ran,
That to the ground came horſe and man;
The blood out of their helmets ſpan,
So ſharp were their encounters:
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own;
Such nimbleneſs was never ſhewn,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a ſecond courſe again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The ſeconds could not judge yet:
Their ſhields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
Theſe champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their ſtaves they threw,
Their cruel ſwords they quickly drew,
And freſhly they the fight renew,
They every ſtroke redoubled:
Which made Proſerpina take heed,
And make to them the greater ſpeed,
For fear leſt they too much ſhould bleed,
Which wond'rouſly her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx ſhe goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that roſe,
And in a bag doth them encloſe,
When well ſhe had them blended:
She hies her then to Lethe ſpring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith ſhe meant to work the thing
Which only ſhe intended.

Now Proſerpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
Both to be ſlain were likely:
And there themſelves they cloſely hide,
Becauſe they would not be eſpy'd;
For Proſerpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And ſuddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it ſent ſuch a ſmoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother:
So that the knights each other loſt,
And ſtood as ſtill as any poſt,
Tom Thum nor Tomalin could boaſt
Themſelves of any other.

But when the miſt 'gan ſomewhat ceaſe,
Proſerpina commandeth peace,
And that a while they ſhould releaſe
Each other of their peril:
'Which here (quoth ſhe) I do proclaim
'To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
'That as ye will eſchew his blame,
'You let me hear the quarrel.

'But here yourſelves you muſt engage,
'Somewhat to cool your ſpleeniſh rage,
'Your grievous thirſt and to aſſwage,
'That firſt you drink this liquor;
'Which ſhall your underſtandings clear,
'As plainly ſhall to you appear,
'Thoſe things from me that you ſhall hear,
'Conceiving much the quicker.'

This Lethe water, you muſt know,
The memory deſtroyeth ſo,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think:
For they no ſooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could ſink,
Of what had them beſotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealouſy ran mad;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And aſk'd how they came thither.
Pigwiggen likewiſe doth forget,
That he Queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were ſo hard beſet,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other fought,
Much leſs that they a combat fought,
But ſuch a dream were loathing.
Tom Thum had got a little ſup,
And Tomalin ſcarce kiſs'd the cup,
Yet had their brains ſo ſure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongſt themſelves do cloſely ſmile,
To ſee the king caught with this wile,
With one another jeſting:
And to the Fairy court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent;
And thus I left them feaſting.

THE MOON-CALF.

STULTORUM PLENA SUNT OMNIA.

HELP! neighbours, help! for God's ſake come
with ſpeed,
For of your help there never was ſuch need.
Midwives, make haſte, and dreſs ye as ye run;
Either come quickly, or we're all undone:
The world's in labour, her throws come ſo thick,
That with the pangs ſhe's waxt ſtart lunatic.
"But whither? whither?" one was heard to cry.
She that call'd thus, doth preſently reply,
'Do ye not ſee, in ev'ry ſtreet and place,
'The general world now in a piteous caſe?'
Up got the goſſips, and for very haſte
Some came without ſhoes, ſome came all unlac'd,
As ſhe had firſt appointed them, and found
The world in labour, dropt into a ſwound:
Wallowing ſhe lay, like to a boiſt'rous hulk,
Dropſy'd with riots, and her big-ſwoln bulk
Stuff'd with infection, rottenneſs, and ſtench;
Her blood ſo fir'd, that nothing might it quench
But the aſp's poiſon, which ſtood by her ſtill,
That in her drought ſhe often us'd to ſwill.
Cloathed ſhe was in a fool's coat and cap
Of rich embroider'd ſilks, and in her lap
A ſort of paper puppets, gauds, and toys,
Trifles ſcarce good enough for girls and boys,
Which ſhe had dandled, and with them had play'd,
And of this traſh her only god had made.
'Out and alas! (quoth one the reſt among)
'I doubt me, neighbours, we have ſtay'd too
'long!
'Pluck off your rings, lay me your bracelets by,
'Fall to your buſ'neſs, and that ſpeedily;
'Or elſe I doubt, her ſpirits conſume ſo faſt,
'That e'er the birth, her ſtrength will quite be
'paſt.'
But when more wiſtly they did her behold,
There was not one that once durſt be ſo bold
As to come near her, but ſtood all amaz'd,
Each upon other ſilently and gaz'd;
When as her belly they ſo big do ſee,
As if a tun within the ſame ſhould be;
And heard a noiſe and rumbling in her womb,
As at the inſtant of the general doom:
Thunder and earthquakes raging, and the rocks
Tumbling down from their ſites, like mighty
blocks
Roll'd from huge mountains, ſuch a noiſe they
make,
As though in ſunder heaven's huge ax-tree brake,
They either poles their heads together paſht,
And all again into the chaos daſht.
Some of ſlight judgment, that were ſtanding by,
Said, it was nothing but a tympany;
Others ſaid, ſure ſhe human help did want,
And had conceived by an elephant;
Or ſome ſea-monſter, of a horrid ſhape,
Committed with her by ſome violent rape:
Others more wiſe, and noting very well
How her huge womb did paſs all compaſs ſwell,
Said, certainly (if that they might confeſs her)
It would be found ſome devil did poſſeſs her.
Thus while they ſtood, and knew not what
to do,
'Women, quoth one, why do you trifle ſo?

'I pray you, think but wherefore ye came
'hither;
'Shall womb and burthen periſh both together?
'Bring forth the birth-ſtool—no, let it alone—
'She is ſo far beyond all compaſs grown,
'Some other new device us needs muſt ſted,
'Or elſe ſhe never can be brought to bed,
'Let one that hath ſome execrable ſpell,
'Make preſently her entrance into hell,
'Call Hecate and the damn'd Furies hither,
'And try if they will undertake together
'To help the ſick world.' One is out of hand
Diſpatch'd for hell, who by the dread command
Of pow'rful charms brought Hecate away;
Who knowing her bus'neſs, from herſelf doth lay
That ſad aſpect ſhe wont to put on there
In that black empire, and doth now appear
As ſhe's Lucina, giving ſtrength and aid
In birth to women; mild as any maid,
Full of ſweet hope her brow ſeem'd, and her eyes
Darting freſh comfort, like the morning ſkies.
Then came the Furies with their boſoms bare,
Save ſomewhat cover'd with their ſnaky hair
In wreaths contorted, mumling helliſh charms,
Up to the elbows naked were their arms.
Megera, eld'ſt of theſe damn'd female fiends,
Gnawing her wriſts, biting her fingers ends,
Enter'd the firſt; Tiſiphone the next,
As to revenge her ſiſter thoroughly vext,
In one hand bare a whip, and in the other
A long-ſhape knife; the third, which ſeem'd to
ſmother
Her manner of revenge, caſt ſuch an eye,
As well near turn'd to ſtone all that ſtood by,
Her name Alecto, which no plague doth rue,
Nor never leaves them whom ſhe doth purſue.
The women pray the goddeſs now to ſtand
Auſpicious to them, and to lend her hand
To the ſick world; which willingly ſhe granted:
But at the ſight, as altogether daunted,
From her clear face the ſprightly vigour fled,
And but ſhe ſaw the women hard beſted,
Out ſhe had gone, nor one glance back had ſhot,
Till heav'n or hell ſhe o'er her head had got;
Yet ſhe herſelf retires next to the door.
The goſſips, worſe than e'er they were before,
At their wits end, know not which way to take;
At length the world beginning to awake
Out of the trance, in which ſhe lay as dead,
And ſomewhat raiſing her unwieldy head,
To bright Lucina call'd for help, that ſhe
Now in her travail would propitious be.
The goddeſs, not from feeling of her woe,
Only to ſee with what the world might go,
As ſhe is dreaded Hecate, having power
Of all that keep hell's ugly baleful bower,
Commands the Furies to ſtep in and aid her,
And be the midwives, till they ſafe had laid her.
To do whoſe pleaſure as they were about,
A ſturdy houſewife pertly ſtepping out,
Cries, 'Hold a while, and let the queen alone;
'It is no matter, let her lie and groan:
'Hold her ſtill to't, we'll do the beſt we can
'To get out of her certainly the man
'Which owns the baſtard: for there's not a
'nation
'But hath with her committed fornication;
'And by her baſe and common proſtitution,
'She came by this unnatural pollution.
'There is a mean for women thus abus'd,
'Which at this time may very well be us'd,
'That in this caſe, when people do deſire
'To know the truth, yet doubtful of the ſire,
'When as the woman moſt of life doth doubt her
'In grievous throws, to thoſe that are about her,
'He that is then at the laſt caſt diſclos'd,
'The natural father is to be ſuppos'd;
'And the juſt law doth faithfully decide,
'That for the nurſing he is to provide:
'Therefore let's ſee what in her pangs ſhe'll ſay,
'Leſt that this baſtard on the land we lay.'
They lik'd her counſel, and their help deny'd,
But bade her lie and languiſh till ſhe dy'd,
Unleſs to them ſhe truly would confeſs
Who fill'd her belly with this foul exceſs.
"Alas! (quoth ſhe) the devil dreſt me thus,
"Amidſt my riot, whilſt that Incubus
"Wrought on my weakneſs, and, by him be-
"guil'd,
"He only is the father of the child:
"His inſtrument, my apiſh imitation
"Of ev'ry monſtrous and prodigious faſhion,
"Abus'd my weakneſs; women, it was ſhe,
"Who was the bawd betwixt the fiend and me:
"That this is true, it on my death I take;
"Then help me, women, even for pity's ſake."
When ominous ſigns to ſhew themſelves began,
That now at hand this monſtrous birth foreran:
About at noon flew the affrighted owl,
And dogs in corners ſet them down to howl;
Bitches and wolves, theſe fatal ſigns among,
Brought forth moſt monſtrous and prodigious
young;
And from his height the earth-refreſhing ſun,
Before his hour his golden head doth run
Far under us, in doubt his glorious eye
Should be pollutted with this prodigy.
A panic fear upon the people grew,
But yet the cauſe there was not one that knew,
When they had heard this; a ſhort tale to tell,
The Furies ſtraight upon their bus'neſs fell,
And long it was not ere there came to light
The moſt abhorred, the moſt fearful ſight
That ever eye beheld, a birth ſo ſtrange,
That at the view, it made their looks to change.
'Women, quoth one, ſtand off, and come not
'near it;
'The devil, if he ſaw it, ſure would fear it:
'For by the ſhape, for aught that I can gather,
'The child is able to affright the father.
'Out! (cries another) now for God's ſake hide it,
'It is ſo ugly, we may not abide it:
'The birth is double, and grows ſide to ſide,
'That human hand it never can divide;
'And in this wondrous ſort as they be twins,
'Like male and female, they be Androgynes:
'The man is partly woman, likewiſe ſhe
'Is partly man, and yet in face they be

' Full as prodigious as in parts; the twin
' That is moſt man, yet in the face and ſkin
' Is all mere woman: that which moſt doth take
' From weaker woman, nature ſeems to make
' A man in ſhew, thereby as to define,
' A feminine man, a woman maſculine.
' Before bred nor begot; a more ſtrange thing
' Than ever Nile yet into light could bring,
' Made as creation merely to deſpight,
' Nor man, nor woman, ſcarce hermaphrodite.
' Afric, that's ſaid, mother of monſter is,
' Let her but ſhew me ſuch a one as this,
' And then I will ſubſcribe (to do her due)
' And ſwear that what is ſaid of her is true.'
Quoth one, " 'Tis monſtrous, and for nothing fit;
" And, for a monſter, quick let's bury it."
' Nay, quoth another, rather make proviſion,
' If poſſibly, to part it by inciſion;
' For were it parted, for aught I can ſee,
' Both man and woman it may ſeem to be.'
' Nay, quoth a third, that muſt be done with coſt,
' And were it done, our labour is but loſt:
' For when w' have wrought the utmoſt that we
' can,
' He's too much woman, and ſhe's too much
' man:
' Therefore, as 'tis a moſt prodigious birth,
' Let it not live here to pollute the earth.'
' Goſſip, quoth the laſt, your reaſon I deny,
' 'Tis more by law than we can juſtify;
' For ſire and dam have certainly decreed,
' That they will have more comfort of their feed:
' For he begot it, and 'twas born of her,
' And out of doubt they will their own prefer.
' Therefore, good women, better be advis'd;
' For precious things ſhould not be lightly priz'd.
' This Moon-Calf, born under a lucky fate,
' May pow'rful prove in many a wealthy ſtate;
' And, taught the tongues, about ſome few years
' hence
' (As now we're all tongue, and but little ſenſe)
' It may fall out, for any thing you know,
' This Moon-Calf may on great employments go;
' When learned men, for noble action fit,
' Idly at home (unthought of once) may ſit;
' A bawd, or a projector he may prove,
' And by his purſe ſo purchaſing him love,
' May be exalted to ſome thriving room,
' Where ſeldom good men ſuffer'd are to come,
' What will you ſay, hereafter when you ſee
' The times ſo graceleſs and ſo mad to be,
' That men their perfect human ſhape ſhall fly,
' To imitate this beaſt's deformity?
' Nay, when you ſee this monſter, which you now
' Will hardly breath upon the earth allow,
' In his caroch with four white Friezlands drawn,
' And he as py'd and gariſh as the Pawn,
' With a ſet face, in which, as in a book,
' He thinks the world for grounds of ſtate ſhould
' look,
' When to ſome greater one, whoſe might doth
' awe him,
' He's known a verier jade than thoſe that draw
' him?
' Nay, at the laſt, the very killing ſight,
' To ſee this Calf (as virtue to deſpight)
' Above juſt honeſt men his head to rear,
' Nor to his greatneſs may they once come near;
Each ignorant ſot to honour ſeeks to riſe;
But as for virtue, who did firſt deviſe
That title, a reward for her to be,
As moſt contemned and deſpiſed ſhe,
Goes unregarded, that they who ſhould own her,
Dare not take notice ever to have known her:
And but that virtue, when ſhe ſeemeth thrown
Lower than hell, hath power to raiſe her own
Above the world, and this her monſtrous birth,
She long e'er this had periſh'd from the earth;
Her ſauters baniſh'd by her foes ſo high,
Which look ſo big, as they would ſcale the ſky.
But ſeeing no help, why ſhould I thus complain?
Then to my Moon-Calf I return again,
By his dear dam the world ſo choicely bred,
To whom there is ſuch greatneſs promiſed;
For it might well a perfect man amaze,
To ſee what means the ſire and dam will raiſe
T' exalt their Moon-Calf, and him ſo to cheriſh,
That he ſhall thrive when virtuous men ſhall periſh.
The drunkard, glutton, or who doth apply
Himſelf to beaſtly ſenſuality,
Shall get him many friends, for that there be
Many in every place juſt ſuch as he.
The evil love them that delight in ill;
Like have cleav'd to their like, and ever will.
But the true virtuous man (God knows) hath few;
They that his ſtraight and harder ſteps purſue,
Are a ſmall number, ſcarcely known of any;
" *God hath few friends, the devil hath ſo many.*"
But to return, that ye may plainly ſee,
That ſuch a one be likely is to be,
And that my words for truth that ye may try,
Of the world's babe thus do I propheſy:
Mark but the more man of theſe monſtrous twins,
From his firſt youth, how tow'rdly he begins!
When he ſhould learn, being learn'd to leave the
ſchool,
This arrant Moon-Calf, this moſt beaſtly fool,
Juſt to our Engliſh proverb ſhall be ſeen,
Scarcely ſo wiſe at fifty, as fifteen:
And when himſelf he of his home can free,
He to the city comes, where then if he,
And the familiar butterfly his page,
Can paſs the ſtreet, the ord'nary, and ſtage,
It is enough; and he himſelf thinks then
To be the only abſolut'ſt of men.
Then in his cups you ſhall not ſee him ſhrink,
To the grand devil a carouſe to drink.
Next to his whore he doth himſelf apply;
And to maintain his goatiſh luxury,
Eats capons cookt at fifteen crowns a piece,
With their fat bellies ſtuff'd with ambergriſe.
And being to travel, he ſticks not to lay
His poſt-caroches ſtill upon his way:
And in ſome ſix days journey doth conſume
Ten pounds in ſuckets and the Indian fume,
For his attire, then foreign parts are fought,
He holds all vile in England that is wrought,

And into Flanders sendeth for the nonce,
Twelve dozen of shirts providing him at once,
Lay'd in the seams with costly lace, that be
Of the smock fashion, whole below the knee;
Then bathes in milk, in which when he hath been,
He looks like one for the prepostrous sin,
Put by the wicked and rebellious Jews
To be a pathic in their male-kind stews.
With the ball of's foot the ground he may not feel,
But he must tread upon his toe and heel:
Doublet and cloke, with plush and velvet lin'd;
Only his head-piece, that is fill'd with wind.
Rags, running horses, dogs, drabs, drink, and dice,
The only things that he doth hold in price:
Yet more than these, naught doth him so delight,
As doth his smooth-chin'd, plump-thigh'd catamite.
Sodom *for her great sin that burning sank,*
Which at one draught the pit infernal drank,
Which that just God on earth could not abide,
Hath she so much the devils terrify'd,
As from their seat them well near to exile,
Hath hell new spew'd her up after this while?
Is she new risen, and her sin agen
Embrac'd by beastly and outrageous men?
Nay more, he jests at incest, as therein
There were no fault, counts sacrilege no sin:
His blasphemies he useth for his grace,
Wherewith he truth doth oftentimes outface:
He termeth virtue madness, or mere folly;
He hates all high things, and profanes all holy.
Where is thy thunder, God, art thou asleep?
Or to what suffering hand giv'st thou to keep
Thy wrath and vengeance? where is now the strength
Of thy almighty arm, fails it at length?
Turn all the stars to comets, to outstare
The sun at noon-tide, that he shall not dare
To look but like a glow-worm, for that he
Can without melting these damnations see.
But this I'll leave, lest I my pen defile:
Yet to my Moon-Calf keep I close the while,
Who by some knave persuaded he hath wit,
When like a brave fool, he to utter it,
Dare with a desperate boldness roughly pass
His censure on those books, which the poor ass
Can never reach to, things from darkness sought,
That to the light with blood and sweat were brought:
And takes upon him those things to controul,
Which should the brainless idiot fell his soul,
All his dull race, and he, can never buy
With their base pelf, his glorious industry.
Knowledge with him is idle, if it strain
Above the compass of his yesty brain:
Nor knows men's worths but by a second hand,
For he himself doth nothing understand;
He would have something, but what 'tis he shews not:
What he would speak, nay what to think he knows not:
He nothing more than truth and knowledge loaths,
And nothing he admires of man, but cloaths.

Now for that I thy dotage dare mislike;
And seem so deep into thy soul to strike;
Because I am so plain, thou lik'st not me:
Why now, poor slave, I no more think of thee,
Than of the ordure that is cast abroad,
I hate thy vice more than I do a toad.
Poor is the spirit that fawns on thy applause,
Or seeks for suffrage from thy barbarous jaws.
Misfortune light on him that aught doth weigh,
Ye sons of Beliol, *what ye think or say:*
Who would have thought, whilst wit sought to advance
Itself so high, damn'd beastly ignorance
Under the cloak of knowledge should creep in,
And from desert should so much credit win?
But all this poisonous froth hell hath let fly,
In these last days, at noble poesy,
That which hath had both in all times and places,
For her much worth, so sundry sovereign graces;
The language which the spheres and angels speak,
In which their mind they to poor mortals break,
By God's great power, into rich souls infus'd,
By every Moon-Calf *lately thus abus'd:*
Shou'd all hell's black inhabitants conspire,
And more unheard-of mischief to them hire,
Such as high heav'n were able to affright,
And on the noonsted bring a double night,
Than they have done, they could not more disgrace her,
As from the earth (ev'n) utterly to raze her;
What princes low'd, by peasants now made hateful
In this our age, so damnably ungrateful.
And to give open passage to her fall,
It is devis'd to blemish her withall,
That th' hideous braying of each barb'rous ass,
In printed letters freely now must pass,
In accents so untuneable and vile,
With other nations as might damn our isle,
If so our tongue they truly understood,
And make them think our brains were merely mud.
To make her vile and ugly to appear,
Whose natural beauty is divinely clear,
That on the stationer's stall who passing looks,
To see the multiplicity of books
That pester it, may well believe the press,
Sick of a surfeit, spew'd with the excess:
Which breedeth such a dulness through the land,
'Mongst those one tongue who only understand,
Which, did they read those sinewy poems writ,
That are material, relishing of wit,
Wise policy, morality, or story,
Well pourtraying th' ancients and their glory,
These blinded fools, on their base carrion feeding,
Which are (in truth) made ignorant by reading,
In little time would grow to be asham'd,
And blush to hear those lousy pamphlets nam'd,
Which now they study, nought but folly learning,
Which is the cause that they have no discerning,
The good from bad, this ill, that well to know,
Because in ignorance they are nourish'd so.
Who for this hateful trash should I condemn,
They that do utter, or authorise them?
O that the ancients should so careful be
Of what they did impress, and only we
Loosely at random should let all things fly,
Though 'gainst the Muses it be blasphemy!

But yet to happy ſpirits, and to the wiſe,
All is but fooliſh that they can deviſe;
For when contempt of poeſy is proudeſt,
Then have the Muſes ever ſung the loudeſt.
But to my Calf; who, to be counted prime,
According to the faſhion of the time,
Him to aſſociate ſome buffoon doth get,
Whoſe brains he ſtill with much expence muſt whet,
And ever bear about him as his gueſt,
Who coming out with ſome ridiculous jeſt,
Of one perhaps a God that well might be,
If but compar'd with ſuch an aſs as he,
His patron roars with laughter, and doth cry,
Take him away, or preſently I die;
Whilſt that knave-fool, which well himſelf doth know,
Smiles at the coxcomb, which admires him ſo;
His time and wealth thus lewdly that doth ſpend,
As it were lent him to no other end:
Until this Moon-Calf, this moſt drunken puff,
Even like a candle burnt into the ſnuff,
Fir'd with ſurfeit, in his own greaſe fries,
Sparkles a little, and then ſtinking dies.
The wealth his father by extortion won,
Thus in the ſpending helps to damn the ſon,
And ſo falls out indifferently to either,
Whereby in hell they juſtly meet together;
And yet the world much joys in her behalf,
And takes no little pleaſure in her Calf.
Had this declining time the freedom now,
Which the brave Roman once it did allow,
With wire and whipcord ye ſhould ſee her paid,
Till the luxurious whore ſhould be afraid
Of proſtitution; and ſuch laſhes given,
To make her blood ſpirt in the face of heaven,
That men by looking upwards as they go,
Should ſee the plagues laid on her here below.
But now proceed we with the other twin,
Which is moſt woman, who ſhall ſoon begin
To ſhew herſelf. No ſooner got the teens,
But her own natural beauty ſhe diſdains;
With oils and broths moſt venomous and baſe
She plaſters over her well-favour'd face;
And thoſe ſweet veins by nature rightly plac'd,
Wherewith ſhe ſeem'd that white ſkin to have lac'd,
She ſoon doth alter; and with fading blue
Blanching her boſom, ſhe makes others new,
Blotting the curious workmanſhip of nature;
That e'er ſhe be arriv'd at her full ſtature,
E'er ſhe be dreſt, ſhe ſeemeth aged grown,
And to have nothing on her of her own.
Her black, brown, auburn, or her yellow hair,
Naturally lovely, ſhe doth ſcorn to wear;
It muſt be white, to make it freſh to ſhew,
And with compounded meal ſhe makes it ſo,
With fumes and powd'rings raiſing ſuch a ſmoke,
That a whole region able were to choke:
Whoſe ſtench might fright a dragon from his den;
The ſun yet ne'er exhal'd from any fen,
Such peſtilentious vapours as ariſe
From their French powd'rings, and their mercuries.
Ireland, *if thou wilt able be alone,*
Of thine own power to drive out thy Tyrone,
By heaping up a maſs of coin together,
Shear thy old wolves, and ſend their fleeces hither.
Thy white goats hair, Wales. *dearer will be ſold*
Than ſilk of Naples, *or than thread of gold.*
Our water-dogs and iſlands here are ſhorn,
White hair of women here ſo much is worn.
Nay more than this, they'll any thing endure,
And with large ſums they ſtick not to procure
Hair from the dead, yea and the moſt unclean;
To help their pride they nothing will diſdain.
Then in attiring her, and in her ſleep,
The day's three parts ſhe exercis'd doth keep;
And in ridiculous viſits ſhe doth ſpend
The other fourth part, to no other end
But to take note how ſuch a lady lies,
And to glean from her ſome deformities,
Which for a grace ſhe holds, and till ſhe get,
She thinks herſelf to be but counterfeit.
Our merchants from all parts 'twixt either Ind,
Cannot get ſilk to ſatisfy her mind;
Nor nature's perfect'ſt patterns can ſuffice
The curious draughts for her embroideries.
She thinks her honour utterly is loſt,
Except thoſe things do infinitely coſt
Which ſhe doth wear; nor thinks they can her dreſs,
Except ſhe have them in moſt ſtrange exceſs.
And in her faſhion ſhe is likewiſe thus,
In ev'ry thing ſhe muſt be monſtrous.
Her piccadil above her crown upbears;
Her fardingale is ſet above her ears,
Which like a broad ſail with the wind doth ſwell,
To drive this fair hulk headlong into hell.
After again note, and you ſhall her ſee
Shorn like a man; and for that ſhe will be
Like him in all, her congies ſhe will make
With the man's court'ſy, and her hat off take,
Of the French faſhion; and wear by her ſide
Her ſharp ſtiletto in a riband ty'd;
Then gird herſelf cloſe to the paps ſhe ſhall,
Shap'd hreaſt and buttock, but no waiſt at all.
But of this She-Calf now to ceaſe all ſtriſe,
I'll by example limn her to the life:
Not long ago it was my chance to meet
With ſuch a fury, ſuch a female ſprite,
As never man ſaw yet, except 'twere ſhe,
And ſuch a one as I may never ſee
Again, I pray; but where I will not name,
For that the place might ſo partake her ſhame:
But when I ſaw her rampant to tranſcend
All womanhood, I thought her (ſure) ſome fiend;
And to myſelf my thoughts ſuggeſted thus,
That ſhe was gotten by ſome Incubus;
And ſo remembring an old woman's tale,
As ſhe ſat dreaming o'er a pot of ale,
That on a time ſhe did the devil meet,
And knew him only by his cloven feet;
So did I look at her's where ſhe did go,
To ſee if her feet were not cloven ſo.
Ten long-tongu'd tapſters in a common inn,
When as the gueſts to flock apace begin,

When up-ſtair one, down-ſtair another hies,
With ſqueaking clamours and confuſed cries,
Never did yet make ſuch a noiſe as ſhe;
That I dare boldly juſtify, that he
Who but one hour her loud clack can endure,
May undiſturbed, ſafely, and ſecure
Sleep under any bells, and never hear
Though they were rung, the clappers at his ear;
And the long'ſt night with one ſweet ſleep beguile,
As though he dreamt of muſic all the while.
The very ſight of her, when ſhe doth roar,
Is able to ſtrike dumb the boldeſt whore
That ever traded: ſhe'll not ſtick to tell,
All in her life that ever her befell;
How ſhe hath lain with all degrees and ages,
Her plow-boys, ſcullions, lackies, and ſome pages;
And ſwear, when we have ſaid all that we can,
That there is nothing worth a pin in man;
And that there's nothing doth ſo pleaſe her mind,
As to ſee mares and horſes do their kind:
And when ſhe's tipſy, howſoe'er t' offend,
Then all her ſpeech to bawdry doth intend;
In women's ſecrets, and ſhe'll name ye all
Read to the midwives at the Surgeons hall.
Where the poor coxcomb her dull huſband dead,
He that durſt then this female Moon-Calf wed,
Should quite put down the Roman, which once leapt
Into the burning gulf, thereby to keep
His country from devouring with the flame:
Thus leave we her, of all her ſex the ſhame.
Amongſt the reſt at the world's labour, there
Four good old women moſt eſpecial were,
Which had been jolly wenches in their days,
Through all the pariſh and had borne the praiſe
For merry tales; one, mother Redcap hight,
And mother Howlet, ſomewhat ill of ſight,
For ſhe had hurt her eyes with watching late;
Then mother Bumby, a mad jocund mate
As ever goſſipt; and with her there came
Old gammer Gurton, a right pleaſant dame
As the beſt of them; being thus together,
The bus'neſs done for which they had come thither,
Quoth jolly mother Redcap at the laſt,
'I ſee the night is quickly like to waſte;
'And ſince the world ſo kindly now is laid,
'And the child ſafe, which made us all afraid,
'Let's have a night on't, wenches; hang up 'ſorrow,
'And what ſleep wants now, take it up to-'morrow.
'Stir up the fire, and let us have our ale,
'And o'er our cups let each one tell her tale:
'My honeſt goſſips, and to put you in,
'I'll break the ice, and thus doth mine begin.
'There was a certain propheſy of old,
'Which to an iſle had anciently been told,
'That after many years were com'n and gone,
'Which then came out, and the ſet time came 'on;
'Nay more, it told the very day and hour,
'Wherein ſhould fall ſo violent a ſhow'r,
'That it new rivers in the earth ſhould wear,
'And dorps and bridges quite away ſhould bear:
'But where this iſle is, that I cannot ſhew,
'Let them inquire that have deſire to know:
'The ſtory leaves out that; let it alone,
'And, goſſips, with my tale I will go on.
'Yet what was worſe, the prophecy thus ſpake,
'(As to warn men defence for it to make)
'That upon whom one drop ſhould chance to 'light,
'They ſhould of reaſon be deprived quite.
'This prophecy had many an age been heard,
'But not a man did it one pin regard;
'For all to folly did themſelves diſpoſe,
'(On verier calves the ſun yet never roſe)
'And of their laughter made it all the theme,
'By terming it, the drunken wizard's dream.
'There was one honeſt man, among the reſt,
'That bare more perfect knowledge in his breaſt,
'And to himſelf his private hours had kept,
'To talk with God, whilſt others drank or ſlept,
'Who, in his mercy to this man, reveal'd
'That which in juſtice he had long conceal'd
'From the rude herd, but let them ſtill run on
'The ready way to their deſtruction.
'This honeſt man the prophecy that noted,
'And things therein more curiouſly had quoted.
'Found all thoſe ſigns were truly come to paſs,
'That ſhould foreſhew this rain, and that it was
'Nearly at hand; and from his depth of ſkill
'Had many a time forewarn'd them of their ill,
'And preach'd to them this deluge (for their 'good)
'As to th' old world Noe did before the flood,
'But loſt his labour; and ſince 'twas in vain
'To talk more to thoſe idiots of the rain,
'He let them reſt, and ſilent ſought about
'Where he might find ſome place of ſafety out,
'To ſhroud himſelf in; for right well he knew,
'That from this ſhow'r, which then began to 'brew,
'No roof of tile or thatch he could come in,
'Could ſerve him from being wet to the bare 'ſkin.
'At length this man bethought him of a cave
'In a huge rock, which likely was to ſave
'Him from the ſhow'r, upon a hill ſo ſteep,
'As up the ſame a man could hardly creep;
'So that, except Noah's flood ſhould come again,
'He never could be raught by any rain:
'Thither at length, though with much toil he 'clomb,
'Liſt'ning to hear what would thereof become.
'It was not long e'er he perceiv'd the ſkies
'Settled to rain, and a black cloud ariſe,
'Whoſe foggy groſsneſs ſo oppos'd the light,
'As it would turn the noonſted into night.
'When the wind came about with all his pow'r,
'Into the tail of this approaching ſhow'r,
'And it to lighten preſently began,
'Quicker than thought from eaſt to weſt that ran;
'The thunder following did ſo fiercely rave,
'And through the thick clouds with ſuch fury 'drave,

' As hell had been ſet open for the nonce,
' And all the devils heard to roar at once:
' And ſoon the tempeſt ſo outrageous grew,
' That it whole hedge-rows by the roots upthrew,
' So wond'rouſly prodigious was the weather,
' As heaven and earth had meant to go together;
' And down the ſhow'r impetuouſly doth fall,
' Like that which men the hurricano call;
' As the grand deluge had been come again,
' And all the world ſhould periſh by the rain.
' And long it laſted; all which time this man,
' Hid in this cave, doth in his judgment ſcan
' What of this inundation would enſue,
' For he knew well the prophecy was true:
' And when the ſhow'r was ſomewhat overpaſt,
' And that the ſkies began to clear at laſt,
' To the cave's mouth he ſoftly put his ear,
' To liſten if he any thing could hear,
' What harm this ſtorm had done, and what be-
' came
' Of thoſe that had been ſowſed in the ſame.
' No ſooner he that nimble organ lent
' To the cave's mouth, but that incontinent
' There was a noiſe, as if the garden bears,
' And all the dogs together by the ears,
' And thoſe of Bedlam had enlarged been,
' And to behold the baiting had come in.
' Which when he heard, he knew too well (alas!)
' That what had been foretold, was come to paſs;
' Within himſelf, good man, he reaſon'd thus:
' 'Tis for our ſins this plague is fall'n on us.
' Of all the reſt, though in my wits I be,
' (I thank my maker) yet it grieveth me
' To ſee my country in this piteous caſe.
' Woe's me that ever they ſo wanted grace!
' But when as man once caſts off virtue quite,
' And doth in ſin and beaſtlineſs delight,
' We ſee how ſoon God turns him to a ſot.
' To ſhew myſelf yet a true patriot,
' I'll in amongſt them, and if ſo that they
' Be not accurſt of God, yet, yet I may
' By wholſome counſel (if they can but hear)
' Make them as perfect as at firſt they were
' And thus reſolv'd, goes this good poor man
' down;
' When at the entrance of the neighbouring town
' He meets a women with her buttocks bare,
' Got up aſtride upon a wall-ey'd mare,
' To run a horſe-race, and was like to ride
' Over the good man; but he ſtept aſide:
' And after her, another that beſtrode
' A horſe of ſervice, with a lance ſhe rode
' Arm'd, and behind her on a pillion ſat
' Her frantic huſband, in a broad-brim'd hat,
' A maſk and ſafeguard; and had in his hand
' His mad wife's diſtaff for a riding-wand.
' Scarce from theſe mad folk had he gone ſo far,
' As a ſtrong man will eaſ'ly pitch a bar,
' But that he found a youth in tiſſue brave,
' (A daintier man one would not wiſh to have)
' Was courting of a loathſome meazled ſow,
' And, in his judgment, ſwore he muſt allow
' Her's the prime beauty that he ever ſaw,
' Thus was ſhe ſu'd to (by that prating daw)
' Who on the dunghill in the loathſome gore
' Had farrowed ten pigs ſcarce an hour before.
' At which this man in melancholy deep,
' Burſt into laughter, like before to weep.
' Another fool, to fit him for the weather,
' Had arm'd his heels with cork, his head with
' feather,
' And in more ſtrange and ſundry colours clad,
' Than in the rain-bow ever can be had;
' Stalk'd through the ſtreets, preparing him to fly
' Up to the moon upon an embaſſy.
' Another ſeeing his drunken wife diſgorge
' Her pamper'd ſtomach, got her to a forge,
' And in her throat the ſeverous heat to quench,
' With the ſmith's horn was giving her a drench.
' One his next neighbour halter'd had by force,
' So frantic, that he took him for a horſe,
' And to a pond was leading him to drink.
' It went beyond the wit of man to think,
' The ſundry frenzies that he there might ſee.
' One man would to another married be;
' And for a curate taking the town bull,
' Would have him knit the knot. Another gull
' Had found an ape was chained to a ſtall,
' Which he to worſhip on his knees doth fall;
' To do the like and doth his neighbours get,
' Who in a chair this ill-fac'd monky ſet,
' And on their ſhoulder lifting him on high,
' They in proceſſion bear him with a cry;
' And him a Lord will have at leaſt, if not
' A greater man. Another ſort had got
' About a pedlar, who had lately heard
' How with the mad-men of this iſle it far'd;
' And having nothing in his pack but toys,
' Which none except mere madmen and fond boys
' Would ever touch, thought verily that he
' Amongſt theſe Bedlams would a gainer be,
' Or elſe loſe all; ſcarce had he pitch'd his pack,
' E'er he could ſcarcely ſay, what do ye lack?
' But that they throng'd about him with their
' money,
' As thick as flies about a pot of honey.
' Some of theſe lunatics, theſe frantic aſſes,
' Gave him ſpur-rials for his farthing glaſſes:
' There ſhould you ſee another of theſe cattle
' Give him a pound of ſilver for a rattle;
' And there another that would needſly ſcorſe
' A coſtly jewel for a hobby-horſe.
' For bells and babies, ſuch as children ſmall
' Are ever us'd to ſolace them withal,
' thoſe they did buy at ſuch a coſtly rate,
' That it was able to ſubvert a ſtate.
' Which when this wiſe and ſober man behind,
' For very grief his eyes with tears were ſwell'd,
' Alas, that e'er I ſaw this day! (quoth he)
' That I my native country-men ſhould ſee
' In this eſtate! When out of very zeal
' Both to his native earth and common-weal,
' He thruſt amongſt them, and thus frames his
' ſpeech,'
" Dear country-men, I humbly ye beſeech,
" Here me a little, and but mark me well,
" Alas! it is not long ſince firſt ye fell

" Into this frenzy, theſe outragious fits;
" Be not, I pray you, ſo out of your wits,
" But call to mind th' inevitable ill
" Muſt fall on ye, if ye continue ſtill
" Thus mad and frantic; therefore be not worſe
" Than your brute beaſts, to bring thereby a curſe
" Upon your nephews, ſo to taint their blood
" That twenty generations ſhall be woo'd;
" And this brave land, for wit that hath been
" fam'd,
" The iſle of Idiots after ſhall be nam'd:
" Your brains are not ſo craz'd, but leave this riot,
" And 'tis no queſtion, but with temp'rate diet,
" And counſel of wiſe men, when they ſhall ſee
" The deſperate eſtate wherein you be,
" But with ſuch med'cines as thy will apply,
" They'll quickly cure your grievous malady."
' And as he would proceed with his oration,
' One of the chiefeſt of this bedlam nation,
' Lays hold on him, and aſks who he ſhould be:
' Thou fellow, (quoth his Lord) where had we
' thee?
' Com'ſt thou to preach to us that be ſo wiſe?
' What! wilt thou take upon thee to adviſe
' Us, of whom all now underneath the ſky
' May well be ſeen to learn frugality?
' Why ſurely, honeſt fellow thou art mad.
' Another ſtanding by, ſwore that he had
' Seen him in Bedlam fourteen years ago.
' O (quoth a third) this fellow do I know;
' This is an arrant coxcomb, a mere dizard,
' If ye remember, this is the ſame wizard,
' Which took upon him wiſely to fore-tell
' The ſhow'r, ſo many years before it fell;
' Whoſe ſtrong effects being ſo ſtrange and rare,
' Have made us ſuch brave creatures as we are.
' When of this nation all the frantic rout
' Fell into laughter the poor man about:
' Some made mouths at him, others, as in ſcorn,
' With their forkt fingers pointed him the horn:
' They call'd him aſs and dolt, and bade him go
' Amongſt ſuch fools as he himſelf was, who
' Could not teach them. At which this honeſt
' man
' Finding that nought but hate and ſcorn he wan
' Amongſt theſe idiots and their beaſtly kind,
' The poor ſmall remnant of his life behind,
' Determineth to ſolitude to give,
' And a true hermit afterward to live.'
The tale thus ended, ' Goſſip, by your leave,
(Quoth mother Bumby) ' I do well perceive
' The moral of your ſtory, which is this
' (Correct me, dame, if I do judge amiſs:)
' But firſt I'll tell you, by this honeſt ale,
' In my conceit this is a pretty tale;
' And if ſome handſome players would it take,
' It (ſure) a pretty interlude would make.
' But to the moral: This ſame mighty ſhower
' Is a plague ſent by ſupernatural power
' Upon the wicked. For when God intends
' To lay a curſe on men's ungodly ends,
' Of underſtanding he doth them deprive; (give,
' Which taken from them, up themſelves they
' To beaſtlineſs; nor will he let them ſee
' The miſerable eſtate wherein they be,
' The rock to which this man for ſafety climbs,
' The contemplation is of the ſad times
' Of the declining world. His counſels told
' To the mad rout, to ſpoil and baſeneſs ſold,
' Shews, that from ſuch no goodneſs can proceed;
' Who counſels fools, ſhall ſeldom better ſpeed.'
Quoth mother Redcap, " You have hit it right."
Quoth ſhe, ' I know it goſſip; and to quit
' Your tale, another you of me ſhall have,
' Therefore a while your patience let me crave.
' Out in the North tow'rds Greenland, far away,
' There was a witch, (as ancient ſtories ſay)
' As in thoſe parts there many witches be;
' Yet in her craft above all other ſhe
' Was the moſt expert, dwelling in an iſle,
' Which was in compaſs ſcarce an Engliſh mile;
' Which by her cunning ſhe could make to float
' Whither ſhe liſt, as though it were a boat;
' And where again ſhe meant to have it ſtay,
' There could ſhe fix it in the deepeſt ſea.
' She could ſell winds to any one that would
' Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
' What time ſhe liſted, tie them in a thread,
' Which ever as the ſeafarer undid,
' They roſe or ſcantled, as his ſails would drive,
' To the ſame port whereas he would arrive.
' She by her ſpells could make the moon to ſtay,
' And from the eaſt ſhe could keep back the day,
' Raiſe miſts and fogs that could eclipſe the
' light,
' And with the noonſted ſhe could mix the
' night.
' Upon this iſle whereas ſhe had abode,
' Nature (God knows) but little coſt beſtow'd;
' Yet in the ſame ſome baſtard creatures were,
' Seldom yet ſeen in any place but there;
' Half men, half goat, there was a certain kind,
' Such as we Satyrs pourtray'd out do find;
' Another ſort of a moſt ugly ſhape,
' A bear in body, and in face an ape;
' Other like beaſts, yet had the feet of fowls,
' That demi-urchins were, or demi-owls:
' Beſides, there were of ſundry other ſorts,
' But we'll not ſtand too long on theſe reports.
' Of all the reſt that moſt reſembles man,
' Was an o'er-worn ill-favour'd Babian;
' Which of all other (for that only he
' Was full of tricks as they are us'd to be)
' Him in her craft ſo ſeriouſly ſhe taught,
' As that in little time ſhe had him brought,
' That nothing could afore this ape be ſet,
' That preſently he could not counterfeit;
' She learnt him med'cines inſtantly to make;
' Him any thing whoſe ſhape he pleas'd to take;
' And when this ſkill ſhe had on him beſtow'd,
' She ſent him for intelligence abroad.
' He like a gypſy oftentimes would go,
' Thus fully furniſh'd, and by her ſent out,
' He went to practiſe all the world about.
' He like a gipſey oftentimes would go,
' All kind of gibb'riſh he had learnt to know,
' And with a ſtick, a ſhort ſtring, and a nooſe,
' Would ſhew the people tricks at faſt and looſe;
' Tell folks their fortunes, for he would find out
' By ſly inquiry as he went about,

'What chance this one he, or that ſhe had prov'd,
'Whom they moſt hated, or whom moſt they
'lov'd;
'And looking in their hands, as there he knew it
'Out of his ſkill would counterfeit to ſhew it.
'Sometimes he for a mountebank would paſs,
'And ſhew you in a crucible or glaſs
'Some rare extraction, preſently and run
'Through all the cures that he therewith had
'done.
'An aſpick ſtill he carry'd in a poke,
'Which he to bite him often would provoke,
'And with an oil, when it began to ſwell,
'The deadly poiſon quickly could expell;
'And many times a juggler he would be,
'(A craftier knave there never was than he)
'And by a miſt deceiving of the ſight,
'(As knavery ever falſifies the light)
'He by his active nimbleneſs of hand
'Into a ſerpent would transform a wand,
'As thoſe Egyptians, which by magic thought,
'Far beyond Moſes wonders to have wrought.
'There never was a ſubtilty deviſ'd,
'In which this villain was not exercis'd.
'Now from this region where they dwelt, not
'far,
'There was a wife and learn'd aſtronomer,
'Who ſkilful in the planetary hours,
'The working knew of the celeſtial powers,
'And by their ill, or by their good aſpect,
'Men in their actions wiſely could direct;
'And in the black and gloomy arts ſo ſkill'd,
'That he even Hell in his ſubjection held;
'He could command the ſpir'ts up from below,
'And bind them ſtrongly, till they let him know
'All the dread ſecrets that belong'd them to,
'And what thoſe did, with whom they had to do.
'This wizard, in his knowledge moſt profound,
'Sitting one day the depth of things to ſound;
'For that the world was brought to ſuch paſs
'That it well-near in a confuſion was;
'For things ſet right, ran quickly out of frame,
'And thoſe awry to rare perfection came:
'And matters in ſuch ſort about were brought,
'That ſtates were puzzled almoſt beyond
'thought,
'Which made him think (as he might very
'well)
'There were more devils than he knew in Hell:
'And thus reſolves, that he would caſt about
'In his beſt ſkill to find the engine out
'That wrought all this, and put himſelf therein.
'When in this buſ'neſs long he had not been,
'But by the ſpirits which he had ſent abroad,
'And in this work had every way beſtow'd,
'He came to know this foul witch, and her
'factor,
'The one the plotter, and the other th' actor
'Of all theſe ſtirs, which many a ſtate had ſpoil'd,
'Whereby the world ſo long had been turmoil'd;
'Wherefore he thought it much did him behove,
'Out of the way this couple to remove,
'Or (out of queſtion) half the world e'er long
'Would be divided, hers and his among.

'When turning over his moſt myſtic books,
'Into the ſecrets of his art he looks;
'And th' earth and th' air doth with ſuch magics
'fill,
'That ev'ry place was troubled by his ſkill,
'Whilſt in his mind he many a thing revolves,
'Till at the laſt he with himſelf reſolves,
'One ſpirit of his ſhould take the witch's ſhape,
'Another in the perſon of the ape
'Should be join'd with him, ſo to prove by this
'Whether their pow'r were leſs, or more than
'his;
'Which he performs, and to their taſk them ſets,
'When ſoon that ſpirit, the witch that counter-
'feits,
'Watch'd till he found her far abroad to be,
'Into the place then of her home gets he:
'And when the Babian came the news to bring
'What he had done abroad, and ev'ry thing
'Which he had plotted, how their buſ'neſs went,
'And in the reſt to know her dread intent,
'Where ſhe was wont to call him her dear ſon,
'Her little play-feer, and her pretty bun;
'Hug him, and ſwear he was her only joy,
'Her very Hermes, her moſt dainty boy;
'O moſt ſtrange thing! ſhe chang'd her wonted
'cheer,
'And doth to him moſt terrible appear:
'And in moſt fearful ſhapes ſhe doth him
'threaten
'With eager looks, as him ſhe would have
'eaten,
'That from her preſence he was forc'd to fly,
'As from his death, or deadly enemy.
'When now the ſecond, which the ſhape doth
'take
'Of the baboon, determining to make
'The like ſport with him, his beſt time doth
'watch,
'When he alone the curſed witch might catch;
'And when her factor fartheſt was remote,
'Then he began to change his former note;
'And where he wont to tell her pleaſing ſtories
'Full of their conqueſts, triumphs, and there
'glories,
'He turns his tale, and to the witch relates
'The ſtrange revolts of tributary ſtates,
'Things gotten back, which late they had for
'prize,
'With new diſcoveries of their policies;
'Diſguſts and dangers that had croſt their cun-
'ning,
'With ſad portents, their ruin ſtill foterunning:
'That thus the witch and the baboon deceiv'd
'Of all their hopes, of all their joys bereav'd,
'As in deſpair do bid the world adieu.
'When as the ape, which weak and ſickly grew,
'On the cold earth his ſcurvy carrion lays,
'And worn to nothing, ends his wretched days:
'The filthy hag, abhorring of the light,
'Into the North paſt Thule takes her flight,
'And in thoſe deeps, paſt which no land is
'found,
'Her wretched ſelf ſhe miſerably drown'd.'

The tale thus ended, mother Owl doth take
Her turn, and thus to mother Bumby ſpake:
'The tale our goſſip Redcap told before,
'You ſo well riddled, that there can no more
'Be ſaid of it; and therefore as your due,
'What you have done for her, I'll do for you.
'And thus it is: That ſame notorious witch,
'Is the ambition men have to be rich
'And great; for which all faith aſide they lay,
'And to the devil give themſelves away.
'The floating iſle, where ſhe is ſaid to won,
'The various courſes are through which they
'run
'To get their ends. And by the ape is meant
'Thoſe damned villains, made the inſtrument
'To their deſigns. That wond'rous man of
'ſkill,
'Sound counſel is; or rather, if you will,
'The divine juſtice, which doth bring to light
'Their wicked plots, not raught by common
'ſight;
'For though they never have ſo cloſely wrought,
'Yet to confuſion laſtly they are brought.'
"Goſſip, indeed you have hit it to a hair;
"And ſurely your morality is rare,"
Quoth mother Bumby. Mother Owl reply'd,
'Come, come, I know I was not very wide:
'Wherefore, to quit your tales, and make 'em
'three,
'My honeſt goſſips, liſten now to me.
'There was a man not long ſince dead, but he
'Rather a devil might accounted be:
'For judgment, at her beſt, could hardly ſcan,
'Whether he were more devil, or more man:
'And as he was, he did himſelf apply
'T' all kind of witchcraft and black ſorcery;
'And for his humour naturally ſtood
'To theft, to rapine, and to ſhedding blood,
'By thoſe damn'd hags, with whom he was in
'grace,
'And us'd to meet in many a ſecret place,
'He learnt an herb of ſuch a wond'rous pow'r,
'That were it gather'd at a certain hour,
'(For nature for the ſame did ſo provide,
'As though from knowledge gladly it to hide,
'For at ſunſet itſelf it did diſcloſe,
'And ſhut itſelf up as the morning roſe)
'That with thrice ſaying a ſtrange magic ſpell,
'Which, but to him, to no man they would
'tell,
'When as ſo e'er that ſimple he would take,
'It him a war-wolf inſtantly would make;
'Which put in practice, he moſt certain prov'd,
'When to a foreſt he himſelf remov'd,
'Through which there lay a plain and common
'road,
'Which he the place choſe for his chief abode,
'And there this monſter ſat him down to thieve,
'Nothing but ſtoln goods might this fiend re-
'lieve.
'No ſilly woman by that way could paſs,
'But by this wolf ſhe ſurely raviſh'd was;
'And if he found her fleſh were ſoft and good,
'What ſerv'd for luſt, muſt alſo ſerve for food.
'Into a village he ſomtime would get,
'And watching there (as for the purpoſe ſet)
'For little children when they came to play,
'The fatt'ſt he ever bore with him away:
'And as the people oft were wont to riſe,
'Following with hubbubs and confuſed cries,
'Yet was he ſo well-breathed, and ſo light,
'That he would ſtill outſtrip them by his
'flight;
'And making ſtraight to the tall foreſt near,
'Of the ſweet fleſh would have his junkets
'there.
'And let the ſhepherds do the beſt they could,
'Yet would he venture oft upon the fold;
'And taking the fatt'ſt ſheep he there could
'find,
'Bear him away, and leave the dogs behind.
'Nor could men keep ſo much as pig or lamb,
'But it no ſooner could drop from the dam,
'By hook or crook but he would ſurely catch,
'Though with their weapons all the town ſhould
'watch.
'Amongſt the reſt there was a ſilly aſs,
'That on the way by fortune chanc'd to paſs,
'Yet (it was true) he in his time had been
'A very perfect man in ſhape and ſkin;
'But by a witch (envying his eſtate)
'That had borne to him a moſt deadly hate,
'Into this ſhape he was transform'd, and ſo
'From place to place he wander'd to and fro,
'And oftentimes was taken for a ſtray,
'And in the pinfold many a time he lay;
'Yet held he ſtill the reaſon that he had
'When he was man, although he thus was clad
'In a poor aſs's ſhape, wherein he goes,
'And muſt endure what Fortune will impoſe.
'Him on his way this cruel wolf doth take,
'His preſent prey determining to make.
'He bray'd and roar'd, to make the people
'hear;
'But it fell out, no creature being near,
'The ſilly aſs, when he had done his beſt,
'Muſt walk the common way amongſt the
'reſt;
'When tow'rds his den the cruel wolf him
'tugs,
'And by the ears moſt terribly him lugs:
'But as God would, he had no liſt to feed,
'Wherefore to keep him ſtill he ſhould have
'need,
'The ſilly creature utterly forlorn,
'He brings into a brake of briers and thorn,
'And ſo entangles by the mane and tail,
'That he might pluck and ſtruggle there, and
'hale,
'Till his breath left him, unleſs by great chance
'Some one might come for his deliverance.
'At length the people grievouſly annoy'd
'By this vile wolf, ſo many that deſtroy'd,
'Determined a hunting they would make,
'To ſee if they by any means could take
'This rav'nous war-wolf: and with them they
'bring
'Maſtiffs and mongrels, all that in a ſtring

' Could be got out, or could but lug a hog;
' Ball, Eatall, Cuttail, Blackfoot, bitch and dog.
' Bills, bats, and clubs the angry men do bear;
' The women, eager as their husbands were,
' With spits and fireforks, sware if they could
' catch him,
' It should go hard but they would soon dispatch
' him.
' This subtle wolf, by passengers that heard
' What forces thus against him were prepar'd,
' And, by the noise, that they were near at
' hand,
' Thinking this ass did nothing understand,
' Goes down into a spring that was hard by,
' Which the ass noted, and immediately
' He came out perfect man, his wolf's shape
' left,
' In which so long he had committed theft.
' The silly ass so wistly then did view him,
' And in his fancy so exactly drew him,
' That he was sure to own this thief again,
' If he should see him 'mongst a thousand men.
' This wolf turn'd man, him instantly doth
' shroud
' In a near thicket, till the boist'rous crowd
' Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall
' Upon the rear, not any of them all
' Makes greater stir, nor seems to them to be
' More diligent to find the wolf than he.
' They beat each brake and tuft o'er all the
' ground,
' But yet the war-wolf was not to be found;
' But a poor ass entangled in the briers,
' In such strange sort, as ev'ry one desires
' To see the manner, and each one doth ga-
' ther
' How he was fasten'd so, how he came thither.
' The silly ass yet being still in hold,
' Makes all the means that possibly he could
' To be let loose; he hums, he kneels, and cries,
' Shaketh his head, and turneth up his eyes
' To move their pity; that some said, 'twas
' sure
' This ass had sense of what he did endure:
' And at the last amongst themselves decreed
' To let him loose. The ass no sooner freed,
' But out he goes the company among,
' And where he saw the people thick'st to
' throng,
' There he thrusts in, and looketh round about;
' Here he runs in, and there he rusheth out;
' That he was likely to have thrown to ground
' Those in his way: which when the people
' found,
' Though the poor ass they seemed to disdain,
' Follow'd him yet, to find what he should
' mean,
' Until by chance that he this villain met,
' When he upon him furiously doth set,
' Fast'ning his teeth upon him with such
' strength,
' That he could not be loos'd, till at the length
' Railing them in, the people make a ring,
' Struck with the wonder of so strange a thing;
' Whilst they are cag'd, contending whether
' can
' Conquer, the ass some cry, some cry the
' man:
' Yet the ass dragg'd him, and still forward
' drew
' Tow'rds the strange spring, which yet they
' never knew;
' Yet to what part the struggling seem'd to
' sway,
' The people made a lane, and gave them way.
' At length the ass had tugg'd him near there-
' to,
' The people wond'ring what he meant to do;
' He seem'd to shew them with his foot the
' well,
' Then with an ass-like noise he seem'd to tell
' The story now by pointing to the men,
' Then to the thief, then to the spring again:
' At length waxt angry, growing into passion
' Because they could not find his demonstration,
' T' express it more, he leaps into the spring,
' When on the sudden (O most wond'rous
' thing!)
' To change his shape he presently began,
' And at an instant became perfect man,
' Recov'ring speech; and coming forth, accus'd
' The bloody murth'rer, who had so abus'd
' The honest people, and such harm had done;
' Before them all and presently begun,
' To shew them in what danger he had been,
' And of this wolf the cruelty and sin,
' How he came chang'd again, as he had
' prov'd,
' Whereat the people being strangely mov'd,
' Some on the head, some on the back do clap
' him,
' And in their arms with shouts and kisses hap
' him;
' Then all at once upon the war-wolf flew,
' And up and down him on the earth they
' drew;
' Then from his bones the flesh in collops cut,
' And on their weapon's points in triumph put;
' Returning back with a victorious soog,
' Bearing the man aloft with them along.'
Quoth gammer Gurton, " On my honest
" word,
" You've told a tale doth much conceit afford,
" Good neighbour Howlet; and as ye have
" done
" Each one for other since our tales begun,
" And since our stand of ale so well endures,
" As you have moral'd Bumby's, I will yours.
" The fable of the war-wolf I apply
" To a man given to blood and cruelty,
" And upon spoil doth only set his rest;
" Which by a wolf's shape livelie'st is express.
" The spring, by which he gets his former shape,
" Is the evasion after every rape
" He hath to start by. And the silly ass,
" Which, unregarded, every where doth pass,
" Is some just soul who though the world disdain
" Yet he by God is strangely made the mean

" To bring his damned practices to light."
Quoth mother Howlet, ' You have hit the
' white.'
' I thought as much (quoth gammer Gurton:)
' then
' My turn comes next, have with you once a-
' gain.
' A mighty waſte there in a country was,
' Yet not ſo great as it was poor of graſs.
' 'Twas ſaid of old, a ſaint once curſt the ſoil,
' So barren and ſo hungry, that no toil
' Could ever make it any thing to bear,
' Nor would aught proſper that was planted
' there.
' Upon the earth the ſpring was ſeldom ſeen,
' 'Twas winter there, when each place elſe was
' green;
' When ſummer did her moſt abundance yield,
' That lay ſtill brown as any fellow field;
' Upon the ſame ſome few trees ſcattering
' ſtood,
' But it was autumn e'er they us'd to bud;
' And they were crookt and knotty, and the
' leaves
' The niggard ſap ſo utterly deceives,
' That ſprouting forth, they drooping hung the
' head,
' And were near wither'd e'er yet fully ſpread.
' No mirthful birds the boughs did ever grace,
' Nor could be won to ſtay upon that place;
' Only the night-crow ſometimes you might
' ſee,
' Croaking, to ſit upon ſome ranpick-tree,
' Which was but very ſeldom too, and then
' It boded great mortality to men.
' As were the trees, which on that common
' grew,
' So were the cattle, ſtarvlings; and a few
' Aſſes and mules, and they were us'd to gnaw
' The very earth to fill the hungry maw;
' When they far'd beſt, they fed on fern and
' brack,
' Their lean ſhrunk bellies cleav'd up to their
' back.
' Of all the reſt in that great waſte that went,
' Of thoſe quick carrions the moſt eminent
' Was a poor mule, upon that common bred,
' And from his foaling farther never fed;
' The ſummer well-near ev'ry year was paſt,
' E'er he his ragged winter coat could caſt;
' And then the jade would get him to a tree
' That had a rough bark, purpoſely, where he
' Rubbing his buttocks and his either ſide,
' Would get the old hair from his ſtarved hide;
' And though he were as naked as my nail,
' Yet he would whinny then, and wag the
' tail.
' In this ſhort paſture one day as he ſtood
' Ready to faint amongſt the reſt for food,
' Yet the poor beaſt (according to his kind)
' Bearing his noſtrils up into the wind,
' A ſweet freſh feeding thought that he did
' vent,
' (Nothing, as hunger, ſharpeneth ſo the ſcent;)
' For that not far there was a goodly ground,
' Which with ſweet graſs ſo greatly did a-
' bound,
' That the fat ſoil ſeem'd to be over-fraught,
' Nor could beſtow the burthen that it brought;
' Beſides that bounteous nature did it ſtick
' With ſundry ſorts of fragrant flow'rs ſo thick,
' That when the warm and balmy ſouth-wind
' blew,
' The luſcious ſmells o'er all the region flew.
' Led by his ſenſe, at length this poor jade
' found
' This paſture (fenc'd though with a mighty
' mound,
' A pale and quickſet circling it about,
' That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)
' And with himſelf thus wittily doth caſt:
' Well, I have found good paſture yet at laſt,
' If by ſome means accompliſh'd it might be;
' Round with the ditch immediately walks he;
' And long though 'twas, (good luck ne'er comes
' too late)
' It was his chance to light upon a gate
' That led into it: though his hap were good,
' Yet was it made of ſo ſufficient wood,
' And every bar that did to it belong
' Was ſo well jointed, and ſo wond'rous ſtrong,
' Beſides a great lock with a double ward,
' That he thereby of entrance was debarr'd,
' And thereby hard beſet; yet thought at
' length,
' 'Twas done by ſleight, that was not done by
' ſtrength.
' Faſt in the ground his two fore-feet doth get,
' Then his hard buttocks to the gate he ſet,
' And thruſt, and ſhook, and labour'd, till at
' laſt,
' The two great poſts, that held the ſame ſo
' faſt,
' Began to looſen; when again he takes
' Freſh foot-hold, and afreſh he ſhakes and
' ſhakes,
' Till the great hinges tn fly off he feels,
' And heard the gate fall clatt'ring at his heels;
' Then neighs and brays with ſuch an open
' throat,
' That all the waſte reſounded with his note.
' The reſt, that did his language underſtand,
' Knew well there was ſome good to them in
' hand,
' And tag and rag through thick and thin came
' running,
' Nor dale nor ditch, nor bank nor buſhes ſhun-
' ning;
' And ſo deſirous to ſee their good hap,
' That with their thronging they ſtuck in the
' gap.
' Now they beſtir their teeth, and do devour
' More ſweetneſs in the compaſs of one hour,
' Than twice ſo many could in twice the time,
' For now the ſpring was in the very prime;
' Till prickt with plenty, eas'd of all their
' lacks,
' Their pamper'd bellies ſwoln above their backs,

'They tread and waddle all the goodly graſs,
'That in the field there ſcarce a corner was
'Left free by them; and what they had not
'ſwallow'd,
'There they had dung'd, and laid 'em down and
'wallow'd.
'One with another they would lie and play,
'And in the deep fog batten all the day.
'Thus a long while this merry life they led,
'Till ev'n like lard their thicken'd ſides were
'fed.
'But on a time, the weather being fair,
'And ſeaſon fit to take the pleaſant air,
'To view his paſture the rich owner went,
'And ſee what graſs the fruitful year had ſent;
'Finding the feeding, for which he had toil'd
'To have kept ſafe, by theſe vile cattle ſpoil'd,
'He in a rage upon them ſets his cur,
'But for his bawling not a beaſt would ſtir;
'Then whoots and ſhouts, and claps his hands;
'but he
'Might as well move the dull earth, or a tree,
'As once but ſtir them: when all would not do,
'Laſt with his goad amongſt them he doth go,
'And ſome of them he girdeth in the haunches,
'Some in the flanks, that prickt their very
'paunches:
'But when they felt that they began to ſmart,
'Upon a ſudden they together ſtart,
'And drive at him as faſt as they could ding,
'They flirt, they yerk, they backward fluce and
'fling,
'As though the devil in their heels had been,
'That to eſcape the danger he was in,
'He back and back into a quagmire by,
'Though with much peril, forced was to fly:
'But lightly treading thereupon, doth ſhift,
'Out of the bog his cumber'd feet to lift,
'When they the peril that do not fore caſt,
'In the ſtiff mud are quickly ſtabled faſt:
'When to the town he preſently doth fly,
'Raiſing the neighbours with a ſudden cry,
'With cords and halters that came all at once,
'For now the jades were fitted for the nonce:
'For by that time th' had ſunk themſelves ſo
'deep,
'That ſcarce their heads above ground they could
'keep,
'When preſently they by the necks them bound,
'And ſo they led them to the common pound.'
Quoth mother Redcap, 'Right well have you
'done,
'Good gammer Gurton; and as we begun,
'So you conclude: 'tis time we parted now;
'But firſt of my morality allow.
'The common that you ſpeak of here, ſay I,
'Is nothing elſe but want and beggary,
'In the world common; and the beaſts that go
'Upon the ſame, which oft are famiſh'd ſo,
'Are the poor, bred in ſcarcity. The mule,
'The other cattle that doth ſeem to rule,
'Some crafty fellow that hath ſlily found
'A way to thrive by. And the fruitful ground
'Is wealth, which he by ſubtilty doth win;
'In his poſſeſſion which not long hath been,
'But he with riot and exceſs doth waſte,
'For goods ill-gotten do conſume as faſt;
'And with the law they laſtly do contend,
'Till at the laſt the priſon is the end.'
Quoth gammer Gurton, 'Well yourſelf you
quit.
By this the dawn uſurpt upon the night,
And at the window biddeth them good day,
When they departed each their ſeveral way.

THE

LEGEND

OF

ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

What time ſoft night had ſilently begun
To ſteal by minutes on the long-liv'd days,
The furious dog-ſtar following the bright ſun,
With noiſom heat infeſts his chearful rays,
Filling the earth with many a ſad diſeaſe;
Which then inflam'd with their intemp'rate fires,
Herſelf in light habiliments attires.

And the rathe morning newly but awake,
Was with freſh beauty burniſhing her brows,
Herſelf beholding in the gen'ral lake,
To which ſhe pays her never-ceaſing vows,
With the new day me willingly to rouſe,
Down to fair Thames I gently took my way,
With whom the winds continually do play,

Striving to fancy his chaſte breaſt to move,
Whereas all pleaſures plentifully flow,
When him along the wanton tide doth ſhove,
And to keep back, they eaſily do blow,
Or elſe force forward, thinking him too ſtow;
Who with his waves would check the winds embrace,
Whilſt they fan air upon his cryſtal face.

Still forward ſallying from his bounteous fource,
Along the ſhores laſciviouſly doth ſtrain,
Making ſuch ſtrange meanders in his courſe,
As to his fountain he would back again,
Or turn'd about to look upon his train;
Whoſe ſundry ſoils with coy regard he greets,
Till with clear Medway happily he meets.

Steering my compaſs by this wand'ring ſtream,
Whoſe flight preach'd to me Time's ſwift-poſting hours,
Delighted thus, as with ſome pretty dream,
Where pleaſure wholly had poſſeſs'd my pow'rs,
And looking back on London's ſtately tow'rs;
So Troy, thought I, her ſtately head did rear,
Whoſe craſed ribs the furrowing plow doth eyre.

Weary, at length a willow tree I found,
Which on the bank of this brave river ſtood,
Whoſe root with rich graſs greatly did abound,
Forc'd by the fluxure of the ſwelling flood,
Ordain'd (it ſeem'd) to ſport his nymphiſh brood;
Whoſe curled top envy'd the heav'n's great eye
Should view the ſtock it was maintained by.

The lark, that holds obſervance to the ſun,
Quaver'd her clear notes in the quiet air,
And on the river's murmuring baſe did run,
Whilſt the pleas'd Heav'n her faireſt liv'ry ware,
The place ſuch pleaſure gently did prepare;
The flow'rs my ſmell, the flood my taſte to ſteep,
And the much ſoftneſs lulled me aſleep.

When in a viſion as it ſeem'd to me,
Triumphal muſic from the flood aroſe,
As when the ſov'reigh we embarged ſee,
And by fair London for his pleaſure rows,
Whoſe tender welcome the glad city ſhows:
The people ſwarming on the peſter'd ſhoars,
And the curl'd waters overſpread with oars

A troop of nymphs came ſuddenly on land,
In the full end of this triumphal ſound,
And me incompaſs'd. taking hand in hand,
Caſting themſelves about me in a round,
And ſo down ſet them on the eaſy ground,
Bending their clear eyes with a modeſt grace
Upon my ſwart and melancholy face.

Next, 'twixt two ladies. came a goodly knight,
As newly brought from ſome diſtreſsful place,
To me who ſeemed ſome right worthy wight,
Though his attire were miſerably baſe,
And time had worn deep furrows in his face;
Yet, though cold age had froſted his fair hairs,
It rather ſeem'd with ſorrow than with years.

The one a lady of a princely port,
Leading this ſad lord, ſcarcely that could ſtand;
The other fleering in diſdainful ſort,
With ſcornful geſtures drew him by the hand,
Who lame and blind, yet bound with many a band:
When I perceived nearer as they came,
This fool was Fortune, and the braver Fame.

Fame had the right hand in a robe of gold,
(Whoſe train old Time obſequiouſly did bear)
Whereon in rich embriod'ry was enroll'd
The names of all that worthies ever were,
Which all might read depainted lively there,
Set down in lofty well-compoſed verſe,
Fitt'ſt the great deeds of heroes to rehearſe.

On her fair breaſt ſhe two broad tablets wore,
Of cryſtal one, the other ebony;
On which engraven were all names of yore
In the clear tomb of living Memory,
Or the black book of endleſs Obloquy:
The firſt with poets and with conqu'rors pil'd,
That with baſe worldlings ev'ry where defil'd.

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
Her preſent force and after-during might,
Which ſoftly ſpoke, far off were heard to thunder
About the world, that quickly took their flight,
And brought the moſt obſcureſt things to light;
That ſtill the farther off, the greater ſtill
Did make our good, or manifeſt our ill.

Fortune. as blind as he whom ſhe did lead,
Changing her feature often in an hour,
Fantaſtically carrying her head,
Soon would ſhe ſmile, and ſuddenly would lour,
And with one breath her words were ſweet and ſow'r;
Upon ſtark fools ſhe amorouſly would glance,
And upon wiſe men coyly look aſcance.

About her neck, in manner of a chain,
Torn diadems and broken ſcepters hung;
If any on her ſtedfaſtly did lean,
Them to the ground deſpightfully ſhe flung:
And in this poſture as ſhe paſt along,
She bags of gold out of her boſom drew,
Which ſhe to ſots and arrant idiots threw.

A duſky veil did hide her ſightleſs eyes,
Like clouds that cover our uncertain lives,
Whereon were pourtray'd direful tragedies,
Fools wearing crowns, and wiſe men clogg'd in gyves;
How all things ſhe prepoſterouſly contrives,
Which, as a map, her regency diſcovers
In camps, in courts, and in the way of lovers.

An eaſy bank near to this place there was,
A ſeat fair Flora us'd to ſit upon,
Curling her clear locks in this liquid glaſs,
Putting her rich gems and attirings on,
Fitter than this about us there was none:
Where they ſet down that poor diſtreſſed man,
When to the purpoſe Fortune thus began.

'Behold this Duke of Normandy, quoth ſhe,
'The heir of William conqueror of this iſle,
'Appealing to be juſtify'd by thee,
'(Whoſe tragedy this poet muſt compile)
'He whom I have ever eſteemed vile,
'Marking his birth with an unlucky brand;
'And yet for him thou com'ſt prepar'd to ſtand.

'What art thou, but a tumour of the mind,
'A bubble, blown up by deceitful breath?
'Which never yet exactly wert defin'd,
'In whom no wiſe man e'er repoſed faith,
'Speaking of few well, until after death,
'That from looſe humour haſt thy timeleſs birth,
'Unknown to heaven, not much eſteem'd on earth.

'Firſt, by opinion had'ſt thou thy creation,
'On whom thou ſtill doſt ſervilely attend,
'And like whom, long thou keep'ſt not any faſhion;
'But with the world uncertainly do'ſt wend,
'Which as a poſt thee up and down doth ſend;

' Without profane tongues thou canſt never
' riſe,
' Nor be upholden, be it not with lies.

' In ev'ry corner prying like a thief,
' And through each cranny like the wind do'ſt
' creep,
' Apt to report, as eaſy of belief:
' What's he, whoſe counſel thou doſt ever keep?
' Yet into cloſets fancily dar'ſt peep,
' Telling for truth what thou can'ſt but ſuppoſe,
' Divulging that which thou ſhould'ſt not diſ-
' cloſe.

' With extreme toil and labour thou art ſought,
' Death is the way which leadeth to thy cell,
' Only with blood thy favour muſt be bought,
' And who will have thee, fetcheth thee from
' hell,
' Where thou impal'd with fire and ſword do'ſt
' dwell;
' And when thou art in all this peril found,
' What art thou? only but a tinkling ſound.

' Such as the world doth hold to be but baſe,
' Of human creatures and the moſt doth ſcorn,
' That amongſt men ſit in the ſervil'ſt place,
' Theſe for the moſt part thou do'ſt moſt ſuborn,
' Thoſe follow Fame, whoſe weeds are nearly
' worn:
' Yet thoſe poor wretches cannot come to thee,
' Unleſs prefer'd and dignify'd by me.

' Thy trumpet ſuch ſuppoſed to advance,
' Is but as thoſe fantaſtically deem,
' Whom folly, youth, or frenzy doth entrance;
' Nor doth it ſound, but only ſo doth ſeem,
' (Which the wiſe ſort a dotage but eſteem)
' Only thereby the humorous abuſing,
' Fondly their error and thy fault excuſing.

' Except in peril thou do'ſt not appear;
' Yet ſcarcely then, but with intreats and wooing,
' Flying far off when as thou ſhould'ſt be near,
' At hand diminiſh'd, and augmented going,
' Upon ſlight toys the greateſt coſt beſtowing,
' Oft promiſing men's loſſes to repair,
' Yet the performance but a little air.

' On baleful herſes (as the fitteſt grounds)
' Written with blood thy ſad memorials lye,
' Whoſe letters are immedicable wounds,
' Only fit objects for the weeping eye;
' Thou from the duſt men's worths do'ſt only try,
' And what before thou falſely didſt deprave,
' Thou do'ſt acknowledge only in the grave.

' The world itſelf is witneſs of my pow'r,
' O'er whom I reign with the eternal fates,
' With whom I ſit in council every hour,
' On th' alterations of all times and ſtates,
' Setting them down their changes and their dates,
' In fore-appointing ev'ry thing to come,
' Until the great and univerſal doom.

' The ſtars to me an everlaſting book,
' In that eternal regiſter, the ſky,
' Whoſe mighty volumes I oft overlook,
' Still turning o'er the leaves of deſtiny,
' Which man I too inviolate deny,
' And his frail will thereby I ſee controul'd,
' By ſuch ſtrong clauſes as are there enroll'd.

' Predeſtination giving me a being,
' Whoſe depth man's wiſdom never yet could
' ſound,
' Into whoſe ſecrets only I have ſeeing,
' Wherein wiſe reaſon doth herſelf confound,
' Searching where doubts do more thereby a-
' bound:
' For ſacred texts unlock the way to me,
' To lighten thoſe that will my glory ſee.

' Thoſe names th' old poets to their gods did
' give,
' Were only figures to expreſs my might,
' To ſhew the virtues that in Fortune live,
' And my much pow'r in this all-moving wight,
' Who all their altars to my godhead dight;
' Which alterations upon earth do bring,
' And give them matter ſtill whereon to ſing.

' What though uncertain, varying in my courſe,
' I make my changes aim one certain end,
' Croſſing man's forecaſt, to make known my
' force,
' Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend?
' To him leaſt hoping, ſooneſt I do ſend,
' That all ſhould find, I worthily beſtow,
' And 'tis a reaſon, that I think it ſo.

' Forth off my lap I pour abundant bliſs,
' All good proceeds from my all-giving hand,
' By me, man happy or unhappy is,
' For whom I ſtick, or whom I do withſtand,
' And it is I am friendſhip's only band;
' And upon me all greedily take hold,
' Which being broke, all worldly love grows
' cold.'

Pauſing ſhe frown'd, when ſuddenly withal
A fearful noiſe ariſeth from the flood,
As when a tempeſt furiouſly doth fall
Within the thick waſte of ſome ancient wood;
That in amazement ev'ry mortal ſtood,
As though her words ſuch pow'rfulneſs did
bear,
That each thing ſeem'd her menaces to fear.

When Fame yet ſmiling, mildly thus replies:
' Alas, (quoth ſhe) what labour thou haſt loſt!
' What wond'rous miſts thou caſts before our
' eyes!
' Yet will the gain not countervail the coſt.
' What would'ſt thou ſay, if thou hadſt cauſe to
' boaſt,
' Which ſett'ſt thy ſtate out in ſuch wond'rous
' ſort,
' Which, but thyſelf, none ever could report?

' For what is fortune only, but event,
' Breeding in ſome a tranſitory terror?
' A what men will, that falls by accident,
' And only named to excuſe their error.
' What elſe is fortune? or who doth prefer her?
  ' Or who to her ſo fooliſh is to lean,
  ' Which weak tradition only doth maintain?

' A toy, whereon the doating world doth dream,
' Firſt ſoothed by uncertain obſervation,
' Of men's attempts that being the extreme,
' Faſt'neth thereby on weak imagination;
' Yet notwithſtanding all this uſurpation,
  ' Muſt to thy ſelf be incidently loathing,
  ' Moſt when thou would'ſt be, that art right-
    ' ly nothing.

' And with the world inſinuating thus,
' And under ſo allowable pretence,
' Cloſely encroacheſt on man's genius,
' In good and evil taking reſidence;
' And having got this ſmall preeminence,
  ' When to thy ſelf a being thou would'ſt frame,
  ' Art in concluſion only but a name.

' Thoſe ignorant, which made a God of nature,
' And nature's God divinely never knew,
' Were thoſe to fortune that firſt built a ſtature,
' For whom thy worſhip ignorantly grew,
' Which being ador'd fooliſhly by few,
  ' Grounded thy looſer and uncertain laws
  ' Upon ſo weak and indigent a cauſe.

' Firſt ſloth did hatch thee in her ſleepy cell,
' And thee with eaſe diſhonourably fed,
' Deliv'ring thee with cowardice to dwell,
' Which with baſe thoughts continually thee bred;
' By ſuperſtition idly being led,
  ' It an impoſture after did thee make,
  ' Whom for a goddeſs fools do only take.

' Nor never doſt thou any thing forecaſt,
' But as thou art improvident, ſo light;
' And this moſt wicked property thou haſt,
' That againſt virtue thou bend'ſt all thy might,
' With whom thou wageſt a continual fight;
  ' The yielding ſpirit in fetters thou doſt bind,
  ' But art a mere ſlave to the conſtant mind.

' Such is thy froward and malignant kind,
' That what thou do'ſt, thou ſtill do'ſt in deſpight,
' And art enamour'd of the barbarous hind,
' Whom thou doſt make thy only favourite:
' None but the baſe in baſeneſs do delight;
  ' For wert thou heavenly, thou in love wouldſt be
  ' With that which neareſt doth reſemble thee.

' But I alone the herald am of heaven,
' Whoſe ſpacious kingdom ſtretcheth far and wide,
' Through ev'ry coaſt upon the light'ning driven,
' As on the ſun-beams glorioufly I ride,
' By them I mount, and down by them I ſlide,
  ' I regiſter the world's long-during hours,
  ' And know the high will of th' immortal pow'rs.

' Men to the ſtars me guiding them do climb,
' That all dimenſions perfectly expreſs,
' I am alone the vanquiſher of time,
' Bearing thoſe ſweets which cure death's bitterneſs:
' I all good labours plentifully bleſs,
  ' Yea, all abſtruſe profundities impart,
  ' Leading men through the tedious ways of art.

' My palace placed betwixt earth and ſkies,
' Which many a tower ambitiouſly up bears,
' Whereof the windows are all glaz'd with eyes,
' The walls as neatly builded are of ears,
' Where ev'ry thing in heaven and earth appears;
  ' Nothing ſo ſoftly whiſper'd in the round,
  ' But through my palace preſently doth ſound.

' And under foot floor'd all about with drums,
' The rafters trumpets admirably clear,
' Sounding aloud each name that thither comes,
' The crannies tongues, and talking ev'ry where,
' And all things paſt in memory do bear;
  ' The doors unlock with ev'ry little breath,
  ' Nay, open wide with each word which man
    ' ſaith,

' And hung about with arms and conquer'd ſpoils;
' The poſts whereon the goodly roof doth ſtand,
' Are pillars graven with Herculean toils:
' Th' atchievements great of many a warlike hand,
' As well in chriſtned, as in heathen land,
  ' Done by thoſe nobles that are moſt renown'd,
  ' That there by me immortally are crown'd.

' Here, in the body's likeneſs whilſt it lives,
' Appear the thoughts proceeding from the mind,
' To which the place a glorious habit gives,
' When once to me they freely are reſign'd,
' To be preſerv'd here: and are ſo refin'd,
  ' That when the corps by death doth laſtly
    ' periſh,
  ' Then doth this place the mind's true mage
    ' cheriſh.

' My beauty never fades, but ſtill new-born.
' As years encreaſe, ſo ever waxing young,
' My ſtrength is not diminiſhed, nor worn,
' Time weak'ning all things, only makes me ſtrong,
' Nor am I ſubject to baſe worldly wrong:
  ' The power of kings I utterly defy,
  ' Nor am I aw'd by all their tyranny.

' The brow of heav'n my monuments contain,
' (And is the mighty regiſter of fame)
' Which there in fiery characters remain,
' The gorgeous cieling of th' immortal frame,
' The conſtellations publiſhing my name,
  ' Where my memorials evermore abide,
  ' So by th' old poets was I glorify'd.'

Fame having ended, fortune ſoon began
Further to urge what ſhe before had ſaid;
' When lo (quoth ſhe) Duke Robert is the man,
' Which, as my priſoner, I in bonds do lead,
' For whom thou com'ſt againſt me here to plead,

' Who I alone deprived of his crown;
' Who can raiſe him, that Fortune will have
' down?'

' A fitter inſtance (Fame replying) none
' Than is Duke Robert; Fortune, do thy worſt,
' Greater on man thy might was never ſhewn,
' Doing to him all that thou could'ſt or durſt:
' And ſince thy turn allotted is the firſt,
' Proceed; ſee which the Norman duke ſhall
' have,
' After ſo long being laid up in his grave.'

Quoth Fortune: ' Then I found th' unſtedfaſt ſtar,
' Whoſe luckleſs working limited his fate,
' That mark'd his ſad nativity with war,
' And brothers moſt unnatural debate,
' As to be puniſh'd by his parents hate:
' For that the kingdom, which the conqu'ror
' won,
' Should be the wrack of him, his firſt-born
' ſon.

' By that which nature did on him beſtow,
' In him her beſt that ſtrained her to try,
' Thereby himſelf I made him overthrow,
' In human birth ſo powerful am I;
' Marking his breaſt too openly to lye,
' From both his brothers different too far,
' Too mild for peace, too merciful for war.

' And yet the courage that he did inherit,
' And from the greatneſs of his blood did take,
' Though ſhrowded in ſo peaceable a ſpirit,
' When once his wrongs came roughly to a-
' wake,
' Forth with ſo ſtrange and violent fury brake,
' As made the world apparently to ſee
' All human actions managed by me.

' That till revenge was wholly him bereft,
' (In ev'ry thing oppoſed by my pow'r)
' For him to lean to, nothing being left,
' And danger him moſt threat'ned to devour,
' To the laſt period of the utmoſt hour,
' Oft by vain hopes that he might get my love,
' There was no peril but I made him prove.

' For whilſt his father with the Norman ſword,
' His profp'rous entrance upon England made,
' I laid the project, that this youthful lord
' In the mean time did Normandy invade,
' Upon his ſire and made him draw his blade;
' The mean whereby he thought he could
' not miſs,
' That which he elſe might fail of to make his.

' That Robert daily in diſgrace might run
' With the great conqu'ror, as he ſtill did grow
' Nearer his death; who vexed by his ſon,
' (His pride which but too openly did ſhew)
' His ſtate deviſed wiſely to beſtow
' Upon his ſecond, that his days to cloſe,
' Himſelf he might more quietly repoſe.

' And then, leſt time might chance to cool his
' blood,
' That luckleſs war by ling'ring I ſupply'd,
' That while Duke Robert juſtly cenſur'd ſtood
' For diſobedience and unnat'ral pride,
' In heat of this the conqu'ror William dy'd,
' Setting young Rufus upon England's throne,
' Leaving his eldeſt ſtruggling for his own.

' Which in ſhort time ſo many miſchiefs bred,
' (As ſundry plagues on William's offſpring ſent)
' Which ſoon roſe to ſo violent a head,
' That policy them no way could prevent,
' When to deſtruction all things headlong went;
' And in the end, as conſummating all,
' Duke Robert's irrecoverable fall.

' Whom then I did auſpiciouſly perſuade,
' Once more with war to fright the Engliſh fields,
' His brother (then King William) to invade,
' To make him know the diff'rence of their
' ſhields;
' Where though his arms he ne'er ſo wiſely wields,
' And though by him the kingdom were not
' taken,
' His ſceptre ſhould be violently ſhaken.

' Theſe ſundry foils, in both of which was ſown
' (By ſo approv'd and fortunate a hand)
' Seed, which to both might profp'rouſly have
' grown,
' Had they remain'd in friendſhip's ſacred band:
' In oppoſition when they came to ſtand,
' Far wider wounds to either of them lent
' Than all the pow'r that Europe could have
' ſent.

' Thus did I win King William in his life,
' His conquer'd realm on Rufus to beſtow;
' What he had got by ſtrength, to leave in ſtrife,
' Thoſe to moleſt that from his ſtock ſhould grow:
' Which by my cunning I contrived ſo,
' To plague his iſſue with a general ill,
' Yet the extreme to fall on Robert ſtill.

' That Prelate Odo (that with William held)
' To Biſhop Lanfrank for his deadly ſpight,
' That William lov'd, againſt the king rebell'd,
' With all his power abetting Robert's right,
' Aided by Mortain's and Montgom'ry's might,
' Upon this land to bring a ſecond war,
' Of her late conqueſt whilſt ſhe bear the ſcar.

' And when he was in ſo direct a way,
' Great friends at hand his enterpriſe to back,
' Ready before him when his entrance lay,
' Nor could he think of aught that he did lack,
' Yet won I him his enterpriſe to ſlack,
' Stopping the courſe which rightly he had run,
' All to undo that he before had done.

' Thus did I firſt provoke him to that rage,
' Which had ſo far prevail'd upon his blood,
' And at my pleaſure did the ſame aſſuage,

' When this brave heat in ſtead might him have
' ſtood,
' So to my humour alter'd I his mood,
' By taking arms, his coſt and coin to loſe,
' And leaving them to animate his foes.

' That by concluding this untimely peace,
' I might thereby a ling'ring war begin,
' That whilſt theſe tumults for a while did ceaſe,
' William on Robert might advantage win:
' Thus let I treaſon ſecretly in,
' Giving deceitful policy the key,
' Into the cloſet where his counſels lay.

' Thus, in the habit of a faithful friend,
' I drew into him a moſt dang'rous foe,
' His wit that uſed to no other end,
' But to cloath treaſon in a virtuous ſhew,
' Which he for current ſo contriv'd to go,
' As he in ſecret hurt Duke Robert more
' By this ſoft peace, than in the war before.

' And to thee, Fame, I then my pow'r addreſs'd,
' Nay, thee mine only inſtrument I made,
' That whilſt theſe brothers at this point did reſt,
' Robert to war I won thee to perſuade,
' With thoſe that went the Soldan to invade,
' With great Duke Godfrey's preſſing forth his
' bands
' From his proud pow'r to free the Holy Lands.

' Thus by thee, Fame, did I his humour feed,
' The only way to draw this duke abroad,
' That whilſt at home his preſence moſt ſhould
' need,
' In foreign parts to faſten his abode,
' Him in this manner wiſely I beſtow'd;
' That William dying, Robert being gone,
' Henry might ſeat him on the Engliſh throne.

' His ear ſo feas'ning with the ſound of arms,
' As in aught elſe no muſic it could find,
' Neither had any feeling of his harms,
' On Paleſtine ſo placed he his mind,
' (Clearly that ſhew'd the greatneſs of his kind)
' And him ſo high and with ſuch force did
' bear,
' As when he had moſt cauſe, he left did fear.

' Thus was he thrown into his endleſs thrall,
' Which though the mean deviſed was by me,
' And ev'ry thing was fitted to his fall,
' Which none could hinder, though the moſt
' foreſee,
' Yet here I made an inſtrument of thee:
' For where deſtruction I do once pretend,
' All that man doth, ſtill forteth to that end.

' He gone, and Ruſus being robb'd of breath,
' And Henry Beauclerk coveting to reign,
' Offer'd ſo fairly by King William's death,
' Whilſt Robert doth in Paleſtine remain,
' Whereby a kingdom he might eas'ly gain:
' What by his pow'r and ſcience to perſuade,
' Himſelf a monarch abſolutely made.

' Whilſt this great duke embraced was by thee,
' Which thou as thine do'ſt abſolutely claim,
' But finds mere ſhadows, only miſſing me,
' And idle caſtles in the air doth frame;
' Lo, ſuch a mighty monarcheſs is Fame,
' That what ſhe gives, ſo eaſy is to bear,
' As none therefore needs violence to fear.

' Till Robert ſafely from the holy wars
' Returning, honour'd by the Pagans flight,
' From foreign battles into civil jars,
' From getting others, for his own to fight,
' Inforc'd to uſe the utmoſt of his might,
' With that brave ſword, in Pagan blood im-
' bru'd,
' To ſave himſelf, by his own friends purſu'd.

' When wanting ſums, the ſinews of a force,
' (Which his high ſpirit too quickly came to find,
' E'er he could put himſelf into his courſe)
' Moſt ſtrangely ſeem'd to mollify his mind;
' And on the ſudden Henry ſeeming kind,
' Offer'd his love at any rate to buy,
' So that faſt to him he the duke might tie.

' Thus of Duke Robert wiſely did he win,
' Not then ſo well eſtabliſh'd as he would,
' Till he by craft had cloſely cropen in,
' Setting himſelf ſubſtantially to hold,
' Offring him great ſums of bewitching gold,
' As yearly tribute from this realm to riſe,
' Quite to blot out all former injuries.

' Which to the poor duke yielding much relief,
' Henry to paſs his purpoſes ſo brought,
' Whilſt Robert yet ſuſpected not that thief,
' Which underhand ſo cunningly him caught:
' Of whom, the leaſt when princely Robert thought,
' Ev'n in a moment did annoy him more,
' Than all thoſe ills that happ'd to him before.

' Which to this Lord (believing well) unknown,
' And he not finding eas'ly could not fly,
' For it a bait into his way was thrown,
' Which to avoid, Duke Robert look'd too high:
' (Into good minds craft can eas'lieſt pry:)
' For in his pliant nature, as a mould,
' Well could I caſt what form ſoe'er I would.

' For by this tribute cutting off the claim,
' Which he, the elder, to his England made;
' His former hopes he forcibly did maim,
' Which for a while by Henry being paid,
' But after by him fraudulently ſtay'd,
' As from a fountain, plenteouſly did ſpring
' Th' efficient cauſe of Robert's ruining.

' When as his friends, ſo well to him that meant,
' To take his part and did their force prepare,
' Finding him thus their purpoſe to prevent,
' And how thereby 'twas like with him to fare;
' Upon King Henry planted all their care,
' Giving their pow'rs, their peace with him
' to make,
' Gather'd at firſt the Norman part to take.

'And I, that friendly evermore had been
'To the ſtout Normans, which by me had won,
'To prove myſelf the earth's imperious queen,
'And ſhew the world by me what can be done,
'To ſpight this Robert, William conqu'ror's ſon,
'With England againſt Normandy do ſtand,
'Conquer'd but lately by the Norman hand.

'Their iſſue, which were conqu'rors of this iſle,
'At Haſtings which the Engliſhmen did tame,
'Here natives, graced with the Engliſh ſtile,
'To their firſt country carry back their claim,
'Conqueſt returning whence it lately came;
'That once as England felt Nueſtria's ſtroke,
'To make Nueſtria to bear England's yoke.

'Thoſe angry brothers in the field of arms,
'Than whom there were not two more deadly foes,
'Each ſeeking other in the hott'ſt alarms,
'And at their meeting changing deadly blows,
'Quickly that meant to win, or ſoon to loſe:
'Robert would fain releaſe himſelf of thrall;
'Henry again doth hotly put for all.

'On him, which late in Paleſtine I ſmil'd,
'Return'd, at fatal Tenachray I frown,
'And from his dukedom him that day exil'd,
'Which had he won it, might have worn a crown:
'And to be ſure him in miſhap to drown,
'Laſtly himſelf he in the fight did loſe,
'Taken a priſoner by his trait'rous foes.

'Which bound to England baſely did him bring,
'Baſelier abus'd and mockt at of his own,
'A captive where he ſhould have been a king;
'Such was the lot by me upon him thrown:
'There to lament his miſery alone,
'Preſcrib'd to one poor ſolitary place,
'Who ſhould have progreſs'd all a kingdom's ſpace.

'Could human knowledge comprehend my hate,
'Or reaſon found the depth of things divine,
'The world amazed at Duke Robert's ſtate,
'Might think no pow'r to be compar'd to mine,
'And wiſh the gods would all to me reſign:
'In this man's fall apparently might ſee,
'Above the ſtars what might there reſts in me.

'That blade on him, in battle which had pow'r,
'Was too much blunted to abridge his days;
'Time, that ſo faſt from all away doth ſcour.
'Defers his end with dilatory ſtays,
'Whilſt he his brother's tyranny obeys,
'That he in life a thouſand deaths might die.
'Where I will plague, ſo tyrannous am I.

'The while in Cardiff he a captive lies,
'Whoſe windows were but niggards of their light,
'I wrought, this Henry's rage not to ſuffice,
'But that he robb'd Duke Robert of his ſight,
'To turn this little piece of day to night;
'As though that ſenſe, whoſe want ſhould be the laſt
'To all things living, he the firſt ſhould taſte.

'That Robert ſo unfortunately blind,
'No outward object might diſperſe his care,
'The better to illuminate his mind,
'To ſee his ſorrows throughly what they were,
'To do ſo much to this great prince I dare,
'By taking from him that which ſerv'd him beſt.
'To his affliction to turn all the reſt.

'And when he was bereaved of his eaſe,
'With the remembrance of ſo heinous wrong,
'Upon his breaſt ſo ſtrongly that did ſeize,
'And his ſad heart ſo violently ſtung;
'Yet made I nature in that prince ſo ſtrong,
'That grief, which many doth of life deprive,
'Seem'd to preſerve and keep him ſtill alive.

'Him I forbade that any foe ſhould kill,
'Nor by his own hand ſuffer'd him to die,
'That life to Robert ſhould be loathſome ſtill,
'And that death from him evermore ſhould fly,
'Making them both to him an enemy;
'Willing to die, by life him doubly killing;
'Urged to live, twice dying, he unwilling.

'So many years as he had worn a crown,
'So many years as he had hop'd to riſe,
'So many years upon him did I frown,
'So many years he liv'd without his eyes,
'So many years in dying, e'er he dies;
'So many years ſhut up in priſon ſtrong,
'Though ſorrow make the ſhorteſt time ſeem long.

'Thus ſway I in the courſe of earthly things,
'To make time work him everlaſting ſpite,
'To ſhew how I can tyrannize on kings,
'And in the fall of great ones do delight,
'In finite things my working infinite:
'All worldly changes at my will diſpoſed,
'For that in me all wonder is incloſed.'

At fortune's ſpeech amazed whilſt they ſtand,
And fame herſelf much wonder'd at his woe,
When from Duke Robert, fortune took her hand,
Whoſe miſery ſhe thus had let them know;
When now to anſwer her deſpightful foe,
Fame from deep ſilence ſeeming to awake,
For her dear client modeſtly thus ſpake.

'What time I held my reſidence in Rome,
'Striving myſelf o'er Europe to advance,
'To win her princes to regain the tomb,
'Which had been loſt by their miſgovernance,
'Awaking England, Germany, and France;
'All which were woo'd, and bravely won by me,
'From the proud Pagans Paleſtine to free.

'Peter, that holy hermit putting on,
'T' all Chriſtian Princes to preach out the loſs,
'And ſtirring brave Duke Godfrey to be gone,
'Under the banner of the bloody croſs,
'And whilſt in ſo fair forwardneſs it was,
'And every ear attentive ſeem'd to ſtand,
'To hear what pow'r brave Bulloyn ſhould command:

' Thither did I all happy ſpirits exhort,
' As to that bus'neſs luckily to bring,
' Allured by the confident report,
' That from ſo great an enterpriſe did ſpring,
' T' adventure in ſo popular a thing,
  ' And deemed no man worthy to be mine,
  ' That was found backward in this great deſign.

What time this Duke, great William's conqu'ror's ſon
' That in his native Normandy did reſt:
' For of what elſe his valiant father won,
' His brother William Rufus was poſſeſt,
' Which, whilſt he ſtriveth from his hands to wreſt,
  ' This brave attempt brake like a deluge forth,
  ' By my ſhrill trumpet ſounded through the north.

' Which having got free entrance to his ear,
' Such entertainment happen'd there to find,
' As ſuffer'd no perſuaſion to be there,
' From that high purpoſe to divert his mind:
' For being moſt religiouſly enclin'd,
  ' Woo'd with this offer, wiſely did prepare
  ' Himſelf to furniſh for this great affair.

' That kingdom he doth careleſsly neglect,
' Which William Rufus wrongfully did keep,
' And only that doth conſtantly reſpect,
' Where he once in his ſepulchre did ſleep,
' At whoſe dear death the very rocks did weep:
  ' His crown of gold this Chriſtian Prince doth ſcorn,
  ' So much he lov'd him that was crown'd with thorn.

' And though his wants him grievouſly oppreſs'd,
' Of thoſe great ſums which lately he had ſpent
' In levying pow'r, which him ſhould have poſſeſs'd
' Of England, and much hinder'd his intent;
' Yet his brave purpoſe it could not prevent,
  ' Although a while it ſeem'd delay to make
  ' Of that, which he reſolv'd to undertake.

' Wherefore this noble and clear-ſpirited Lord,
' Whilſt the great bus'neſs ſtandeth at this ſtay;
' And ſince his ſtate no better could afford,
' In gage to William Normandy doth lay,
' Providing firſt his ſoldiers how to pay:
  ' And of the two, yet rather choſe to leave
  ' His crown, than he that army would deceive.

' To his victorious enſign came from far
' Th' eniſled Redſhanks, touch'd with no remorſe;
' The nimble Iriſh, that with darts do war;
' The Scot, thas is ſo cunning on his horſe;
' The Engliſh archer, of a lion's force;
  ' The valiant Norman, not the leaſt among;
  ' The Camber-Briton, hardy, big, and ſtrong.

' Which long enclos'd within theſe colder climes,
' He to the bleſſed ſepulchre did bring,
' And taught them how they ſhould redeem the times,
' Whence their eternal memory might ſpring,
' To ſee the place whereas their heav'nly king
  ' Their dear redemption happily began;
  ' Living on earth, that was both god and man.

' Ye iſlanders, bound in the ocean's chain,
' Lock'd up like pris'ners from the cheerful day,
' Your brave commander brought ye to the main
' Which to my court ſhew'd ye the open way,
' And his victorious hand became the key
  ' To let ye in to my rich treaſure, where
  ' None ever come, but thoſe that I hold dear.

' And did thereto ſo zealouſly proceed,
' That thoſe fair locks, whoſe curls did him adorn,
' Till he had ſeen the holy city freed,
' He deeply vow'd he never would have ſhorn;
' Which, for they ſo religiouſly were worn,
  ' In every eye did beautify him more,
  ' Than did the crown of Normandy before.

' No threats his hand could cauſe him to with-hold
' As I the ſequel briefly ſhall relate,
' Yet bare himſelf right wiſely as he could,
' And beſt became his dignity and ſtate;
' Teaching how his themſelves ſhould moderate,
  ' Not following life, ſo with his chance content,
  ' Nor flying death, ſo truly valiant.

' So did he all his faculties beſtow,
' That every thing exactly might be done,
' That true foreſight before the act might go,
' Others groſs errors happily to ſhun,
' Wiſely to finiſh well what was begun,
  ' Juſtly directed in the courſe of things,
  ' By the ſtrait rule which ſound experience brings.

' Idle regards of greatneſs he did ſcorn,
' Careleſs of pomp, magnificent to be,
' That man reputing to be nobleſt born,
' Which was the moſt magnanimous and free,
' In honour ſo impartial was he,
  ' Eſteeming titles meritleſs and nought,
  ' Unleſs with danger abſolutely bought.

' Giving the ſoldier comfortable words,
' And oft imbalm'd his well-received wound,
' And in his need him maintenance affords,
' To brave attempts encouraging the ſound,
' Never diſmay'd in any danger ſound;
  ' His tent a ſeat of juſtice to be griev'd;
  ' And 'twas a court, when want ſhould be reliev'd.

' So perfectly celeſtial was that fire,
' Beſtow'd in the compoſure of his mind,
' To that high pitch as raiſed his deſire
' Above the uſual compaſs of his kind,
' And from all droſs ſo clearly him refin'd,
  ' As did him wholly conſecrate to glory,
  ' And made him a fit ſubject for a ſtory.

' Who on embaſſage to the emperor ſent,
' Paſſing along through Macedon and Thrace,

‘ Ne'er came in bed, nor ſlept out of his tent,
‘ Till he review'd Duke Godfrey's rev'rend face;
‘ Nor till he came into that hallow'd place,
  ‘ Above three hours by night he never ſlept:
  ‘ Such were the cares his troubled brain that kept.

‘ O wherefore thou great ſinger of thy days,
‘ Renowned Taſſo, in thy noble ſtory,
‘ Wert thou ſo ſlack in this great worthy praiſe,
‘ And yet ſo much ſhould'ſt fet forth others glory?
‘ Methinks, for this thou canſt not be but ſorry,
  ‘ That thou ſhould'ſt leave another to recite
  ‘ That, which ſo much thou didſt neglect to write.

‘ There was not found in all the Chriſtian hoſt,
‘ Any, than he more forward to the field;
‘ Nor could the army of another boaſt,
‘ To bear himſelf more bravely with his ſhield;
‘ So well his arms this noble duke could wield,
  ‘ As ſuch a one he properly ſhould be,
  ‘ That I did mean to conſecrate to me.

‘ Of ſo approved and deliver force,
‘ Handling his lance, or brandiſhing his blade:
‘ For oft he had the leading of their horſe,
‘ That where he charg'd, he ſlaughter ever made;
‘ At all aſſays ſo happy to invade, [chace,
  ‘ That were he abſent when they gave the
  ‘ It was ſuppos'd the day did loſe the grace.

‘ In doubtful fights, where danger hap'd to fall,
‘ He would be preſent ever by his will;
‘ And where the Chriſtians for ſupplies did call,
‘ Thither through peril Robert preſſed ſtill,
‘ To help by courage, or relieve by ſkill:
  ‘ To every place ſo providently ſeeing,
  ‘ As power in him had abſolutely being.

‘ When in the morn his courſer he beſtrid,
‘ He ſeem'd compos'd eſſentially of fire,
‘ But from the field he ever drooping rid,
‘ As he were vanquiſh'd, only to retire;
‘ Neareſt his reſt, the furth'ſt from his deſire:
  ‘ And in the ſpoils his ſoldiers ſhar'd the crowns,
  ‘ They rich in gold, he only rich in wounds.

‘ And when they had the holy city won,
‘ And king thereof they gladly would him make,
‘ All ſovereign titles he ſo much did ſhun,
‘ As he refus'd the charge on him to take,
‘ He the vain world ſo clearly did forſake;
  ‘ So far it was from his religious mind,
  ‘ To mix vile things with thoſe of heav'nly kind.

‘ He would that him no triumph ſhould adorn,
‘ But his high praiſe for ſinful man that dy'd;
‘ By him no mark of victory was worn,
‘ But the red croſs, to tell him crucify'd;
‘ All other glories he himſelf deny'd:
  ‘ A holy life but willingly he leads,
  ‘ In dealing alms, and bidding of his beads.

‘ And as a pilgrim he return'd again;
‘ For glitt'ring arms, in palmers homely gray,
‘ Leaving his lords to lead his warlike train,
‘ Whilſt he alone came ſadly on the way,
‘ Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd prey,
  ‘ A hermit's ſtaff his careful hand did hold,
  ‘ That with a lance the heathen foe controul'd.

‘ But now to end this long-continued ſtriſe,
‘ Henceforth thy malice takes no further place;
‘ Thy hate began and ended with his life;
‘ By thee his ſpirit can ſuffer no diſgrace,
‘ Now in mine arms his virtues I embrace;
  ‘ His body thine, his croſſes witneſs be; [free.
  ‘ But mine his mind, that from thy pow'r is

‘ Thou gav'ſt up rule, when he gave up his breath,
‘ And where thou ended'ſt, there did I begin,
‘ Thy ſtrength was buried in his timeleſs death,
‘ And as thy conqu'ror laſtly come I in;
‘ And all thou gott'ſt, from thee again I win:
  ‘ To me thy right I call thee to reſign,
  ‘ And make thy glory abſolutely mine.

‘ To the baſe world then, fortune, get thee back,
‘ The earth with dreary tragedies to fill;
‘ Empires and kingdoms bring thou there to wrack,
‘ And on weak mortals only work thy will:
‘ And ſince thou only do'ſt delight in ill,
  ‘ Hear his complaint, who wanting eyes to ſee,
  ‘ Can lend thee ſight, which art as blind as he.’

At her great words amazed whilſt they ſtand,
The prince, which look'd moſt fearfully and grim,
Bearing his eyes in his diſtreſsful hand,
Whoſe places ſtood with blood up to the brim;
And as in anguiſh quaking ev'ry limb,
  After deep ſighs and lamentable throws,
  Thus to the world diſburthened his woes,

‘ Dear eyes, adieu, by envy thus put out,
‘ Where in your places buried is my joy,
‘ With endleſs darkneſs compaſſed about,
‘ Which death would ſcarce have dared to deſtroy;
‘ To breed my more perpetual annoy,
  ‘ That even that ſenſe I only ſhould forego,
  ‘ That could alone give comfort to my woe.

‘ Ye which beheld fair Paleſtine reſtor'd,
‘ From the profane hands of the Pagans freed,
‘ The ſepulchre of that moſt glorious Lord,
‘ And ſeen that place where his dear wounds did
    ‘ bleed,
‘ Which with the ſight my zealous ſoul did feed,
  ‘ Sith from your functions night doth you diſ-
    ‘ ſever,
  ‘ Seclude me now from wordly joys for ever.

‘ Ye ſaw no ſun, nor did ye view the day;
‘ Except a candle, ye beheld no light;
‘ The thick ſtone walls thoſe bleſſing kept away.
‘ What could be fear'd? ye could not hurt the
    ‘ night,
‘ For then tears wholly hinder'd ye of ſight;
  ‘ O then, from whence ſhould Henry's hate ariſe,
  ‘ That I ſaw nothing, yet that I had eyes?

' The wretched'ſt thing, the moſt deſpiſed beaſt,
' Enjoys that ſenſe as gen'rally as we,
' The very gnat, or what than that is leaſt,
' Of ſight by nature kindly is made free.
' What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to
' ſee?
' O that a tyrant then ſhould me deprave,
' Of that, which elſe all living creatures have!

' Whilſt yet the light did mitigate my moan,
' Tears found a mean to ſound my ſorrows deep,
' But now (ah me!) that comfort being gone,
' By wanting eyes wherewith I erſt did weep,
' My cares alone concealed I muſt keep.
' O God, that blindneſs, dark'ning all delight,
' Should above all things give my ſorrow
' ſight!

' Where ſometime ſtood the beauty of this face,
' Lamps clearly lighted as the Veſtal flame,
' Is now a dungeon, a diſtreſsful place,
' A harbour fit for infamy and ſhame;
' Which but with horror one can ſcarcely name:
' Out of whoſe dark grates miſery and grief,
' Starv'd for vengeance, daily beg relief.

' The day abhors me, and from me doth fly,
' Night ſtill me follows, yet too long doth ſtay,
' Th' one I o'ertake not though it ſtill be nigh;
' The other coming, vaniſheth away.
' But what availeth either night or day?
' All's one to me, ſtill day, or ever night;
' My light is darkneſs, and my darkneſs light.

' O ye, wherewith I did my comfort view,
' Th' all-covering heaven, and glory that it bears,
' No more that ſight ſhall e'er be ſeen of you!
' The bleſſed ſun, that every mortal cheers,
' Eclips'd to me eternally appears;
' Robert, betake thee to the darkſome cell,
' And bid the world eternally farewell.'

His ſpeech thus ending, fortune diſcontent,
Turned herſelf as ſhe away would flie,
Playing with fools and babes incontinent,
As never touch'd with human miſery;
As what ſhe was, herſelf to verify,
And ſtraight forgetting what ſhe had to tell,
To other ſpeech and girliſh laughter fell.

When graceful fame conveying thence her charge,
(As firſt with him ſhe thither did reſort)
Gave me this book, wherein was writ at large
His life, ſet out though in this legend ſhort,
T' amaze the world with this ſo true report:
But fortune, angry with her foe therefore,
Gave me the gift that I ſhould ſtill be poor.

THE

LEGEND

OF

MATILDA THE FAIR.

If yet a Muſe there happily remain,
That is by truth ſo diligently taught,
As caring not on fooliſh things to fain,
Will ſpeak but what with modeſty ſhe ought;
If this be ſuch, which I ſo long have ſought,
By her I crave my life may be reveal'd,
Which black oblivion hath too long conceal'd.

Oh, if ſuch favour I might hap to find,
Here on the earth but once to ſpeak again,
And to diſburthen my oppreſſed mind,
By the endeavour of a powerful pen,
In theſe my ſorrows happy were I then:
Four hundred years by all men overpaſt,
Finding one friend to pity me at laſt.

O you, of him ſo happily elect,
Whom I entreat to proſecute my ſtory,
Lady moſt dear, moſt worthy of reſpect,
The world's rar'ſt jewel, and your ſex's glory,
It ſhall ſuffice, if you for me be ſorry,
Reading my legend builded by his verſe
Which muſt hereafter ſerve me for a herſe.

Be you the pattern, by whoſe perfect view,
Like your fair ſelf he wiſely may me make,
For ſure alive none fitter is than you,
Whoſe form unſpotted chaſtity may take:
Be you propitious, for whoſe only ſake,
For me, I know, he'll gladly do his beſt,
So you and I may equally be bleſt.

Bright Roſamond exceedingly is graced,
Inrolled in the regiſter of fame,
Nay, in our ſainted kalender is placed,
By him who ſtrives to ſtellify her name.
Yet will the modeſt ſay, ſhe was to blame:
Though full of ſtate, and pleaſing be his rhime,
Yet all his ſkill cannot excuſe her crime.

The wife of Shore wins general applauſe,
Finding a pen laborious in her praiſe.
Elſtred reviv'd to plead her pitied cauſe
After the envy of ſo many days
And happy's he their glory high'ſt can raiſe.
Thus the looſe wanton liked is of many;
Vice ſtill finds friends, but virtue ſeldom any.

To vaunt of my nobility were vain,
Which were, I know, not better'd of the beſt,
Nor would beſeem an honourable ſtrain,
And me a maiden fits not of the reſt:
All tranſitory titles I deteſt,

A virtuous life I mean to boaſt alone;
Our birth's our fires, our virtues be our own.

Thou that do'ſt fetch thy long deſcent from Kings,
If from the Gods derived thou could'ſt be, [things,
And ſhew'ſt th' achievements of thoſe wond'rous
Which thou thyſelf then lived'ſt not to ſee,
Theſe were their own, and not belong to thee,
If thou do'ſt ſtain that honour which was theirs,
Who could not leave their virtues to their heirs

Heaven pour'd down more abundance on my birth,
Than it before had uſually beſtow'd,
And was in me ſo bountiful to earth,
As though her very utmoſt ſhe had ſhew'd,
Her graces ſo immeaſurably flow'd,
That ſuch a ſhape, with ſuch a ſpirit inſpir'd,
Even of the wiſeſt made me moſt admir'd.

Upon my brow ſat beauty in her pride,
To her beholders miniſtring her law,
And to them all her bounties ſo divide,
As did to her their due attention draw;
And yet mine eye did keep her ſo in awe,
As that which only could true virtues meaſure,
Ordain'd by nature to preſerve her treaſure.

My carriage ſuch, as did content the wiſe
My tongue did that ſweet decency retain,
As of the younger was not deem'd preciſe,
Nor of the aged was accounted vain,
So well inſtructed to obſerve the mean,
As if in nature there were ſcarce that good,
Which wanted in the temper of my blood.

In me ſo did ſhe her perfections vary,
As that the leaſt allow'd not of compare,
And yet ſo well did teach me them to carry;
Than they could be, as made them ſeem more rare,
Or in my portion would have none to ſhare;
Or in her grace would none ſhould be but I,
Which ſhe had made the minion of the ſky.

Whence fame began my beauty firſt to blaze,
And ſoon became to laviſh in the fame:
For ſhe ſo ſtuff'd her trumpet with my praiſe,
That every place was fill'd up with my name,
For which, report, thou too wert much to blame:
But to thy doom is Beauty ſubject ſtill,
Which hath been cauſe of many Ladies ill.

This tattling goſſip hath a thouſand eyes,
Her airy body hath as many wings;
Now about earth, now up to heav'n ſhe flies,
And here and there with every breath ſhe flings
Hither and thither lies and tales ſhe brings;
Nothing ſo ſecret, but to her appeareth,
So doth ſhe credit every thing ſhe heareth.

And princes ears ſtand open to repott,
All ſtrive to blaze a beauty to a king,
Which is the only ſubject of a court,
Whither fame carries, and whence ſhe doth bring,
And which of either ſhe doth loudly ring;
Thither (ah!) me unhappily ſhe brought,
Where I my bane unfortunately caught.

There ſtood my beauty boldly for the prize,
Where the moſt clear and perfect judgments be;
And of the fame the moſt judicial eyes
Did give the goal impartially to me:
So did I ſtand unparallel'd and free;
And, as a comet in the evening-ſky,
Strook with amazement every wond'ring eye.

Which ſoon poſſeſt me of Imperial John,
And of my ſov'reign, him my ſubject made;
By this his freedom was quite overthrown,
Him and his powers this wholly did invade,
From this no reaſon could the King diſſuade:
This taught his eyes their due attendance ſtill,
This held the reins which over-rul'd his will.

When my grave father, great that time in court
And by his blood thought equal to the beſt,
Having his ear oft ſtruck with this report,
Which, as ill news, it hardly could digeſt:
And on my good ſince all his hopes did reſt,
He ſoon purſu'd it by thoſe ſecret ſpies,
Which ſtill in court attend the Prince's eyes.

And to the world although he ſeem'd to ſleep,
Yet ſought he then the King's intent to ſound,
And to himſelf as ſecrets he did keep,
What his his foreſight had providently found;
So well this wiſe Lord could conceal his wound:
Yet wiſelier caſt how dang'rous it might prove,
To croſs the courſe of this impatient love.

For as he found how violent a flame
My youth had kindled in this luſtful King;
So ſound he too, if he ſhould ſtop the ſame,
Upon us both what miſchief it might bring:
Which known to him ſo dangerous a thing,
He thought to prove how he could me perſuade,
E'er for my ſafety further means he made.

'Dear girl, quoth he, thou ſeeſt who doth await
'T' intrap thy beauty, bred to be thy foe,
'That is ſo fair and delicate a bait,
'As every eye itſelf would here beſtow,
'Whoſe power the king too ſenſibly doth know:
'Of his deſire that what the end may be,
'Thy youth may fear, my knowledge doth
'foreſee.

'Think how thou liv'ſt here publicly in court,
'Whoſe privilege doth every mean protect,
'Where the enſample of the greater ſort
'Doth more than opportunity effect,
'None thriving here that ſtand upon reſpect;
'Being a lottery whereat few do win,
'And yet thoſe ſeldom neither, but by ſin.

'Here every day thou haſt to tempt thy ſight,
'All that thy youth to pleaſure may provoke,
'That ſtill at hand, wherein thou tak'ſt delight,

'Which with thy ſex doth ſtrike too great a
'ſtroke,
'Having withal imperious power thy cloke,
'With ſuch ſtrong reaſons on his part pro-
'pounded,
'As may leave virtue ſeemingly confounded.

'Many the ways that lead thee to thy fall,
'But to thy ſafety few or none to guide thee,
'And when thy dangers is the greateſt of all
'Even then thy ſuccour is the moſt deny'd thee:
'Sundry the means from virtue to divide thee,
'Having withal mortality about thee,
'Frailty within, temptation near without thee.

'The letcher's tongue is never void of guile,
'Nor wants he tears, when he would win his
'prey;
'The ſubtil'ſt tempter hath the ſmootheſt ſtile,
'Sirens ſing ſweetlieſt when they would betray:
'Luſt of itſelf had never any ſtay,
'Nor to contain it, bounds could have deviſed,
'But moſt when fill'd, is leaſt of all ſufficed.

'And to avail his pleaſure is there aught,
'That ſuch a prince hath not within his power?
'And thus be ſure he'll leave no means unſought,
'Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen tow'r,
'Watching th' advantage of each fitting hour,
'Where every minute ſerves to do amiſs,
'Thy baneful poiſon ſpiced with thy bliſs.

'And when this luſtful and unbridled rage,
'Which in him now doth violently reign,
'Time ſhall by much ſatiety aſſuage,
'Then ſhall thy fault apparent be and plain,
'To after ages ever to remain:
'Sin in a chain leads on her ſiſter ſhame,
'And both on gyves are fetter'd to defame.

'Kings uſe their loves as garments they have worn,
'Or as the meat whereon they full have fed:
'The ſaint once gone, who doth the ſhrine adorn?
'Or what is nectar on the ground if ſhed?
'What prince's wealth redeems thy maiden-head,
'Which ſhould be held as precious as thy
'breath,
'Whoſe diſſolution conſummates thy death?

'The ſtately eagle from his higheſt ſtand,
'Through the thin air the fearful fowl doth ſmite,
'Yet ſcorns to touch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the ſweet of his delight,
'But leaves the ſame a pray to every kite.
'With much we ſurfeit, plenty makes us poor,
'The wretched Indian ſcorns the golden ore.'

When every period pointing with a tear,
He in my boſom made ſo wide a breach,
As it each precept firmly fixed there,
His counſel as continually to preach,
My father ſo effectually could teach;
So that his words I ever after found,
As grav'd on an inviolable ground.

The King, whoſe love deluded was the while.
Yet in his boſom bare this quenchleſs fire,
Finding his hopes like flatt'rers to beguile,
And not one jot to further his deſire;
But gone thus far, he meant not to retire:
And thinks, if fitly he could find but place,
His words had power to purchaſe him my grace.

For ſince all former practices did fail,
Nor to his mind aught kindly took effect,
He with himſelf reſolv'd me to aſſail,
And other means doth utterly neglect:
In ſpight what fear could any way object,
His courage doth all hindrances confute,
And me accoſting thus commenc'd his ſuit.

'Know, girl, quoth he, that nature thee ordained,
'(As her brav'ſt piece, when ſhe to light would
'bring,
'Wherein her former workmanſhip ſhe ſtained)
'Only a gift to gratify a King,
'And from all other, as a ſeld-ſeen thing,
'Seal'd thee a charter dated at thy birth,
'To be the fair'ſt that e'er was made of earth.

'Hoard not thy beauty, when thou haſt ſuch ſtore,
'Wer't not great pity it ſhould thus lye dead,
'Which by thy lending might be more much
'more?
'(For by the uſe ſhould every thing be fed)
'Yea, and to him ſo hard for thee beſtead, [ſight,
'Yet no more leſs'ned than the ſun, whoſe
'Though it light all things, loſeth not his
'light.

'From thoſe two ſtars ſuch ſtreams of lightning
'glide, [heart,
'As through men's eyes do pierce the flintieſt
'Which thou by cloſing ſtriv'ſt in vain to hide,
'For through their lids their ſubtle rays do dart,
'Such power wiſe nature did to them impart;
'Thoſe two bright planets, clearer than the
'ſeven, [heaven.
'That with their ſplendor light the world to

'Were art ſo curious in herſelf to know
'Thy rare perfections rightly in their kind,
'In beauty thy divinity to ſhew,
'Oh! it were able to tranſport the mind,
'Beyond the bounds by heaven to it aſſign'd:
'But oh! in thee their excellence is ſuch,
'As thought cannot aſcend to, once to touch.

'He is thy king, who is become thy ſubject;
'Sometime thy Lord, now ſervant to thy love;
'Thy angel beauties be his only object,
'Who for thy ſake a thouſand deaths dare prove.
'A prince's pray'r ſhould much compaſſion move:
'Let wolves and bears be cruel in their kinds,
'But women meek, and have relenting minds.

'Vouchſafe to look upon theſe brimful eyes,
'With tides of tears continually frequented
'Where love without food hunger-ſtarven lies,

'Which to betray me traiterouſly conſented,
'And for the fact being lawfully convented,
'Is in theſe waters judg'd to have his being,
'For his preſumption through theſe eyes thee
ſeeing.

'Sit thou commanding under mine eſtate,
'Having thy temples honour'd with my crown,
'A beauty deſtin'd for no meaner fate,
'And make the proud'ſt to tremble with a frown,
'Raiſe whom thou wilt, caſt whom it pleaſe thee
down:
'Be thou alone the rect'reſs of this iſle,
'With all the titles I can thee inſtile.

'What if my Queen, repining at our bliſs,
'Thee, as did Juno Jove's dear darling, keep?
'Mine I'll preſerve, as that great God did his;
'Wiſe Mercury lull'd Argus' eyes to ſleep:
'Love ever laughs, when jealouſy doth weep.
'When muſt ſhe ſtirs, my pow'r ſhall keep her
under, [thunder.'
'She may raiſe ſtorms, but I do rule the

Thus having made an entrance for his love,
Which he believ'd aſſuredly in time
Of better news the meſſenger might prove,
By which he after to his joys might climb,
Hoping a fair full to enſue this prime,
Leaves me, not knowing well which way to
turn me, [burn me.
Warm'd with the fire that unawares might

Upon my weakneſs which ſo ſtrongly wrought,
That in my breaſt a mutiny aroſe,
Fear and deſire a doubtful combat fought,
Like two moſt eager and ambitious foes,
Th' one fain would win, the other would not loſe;
By this oft cleared, and by that accuſed,
Whilſt ſtill I fear'd by both to be abuſed,

And in my ſelf, my ſelf ſuſpected treaſon,
Knowing who watch'd to win me for his prey,
And in ſo fit and dangerous a ſeaſon,
When youth and beauty bare ſo great a ſway,
And where he battery ſtill to me might lay,
Who girt ſo ſtrongly every way about,
Well might I fear I could not long hold out.

But ſetting all theſe ſundry doubts aſide,
From court reſolv'd I ſecretly to go,
And to what place my happy ſtars ſhould guide,
There I my ſelf determin'd to beſtow,
Until time might this paſſion over-blow;
Or if at leaſt it wrought not, the extruſion
Might ſtrengthen me yet in my reſolution.

When my brave ſire, that never me forſook,
But many a ſweet ſleep for my ſafety brake,
Much being pleaſed with the courſe I took,
As one that truly ſuffer'd for my ſake,
Did his abode at Baynards-caſtle make,
Whom ſince I thus had left the court, to leave me
To his protection, gladly did receive me.

Whence all thoſe ſorrows ſeem'd to me exil'd,
Wherein my life I long before did waſte,
The preſent time and happily beguil'd,
To think what peril I had lately paſt,
There in my freedom fortunately plac'd,
Even as a bird eſcap'd the fowler's ſnare,
Which former danger warned to beware.

When the proud King, whoſe purpoſes were croſt,
Which this my flight had happen'd to prevent,
And that thoſe means to which he truſted moſt,
Were thoſe, which moſt had hinder'd his intent,
Finding his ſuit prepoſterouſly went,
Another courſe bethinks himſelf to run,
Elſe farther off than when he firſt begun.

And thenceforth plotteth to diſperſe the maſs,
Which lay ſo full betwixt him and the light,
That in his ſuit the only hindrance was,
And (leaſt expected) wrought him moſt deſpight,
Finding the cauſe why matters went not right
He moſt forecaſt my father to remove,
Or he was like to walk without his love.

Thus ſcarcely cur'd of this late ſickly qualm,
And that my heart ſat happily at eaſe,
But as a ſhip, that in a quiet calm
Floats up and down on the unſurging ſeas,
By ſome rough guſt, which ſome ill ſtar doth raiſe,
Is driven back into the troubled main;
Even ſo was I, that ſafely elſe had lain.

For this great king, whom thus I did reject,
Firſt ſeeks in court my father to diſgrace,
Thereby to give the people to ſuſpect,
To fault in ſomething ſitting near his place,
Them by all means it urging to embrace;
To which, if clearly he could find the way,
He made no doubt but once to have a day.

And for his purpoſe to promove his hate,
Into the plot he his court-devils drew,
Cuuning in all the ſtratagems of ſtate,
Which he ſuborn'd my father to purſue;
By whoſe devices he ſoon overthrew
That noble lord, which ſuccour ſhould have given
To me, that then was from all refuge driven.

And not their clear and far-diſcerning ſight,
Into the quarrel that did throughly look,
Nor our allies, that to their utmoſt might
'Gainſt his proceedings on our part that ſtuck,
And at our need us never once forſook,
Of the king's malice could th' effect prevent,
But to exile my father muſt be ſent.

Not all his ſervice to his ſovereign done,
In war courageous, and in counſel ſound,
Which from King John compaſſion might have won
To him, who faithful evermore was found:
Ingratitude, how deeply doſt thou wound!
Sure, firſt deviſed to no other end,
But to grieve thoſe whom nothing could offend.

Forlorn and hopeleſs, left before my foe,
By my ill fortune baſely thus betray'd,
Never poor maiden was beſieged ſo,
And all depreſſed that ſhould lend me aid;
Such weight the heaven upon my birth had laid!
But yet herſelf true virtue never loſeth,
'Gainſt her fair courſe, though hell it ſelf oppoſeth.

Embark'd for France, his ſad dejected eyes
Swol'n up with tears in moſt abundant ſtore,
His ill luck threat'ned by the louring ſkies,
Fear him behind, and ſorrow him before;
He under ſail, from ſight of either ſhore,
Waſteth withal his ſad laments in vain,
To the rude waters only to complain.

When like a deer before the hounds imboſt,
When him his ſtrength beginneth to forſake,
Leaves the ſmooth lawns, to which he truſted moſt,
And to the covert doth himſelf betake,
Doubling, and creeps from brake again to brake:
Thus ſtill I ſhift me from the prince's face,
Who had me then continually in chace.

The coaſt thus clear'd, ſuſpicion laid to reſt,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
It with much pleaſure quieted his breaſt,
That every thing ſo proſperouſly went;
And if the reſt ſucceſſively conſent,
Of former aid I being quite forſaken,
He hopes the fort might in ſhort time be taken.

A prince's arms are ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore;
Kings ſleeping, ſee with eyes of other men.
Craft finds a key to open any door,
Little it boots my ſelf in walls to pen;
The lamb was cloſed in the lion's den,
Whoſe watchful eyes too eaſily deſcry'd me,
And found me ſoon'ſt, where ſur'ſt I thought to hide me.

My paths by ſpies he diligently noted;
O'er me he held ſo vigilant a watch,
And on my beauty he ſo fondly doated,
That at each look he enviouſly did catch,
And ready ſtill attending at my latch
He had thoſe, that continually did ward,
Treaſon my handmaid, falſehood was my guard.

And ſince with me it fell ſo croſsly out,
That to my ſhifts ſo hardly he me drave,
For ſome new courſe I thought to caſt about,
Where ſafer harbour happily to have:
For this was not ſufficient me to ſave,
His power ſo ſpacious every way did lie,
That ſtill I ſtood in his ambitious eye.

And fear, which taught me every mean to prove,
And with my ſelf of many to debate,
Me at the laſt it pleas'd the pow'rs to move,
To take upon me a religious ſtate,
(The holy cloiſter none might violate,)
Where after all theſe ſtorms I did endure,
There I at laſt might hope to live ſecure.

Wherefore to Dunmow I my ſelf convey'd,
Into an abbey, happily begun
By Juga, of our anceſtry, a maid,
At whoſe ſole charge that monaſt'ry was done,
Wherein ſhe after did become a Nun,
And kept her order ſtrictly with the reſt,
Which in that place virginity profeſt.

Where I my ſelf did ſecretly beſtow
From the vain world, which I too long had try'd,
Me my affliction taught myſelf to know,
My youth and beauty gently that did chide;
And by inſtruction, as a ſkilful guide,
Printed withal ſuch coldneſs in my blood,
That it might ſo perpetuate my good.

The king, who hear'd me ſafely thus to be
Set in my cloiſter, ſtrongly diſcontent,
That me from thence he had not power to free,
Which his ſad breaſt ſeem'd ſtrongly to torment:
But ſince that I ſo wilfully was bent,
And he paſt hope then ever to enjoy me,
Reſolv'd by ſome means laſtly to deſtroy me.

And finding one moſt fit for ſuch a fact,
To whom he durſt his ſecret thoughts impart,
One, for his king, that any thing would act,
And for the purpoſe wanted not his art,
That had a ſtrong hand and relentleſs heart,
On him the king (with me poor maid enrag'd)
Impos'd my death, and him thereto engag'd.

Who making haſte the fatal deed to do,
Thither repairs, but not as from the king:
For well he knew what did belong thereto,
Nor therein needed any tutoring;
But as one ſent upon ſome needful thing,
With a ſmooth count'nance and a ſettled brow,
Obtain'd to get in where I paid my vow.

Where I alone, and to his tale expos'd,
(As one to him a willing ear that lent)
Himſelf to me he but too ſoon diſclos'd,
And who it was that thither had him ſent,
From point to point relating his intent;
Who, whilſt I ſtood ſtruck dumb with this invaſion,
He thus purſues me ſtrongly with perſuaſion.

'Hear but (ſaith he) how blindly thou do'ſt err,
'Fondly to doat upon thine own perfection,
'When as the king thee highly will prefer,
'Nay, and his power attendeth thy protection;
'So indiſcreetly ſort not thy election,
'To ſhut that in a melancholy cell,
'Which in a court ordained was to dwell.

'Yet further think, how dangerous is his offer,
'If thy neglect do careleſsly abuſe it:
'Art thou not mad, that thus do'ſt ſee a coffer
'Fill'd up with gold, and proffer'd, to refuſe it?
'So far, that thou want'ſt reaſon to excuſe it,
'Thyſelf condemning in thine own good hap,
'Spilling the treaſure caſt into thy lap.

Wr g not thy fair youth, nor the world deprive
Of ..ese rare parts which nature hath thee lent,
'Twere pity thou by niggardiſe ſhould'ſt thrive,
Whoſe wealth by waxing craveth to be ſpent;
For which, thou of the wiſeſt ſhalt be ſhent,
' Like to ſome rich churl hoarding up his pelf,
' Both to wrong others, and to ſtarve himſelf.

' What is this vain and idle reputation,
' Which to the ſhew you ſeemingly reſpect?
' Only the weakneſs of imagination,
' Which, in concluſion, worketh no effect,
' And leſſer can the worſhipers protect;
' That only ſtandeth upon fading breath,
' And hath at once the being and the death,

' A fear that grew from doating ſuperſtition,
' To which your weak credulity is prone,
' And only ſince maintained by tradition,
' Into our ears impertinently blown,
' By folly gathered, as by error ſown;
' Which us ſtill threatning, hind'reth our
' deſires,
' Yet all it ſhews us be but painted fires.

' Perſuade thyſelf this monaſt'ry to leave,
' Which youth and beauty juſtly may forſake;
' Do not thy prince of thoſe high joys bereave,
' Which happy him, more happy thee may make,
' Who ſends me elſe thy life away to take:
' For dead to him if needfly thou wilt prove,
' Die to thyſelf, be bury'd with his love.'

Rage, which reſum'd the likeneſs of his face,
Whoſe eye ſeem'd as the baſiliſk to kill;
The horror of the ſolitary place,
Being ſo fit wherein to work his will,
And at the inſtant he my life to ſpill;
All ſeem'd at once my overthrow to further,
By fear diſſuaded, menaced by murther.

In this ſo great and peremptory trial,
With ſtrong temptations ſundry ways afflicted,
With many a yielding, many a denial,
Oft-times acquitted, often-times convicted,
Terror before me lively ſtood depicted;
When as it was, that but a little breath
Gave me my life, or ſent me to my death.

But ſoon my ſoul had gather'd up her pow'rs,
Which in this need might friend-like give her aid,
The reſolution of ſo many hours,
Whereon herſelf ſhe confidently ſtay'd
In her diſtreſs, whoſe helps together lay'd,
Making the ſtate which ſhe maintained good,
Expell'd the fear uſurping on my blood.

And my lock'd tongue did liberally inlarge,
From thoſe ſtrict limits wherein long confin'd
Care had it kept, my boſom to diſcharge,
And my loſt ſpirits their wonted ſtrength aſſign'd,
Into mine eyes which coming as refin'd,
Moſt bravely there mine honour to maintain,
Checkt his preſumption with a coy diſdain.

Who finding me inviolably bent,
And for my anſwer only did abide;
Having a poiſon mord'ring by the ſcent,
If to the organ of that ſenſe apply'd,
Which for the ſame, when fitteſt time he ſpy'd,
Into my noſtrils forcibly did ſtrain,
Which in an inſtant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude touch my vail diſorder'd then,
My face diſcovering, my delicious cheek
Tincted with crimſon, faded ſoon again,
With ſuch a ſweetneſs as made death ſeem meek,
And was to him beholding it moſt like
A little ſpark extinguiſh'd to the eye,
That glows again e'er ſuddenly it dye.

And whilſt thereat amazed he doth ſtand,
Wherein he then ſuch excellency ſaw,
Ruing the ſpoil done by his fatal hand,
What naught before, him this at laſt could awe,
From his ſtern eyes as though it tears would draw,
Which wanting them, wax'd ſuddenly as dead,
Grieving for me that they had none to ſhed.

When life grown faint, hies laſtly to my heart,
The only fort to which ſhe had to take,
Feeling cold death to ſeize on every part,
A ſtrong invaſion inſtantly to make:
Yet e'er ſhe ſhould me utterly forſake,
To him who ſadly ſtood me to behold,
Thus in mild words my grief I did unfold.

' Is this the gift the king on me beſtows,
' Which in this ſort he ſends thee to preſent me?
' I am his friend, what gives he to his foes,
' If this in token of his love be ſent me?
' But 'tis his will, and muſt not diſcontent me:
' Yet after, ſure, a proverb this will prove,
' The gift King John beſtow'd upon his love.

' When all that race in memory are ſet,
' And by their ſtatues their achievements done,
' Which won abroad, and which at home did get,
' From ſon to ſire, from ſire again to ſon,
' Grac'd with the ſpoils that gloriouſly they
' won:
' Oh! that of him it only ſhould be ſaid,
' This was King John, the murth'rer of a maid!

' Oh! keep it ſafely from the mouth of fame,
' That none do hear of his unhallowed deed;
' Be ſecret to him, and conceal his ſhame,
' Leſt after-ages hap the ſame to read,
' And that the letters ſhewing it do bleed!
' Oh! let the grave mine innocency hold,
' Before of him this tyranny be told!

Thus having ſpoke, my ſorrows to aſſuage,
The heavy burthen of my penſive breaſt,
The poiſon then that in my brain did rage,
His deadly vigour forcibly expreſt,
Not ſuff'ring me to ſtand upon the reſt,
Longer for him it was no time to ſtay;
And death call'd on, to haſten me away.

Thus in my cloſet being left alone,
Upon the floor uncomfortably lying,
The fact committed, and the murth'rer gone,
Arrived at the utmoſt point of dying,
Some of the ſiſters me by chance eſpying,
Call'd all the reſt, that in moſt woful plight
Came to behold that miſerable ſight.

Thus like a roſe by ſome unkindly blaſt,
'Mongſt many buds that round about it grow,
The with'ring leaves improſp'rouſly doth caſt,
Whilſt all the reſt their ſovereign beauties ſhew:
Amidſt this goodly ſiſterhood even ſo,
Nipt with cold death untimely did I fade,
Whilſt they about me piteous wailing made.

And my ſad ſoul upon her ſudden flight,
So ſoon forſaken of each ſeveral ſenſe,
With all the horror death could her affright,
Strongly diſturbed at her parting hence,
All comfort fled her! for her laſt defence,
Doth to her ſpotleſs innocence betake her,
Which left her not, when all the reſt forſake her.

To ſhew our pleaſures are but children's toys,
And as mere ſhadows, or like bubbles paſs,
As years encreaſe, ſo waning are our joys,
Forgotten as our favours in a glaſs,
A very tale of that which never was:
Even ſo, death us and our delights can ſever,
Virtue alone abandoneth us never.

My ſpirit thus from impriſonment enlarg'd,
Glad to have got out of her earthly room,
My debt to nature faithfully diſcharg'd,
And at the hour appointed on my tomb?
Such was the heaven's inevitable doom,
Me Baynard's-caſtle to the world did bring,
Dunmow again my place of burying.

And ſcarcely was my breathleſs body cold,
But ev'ry where my tragedy was ſpread,
For tatling fame in ev'ry place had told
My reſolution, being lately dead,
Ruing my blood ſo prodigally ſhed;
And to my father flies with this miſchance,
That time remaining in the court of France,

His loſs too great to be bewail'd with tears,
It was not words that could expreſs his woe,
Grief had herſelf ſo ſettled in his ears,
No more might enter, nothing out might go;
Scarce ſince man was, was man perplexed ſo:
Enough of ſorrow is already ſhewn,
And telling his, were to renew mine own.

Let it ſuffice me, that I here relate,
And bear myſelf the burthen of my ill,
If to the life I have expreſs'd my fate,
Its all I aſk, and I obtain my will
For that true ſorrow needs not others ſkill;
Enough's that preſent bitterneſs we taſte,
Without remembring of that which is paſt.

Some ſay, the king repentant for this deed,
When his remorſe to think thereof him drave,
Poorly diſguiſed in a pilgrim's weed,
Offered his tears on my untimely grave,
For which, no doubt, but heaven his ſin forgave;
And my blood calling for revenge appeas'd,
He from the ſin, I from my labours eas'd.

Thus told my ſtory, I my love deviſe
To you, dear madam, fitt'ſt with you to reſt,
Which all my virtues daily exerciſe,
That be imprinted on your patient breaſt,
By whom alone I rightlieſt am expreſt;
For whom my praiſe, it grieves me, is too ſcant;
Whoſe happy name an epithet ſhall want.

Then, moſt ſweet lady, for a maiden's ſake,
To ſhed one tear if gently you but deign,
For all my wrongs it full amends ſhall make,
And be my paſs to the Elyſian plain.
In your chaſte eyes ſuch pow'r there doth remain,
As can th' afflicted proſp'rouſly deliver;
Happy be they, who look upon them ever.

THE

LEGEND

OF

PIERCE GAVESTON.

From gloomy ſhadows of eternal night,
Shut up in darkneſs endleſsly to dwell,
Oh! here behold me miſerable wight,
A while releas'd, my tragedy to tell;
Let me have leave my ſorrows to impart,
Somewhat to eaſe my ſad afflicted heart.

Goddeſs of arms and arts, Pallas divine,
Let thy bright ſauchion lend me cypreſs boughs,
Be thou aſſiſting to this poet of mine,
With funeral wreaths ingarlanding his brows;
Pitying my woes, when none would hear me weep,
That for my ſorrows lays his own to ſleep.

Thou mournfull'ſt maiden of the ſacred nine,
That baleful ſounds immoveably do'ſt breath,
With thy ſwol'n viſage and thy blubber'd eine,
Let me to thee my ſad complaints bequeath,
Ne'er to thyſelf canſt thou win greater glory,
Than in exactly ſetting forth my ſtory.

Tell how the fates my giddy courſe did guide,
Th' inconſtant turns of ev'ry changing hour,
By many a low ebb, many a luſty tide,
Many a ſmooth calm, many a ſowſing ſhow'r,
The height whereto I laſtly did aſcend,
Bend my beginning to my fatal end.

When our firſt Edward ſat on England's throne,
Longſhanks, who long victoriouſly did reign,
Firſt of that name, and ſecond yet to none,
In what to knighthood ever did pertain;
My life began a life ſo full of bliſs,
Then in his days, thoſe happy days of his.

Virtue did then men's hearts ſo much inflame,
That no promotion could be got with gold:
For in his days he that deſired fame,
Bought it of him that it full dearly ſold;
Hateful exceſs did not ſo much devour,
Law had leſs force, and honeſty more pow'r.

And ſince ſwift Time ſo violently preys
Upon thoſe ages that even holieſt be;
Let me remember thoſe ſo happy days,
In theſe ſad hours which my vex'd eyes do ſee,
With greater grief to make me to deplore
Theſe, when I think of thoſe that were of yore.

Then Muſe, lo, I obſequiouſly appeal
To thee (my life ſince I intend to ſhew)
That thou of me wilt faithfully reveal
Even what the moſt inquiſitive would know,
Whilſt here my ſoul embodied did abide
In this vain world, which pamper'd me with pride.

By birth a Gaſcoigne, of a fair deſcent,
And of our houſe the heir my father born,
In all his wars that with King Edward went,
To him his liegeman, and a ſoldier ſworn,
And in our country left his whole eſtate,
To follow him, who ſeem'd to govern fate.

Whoſe truſt that great king highly did employ,
And near his perſon had him for the ſame,
Who with myſelf, then but a little boy,
Into the court of famous England came,
Whereas the king, for ſervice by him done,
Made me a page to the brave prince his ſon.

All men in ſhape I did ſo far excell,
(The parts in me ſuch harmony did bear)
As in my model nature ſeem'd to tell,
That her perfection ſhe had placed here,
As from each age reſerving the rar'ſt feature,
To make me up her excellenteſt creature.

My looks ſo powerful, adamants to love,
And had ſuch virtue to attract the ſight,
That they could fix it, or could make it move
As though it follow'd ſome celeſtial light;
That where my thoughts intended to ſurpriſe,
I at my pleaſure conquer'd with mine eyes.

As if ſome great Apelles in his art [know,
Would that the world his maſter-piece ſhould
Imaginarion doing then her part;
When he had done the utmoſt he could do,
For that rare picture to fit out a mind,
This one was I, the wonder of my kind.

This dainty bait I laid for Edward's love,
Which ſoon upon him got ſo ſure a tie,
As no misfortune e'er could it remove,
When ſhe the utmoſt of her force did try;
Nor death itſelf had after power to ſunder;
O ſeld-ſeen friendſhip, in the world a wonder!

Love, on this earth the only mean thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with heav'n,
And it is thou that only do'ſt impart
The good that to mortality is given,
O ſacred bond, by time that art not broken!
O thing divine, by angels to be ſpoken!

Thus with young Edward bath'd in worldly bliſs,
Whilſt tutors care his wand'ring years did guide,
I liv'd, enjoying whatſoe'er was his,
Who ne'er my pleaſure any thing deny'd:
Whoſe watchful eye ſo duly me attended,
As on my ſafety if his life depended.

But whether it my rare perfections were,
That won my youth ſuch favour in his eye,
Or it pleas'd heav'n (to ſhew it held me dear)
To ſhow'r on me this bleſſing from the ſky,
I know not; but it rightly could direct,
That could produce ſo pow'rful an effect.

O thou dread book, where our fates are enroll'd,
Who hath ſo clear eyes as to look into thee?
What is that man, by whom thou art controul'd,
Or hath the key of reaſon to undo thee?
When none but heaven thy dark decrees can know,
Whoſe depth we found not which dwell here below.

The ſoul her liking eas'ly can eſpy
(By ſympathy, to her by heav'n aſſign'd)
Through her clear windows, the well-ſeeing eye,
Which doth convey the image to the mind
Without adviſement, and can apprehend
That, whoſe true cauſe man's knowledge doth tranſcend.

This Edward in the April of his age,
Whilſt yet the crown ſat on his father's head,
Like ſportful Jove with his rapt Phrygian page,
Me with ambroſial delicacies fed:
He might command, who was the ſov'reign's ſon,
But my direction only muſt be done.

My will a law authentically paſt;
My Yea by him was never croſs'd with No;
In his affection chain'd to me ſo faſt,
That as my ſhadow ſtill he ſeem'd to go;
To me this prince ſo pliant was in all,
Still as an echo anſw'ring to my call.

My ſmiles, his life; ſo joy'd he in my ſight,
That his delight was led by my deſire,
From my clear eyes ſo borrowing all his light,
As pale-fac'd Cynthia from her brother's fire.
He made my cheek the pillow for his head,
My brow his book, my boſom was his bed.

Like fair Idalia, bent to amorous ſport
With young Adonis in the pleaſant ſhade,
Expreſſing their affections in that ſort,
As though her utmoſt paſſion ſhould perſuade
The one of us the other ſtill to move
To all the tender dalliances of love.

The table thus of our delight was lay'd,
Serv'd with what dainties pleaſure could deviſe,
And many a Syren ſweetly to us play'd,
But youth had not us therewith to ſuffice:
For we on that inſatiately did feed,
Which our confuſion afterwards did breed.

For ſtill I ſpurr'd up his untam'd deſire,
Then ſitting in the chariot of the ſun;
My blandiſhments were fuel to that fire
Wherein he fry'd: I for his flight begun
To wax his wings, and taught him art to fly,
Who on his back might bear me through the ſky

Whilſt the vain world ſo cunningly could win
Us, her falſe flatteries who too long did truſt,
Till having loſt the clue which led us in,
We wander'd in the labyrinth of luſt.
For when the ſoul is nuzled once in vice,
The ſweet of ſin makes hell a paradiſe.

Who to the full thy vileneſs, World, e'er told?
What is in thee, that's not extremely ill?
A loathſome ſhop, where poiſon's only ſold,
Whoſe very entrance inſtantly doth kill;
Nothing in thee but villany doth dwell,
And all thy ways lead headlong into hell.

The king, whoſe truſt I lewdly had betray'd,
His ſon, like Phaeton, vent'ring on the ſkies,
Perceiv'd his courſe was per'lous to be ſtay'd,
For he was grave, and wonderfully wiſe,
And if with ſkill he curb'd not his deſire,
Edward might eas'ly ſet his throne on fire.

This was a cor'five to old Edward's days,
And without ceaſing fed upon his bones,
That in the day bereav'd him of his eaſe,
Breaking his ſleep with continual moans;
This more depreſs'd and ſadlier weigh'd him down,
Than the care elſe belonging to the crown.

And though he had judicially deſcry'd
The cauſe from whence this malady firſt grew,
It was no cure, unleſs he could provide
Means to prevent the danger to enſue;
Wherefore he for his purpoſe made them way,
Againſt my courſes that had aught to ſay.

When thoſe in court my oppoſites that were,
This fair advantage and could finely take,
And for my fall what did to them appear
So fitly for their purpoſes to make,
Thereon their forces inſtantly to ground,
Me to the world perpetually to wound.

What thing ſo falſe, but taken was for truth,
So that on me a ſcandal it might bring,
By ſuch as ſtuck not to accuſe my youth,
To ſin in the unnaturaleſt thing,
And all forepaſſed outrages awake,
Me to mankind contemptible to make?

Wherefore the prince more ſtraitly was beſtow'd,
In foreign realms and I adjudg'd to roam,
And ſharply centur'd to be held abroad,
Who had betray'd my hopeful truſt at home;
Adjudg'd to die, were I by any found,
After my ſet day, on the Engliſh ground.

That, as aſtounded with a mighty blow,
I ſtood a while inſenſible of pain,
Till ſomewhat waken'd by my colder woe,
I felt the wound by which my joys were ſlain,
By which I fainted hourly more and more,
Nor could I think what cure could me reſtore.

But as a turtle for her loved make,
Whoſe youth her dear virginity enjoy'd,
Sits ſhrowded in ſome ſolitary brake,
With melancholy penſiveneſs annoy'd:
Thus without comfort ſat I all alone,
From the ſweet preſence of Prince Edward gone.

My beauty, that diſdain'd the ſummer's ſight,
Now ſoully beacen with bleak winter's ſtorms;
My limbs were put to travel day and night,
So often hugg'd in Princely Edward's arms;
Thoſe eyes oft viewing pleaſure in her pride,
Saw fearful objects on their either ſide.

Whilſt in theſe tempeſts I was ſtrangely toſt,
Myſelf confining in my native France,
By many a ſad calamity ſtill croſt,
Inſeparables to my ſore miſchance;
Others, that ſtem'd the current of the time,
Whence I had fall'n, ſuddenly to climb.

Like the chamæleon, whilſt Time turns the hue,
And with falſe Proteus puts on ſundry ſhapes,
This change ſcarce gone, a ſecond doth enſue,
One fill'd, another for promotion gapes:
Thus do they ſwarm like flies about the brim,
Some drown'd, and ſome do with much danger ſwim.

And ſome, on whom the ſun ſhone wond'rous fair,
Yet of the ſeaſon little ſeem'd to vaunt,
For there were clouds hung in the troubled air,
Threat'ning that they of their deſires might want;
Which made them flag, prepared elſe to fly,
Whilſt with their falls they fading honour buy.

When poſting Time, that never turns again,
Whoſe winged feet fly ſwiftly with the ſun,
By the fleet hours attending on his train,
His revolution fatally begun,
And in his courſe brought ſuddenly about
That, which before the wiſer ſort did doubt.

For whilſt King Edward wholly doth attend
A happy voyage to the Holy Land,
For which the laity mighty ſums did lend,
Even whilſt this buſineſs hotly was in hand,
See but to me what fortune there can fall,
This conqueror's death hath quickly alter'd all!

Should I preſume his praiſes to report,
Thinking thereby to grace his ſo great name,
My mean endeavours would fall far too ſhort,
And I too much ſhould but impair his fame;
I'll leave that to ſome ſacred muſe to tell,
Upon whoſe life a poet's pen might dwell.

Scarce was his body lap'd up in the lead,
Before his doleful obſequies were done,
When England's crown was ſet on Edward's head,
With whom too ſoon my joyful days begun,
As the black night at the approaching day,
My former ſorrows vaniſhed away.

Edward Carnarvon calls me from exile,
Whom Edward Longſhanks baniſh'd to his death;
I, whom the father held moſt baſe and vile,
Was to the ſon as precious as his breath:
What th' old king writ, the young king forth did blot,
Th' alive's remembered, dead men's words for-got.

The fair wind wafts me to that wiſh'd-for place,
And ſets me ſafely on that bleſſed ſhore,
From whence I ſeem'd but baniſh'd for a ſpace,
That my return might honour'd be the more,
There to my lov'd lord happily to leave me,
Whoſe arms were caſt wide open to receive me.

Who would have ſeen that noble Roman dame,
O'ercome with joy, give up her vital breath,
Her ſon returning founded in by fame,
When thankful Rome had mourned for his death,
Might here behold her perſonated right,
At my approach to my dear Edward's ſight.

My Jove, now Lord of the aſcendent is,
In an aſpect to promiſe happy ſpeed,
And ſuch on me that influence of his,
As prais'd the courſe wherein we did proceed;
Yet moſt prodigious it to ſome appears,
Telling the troubles of enſuing years.

When, like to Midas, all I touch'd was gold,
Upon me ſhowr'd, as into Danae's lap,
For I obtained any thing I would,
So well had fortune lotted out my hap:
For princes treaſures like to oceans are,
To whom all rivers naturally repair.

The Iſle of Man the firſt to me he gave,
He could not ſtay, until I would demand;
And to be ſure to give e'er I could crave,
I next received from his bounteous hand
Fair Wallingford, which many years had been
The wealthy dow'r of Elenor the Queen.

Thoſe ſums his father had been levying long
By impoſitions for the war abroad,
Other his princely benefits among,
At once on me he liberally beſtow'd,
When ſome that ſaw how much on me he caſt,
Perceiv'd his wealth could not maintain his waſte.

He gave me then his ſecretary's place,
Thereby to train me in affairs of ſtate;
Me in thoſe rooms, that I was in, to grace,
And Earl of Cornwal frankly did create;
Beſides, in court more freely to partake me,
Of England he High Chamberlain did make me.

And to the royal blood me to ally,
(Which did but back my humour of ambition)
In bands of wedlock did to me affy
A lady of an excellent condition,
Which Joan of Arches his dear ſiſter bare
To th' Earl of Glo'ſter, that right noble Clare,

O bleſſed bounty giving all content!
The only fautreſs of all noble arts,
That lend'ſt ſucceſs to every good intent,
A grace that reſts in the moſt godlike hearts,
By heaven to none but happy ſouls infuſed,
Pity it is that e'er thou waſt abuſed.

When thoſe here firſt that my exile procur'd,
Which in my heart ſtill hated did abide,
As they before by no means me endur'd,
So were they now impatient of my pride:
For emulation ever did attend
Upon the great, and ſhall ſo to the end.

To croſs whom, into favour I wrought thoſe,
That from mean places lifted up by me,
Being factious ſpirits, were fitteſt to oppoſe
Them, that perhaps too pow'rful elſe might be,
That againſt envy raiſed by my hand,
Muſt uphold me, to make themſelves to ſtand.

Having my frame ſo cunningly contriv'd,
To bolſter me in my ambitious ways,
I ſhew'd the king my hate to be deriv'd
From thoſe high honours that he on me lays,
Drawing him on (my courſes to partake)
Still to maintain what he himſelf did make.

Thus did my youth but exerciſe extremes,
My heed was raſhneſs to forerun my fall,
My wit but folly, and my hopes but dreams,
My counſel ſerv'd myſelf but to inthrall,
Abuſing me but with a vain illuſion,
And altogether haſting my confuſion.

When as King Edward haſt'neth his repair,
T' eſpouſe the Princeſs Iſabel of France,
Daughter to Philip that was call'd the Fair,
By which he thought his ſtrength much to advance;
And here at home to perfect my command,
He left me the protection of the land.

Giving me power ſo abſolute withal,
That I drank pleaſure in a plenteous cup,
When there was none me to account to call,
All to my hands ſo freely render'd up,
That heav'n on me no greater bliſs could bring,
Except to make me greater than my king.

Thus being got as high as I could climb,
With this abundance beyond meaſure bleſt,
I thought t' embrace the benefit of time,
Fully to take what freely I poſſeſt;
Holding for truth, that he is worſe than mad,
Fondly to ſpare, a prince's wealth that had.

Their counſel then continually I croſt,
As ſcorning their authority and blood,
And thoſe things that concern'd their honours moſt,
In thoſe againſt them evermore I ſtood,
And things for public, privately did ſpend
To feed my riot, that could find no end.

Until falſe fortune, like a treacherous foe,
Which had ſo long attended on my fall,
In the plain path wherein I was to go,
Lay'd many a bait to train me on withal,
Till by her ſkill ſhe cunningly had brought me
Into the trap where ſhe at pleaſure caught me.

For when the barons hotly went in hand,
With tilts and tourneys for the king's return,
To ſhew the French the glory of the land,
The fixed day I labour'd to adjourn,
Till all their charge was laſtly overthrown,
Who could abide no glury but mine own.

Thus fought my fate me forward ſtill to ſet,
As though ſome engine ſeiz'd me with a ſlight:
One miſchief ſoon a ſecond doth beget,
The ſecond brings a third hut on too right,
And every one itſelf employeth wholly
In their juſt courſe to proſecute my folly.

For when the barons found me to retain
Th' ambitious courſe wherein I firſt began,
And deeply felt, that under my diſdain,
Into contempt continually they ran,
They took up arms to remedy their wrong,
Which their cold ſpirits had ſuffer'd but too long.

Me boldly charging to abuſe the king,
A waſteful ſpender of his wealth and treaſure,
A ſecret thief of many a ſacred thing,
And that I led him to unlawful pleaſure;
Who never did in any thing delight,
But what might pleaſe my beſtial appetite.

That like a ſickneſs on the land was ſent,
Whoſe hateful courſes the chief cauſe had been
The commonwealth thus totter'd was and rent,
And worſe and worſe yet every day foreſeen,
Thus was I ſcandal'd publicly of many,
Who pitied none, nor pitied was of any.

And ſince I thus was match'd by men of might,
The king, my danger that diſcreetly weigh'd,
Seeing them to purſue me with ſuch ſpight,
Me into Ireland ſecretly convey'd,
Till with my peers my peace he might procure,
Or might my ſafety otherwiſe aſſure.

Like one, whoſe houſe remedileſsly burning,
Seeing his goods long heap'd together loſt,
The miſchief no whit leſſen'd by his mourning,
Taketh ſome one thing that he loveth moſt,
And to ſome ſure place doth with that retire,
Leaving the reſt to th' mercy of the fire.

And he that nought too dear for me did deem,
So it might ſerve to cover my diſgrace,
To make my abſence otherwiſe to ſeem,
And to the world to bear a fairer face,
Leſt my exile, ſuggeſted by their hate,
In England here perhaps might wound my ſtate:

By their wiſe counſel that were him about,
Of Ireland he me deputy doth make,
And caus'd it each where to be given out,
My journey therefore thither I did take,
To ſtop their mouths, that gladly would embrace
The leaſt thing that might ſound to my diſgrace.

Whereas he ſet me in that princely ſort,
As in my place might purchaſe me renown,
With no leſs bounty to maintain a court,
Than hourly crav'd th' revenues of a crown,
Thither his bounty ſo much did me bring,
That though he reign'd, yet there was I a king.

There were few weeks, but ſome the Channel croſt
With ſundry preſents of a wond'rous price,
Some jewel that him infinitely coſt,
Or ſome rich robe of excellent device,
That they which ſaw what he upon me threw,
Well might diſcern ſome change muſt needs enſue.

And ſince the flow me follow'd in this wiſe,
The fulneſs I as amply entertain,
It had been folly to have ſeem'd preciſe,
To take that which fell on me like the rain,
Such as before no age had ever ſeen,
And ſince he was, I think, hath ſeldom been.

So that, when the bold barony had found
The cunning us'd in covering of my flight,
That ſhifted me but to a ſurer ground,
On which they vainly had beſtow'd their might,
Perceiv'd far off that greater peril roſe,
Than they could find how fitly to diſpoſe.

Like thoſe that ſtrive to ſtop ſome ſwelling ſource,
(Whoſe plenty none can comprehend in bounds)
Which climbs above th' oppoſers of his courſe,
And that which ſhould encircle it ſurrounds,
That ſo innated in itſelf is bleſt,
That 'tis the more, the more it is depreſt.

For fearing much the force I had abroad,
Who knew the way the Iriſh hearts to win,
They thought me better here to be beſtow'd,
And for the ſtate more ſafely far therein,
Where though my ſpoil they hop'd not to prevent,
Yet could they ſee the giddy courſe I went.

Of which they ſcarcely had conceiv'd the thought,
And did thereto but ſeemingly deſcend,
But that the king immediately it caught,
Nor car'd he by it what they did intend,
Plot what they could, ſo he thereby might gain me,
Once in his court again to entertain me.

What is ſo hard, but majeſty commands,
Yea, and ſeverely humbleth with the eye?
Whoſe very nod acts with a thouſand hands,
In it ſuch virtue ſecretly doth lye,
Having t' uphold it the high power of fate,
It is imperious both o'er love and hate.

This king, who no occaſion could neglect,
That aught me to my happineſs might win,
Did with ſuch care my buſ'neſſes effect,
And ever was ſo fortunate therein,
That he to paſs in little time did bring,
What moſt men thought to be a doubtful thing.

When poſts away with their full packets went,
Me out of Ireland inſtantly to call,

Allow'd of by the general conſent,
Although not lik'd of inwardly of all;
Yet 'twas ſufficient that it freedom gave me,
But to be here where he deſir'd to have me.

My proud ſails ſwelling with a proſp'rous wind,
The boiſt'rous ſeas did homage to mine eyes,
And much above their uſual courſe were kind,
All lowring clouds abandoning the ſkies,
Nothing diſcern'd in any ſtar to fear me,
Fortune herſelf ſat at the helm to ſteer me.

What time the king a progreſs needs would make
Into North Wales, his native place to ſee,
Which was indeed but only for my ſake,
Who at Weſt Cheſter knew to meet with me,
And there, with all the ſtate he could deviſe,
To do me honour in the people's eyes.

Where for my landing long he did provide,
That nought might want to nouriſh my delight,
And at each lodging as along we ride,
He entertain'd me with ſome pleaſing ſight;
And that the realm our friendſhip might report,
We enter'd London in this royal ſort.

Which prov'd ſharp ſpurs to my untam'd deſire,
Lending the reins to my laſcivious will,
And put me forth upon my full career,
On places ſlippery, and my manage ill;
Small my foreſight, and over much my haſte,
Which me (alas!) unfortunately caſt.

King Edward's ear when having at command,
Who aught would have, he muſt me entertain;
And yet before it paſt to my gripple hand,
I ſhare the great'ſt part to my private gain;
Nor car'd I what from any I could wring,
So I might coin into my coffers bring.

Then daily begg'd I great monopolies,
Taking the lands belonging to the crown,
Tranſporting all the beſt commodities
Uſeful to England, needed of her own,
And baſely ſold all offices, till then
The due reward of well-deſerving men.

And being inconſiderately proud,
Held all things vile that ſuited not my vein;
Nothing might paſs, but that which I allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gain,
Giving vile terms and nicknames of diſgraee,
To men of great birth, and of greater place.

Whereby brake out that execrable rage,
Which long before had boiled in their blood,
Themſelves by oath againſt me they engage,
Who thus had all authority withſtood,
And in the quarrel up their arms do take,
Or to mar all, or better it to make.

They durſt affirm my mother was a witch,
And in the fire condemned burnt to be,
And I her ſon, ſo rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her ſorceries to me;
Urging it on, for a moſt certain thing,
That I by magic wrought upon the king.

And into France they charg'd me to convey
A goodly table of pure maſſy gold,
A relique kept in Windſor many a day,
Which to King Arthur did belong of old,
Upon whoſe margent, as they did ſurmiſe,
There were engraven Merlin's propheſies.

And by appealing to the ſee of Rome,
They ſoon procur'd a legate to the land,
With malediction by the church's doom,
Upon that man, which on my part ſhould ſtand;
The king ſuſpending, ſhould he not conſent,
To ratify the barony's intent.

Which they to purpoſe proſp'rouſly effect,
Then at full ſtrength, to counterpoiſe his force;
Having withal the clergy to direct
Them the beſt way in their reſiſtleſs courſe,
Till at the laſt King Edward they procure,
By ſolemn oath me ever to abjure.

Th' uncertain iſſue of each earthly thing,
Set out moſt lively in my ſtar-croſt ſtate,
That doth remain in fortune's managing,
Appearing in my variable fate:
On me that frown'd and flatter'd me ſo oft,
Caſting me down, then ſetting me aloft.

To Flanders then my preſent courſe I caſt,
Which as the fair'ſt, ſo fitteſt for my eaſe:
That way is ſaf'ſt that ſooneſt can be paſt,
All not my friends that were abroad at ſeas;
Such friends in France they daily did procure,
That there myſelf I doubted to ſecure.

Where, though I chang'd my habit and my name,
Hoping thereby to live unknown to any;
Yet ſwift report had ſo divulg'd my ſhame,
My hateful life was publiſh'd to too many,
That as I paſt through every ſtreet along,
I was the tale of every common tongue.

From whence I found a ſecret means, to have
Intelligence with my kind lord the king,
Who ſail'd no month, but he me notice gave
What the proud barons had in managing;
And labour'd thon, as he had done before,
Me into England ſafety to reſtore.

For which relying on my ſovereign's love,
To whom as life I had been ever dear,
Which ne'er thao now I had more need to prove,
Who ſtrove t' obtain, if any mean there were,
A diſpenſation for his former oath,
In their deſpight that thereto ſeem'd moſt loth

Which long debating, we reſolv'd at length,
Since I by marriage ſtrongly was ally'd,
I at this pinch ſhould ſtand upon my ſtrength
And ſhould for England, hap what could betide
And in a ſhip that for my paſſage lay,
Thither myſelf to ſecretly convey.

Where ſafely landed on the wiſhed ſhore,
With ſpeed to court I cloſely me betook,
Yet gave the king intelligence before,
About what time he there for me ſhould look,
Who was deviſing, when I ſhould arrive,
The ſureſt way my ſafety to contrive.

Which the lords finding, whilſt their blood was hot,
That to themſelves then only were to truſt;
For what before was done, avail'd them not,
And for my ſake they found the king unjuſt,
Bringing thereby, whilſt trifling they do ſtand,
Spoil on themſelves, and peril on the land.

Who was ſo dull, that did not then diſtaſte,
That thus the king his nobles ſhould neglect?
And thoſe in court we for our purpoſe plac'd,
Gave us juſt cauſe their dealings to ſuſpect,
And they that view'd us with the pleaſed'ſt eye,
Yet at our actions often look'd awry.

Which made King Edward preſently provide
A choſen convoy of his chieſeſt friends,
To guard me ſafe to York, to be ſupply'd
With foreign ſuccours, and to Scotland ſends
To warlike Baliol, and to Wales, from whence
He hop'd for power to fruſtrate their pretence.

But they his agents quickly intercept,
Not then to ſeek in ſo well known a thing,
And both the marches they ſo ſtrictly kept,
That none could enter to aſſiſt the king,
Only to chaſtiſe my abhorred ſin,
Who had the cauſe of all theſe troubles been.

Thus like a ſhip, deſpoiled of her ſails,
Shov'd by the wind againſt the ſtreamful tide,
This way the one, that way the other hales,
Now tow'rds this ſhore, and now tow'rds that doth ride,
As that poor veſſel's, ſuch my brittle ſtay,
The nearer land, the nearer caſt away.

Thou kingdom's corſive, home-begotten hate,
In any limits never that waſt bounded,
When didſt thou yet ſeize upon any ſtate,
By thee that was not utterly confounded?
How many empires he there that do rue thee?
Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of all ſuccour utterly bereft,
Only ſome ſmall force that we had at ſea,
For us to truſt to, fortune had us left,
On which our hopes upon this up-caſt lay,
Which we to haſten ſpeedily do make,
Our former courſes forced to forſake.

Our preſent peril hap'ning to be ſo,
That did for aid importunately call,
Wherefore in York, as faſeſt from the foe,
He left me to the keeping of the wall,
Till his return me further aid might give,
When more and more he ſtudied to relieve.

The barons then from Bedford fetting on,
Th' appointed rendy where they gath'red head,
When they had notice that the king was gone,
Tow'rds Yorkſhire with celerity them ſped,
To ſeize my perſon purpoſed that were,
Whoſe preſence elſe might make them to forbear.

When leaving York, to Scarborough I poſt,
With that ſmall force the city had to lend me,
The ſtrongeſt fort that ſtood upon the coaſt,
And of all other likeſt to defend me,
Which at the worſt, from whence in their deſpight,
The hills at hand might privilege my flight.

But they which kept the country round about,
Upon each paſſage ſet ſo watchful ſpies,
Of well-wall'd York that I was ſcarcely out,
But on their light-horſe after me they riſe,
And ſuddenly they in upon me came,
E'er I had time to get into the ſame.

Thence with intent tow'rds Oxford to convey me
When by the way, as birds do at the owl,
Some wonder'd at me, ſome again did bay me,
As hungry wolves at paſſengers do howl:
Each one rejoycing that I thus was caught,
Who on the land theſe miſeries had brought.

Conducted thus to Dedington at laſt,
Where th' Earl of Pembroke will'd me to be ſtay'd,
To underſtand before they further paſt,
What by the king could on my ſide be ſaid
About this buſineſs, and tow'rds Edward went,
T' acquaint him with the general intent.

But th' Earl of Warwick (lying but too near)
The dog of Arden that I us'd to call,
Who mortal hatred did me ever bear,
He whom I moſt ſuſpected of them all,
Thither repairing with his powerful band,
Seiz'd upon me with a violent hand.

To Warwick caſtle carrying me along,
(Where he had long deſired me to get)
With friends and tenants abſolutely ſtrong,
Whom all the puiſſant barony abet,
Which ſince occaſion offer'd them ſuch hold,
Haſten my death by all the means they could.

North from the town, a mile or very near,
A little hill in public view doth lye,
That's called Blacklow of the dwellers there,
Near to the ancient hermitage of Guy,
To which the lords me as a traitor led,
And on a ſcaffold took away my head.

My life and fortunes lively thus expreſt,
In the ſad tenor of my tragic tale,
Let me return to the fair fields of reſt,
Thither tranſported with a proſp'rous gale,
And leave the world my deſtiny to view,
Bidding it thus eternally adieu.

THE

LEGEND

OF

THOMAS CROMWELL,

EARL OF ESSEX.

Awak'd, and trembling betwixt rage and dread
With the loud ſlander (by the impious time)
That of my actions every where is ſpread,
Through which to honour falſly I ſhould climb:
From the ſad dwelling of th' untimely dead,
To quit me of that execrable crime,
Cromwell appears, his wretched plight to ſhew,
Much that can tell, as one that much did know.

Roughly not made up in the common mould,
That with the vulgar vilely I ſhould die,
What thing ſo ſtrange of Cromwell is not told?
What man more prais'd? who more condemn'd than I?
That with the world when I am waxed old,
Moſt 'twere unfit that Fame of me ſhould lie,
With fables vain my hiſtory to fill,
Forcing my good, excuſing of my ill.

You, that but hearing of my hated name,
Your ancient malice inſtantly bewray,
And for my ſake your ill deſerved blame
Upon my legend publicly ſhall lay,
Would you forbear to blaſt me with defame,
Might I ſo mean a privilege but pray,
He that three ages had endur'd your wrong,
Hear him a little, who hath heard you long.

Since Rome's ſad ruin here by me began,
Who her religion pluckt up by the root,
Of the falſe world ſuch hate for which I wan,
Which ſtill at me her poiſoned'ſt darts doth ſhoot;
That to excuſe it, do the beſt I can,
Little, I fear, my labour me will boot:
Yet will I ſpeak, my troubled heart to eaſe,
Much to the mind herſelf it is to pleaſe.

O powerful number, from whoſe ſtricter law
Heart-moving muſic did receive the ground,
Which man to fair civility did draw,
With the brute beaſt when lawleſs he was found:
O, if according to the wiſer ſaw,
There be a high divinity in ſound,
Be now abundant, profp'rouſly to aid
The pen prepar'd my doubtful caſe to plead.

Putney the place made bleſſed by my birth,
Whoſe meaneſt cottage ſimply me did ſhrowd,
To me as deareſt of the Engliſh earth;
So of my bringing that p or village proud,
Though in a time when never leſs the dearth
Of happy wits, yet mine ſo well allow'd,
That with the beſt ſhe boldly durſt preſer
Me, that my breath acknowledged from her.

Twice flow'd proud Thames, as at my coming woo'd,
Striking the wond'ring borderers with fear,
And the pale genius of that aged flood,
To my ſick mother labouring did appear,
And with a countenance much diſtracted ſtood,
Threat'ning the fruit her pained womb ſhould bear:
My ſpeedy birth being added thereunto,
Seem'd to fore-tell that much I came to do.

Who was reſerved for thoſe worſer days,
As the great ebb unto ſo long a flow,
When what thoſe ages formerly did raiſe,
This, when I liv'd, did laſtly overthrow,
And that great'ſt labour of the world did ſeize,
Only for which immedicable blow,
Due to that time, me dooming heaven ordain'd,
Wherein confuſion abſolutely reign'd,

Vainly yet noted this prodigious ſign,
Often predictions of moſt fearful things,
As plagues, or war, or great men to decline,
Riſing of commons, or the death of kings;
But ſome ſtrange news though ever it divine,
Yet forth them not immediately it brings,
Until th' effects men afterward did learn,
To know that me it chiefly did concern.

Whilſt yet my father by his painful trade,
Whoſe labour'd anvil only was his fee,
Whom my great tow'rdneſs ſtrongly did perſuade,
In knowledge to have educated me;
But death did him unluckily invade,
E'er he the fruits of his deſire could ſee,
Leaving me young, then little that did know,
How me the heavens had purpos'd to beſtow.

Hopeleſs as helpleſs moſt might me ſuppoſe,
Whoſe meanneſs ſeem'd their abject breath to draw:
Yet did my breaſt that glorious fire incloſe,
Which their dull purblind ignorance not ſaw,
Which ſtill is ſettled upon outward ſhows,
The vulgar's judgment ever is ſo raw,
Which the unworthieſt ſottiſhly do love,
In their own region properly that move.

Yet me my fortune ſo could not diſguiſe,
But through this cloud were ſome that did me know,
Which than the reſt more happy, or more wiſe,
Me did relieve, when I was driven low,
Which, as the ſtairs by which I firſt did riſe,
When to my height I afterward did grow,
I them to requite, my bounties were ſo high,
As made my name through every ear to flie.

That height and god-like purity of mind,
Reſteth not ſtill, where titles moſt adorn
With any, nor peculiarly confin'd
To names, and to be limited doth ſcorn:
Man doth the moſt degenerate from kind,
Richeſt and pooreſt both alike are born;
And to be always pertinently good,
Follows not ſtill the greatneſs of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man
That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,
Which firſt by noble induſtry he wan,
His baſer iſſue after ſhould inhance,
And the rude ſlave not any good that can,
Such ſhould thruſt down by what is his by chance:
As had not he been firſt that him did raiſe,
Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grandſire's praiſe.

How weak art thou, that makeſt it thy end
To heap ſuch worldly dignities on thee,
When upon fortune only they depend,
And by her changes governed muſt be?
Beſides the dangers ſtill that ſuch attend,
Livelieſt of all men pourtray'd out in me,
When that, for which I hated was of all,
Soon'ſt from me fled, ſcarce tarrying for my fall.

You that but boaſt your anceſtors proud ſtile,
And the large ſtem whence your vain greatneſs grew,
When you yourſelves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually purſue,
That all good ſpirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth ſhould elſe diſcover you,
Giving yourſelves unto ignoble things,
Baſe I proclaim you, though deriv'd from kings.

Virtue, but poor, God in this earth doth place,
'Gainſt the rude world to ſtand up in his right,
To ſuffer ſad affliction and diſgrace,
Nor ceaſing to purſue her with deſpight:
Yet when of all ſhe is accounted baſe,
And ſeeming in moſt miſerable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take,
Leaſt then diſmay'd, when all do her forſake.

That is the man of an undaunted ſpirit,
For her dear ſake that offereth him to die,
For whom, when him the world doth diſinherit,

Looketh upon it with a pleaſed eye,
What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudeſt menaces defy, [rate him,
More worth than life, howe'er the baſe world
Belov'd of heaven, although the earth doth hate him.

Injurious time, unto the good unjuſt,
O! how may weak poſterity ſuppoſe
Ever to have their merit from the duſt,
'Gainſt them thy partiality that knows?
To thy report, O who ſhall ever truſt,
Triumphant arches building unto thoſe,
Allow'd the longeſt memory to have,
That were the moſt unworthy of a grave?

But my clear metal had that powerful heat,
As it not turn'd with all that fortune could:
Nor when the world me terribleſt did threat,
Could win that place, which my high thoughts did hold,
That waxed ſtill more proſperouſly great,
The more the world me ſtrove to have controll'd,
On mine own columns conſtantly to ſtand,
Without the falſe help of another's hand.

My youthful courſe thus wiſely did I ſteer,
T' avoid thoſe rocks my wrack that elſe did threat;
Yet ſome fair hopes from far did ſtill appear,
If that too much my wants did me not let:
Wherefore myſelf above myſelf to bear,
Still as I grew, I knowledge ſtrove to get,
To perfect that which in the embryo was,
Whoſe birth, I found, time well might bring to paſs.

But when my means to fail me I did find,
Myſelf to travel preſently I took:
For 'twas diſtaſteful to my noble mind,
That the vile world into my wants ſhould look,
Being beſides induſtriouſly inclin'd,
To meaſure others actions with my book,
My judgment more to rectify thereby,
In matters that were difficult and high.

When lo it hapt, that fortune, as my guide,
Of me did with ſuch providence diſpoſe,
That th' Engliſh merchants then, who did reſide
At Antwerp, me their ſecretary choſe,
(As though in me to manifeſt her pride)
Whence to thoſe principalities I roſe,
To pluck me down, whom afterward ſhe fear'd,
Beyond her power that almoſt ſhe had rear'd.

When firſt the wealthy Netherlands me train'd,
In wiſe commerce moſt proper to that place,
And from my country carefully me wain'd,
As with the world it meant to win me grace,
Where great experience happily I gain'd;
Yet here I ſeem'd but tutor'd for a ſpace,
For high employment otherwiſe ordain'd,
Till which the time I idly entertain'd.

For Boſton buſ'neſs hotly then in hand,
The charge thereof on chambers being laid,
Coming to Flanders, hapt to underſtand
Of me, whom he requeſted him to aid;
Of which, when I the benefit had ſcan'd,
Weighing what time at Antwerp I had ſtay'd,
Soon it me won fair Italy to try,
Under a cheerful and more lucky ſky.

For what the meaneſt clearly makes to ſhine,
Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concur:
In every project, that ſo powerful trine,
By whoſe kind working bravely I did ſtir,
Which to each high and glorious deſign
(The time could offer) freely did me ſpur,
As forcing fate ſome new thing to prepare,
(Shewing ſucceſs) t' attempt that could me dare.

Where now my ſpirit got roomth itſelf to ſhow,
To the fair'ſt pitch to make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a genuine light,
Where higher ſtill it every day did grow;
And being in ſo excellent a plight,
Crav'd but occaſion happily to prove,
How much it ſat each vulgar ſpirit above.

The good ſucceſs th' affairs of England found,
Much prais'd the choice of me that had been made:
For where moſt men the depth durſt hardly found,
I held it nothing boldly through to wade,
Myſelf and through the ſtraiteſt ways I wound.
So could I act, ſo well I could perſuade,
As meerly jovial in myſelf was I,
Compos'd of freedom and alacrity.

Not long it was e'er Rome of me did ring,
(Hardly ſhall Rome ſo full days ſee again)
Of freemens catches to the Pope I ſing,
Which wan much licence to my countrymen,
Thither the which I was the firſt did bring,
That were unknown to Italy till then:
Light humours them when judgment doth direct,
Even of the wiſe win plauſible reſpect.

And thoſe, from whom that penſions were allow'd,
And there did for intelligence remain,
Under my power themſelves were glad to ſhrowd,
Ruſſell and Pace yea oftentimes were fain,
When as their names they durſt not have avow'd,
Me into their ſociety t' retain,
Riſing before me, mighty as they were,
Great though at home, yet did they need me there.

In foreign parts near friends I yet forſake,
That had before been deeply bound to me,
And would again I uſe of them ſhould make,
But ſtill my ſtars command I ſhould be free,
And all thoſe offers lightly from me ſhake,
Which to requite, I fetter'd elſe might be;
And though that oft great perils me oppugn,
And means were weak, my mind was ever ſtrong.

Yet thoſe great wants fate to my youth did tie,
Me from the pomp of thoſe rich countries drive,
Thereby enforc'd with painful induſtry,
Againſt affliction manfully to ſtrive,
Under her burthen faintly not to lie:
But ſince my good I hardly muſt derive,
Into the fame I thought to make my way,
Through all the pow'r againſt me ſhe could lay.

As a comedian and my life I led,
For ſo a while my need did me conſtrain,
With other my poor countrymen (that play'd)
Thither that came in hope of better gain:
Whereas when fortune ſeem'd me low to tread
Under her feet, ſhe ſet me up again,
Until her uſe bade me her not to fear,
Her good and ill that patiently could bear.

Till Charles the Fifth th' Imperial pow'r did bend
'Gainſt Rome, which Bourbon ſkilfully did guide,
Which faſt-declining Italy did rend;
For th' right that him her holineſs deny'd,
Wholly herſelf enforced to defend
'Gainſt him that juſtly puniſhed her pride,
To which myſelf I laſtly did partake,
To ſee thereof what fortune meant to make.

And at the ſiege with that great gen'ral ſerv'd,
When he firſt girt her ſtubborn waiſt with ſteel,
Within her walls who well near being ſtarv'd,
And that with faintneſs ſhe began to reel,
Shewing herſelf a little as ſhe ſwerv'd:
Firſt her then noting I began to feel,
She, whoſe great pow'r ſo far abroad did roam,
What in herſelf ſhe truly was at home.

That the great ſchool of the falſe world was then,
Where her's their ſubtle practices did vie,
Amongſt that mighty confluence of men,
French plots propt up by Engliſh policy,
The German powers falſe ſhuffling, and again
All countermin'd by ſkilful Italy;
Each one in poſſibility to win,
Great reſts were up, and mighty hands were in.

Here firſt to work my buſy brain was ſet,
(My inclination finding it to pleaſe,
This ſtirring world which ſtrongly ſtill did whet)
To temper in ſo dangerous eſſays,
Which did ſtrange forms of policies beget;
Beſides in times ſo turbulent as theſe,
Whereto my ſtudies wholly I did bend
To that, which then the wiſeſt made their end.

And my experience happily me taught
Into the ſecrets of thoſe times to ſee,
From whence to England afterward I brought
Thoſe ſlights of ſtate deliver'd there to me,
Int' which there then were very few that ſought,
Nor did with th' humour of that age agree,
Which after did moſt fearful things effect,
Whoſe ſecret working few did then ſuſpect.

When though 'twere long, it happen'd yet at laſt
Some hopes me homeward ſecretly allur'd,
When many perils ſtrangely I had paſt,
As many ſad calamities endur'd:
Beyond the moon when I began to caſt,
By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,
If they at home were to the mighty known,
How they would ſeem compared with their own.

Of if that there the great ſhould me neglect,
As I the worſt that vainly did not fear,
To my experience how to gain reſpect,
In other countries that do hold it dear,
I no occaſion vainly did reject,
Whil'ſt ſtill before me other riſing were,
And ſome themſelves hath mounted to the ſky,
Little before unlike to thrive as I.

When now in England bigamy with blood,
Lately begot by luxury and pride,
In their great'ſt fulneſs peremptory ſtood;
Some that thoſe courſes diligently ey'd,
Slily were fiſhing in that troubled flood,
For future changes wiſely to provide,
Finding the world ſo rankly then to ſwell,
That till it brake, it never could be well.

But floating long upon my firſt arrive,
Whil'ſt many doubts me ſeemed to appall,
Like to a bark that with the tide doth drive,
Having nought left to faſten it withall,
Thus with the time by ſuff'ring I do ſtrive,
Into what harbour doubtful yet to fall;
Until inforc'd to put it to the chance,
Caſting the fair'ſt, my fortune to advance.

Making myſelf to mighty Woolſey known,
That Atlas, with the government up-ſtay'd,
Who from mean place in little time was grown
Up to him, which that wight upon him lay'd;
And being got the neareſt to his throne,
He the more eas'ly this great kingdom ſway'd,
Leaning thereon his wearied ſelf to breath,
Whil'ſt even the greateſt ſat him far beneath.

Where learned More and Gardiner I met,
Men in thoſe times immatchable for wit,
Able that were the dulleſt ſpirit to whet,
And did my humour excellently fit,
Into their rank and worthily did get,
There as their proud competitor to ſit.
One excellence to many is the mother,
Wits do, as creatures, one beget another.

This founder of the palaces of Kings,
Whoſe veins with more than uſual ſpirit were fill'd,
A man ordained to the mighti'ſt things,
In Oxford then determining to build
To Chriſt a college, and together brings
All that thereof the great foundation wills,
There me imploys, whoſe induſtry he found
Worthy to work upon the nobleſt ground.

Yet in the entrance wiſely did he fear
Coin might fall ſhort, yet with this work on fire
Wherefore ſuch houſes as religious were,

Whoſe being no neceſſity require,
But that the greater very well might bear,
From Rome the Card'nal cunningly did hire,
Winning withal his ſovereign to conſent,
It colouring with ſo holy an intent.

This like a ſymptom to a long diſeaſe,
Was the forerunner to this mighty fall,
And but too unadviſedly did ſeize
Upon the part that ruinated all,
Which, had the work been of ſo many days,
And more again recover hardly ſhall:
But lo, it ſunk, which time did long up-hold,
Where now it lies even levell'd with the mold.

Thus thou, great Rome, here firſt waſt overthrown,
Thy future harms that blindly couldſt not ſee,
And in this work they only were thine own,
Whoſe knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,
Which to the world before had they not ſhown,
Ne'er had thoſe ſecrets been deſcry'd by me,
Nor by thy wealth ſo many from the plow.
Worn thoſe high types wherein they flouriſh now.

For my maſter Woolſey might and main,
Into ſuch favour with the King me brought
Tow'rds whom myſelf ſo well I did demean,
As that I ſeem'd to exerciſe his thought,
And his great liking ſtrongly did retain,
With what before that Card'nal had me taught,
From whoſe example, hy thoſe cells but ſmall,
Sprang the ſubverſion laſtly of them all.

Yet many a let was caſt into the way,
Wherein I ran ſo ſteadily and right,
And many a ſnare my adverſaries lay, [their ſlight,
Much wrought they with their power, much with
Wifely perceiving that my ſmalleſt ſtay
Fully requir'd the utmoſt of their might,
To my aſcendant haſting then to climb,
There as the firſt predomining the time.

Knowing what wealth me earneſtly did woo,
Which I through Woolſely happen'd had to find,
And could the path moſt perfectly unto,
The King thereafter earneſtly inclin'd,
Seeing beſides what after I might do,
If ſo great power me fully were aſſign'd,
By all their means againſt me ſtrongly wrought,
Lab'ring as faſt to bring their church ſo nought.

Whil'ſt to the King continually I ſue,
And in this buſ'neſs faithfully did ſtir,
Strongly to prove my judgment to be true,
'Gainſt thoſe who moſt ſuppoſed me to err;
Nor the leaſt means, which any way I knew
Might grace me, or my purpoſes perfer,
Did I omit, till I had won his ear [to hear,
Moſt that me mark'd, when leaſt he ſeem'd

This wound to them thus violently given,
Envy at me her ſharpeſt darts did rove,
Affecting the ſupremacy of heaven,
As the firſt giants warring againſt Jove,
Heap'd hills on hills, the gods till they had driven,
The meaneſt ſhapes of earthly things to prove:
So muſt I ſhift from them that gainſt me roſe,
Mortal their hate, as mighty were my foes.

But their great force againſt me wholly bent,
Prevail'd upon my purpoſes ſo far,
That I my ruin ſcarcely could prevent,
So momentary worldy favours are,
That till the utmoſt of their ſpight was ſpent,
Had not my ſpirit maintain'd, a manly war,
Riſen they had, when I had lain full low,
Upon whoſe ruin after I did grow.

When the great King, the ſtrange reports that took,
Who as pernicious as they potent were,
And at the fair growth of my fortune ſtrook,
Whoſe deadly malice blame me not to fear,
Me at the firſt ſo violently ſhook,
That they this frame were likely down to bear,
If reſolution with a ſettled brow
Had not upheld my peremptory vow.

Yet theſe encounters thruſt me not awry,
Nor could my courſes force me to forſake,
After this ſhipwrack I again muſt try,
Some happier voyage hopeful ſtill to make:
The plots that barren long we ſee do lie,
Some fitting ſeaſon plentifully take:
One fruitful harveſt frankly doth reſtore
What many winters hinder'd have before.

That to account I ſtrictly call my wit,
How in it this while had managed my ſtate,
My ſoul in counſel ſummoning to ſit,
If poſſible to turn the courſe of fate;
For ways there be the greateſt things to hit,
If men could find the peremptory gate:
And ſince I once was got ſo near the brink,
More than before 'twould grieve me now to ſink.

Ruſſel, whoſe life (ſome ſaid) that I had ſav'd
In Italy, one that me favour'd moſt,
And reverend Hailes, who but occaſion crav'd
To ſhew his love, no leſs that I had coſt,
Who to the King perceiving me diſgrac'd,
Whoſe favour I unluckily had loſt,
Both with him great, a foot ſet in withall,
If not to ſtray, to qualify my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well-near quite ſunk, recover me that could,
And once more get into fortune's lap,
Which well myſelf might teach me there to hold,
Eſcap'd out of ſo dangerous a trap,
Whoſe praiſe by me to ages ſhall be told,
As the two props by which I only roſe,
When moſt ſuppreſt, moſt trod on by my foes.

This me to urge the premunire won,
Ordain'd in matters dangerous and high,
In t' which the heedleſs prelacy were run
That back unto the papacy did flee

Sworn to that fee, and what before was done,
Due to the King, diſpenſed were thereby,
In t' which firſt entering offer'd me the mean,
That to throw down, already that did lean.

This was to me that over-flowing fource,
From whence his bounties plentifully ſpring,
Whoſe ſpeedy current with unuſual force
Bare me into the boſom of the King,
By putting him into that ready courſe,
Which ſoon to paſs his purpoſes might bring,
Where thoſe which late imperiouſly controll'd me, [me.
Struck pale with fear, ſtood trembling to behold

When ſtate to me thoſe ceremonies ſhow'd,
That to ſo great a favourite were due,
And fortune ſtill with honours did me load,
As though no mean ſhe in my riſing knew,
Or heaven to me more than to a man had ow'd,
(What to the world unheard of was and new)
And was to other ſparing of her ſtore,
Till ſhe could give, or I could aſk no more.

Thoſe high preferments he upon me lay'd,
To make the world me publicly to know,
Were ſuch, in judgment rightly being weigh'd,
Seemed too great for me to undergo;
Nor could his hand from pouring on be ſtay'd,
Until I ſo abundantly did flow,
That looking down whence lately I was clomb,
Danger bad fear, if further I ſhould roam.

For firſt from knighthood riſing in degree,
The office of the jewel-houſe my lot,
After, the rolls he frankly gave to me,
From whence a privy counſellor I got,
Then of the garter; and then Earl to be
Of Eſſex: yet ſufficient theſe were not,
But to the great vicegerency I grew,
Being a title as ſupreme as new.

So well did me theſe Dignities befit,
And honour ſo me every way became,
As more than man I had been made for it,
Or as from me it had deriv'd the name:
Where was he found whoſe love I not requit,
Beyond his own imaginary aim,
Which had me ſuccour'd, nearly being driven,
As things to me that idly were not given?

What tongue ſo ſlow, the tale ſhall not report
Of hoſpitable Friſcobald and me,
And ſhew in how reciprocal a ſort
My thanks did with his courteſy agree,
When as by means in Italy were ſhort,
That me reliev'd? I, leſs that would not be,
When I of England was vicegerent made,
His former bounties lib'rally repay'd,

The manner briefly' gentler muſe, relate,
Since oft before it wifely hath been told,
The ſudden change of unavoided fate,
That famous merchant, reverend Friſcobald,
Grew poor, and the ſmall remnant of his ſtate,
Was certain goods to England he had ſold,
Which in the hands of creditors but had,
Small hope to get, yet leſſer means he had,

Hither his wants him forcibly conſtrain'd,
Though with long travel both by land and ſeas,
Led by this hope, that only now remain'd,
Whereon his fortune finally he lays;
And if he found that friendſhip here were feign'd,
Yet at the worſt, it better ſhould him pleaſe,
Far out of ſight to periſh here unknown,
Than unreliev'd be pitied of his own.

It chanc'd as I tow'rd Weſtminſter did ride,
'Mongſt the great concourſe paſſing to and fro,
An aged man I happily eſpy'd,
Whoſe outward looks much inward grief did ſhow;
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd
Him, methought more preciſely I ſhould know
Revolving long, it came into my mind,
This was the man to me had been ſo kind.

Was therewithall ſo joyed with his ſight,
(With the dear ſight of his ſo reverend face)
That I could ſcarcely keep me from t' alight,
And in mine arms him kindly to embrace:
Weighing yet (well) what ſome imagine might,
He being a ſtranger, and the public place,
Checkt my affection, till ſome fitter hour
On him my love effectually might ſhow'r.

'Never, quoth I, was fortune ſo unjuſt,
'As to do wrong to thy moſt noble heart:
'What man ſo wicked could betray the truſt
'Of one ſo upright, of ſo good deſert?
'And though obey neceſſity thou muſt,
'As when th' waſt great'ſt, the fame to me thou art,
'Let me alone the laſt be left of all,
'That from the reſt declin'd not with thy fall.'

And calling to a gentleman of mine,
Wiſe and diſcreet that well I knew to be,
Shew'd him that ſtranger, whoſe dejected eyne,
Fixt on the earth, ne'er once lookt up at me:
'Bid yonder man come home to me and dine,
'(Quoth I) reſpeak him reverently you ſee;
'Scorn not his habit; little canſt thou tell,
'How rich a mind in thoſe mean rags doth dwell.'

He with my name that kindly did him greet,
Slowly caſt up his deadly-moving eye,
That long time had been fixed on his feet,
To look no higher than his miſery,
Thinking him more calamity did greet,
Or that I had ſuppoſed him ſome ſpy;
With a deep ſigh that from his heart he drew,
Quoth he, "His will accompliſht be by you."

My man departed, and the meſſage done,
He whoſe ſad heart a ſtrange impreſſion ſtruck,
To think upon this accident begun,

And on himſelf ſuſpiciouſly to look;
Into all doubts he fearfully doth run,
Oft himſelf cheering, oft himſelf forſook:
Strangely perplext, he to my houſe doth come,
Not knowing why judg'd, nor dreading yet his doom.

My ſervants ſet his coming to attend,
That were therein not common for their ſkill,
Whoſe uſage yet the former did amend:
He hop'd not good, nor guilty was of ill;
But as a man, whoſe thoughts were at an end,
"Fortune, quoth he, then work on me thy will.
"Wiſer than man I think he were that knew
"Whence this may come, or what will it enſue."

His honour'd preſence ſo did me inflame,
That being then in preſence of my peers,
I 'ſdained not to meet him as he came,
(That very harldy could contain my tears).
Kindly ſalute him, call him by his name,
And oft together aſk him how he chears:
Which ſtill along maintaining the extreme,
The man thought ſure he had been in a dream.

At length to wake him gently, I began
With this demand, if once he did not know
One Thomas Cromwell, a poor Engliſhman,
By him reliev'd, when he was driven low?
When I perceiv'd he my remembrance wan,
Yet with his tears it ſilently did ſhow,
I wept for woe, to ſee mine hoſt diſtreſt;
But he for joy, to ſee his happy gueſt.

Him to the Lords I publiſht by my praiſe,
And at my table carefully him ſet,
Recounting them the many ſundry ways
I was to this good gentleman in debt;
How great he was in Florence in thoſe days,
With all that grace or reverence him might get:
Which all the while yet ſilently he hears,
Moiſting among his viands with his tears

And to lend fulneſs laſtly to his fate,
Great ſums I gave him, and what was his due.
Made known, myſelf became his advocate,
And at my charge his creditors I ſue,
Recovering him unto his former ſtate:
Thus he the world began by me anew,
That ſhall to all poſterity expreſs
His honour'd bounty, and my thankfulneſs.

But, Muſe, recount before thou farther paſs,
How this great change ſo quickly came about,
And what the cauſe of this ſad downfal was,
In every part the ſpacious realm throughout,
Being effected in ſo little ſpace;
Leave not thereof poſterity to doubt,
That the world obſcured elſe may be,
If in this place revealed not by thee.

If the whole land did on the church rely,
Having full pow'r Kings to account to call,
That to the world read only policy,
Beſides heaven's keys to ſtop or let in all,
Let me but know from her ſupremacy
How ſhe ſhould come ſo ſuddenly to fall:
'Twas more than chance ſure put a hand there-
That had the power ſo great a thing to do. [to,

Or aught there were had biding under ſun,
Who would have thought thoſe edifices great,
Which firſt religion holily begun,
The church approv'd, and wiſdom richly ſeat,
Devotion nouriſh'd, faith allowance won,
With what might make them any way complete,
Should in their ruins laſtly bury'd lie,
But that begun and ended from the ſky?

And the King, late obedient to her laws,
Againſt the clerk of Germany had writ,
As he the firſt that ſtirr'd in the church's cauſe,
Againſt him greatli'ſt that oppugned it;
And wan from her ſo grateful an applauſe,
Then in her favour chiefly that did ſit,
That as the prop whereon ſhe only ſtay'th,
Him ſhe inſtil'd Defender of the Faith.

But not their power, whoſe wiſdoms them did place
In the firſt rank, the oracles of ſtate,
Who that opinion ſtrongly did embrace,
Which through the land received was of late,
Then aught at all prevailed in this caſe.
O powerful doom of unavoided fate,
Whoſe depth not weak mortality can know!
Who can uphold, what heaven will overthrow.

When time now univerſally did ſhow
The power to it peculiarly annex'd,
With moſt abundance then when ſhe did flow,
Yet every hour ſtill proſp'rouſly ſhe wex'd,
But the world poor did by looſe riots grow
Which ſerved as an excellent pretext,
And colour gave to pluck her from her pride,
Whoſe only greatneſs ſuffer'd none beſide,

Likewiſe to that, poſterity did doubt
Thoſe at the firſt not rightly to adore,
Their fathers that, too credulous devout,
Had to the church contributed their ſtore,
And to recover only went about
What their great zeal had laviſhed before,
On her a ſtrong hand violently lay'd,
Preying on that they gave for to be pray'd.

Beſides, the King ſet in a courſe ſo right,
Which I for him laboriouſly had tract,
(Who, till I learn'd him, had not known his might)
I ſtill to prompt his power with me to act,
Into thoſe ſecrets got ſo deep a ſight,
That nothing laſtly to his furtherance lackt
And by example it to him was ſhown,
How Rome might here be eas'ly overthrown.

In taking down yet of this goodly frame,
He ſuddenly not brake off every band,
But took the power firſt from the papal name,

After, a while let the religion ſtand,
When limb by limb he daily did it lame;
Firſt, took a leg, and after took a hand,
Till the poor ſemblance of a body left,
But all ſhould ſtay it utterly bereft.

For if ſome abby happen'd void to fall,
By death of him that the ſuperior was
Gain, that did firſt church-liberty enthrall,
Only ſupreme promoted to the place,
'Mongſt many bad, the worſt moſt times of all
Under the colour of ſome other's grace,
That by the ſlander which from him ſhould ſpring,
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from heaven when by a ſecret courſe
Diſſenſion univerſally began,
(Prevailing as a planetary ſource)
I' th' church believing, as Mahumetan,
When Luther firſt did theſe opinions nurſe,
Much from great Rome in little ſpace that wan,
It to this change ſo aptly did diſpoſe,
From whoſe ſad ruin ours ſo great aroſe.

When here that fabric utterly did fail,
Which powerful fate had limited to time,
By whoſe ſtrong law it naturally muſt quail,
From that proud height to which it long did climb,
Letting 'gainſt it the contrary prevail,
Therein to puniſh ſome notorious crime,
For which at length juſt-dooming heaven decreed,
That on her buildings ruin here ſhould feed.

Th' authority upon her ſhe did take,
And uſe thereof in every little thing,
Finding herſelf how oft ſhe did forſake,
In her own bounds herſelf not limiting,
That awful fear and due obedience brake,
Which her reputed holineſs did bring,
From ſlight regard and brought her into hate,
With thoſe that much diſlik'd of her eſtate.

Seeing thoſe parts ſhe cunningly had play'd,
Belief to her great miracles to win,
To the wiſe world were every day bewray'd,
From which the doubt did of her pow'r begin,
Damnation yet to queſtion what ſhe ſaid,
Made moſt ſuſpect the faith they had been in,
When their ſalvation eas'ly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had fought.

Whence thoſe ill humours ripen'd to a head,
Bred by the rankneſs of the plenteous land,
And they not only ſtrangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient liberty to ſtand,
Bot what their fathers gave her being dead,
The ſon's rap'd from her with a violent hand,
And thoſe her buildings muſt of all abus'd,
That with the weight their fathers coffins bruis'd.

The wiſeſt and moſt provident but build
For time again but only to deſtroy,
The coſtly piles and monuments we gild,
Succeeding time ſhall reckon but a toy:
Viciſſitude impartially will'd,
The goodlieſt things be ſubject to annoy,
And what one age did ſtudiouſly maintain,
The next again accounteth vile and vain.

Yet time doth tell, in ſome things they did err,
That put their help her bravery to deface,
When as the wealth that taken was from her,
Others ſoon raiſed, that did them diſplace,
Their titles and their offices confer
On ſuch before as were obſcure and baſe,
Who would with her, they likewiſe down ſhould go,
And o'erthrew them that her did overthrow.

And th' Romiſh rites, that with a clearer ſight
The wiſeſt thought they juſtly did reject,
The after ſaw, that the received light
Not altogether free was from defect,
Myſterious things being not conceived right,
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect:
For in opinion ſomething ſhort doth fall,
Wants there have been, and ſhall be ſtill in all.

But negligent ſecurity and eaſe,
Unbridled ſenſuality begat,
That only ſought his appetite to pleaſe,
As it in midſt of much abundance ſat;
The church not willing others ſhould her praiſe,
That ſhe was lean, when as her lands were fat,
Herſelf to too much liberty did give,
Which ſome perceiv'd that in thoſe times did live.

Pierce the wiſe plowman, in his viſion ſaw
Conſcience ſore hurt, yet ſorer was affraid
The ſeven great ſins to hell him like to draw,
And to wiſe clergy mainly cry'd for aid;
Fal'n e'er he wiſt (whom peril much did awe)
On unclean prieſts whil'ſt faintly he him ſtaid,
Willing good clergy t' eaſe his wretched caſe,
Whom theſe ſtrong giants hotly had in chaſe.

Clergy call'd friers, which near at hand did dwell,
And them requeſts to take in hand the cure,
But for their leechcraft that they could not well,
He liſted not their dreſſing to endure,
When in his ear need ſoftly did him tell
(And of his knowledge more did him aſſure)
They came for gain, their end which they did make,
For which on them the charge of ſouls they take.

And voluntary poverty profeſt,
By food of angels ſeeming as to live;
But yet with them th' accounted were the beſt,
That moſt to their fraternity did give,
And beyond number that they were increaſt.
'If ſo (quoth conſcience) thee may I believe,
'Then 'tis in vain more on them to beſtow,
'If beyond number like they be to grow.'

The Frier ſoon feeling conſcience had him found,
And hearing how hypocriſy did thrive,
That many teachers every where did wound,
For which contrition miſerably did grieve:
Now in deceit to ſhew himſelf profound,
His former hopes yet laſtly to revive,
Gets the Pope's letters, whereof he doth ſhape
Him a diſguiſe from conſcience to eſcape.

And ſo tow'rds goodly unity he goes,
A ſtrong-built caſtle ſtanding very high,
Where conſcience liv'd, to keep him from his foes,
Whom, leſt ſome watchful ſentinel ſhould ſpy,
And him ſhould to the garriſon diſcloſe,
His cowl about him carefully doth tie,
Creeps to the gate, and cloſely thereat beat,
As one that entrance gladly would entreat.

Peace, the good porter, ready ſtill at hand,
It doth unpin, and prays him God to ſave,
And after ſalving, kindly doth demand
What was his will, or who he there would have?
The Frier low lowting, croſſing with his hand,
'T' ſpeak with contrition (quoth he) I would crave.'
" Father (quoth peace) your coming is in vain,
" For him of late hypocriſy hath ſlain."

' God ſhield! (quoth he, and turning up his eyes,)
' To former health I hope him to reſtore,
' For in my ſkill his ſound recovery lies;
' Doubt not thereof, if ſetting God before.'
" Are you a ſurgeon?" (peace again replies.)
' Yea (quoth the Frier,) and ſent to heal his ſore.'
" Come near (quoth peace) and God your
" coming ſpeed,
" Never of help contrition had more need."

And for more haſte he haleth in the Frier,
And his lord conſcience quickly of him told,
Who entertain'd him with right friendly cheer:
' O ſir, (quoth he) entreat you that I could
' To lend your hand to my dear couſin here,
' Contrition, whom a ſore diſeaſe doth hold,
' That wounded by hypocriſy of late,
' Now lieth in moſt deſperate eſtate,'

" Sir, (quoth the Frier) I hope him ſoon to cure,
" Which to your comfort quickly you ſhall ſee,
" Will be a while my dreſſing but endure."
And to contrition therewith cometh he,
And by fair ſpeech himſelf on him aſſure,
But firſt of all going thorough for his fee:
Which done, quoth he, " If outwardly you ſhow
" Sound, 't not avails if inwardly or no."

But ſecretly aſſoiling of his ſin,
No other medicine will he to him lay,
Saying, that heaven his ſilver him ſhould win;
And to give Friers, was better than to pray;
So he were ſhriv'd, what need he care a pin?
Thus with his patient he ſo long did play,
Until contrition had forgot to weep.
This the wiſe plowman ſhew'd me from his ſleep.

He ſaw their faults that looſely lived then,
Others again our weakneſſes ſhall ſee:
For this is ſure, he bideth not with men,
That ſhall know all to be what they ſhould be:
Yet let the faithful and induſtrious pen
Have the due merit; but return to me,
Whoſe fall this while blind fortune did deviſe,
To be as ſtrange as ſtrangely I did riſe.

Thoſe ſecret foes yet ſubt'ly to deceive,
That me maligning, lifted at my ſtate,
The King to marry forward ſtill I have,
(His former wife being repudiate)
With Ann the ſiſter of the Duke of Cleve,
The German princes to confederate, [lay,
To back me ſtill 'gainſt thoſe that againſt me
Which as their own retain'd me here in pay.

Which my deſtruction principally wrought,
When afterwards, abandoning her bed,
Which to his will to paſs could not be brought,
So long as yet I bare about my head,
The only man her ſafety that had fought,
Of her again and only favoured,
Which was the cauſe he haſted to my end.
Upon whoſe fall hers likewiſe did depend.

For in his high diſtemp'rature of blood,
Who was ſo great whoſe life he did regard?
Or what was it that his deſires withſtood,
He not inveſted, were it ne'er ſo hard?
Nor held he me ſo abſolutely good,
That though I croſs'd him, I could not be ſpar'd:
But with thoſe things I laſtly was to go,
Which he to ground did violently throw.

When Wincheſter, with all thoſe enemies
Whom by much power from audience had debar'd
The longer time their miſchiefs to deviſe,
Feeling with me how laſtly now it far'd,
When I had done the King what did ſuffice,
Laſtly, thruſt in againſt me to be heard,
When what was ill, contrarily turn'd good,
Making amain to th' ſhedding of my blood.

And that the King his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Having his riot ſatisfy'd thereby,
Seems not to know how I therein did ſway,
What late was truth, now turn'd to hereſy:
When he by me had purchaſed his prey,
Himſelf to clear, and ſatisfy the ſin,
Leaves me but late his inſtrument therein.

Thoſe laws I made myſelf alone to pleaſe,
To give me power more freely to my will,
Even to my equals hurtful ſundry ways,
(Forced to things that moſt do ſay were ill)
Upon me now as violently ſeize,
By which I laſtly, periſh'd by my ſkill,
On mine own neck returning (as my due)
That heavy yoke wherein by me they drew.

My greatneſs threaten'd by ill-boding eyes
My actions ſtrangly cenſured of all,
Yet in my way, my giddineſs not ſees

The pit wherein I likely was to fall.
O, were the ſweets of man's felicities
Often amongſt not temper'd with ſome gall,
He would forget by his o'erweening ſkill,
Juſt heaven above doth cenſure good and ill!

Things over-rank do never kindly bear,
As in the corn, the fluxure when we ſee
Fills but the ſtraw, when it ſhould fill the ear;
Rotting that time in ripening it ſhould be,
And being once down, itſelf can never rear:
With us well doth this ſimile agree,
(By the wiſe man) due to the great in all,
By their own weight being broken in their fall.

Self-loving man what ſooner doth abuſe,
And more than his proſperity doth wound?
Into the deep but fall how can he chooſe,
That over-ſtrides whereon his foot to ground?
Who ſparingly proſperity doth uſe,
And to himſelf doth after-ill propound,
Unto his height who happily doth climb,
Sits above fortune, and controlleth time.

Not chooſing what us moſt delight doth bring,
And moſt that by the general breath is freed,
Wooing that ſuffrage but the virtuous thing,
Which in itſelf is excellent indeed,
Of which the depth and perfect managing
Amongſt the moſt but few there be that heed,
Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
Seldom enduring, and as ſeldom good.

But whilſt we ſtrive too ſuddenly to riſe,
By flatt'ring princes with a ſervile tongue,
And being ſoothers to their tyrannies,
Work our much woes by what doth many wrong,
And unto others tending injuries,
Unto ourſelves it hap'ning oft among,
In our own ſnares unluckily are caught,
Whilſt our attempts fall inſtantly to naught.

The council-chamber place of my arreſt,
Where chief I was, when greateſt was the ſtore
And had my ſpeeches noted of the beſt,
That did them as high oracles adore:
A Parliament was laſtly my inqueſt,
That was myſelf a Parliament before,
The Tower-hill ſcaffold laſt I did aſcend:
Thus the great'ſt man of England made his end.

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA:

WHAT time the groves were clad in green,
The fields dreſt all in flowers,
And that the ſleek-hair'd nymphs were ſeen
To ſeek them ſummer bowers:

Forth rov'd I by the ſliding rills,
To find where Cynthia ſat,
Whoſe name ſo often from the hills
The echoes wonder'd at.

When me upon my queſt to bring,
That pleaſure might excell,
The birds ſtrove which ſhould ſweetlieſt ſing,
The flow'rs which ſhould ſweeteſt ſmell.

Long wand'ring in the wood, ſaid I,
'O whither's Cynthia gone?'
When ſoon the echo doth reply
To my laſt word,——"go on,"

At length upon a loſty fir
It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name moſt due to her,
Was carv'd upon the rind.

Which whilſt with wonder I beheld,
The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with gold were wrought.

And near that tree's more ſpacious root,
Then looking on the ground,
The ſhape of her moſt dainty foot
Imprinted there I found.

Which ſtuck there like a curious ſeal,
As though it ſhould forbid
Us, wretched mortals, to reveal
What under it was hid.

Beſides, the flowers which it had preſs'd,
Appeared to my view
More freſh and lovely than the reſt,
That in the meadows grew.

The clear drops, in the ſteps that ſtood
Of that delicious girl,
The nymphs, amongſt their dainty food,
Drunk for diſſolved pearl.

The yielding ſand, where ſhe had trod,
Untoucht yet with the wind,
By the fair poſture plainly ſhew'd,
Where I might Cynthia find.

When on upon my wayleſs walk
As my deſires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talk
With every thing I ſaw:

I aſk'd ſome lilies, 'Why ſo white
'They from their fellows were?'
Who anſwer'd me, "That Cynthia's ſight
"Had made them look ſo clear."

I aſk'd a nodding violet 'Why
'It ſadly hung the head?'
It told me, "Cynthia late paſt by,
"Too ſoon from it that fled."

A bed of roſes ſaw I there,
Bewitching with their grace;
Beſides ſo wond'rous ſweet they were,
That they perfum'd the place:

I of a ſhrub of thoſe inquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with ſuch virtue them inſpir'd?
It anſwer'd (to my mind:)

'As the baſe hemlock were we ſuch,
'The poyſoned'ſt weed that grows,
'Till Cynthia, by her godlike touch,
'Transform'd us to the roſe,

'Since when thoſe froſts that winter brings
'Which candy every green,
'Renew us like the teeming ſprings,
'And we thus freſh are ſeen.'

At length I on a fountain light,
Whose brim with pinks was platted;
The bank with daffadillies dight,
With grass like sleeve was matted:

When I demanded of that well,
What pow'r frequented there;
Desiring, it would please to tell
What name it us'd to bear:

It told me, 'it was Cynthia's own,
'Within whose cheerful brims,
'That curious nymph had oft been known
'To bathe her snowy limbs;

'Since when that water had the pow'r
'Lost maidenhoods to restore,
'And make one twenty in an hour,
'Of Æson's age before,

And told me 'That the bottom clear,
'Now lay'd with many a sett
'Of seed pearl, e'er she bath'd her there,
'Was known as black as jet:

'As when she from the water came,
'Where first she touch'd the mould,
'In balls the people made the same,
'For pomander and sold.'

When chance me to an arbour led,
Whereas I might behold;
Two blest elysiums in one sted,
The less the great infold;

The place which she had chosen out,
Herself in to repose:
Had they come down, the gods no doubt
The very same had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore
That sweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display,
To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear
Upon a rosy bed;
As lilies the soft pillows were,
Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,
And with such bounties blest,
No limb of her's but might have made
A goddess at the least.

The flies by chance mesht in her hair,
By the bright radiance thrown
From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,
They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,
Her breath did so refine,
That it with woodbine durst compare,
And heard the Eglantine:

The dew which on the tender grass
The evening had distill'd,
To pure rose-water turned was,
The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were husht, no leaf so small
At all was seen to stir:
Whilst tuning to the waters fall,
The small birds sang to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,
When I too plainly see
A thousand cupids from her eyes
Shoot all at once at me.

"Into these secret shades (quoth she)
"How dar'st thou be so bold
"To enter, consecrate to me,
"Or touch this hallowed mould?

"Those words (quoth she) I can pronounce,
"Which to that shape can bring
"Thee, which that hunter had, who once
"Saw Dian in the spring."

'Bright nymph, again I thus reply,
'This cannot me affright:
'I had rather in thy presence die,
'Than live out of thy sight.

'I first upon the mountains high
'Built altars to thy name,
'And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,
'To propagate thy fame.

'I taught the shepherds on the downs
'Of thee to form their lays:
'Twas I that fill'd the neighbouring towns
'With ditties of thy praise.

'Thy colours I devis'd with care,
'Which were unknown before:
'Which since that, in their braided hair
'The nymphs and sylvans wore.

'Transform me to what shape you can,
'I pass not what it be:
'Yea, what most hateful is to man,
'So I may follow thee.'

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
I in her eyes might view.
(Quoth she) "Most welcome to these woods,
"Too mean for one so true.

"Here from the hateful world we'll live,
"A den of mere despight:
"To idiots only that doth give,
"Which be for sole delight.

" To people the infernal pit,
" That more and more doth ſtrive;
" Where only villany is wit,
" And devils only thrive.

" Whoſe vileneſs us ſhall never awe:
" But here our ſports ſhall be,
" Such as the golden world firſt ſaw,
" Moſt innocent and free.

" Of ſimples in theſe groves that grow,
" We'll learn the perfect ſkill;
" The nature of each herb to know,
" Which cures, and which can kill.

" The waxen palace of the bee,
" We ſeeking will ſurpriſe,
" The curious workmanſhip to ſee
" Of her full-laden thighs.

" We'll ſuck the ſweets out of the comb,
" And make the gods repine,
" As they do feaſt in Jove's great room,
" To ſee with what we dine.

" Yet when there haps a honey fall,
" We'll lick the ſyrupt leaves;
" And tell the bees, that their's is gall
" To this upon the greaves.

" The nimble Squirrel noting here,
" Her moſſy dray that makes;
" And laugh to ſee the duſty deer
" Come bounding o'er the brakes.

" The ſpider's web to watch we'll ſtand,
" And when it takes the bee,
" We'll help out of the tyrant's hand
" The innocent to free.

" Sometime we'll angle at the brook,
" The freckled trout to take,
" With ſilken worms and bait the hook,
" Which him our prey ſhall make.

" Of meddling with ſuch ſubtle tools,
" Such dangers that encloſe,
" The moral is, that painted fools
" Are caught with ſilken ſhews.

" And when the moon doth once appear,
" We'll trace the lower grounds,
" When fairies in their ringlets there
" Do dance their nightly rounds.

" And have a flock of turtle doves,
" A guard on us to keep,
" As witneſs of our honeſt loves
" To watch us till we ſleep."

Which ſpoke, I felt ſuch holy fires
To overſpread my breaſt,
As lent life to my chaſte deſires,
And gave me endleſs reſt.

By Cynthia thus do I ſubſiſt,
On earth heaven's only pride;
Let her be mine, and let who liſt
Take all the world beſide.

THE SHEPHERD'S SIRENA.

Dorilus, in ſorrows deep,
Autumn waxing old and chill,
As he ſat his flocks to keep,
Underneath an eaſy hill,
Chanc'd to caſt his eye aſide
On thoſe fields, where he had ſeen
Bright Sirena, Nature's pride,
Sporting on the pleaſant green:
To whoſe walks the ſhepherds oft
Came, her god-like foot to find;
And in places that were ſoft,
Kiſt the print there left behind:
Where the path which ſhe had trod,
Hath therehy more glory gain'd,
Than in heav'n that milky road,
Which with nectar Hebe ſtain'd.
But bleak winter's boiſt'rous blaſts
Now their fading pleaſures chid,
And ſo fill'd them with his waſtes,
That from ſight her ſteps were hid.
Silly ſhepherd, ſad the while
For his ſweet Sirena gone,
All his pleaſures in exile,
Laid on the cold earth alone:
Whilſt his gameſome cut-tail'd curr
With his mirthleſs maſter plays,
Striving him with ſport to ſtir,
As in his more youthful days.
Dorilus his dog doth chide,
Lays his well-tun'd bagpipe by,
And his ſheep-hook caſts aſide,
There (quoth he) together lie.
When a letter forth he took,
Which to him Sirena writ,
With a deadly downcaſt look,
And thus fell to reading it.

'Dorilus, my dear, (quoth ſhe)
'Kind companion of my woe,
'Though we thus divided he,
'Death cannot divorce us ſo:
'Thou whoſe boſom hath been ſtill
'Th' only cloſet of my care,
'And in all my good and ill
'Ever had thy equal ſhare:
'Might I win thee from thy fold,
'Thou ſhould'ſt come to viſit me;
'But the winter is ſo cold,
'That I fear to hazard thee.
'The wild waters are wax'd high,
'So they are both deaf and dumb;
'Lov'd they thee ſo well as I,
'They would ebb when thou ſhould'ſt come:
'Then my cott with light ſhould ſhine
'Purer than the veſtal fire;
'Nothing here but ſhould be thine,
'That thy heart can well deſire:
'Where at large we will relate
'From what cauſe our friendſhip grew,
'And in that the varying fate,
'Since we firſt each other knew:
'Of my heavy paſſed plight,
'As of many a future fear,
'Which, except the ſilent night,
'None but only thou ſhalt hear.
'My ſad heart it ſhall relieve,
'When my thoughts I ſhall diſcloſe,
For thou canſt not chuſe but grieve,
'When I ſhall recount my woes.
'There is nothing to that friend,
'To whoſe cloſe uncranied breaſt
'We our ſecret thoughts may ſend,
'And there ſafely let 'hem reſt:
'And thy faithful counſel may
'My diſtreſſed caſe aſſiſt;
'Sad affliction elſe may ſway
'Me, a woman, as it liſt
'Hither I would have thee haſte,
'Yet would gladly have thee ſtay,
'When thoſe dangers I forecaſt,
'That may meet thee by the way.
'Do as thou ſhalt think it beſt,
'Let thy knowledge be thy guide;
'Live thou in my conſtant breaſt,
'Whatſoever ſhall betide.'
He her letter having read,
Puts it in his ſcrip again,
Looking like a man half dead,
By her kindneſs ſtrangely ſlain:
And as one who only knew
Her diſtreſſed preſent ſtate,
And to her had ſtill been true,
Thus doth with himſelf dilate.

'I will not thy face admire,
'Admirable though it be,
'Nor thine eyes, whose subtle fire
'So much wonder win in me:
'But my marvel shall be now,
'(And of long it hath been so)
'Of all womankind that thou
'Wert ordain'd to taste of woe.
'To a beauty so divine,
'(Paradise in little done)
'O that fortune should assign
'Aught but what thou well might'st shun!
'But my counsels such must be,
'(Though as yet I them conceal)
'By their deadly wound in me,
'They thy hurt must only heal.
'Could I give what thou dost crave,
'To that pass thy state is grown,
'I thereby thy life may save,
'But am sure to lose mine own.
'To that joy thou do'st conceive,
'Through my heart the way doth lie,
'Which in two for three must cleave,
'Lest that thou should'st go awry.
'Thus my death must be a toy,
'Which my pensive breast must cover;
'Thy beloved to enjoy,
'Must be taught thee by thy lover.
'Hard the choice I have to chuse;
'To myself if friend I be,
'I must my Sirena lose;
'If not so, she loseth me.'
Thus whilst he doth cast about
What therein were best to do,
Nor could yet resolve the doubt,
Whether he should stay or go:
In those fields not far away
There was many a frolic swain,
In fresh russets day by day,
That kept revels on the plain.
Nimble Tom, sirnam'd the Tup,
For his pipe without a peer,
And could tickle *Trenchmore* up,
As 'twould joy your heart to hear:
Ralph, as much renown'd for skill,
That the tabor touch'd so well:
For his gittern little Gill,
That all other did excel:
Rock and Rollo every way,
Who still led the rustic ging,
And could troul a roundelay,
That would make the fields to ring:
Colin on his shalm so clear,
Many a high-pitch'd note that had,
And could make the echoes near
Shout as they were waxen mad:
Many a lusty swain beside,
That for nought but pleasure car'd,
Having Dorilus espy'd,
And with him knew how it far'd,
Thought from him they would remove
This strong melancholy fit;
Or so, should it not behove,
Quite to put him out of's wit:
Having learnt a song which he
Sometime to Sirena sent,
Full of jollity and glee,
When the nymph liv'd near to Trent;
They behind him softly got,
Lying on the earth along,
And when he suspected not,
Thus the jovial Shepherds song.

NEAR to the silver Trent
Sirena dwelleth,
She to whom nature lent
All that excelleth;
By which the Muses late,
And the neat Graces,
Have for their greater state
Taken their places;
Twisting an Anadem,
Wherewith to crown her,
As it belong'd to them
Most to renown her.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and Pactolus
Are to thee debtor,
Nor for their gold to us
Are they the better:
Henceforth of all the rest,
Be thou the river,
Which as the daintiest,
Puts them down ever.
For as my precious one
O'er thee doth travel,
She to Pearl paragon
Turneth thy gravel.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in April
Shall wake the sooner;
And to her shall complain
From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
Over and over:
For when my love too long
Her chamber keepeth;
As though it suffered wrong,
The morning weepeth.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Oft have I ſeen the Sun,
To do her honour,
Fix himſelf at his noon
To look upon her,
And hath gilt every grove,
Every hill near her,
With his flames from above,
Striving to cheer her:
And when ſhe from his ſight
Hath herſelf turned,
He, as it had been night,
In clouds hath mourned.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy ſwans ſing her,
And with their muſic
Along let them bring her.

The verdant meads are ſeen,
When ſhe doth view them,
In freſh and gallant green
Strait to renew them;
And every little graſs
Broad itſelf ſpreadeth,
Proud that this honny laſs
Upon it treadeth:
Nor flower is ſo ſweet
In this large cincture,
But it upon her feet
Leaveth ſome tincture.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy ſwans ſing her,
And with their muſic
Along let them bring her.

The fiſhes in the flood
When ſhe doth angle,
For the hook ſtrive agood
Them to entangle;
And leaping on the land
From the clear water,
Their ſcales upon the ſand
Laviſhly ſcatter;
Therewith to pave the mold
Whereon ſhe paſſes,
So herſelf to behold
As in her glaſſes.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy ſwans ſing her,
And with their muſic
Along let them bring her.

When ſhe looks out by night,
The ſtars ſtand gazing,
Like comets to our ſight
Fearfully blazing;
As wond'ring at her eyes,
With their much brightneſs,
Which ſo amaze the ſkies,
Dimming their lightneſs.
The raging tempeſts are calm
When ſhe ſpeaketh,
Such moſt delightſome balm
From her lips breaketh.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy ſwans ſing her,
And with their muſic
Along let them bring her.

In all our Brittany
There's not a fairer,
Nor can you fit any,
Should you compare her.
Angels her eye-lids keep,
All hearts ſurprizing;
Which look whilſt ſhe doth ſleep
Like the ſun's riſing:
She alone of her kind
Knoweth true meaſure,
And her unmatched mind
Is heaven's treaſure.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy ſwans ſing her,
And with their muſic
Along let them bring her.

Fair Dove and Darwent clear,
Boaſt ye your beauties,
To Trent your miſtreſs here
Yet pay your duties.
My love was higher born
Tow'rds the full fountains,
Yet ſhe doth Moorland ſcorn,
And the Peak mountains;
Nor would ſhe none ſhould dream
Where ſhe abideth,
Humble as is the ſtream,
Which by her ſlideth.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy ſwans ſing her,
And with their muſic
Along let them bring her.

Yet my poor ruſtic Muſe,
Nothing can move her,
Nor the means I can uſe,
Though her true lover:
Many a long winter's night
Have I wak'd for her,
Yet this my piteous plight
Nothing can ſtir her.
All thy ſands, ſilver Trent,
Down to the Humber,
The ſighs that I have ſpent
Never can number.
Cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy ſwans ſing her,
And with their muſic
Along let them bring her.

Taken with this ſuddain ſong,
Leaſt for mirth when he doth look,

His ſad heart more deeply ſtung
Than the former care he took.
At their laughter and amaz'd,
For a while he ſat aghaſt;
But a little having gaz'd,
Thus he them beſpake at laſt.
'Is this time for mirth (quoth he)
'To a man with grief oppreſt?
'Sinful wretches as you be,
'May the ſorrows in my breaſt
'Light upon you one by one;
'And as now you mock my woe,
'When your mirth is turn'd to moan,
'May your like then ſerve you ſo.'
When one ſwain among the reſt
Thus him merrily beſpake:
'Get thee up, thou arrant beaſt,
'Fits this ſeaſon love to make?
'Take thy ſheep-hook in thy hand,
'Clap thy cur and ſet him on;
'For our fields 'tis time to ſtand,
'Or they quickly will be gone,
'Roguiſh ſwineherds, that repine
'At our flocks, like beaſtly clowns,
'Swear that they will bring their ſwine,
'And will root up all our downs:
'They their holly whips have brac'd,
'And tough hazel goads have got;
'Soundly they your ſides will baſte,
'If their courage fail them not.
'Of their purpoſe if they ſpeed,
'It is neither droan nor reed,
'Shepherds, that will ſerve your turn.
'Angry Olcon ſets them on,
'And againſt us part doth take,
'Ever ſince he was out-gone,
'Off'ring rhymes with us to make.
'Yet if ſo our ſheep-hooks hold,
'Dearly ſhall our downs be bought;
'For it never ſhall be told,
'We our ſheep-walks ſold for naught.
'And we here have got us dogs,
'Beſt of all the Weſtern breed,
'Which though whelps ſhall lug their hogs,
'Till they make their ears to bleed:
'Therefore, ſhepherd, come away.'
When as Dorilus aroſe,
Whiſtles cut-tail from his play,
And along with them he goes.

POLY-OLBION.

PREFACE TO THE GENERAL READER.

[When Mr. Drayton publiſhed eighteen Songs only of this Poem.]

In publiſhing this my poem, there is this great diſadvantage againſt me, that it cometh out at this time, when verſes are wholly deduced to chambers, and nothing eſteemed in this lunatic age, but what is kept in cabinets, and muſt only paſs by tranſcription. In ſuch a ſeaſon, when the idle humorous world muſt hear of nothing that either ſavours of antiquity, or may awake it to ſeek after more than dull and ſlothful ignorance may eaſily reach unto: theſe, I ſay, make much againſt me; and eſpecially in a poem, from any example, either of ancient, or modern, that have proved in this kind; whoſe unuſual tract may perhaps ſeem difficult to the female ſex; yea, and I fear, to ſome that think themſelves not meanly learned, being not rightly inſpired by the Muſes: ſuch I mean, as had rather read the fantaſies of foreign inventions, than to ſee the rarities and hiſtory of their own country delivered by a true native Muſe. Then, whoſoever thou be, poſſeſſed with ſuch ſtupidity and dulneſs, that, rather than thou wilt take pains to ſearch into ancient and noble things, chooſeſt to remain in the thick fogs and miſts of ignorance, as near the common lay-ſtall of a city; refuſing to walk forth into the tempe and fields of the Muſes; where, through moſt delightful groves, the angelic harmony of birds ſhall ſteal thee to the top of an eaſy hill, where in artificial caves, cut out of the moſt natural rock, thou ſhalt ſee the ancient people of this iſle delivered thee in their lively images; from whoſe height thou mayeſt behold both the old and later times, as in thy proſpect, lying far under thee; then convcying thee down by a ſoul-pleaſing deſcent through delicate embroidered meadows, often veined with gentle gliding brooks; in which thou mayeſt fully view the dainty nymphs in their ſimple naked beauties, bathing them in cryſtalline ſtreams; which ſhall lead thee to moſt pleaſant downs, where harmleſs ſhepherds are, ſome exerciſing their pipes, ſome ſinging roundelays to their gazing flocks. If, as I ſay, thou hadſt rather (becauſe it aſks thy labour) remain where thou wert, than ſtrain thyſelf to walk forth with the Muſes, the fault proceeds from thy idleneſs, not from any want in my induſtry. And to any that ſhall demand wherefore, having promiſed this poem of the general iſland ſo many years, I now publiſh only this part of it; I plainly anſwer, that many times I had determined with myſelf to have left it off, and have neglected my papers ſometimes two years together, finding the times ſince his Majeſty's happy coming in, to fall ſo heavily upon my diſtreſſed fortunes, after my zealous ſoul had laboured ſo long in that, which, with the general happineſs of the kingdom, ſeemed not then impoſſible ſomewhat alſo to have advanced me. But I inſtantly ſaw all my long-nouriſhed hopes even buried alive before my face: ſo uncertain in this world be the ends of our cleareſt endeavours! And whatever is

herein that taſtes of a free ſpirit, I thankfully confeſs to proceed from the continual bounty of my truly noble friend Sir Walter Aſton; which hath given me the beſt of thoſe hours, whoſe leiſure hath effected this which I now publiſh. Sundry other ſongs I have alſo, though yet not ſo perfect that I dare commit them to public cenſure; and the reſt I determine to go forward with, God enabling me, may I find means to aſſiſt my endeavour. Now, reader, for the farther underſtanding of my poem, thou haſt two eſpecial helps: Firſt the argument, to direct thee ſtill where thou art, and through what ſhires the muſe makes her journey, and what ſhe chiefly handles in the ſong thereto belonging. Next haſt thou the illuſtrations of this learned gentleman, my friend, to explain every hard matter of hiſtory, that, lying far from the way of common reading, may (without queſtion) ſeem difficult unto thee. Thus wiſhing thee thy heart's deſire, and committing my poem to thy charitable cenſure, I take my leave.

Thine, as thou art mine,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

TO MY FRIENDS THE CAMBRO-BRITONS.

To have you without difficulty underſtand, how in this my intended progreſs through theſe united kingdoms of Great Britain, I have placed your (and, I muſt confeſs, my) loved Wales, you ſhall perceive, that after the three firſt ſongs beginning with our French iſlands, Guernſey and Jerſey, with the reſt; and perfecting in thoſe firſt three the ſurvey of theſe ſix our moſt Weſtern counties, Cornwal, Devon, Dorſet, Hants, Wilts, and Somerſet; I then make over Severn into Wales, not far from the midſt of her broad-ſide that lieth againſt England. I term it her broad-ſide, becauſe it lieth from Shrewſbury ſtill along with Severn, till ſhe laſtly turn ſea. And to explain two lines of mine (which you ſhall find in the fourth ſong of my poem, but it is the firſt of Wales), which are theſe:

And e'er ſeven books have end, I'll ſtrike ſo high a ſtring,
Thy bards ſhall ſtand amaz'd with wonder whilſt I ſing.

Speaking of ſeven books, you ſhall underſtand that I continue Wales through ſo many; beginning in the fourth ſong (where the nymphs of England and Wales contend for the iſle of Lundy) and ending in the tenth; ſtriving, as my much-loved the learned Humphry Floyd, in his deſcription of Cambria to Abraham Ortelius, to uphold her ancient bounds, Severn and Dee, and therefore have included the parts of thoſe three Engliſh ſhires of Gloceſter, Worceſter and Salop, that lie on the Weſt of Severn, within their ancient mother Wales: in which, if I have not done her right, the want is in my ability, not in my love. And beſide my natural inclination to love antiquity (which Wales may highly boaſt of) I confeſs, the free and gentle company of that true lover of his country (as of all ancient and noble things) Mr. John Williams, his Majeſty's goldſmith, my dear and worthy friend, hath made me the more ſeek into the antiquities of your country. Thus wiſhing your favourable conſtruction of theſe my faithful endeavours, I bid you farewel.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PERMIT me thus much of theſe notes to my friend. What the verſe oft, with alluſion, as ſuppoſing a full-knowing reader, lets ſlip; or in winding ſteps of perſonating fictions (as ſometimes) ſo infolds, that ſudden conceit cannot abſtract a form of the clothed truth, I have, as I might, illuſtrated. Brevity and plainneſs (as the one endured the other) I have joined; purpoſely avoiding frequent commixture of different language; and whenſoever it happens, either the page or margin (ſpecially for gentlewomen's ſake) ſummarily interprets it, except where interpretation aids not. Being not very prodigal of my hiſtorical faith, after explanation, I oft adventure on examination and cenſure. The author, in paſſages of firſt inhabitants, name, ſtate, and monarchic ſucceſſion in this iſle, follows Geffrey ap Arthur, Polychronicon, Matthew of Weſtminſter, and ſuch more. Of their traditions, for that one ſo much controverted, and by Cambro-Britons ſtill maintained, touching the Trojan Brute, I have (but as an advocate for the Muſe) argued; diſclaiming it, if alleged for my own opinion. In moſt of the reſt, upon weighing the reporters credit, compariſon with more perſuading authority, and ſynchroniſm (the beſt touch-ſtone in this kind of trial) I leave note of ſuſpicion, or add conjectural amendment: as for particular examples, among other, in Brennus miſtook by all writers of later time, following Juſtin's epitome of Trogus ill conceived; in Robert of Swapham's ſtory of King Wulpher's murdering his children, in Rollo firſt Duke of Normandy his time; none of them yet rectified (although the firſt hath been adventured on) by any that I have ſeen; and ſuch more. And indeed my jealouſy hath oft vext me with particular inquiſition of whatſoever occurs, bearing not a mark of moſt apparent truth, ever ſince I found ſo intolerable antichroniſms, incredible reports, and bardiſh impoſtures, as well from ignorance as aſſumed liberty of invention in ſome of our ancients; and read alſo ſuch palpable falſities of our nation, thruſt into the world by later time. As (to give a taſte) that of Randall Higden, affirming the beginning of wards in 6. Henry III. Polydore's aſſertion (upon miſtaking of the ſtatute 1. Henry VII.) that it was death by the Engliſh laws for any man to wear a vizard; with many like errors in his hiſtory, of our trials by twelve, ſheriffs, coat of the kingdom, parliaments, and other like; Bartol's delivering the cuſtom in this iſle to be, (*a*) *quod primogenitos ſuccedit in omnibus bonis.* The Greek Chalcondylas his ſlanderous deſcription of our uſual form of kind entertainment, to begin with the wives courteous admiſſion to that moſt affected pleaſure of laſcivious fancy (he was deceived by miſunderſtanding the reports of our kiſſing (*b*) ſalutations, given and accepted amongſt us with more freedom than in any part of the Southern world, erroneouſly thinking, perhaps, that every kiſs muſt be thought ſeconded with that addition to the ſeven promiſed by Mercury in name of Venus to him that ſhould find Pſyche; or as wanton as Ariſtophanes his Μανδαλωτόν:) and many untruths of like nature in others. Concerning the Arcadian deduction of our Britiſh monarchy; within that time, from Brute, ſuppoſed about 2850 of the world (Samuel then judge of Iſrael) unto ſome fifty-four before Chriſt, (about when Julius Cæſar viſited the iſland) no relation was extant, which is now left to our uſe. How then are they, which pretend chronologies of that age without any fragment of authors before Gildas, Talieſſin, and Nenius (the eldeſt of which was ſince 500 of Chriſt) to be credited? For my part, I believe as much in them as I do the finding of Hiero's ſhip maſt in our (*c*) mountains, which is collected upon a corrupted place in Athenæus, cited out of Moſchion; or that Ptolemy Philadelph ſent to Reutha King of Scots ſome 1900 years ſince, for diſcovery of this country, which Claude Ptolemy afterward put in his geography: or that Julius Cæſar built Arthurs-hoffen in Stirling ſheriffdom; or that Britons

(*a*) *Ad. C. de ſumm. Trinit. l.* 1. *num.* 42.

(*b*) *Unum blandientis, ad pulſum linguæ longè mellitum.* Apuleius *de Aur. Aſin.* 6. And you may remember (as like enough he did) that in *Plautus Curcul. Qui vult cubare pangit ſaltem ſuavium*; and ſuch more in other wanton poets, with the opinion of *Baldus*, that a kiſs in thoſe Southern nations, is ſufficient conſent to imperfect eſpouſals, nothing of that kind, but copulation, with us and our neighbouring Dutch being ſo.

(*c*) Ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσι τῆς Βρεττανίας, ἀντὶ τῆ Βρεττιανῆς, *quæ nempè verior videtur lectio.*

were at the rape of Heſione with Hercules, as our excellent wit, Joſeph of Exceſter (publiſhed falſely under name of Cornelius Nepos) ſingeth: which are even equally warrantable, as Arioſto's narrations of perſons and places in his Rowland's Spenſer's Elfin Story, or Rablais's ſtrange diſcoveries. Yet the capricious faction will (I know) never quit their belief of wrong, although ſome Elias or Delian diver ſhould make open what is ſo inquired after. Briefly, until Polybius, who wrote near 1800 ſince (for Ariſtotle περὶ Κόσμου is clearly counterfeited in title) no Greek mentions the iſle; until Lucretius (ſome hundred years later) no Roman hath expreſſed a thought of us; until Cæſar's commentaries, no picce of its deſcription was known, that is now left to poſterity. For time therefore preceding Cæſar, I dare truſt none; but with others adhere to conjecture. In ancient matter ſince I rely on Tacitus and Dio eſpecially, Vopiſcus, Capitolin, Spartian (for ſo much as they have, and the reſt of the Auguſtan ſtory) afterward Gildas, Nennius, (but little is laſt of them, and that of the laſt very imperfect) Bede, Aſſerio, Ethelwerd (near of blood to King Alfred) William of Malmſbury, Marian, Florence of Worceſter (that publiſhed under name of Florence hath the very ſyllables of moſt part of Marian the Scot's ſtory, fraught with Engliſh antiquities; which will ſhew you how eaſily to anſwer Buchanan's objection againſt our hiſtorians about Athelſtan's being king of all Albion, being deceived when he imagined that there was no other of Marian but the common printed chronicle, which is indeed but an epitome or defloration made by Robert of Lorraine biſhop of Hereford under Henry I.) and the numerous reſt of our Monkiſh and ſucceeding chronographers. In all, I believe him moſt, which, freeſt from affection and hate (cauſes of corruption) might beſt know and hath with moſt likely aſſertion delivered his report. Yet ſo, that, to explain the author, carrying himſelf in this part an hiſtorical, as in the the other a chorographical poet, I inſert oft, out of the Britiſh ſtory what I importune you not to credit. Of that kind are thoſe prophecies out of Merlin ſometime interwoven. I diſcharge myſelf; nor impute you to me any ſerious reſpect of them. Inviting, not wreſting in occaſion, I add ſometime what is different from my taſk, but ſuch as I gueſs would any where pleaſe an underſtanding reader. To aid you in courſe of times, I have in fit place drawn chronologies upon credit of the ancients, and for matter of the kind have admoniſhed (to the fourth Canto) what as yet I never ſaw by any obſerved, for wary conſideration of the Dionyſian cycle and miſinterpreted root of his Dominical year. Thoſe old rhimes, which (ſome number) you often meet with, are offered the willinger, both for variety of your mother-toogue, as alſo becauſe the author of them (Robert of Gloceſter) never yet appeared in common light. He was, in time, an age before; but, in learning and wit, as moſt others, much behind our worthy Chaucer: whoſe name by the way occurring, and my work here being but to add plain ſong after Muſes diſcanting, I cannot but digreſs to admonition of abuſe, which this learned alluſion in his Troilus, by ignorance hath endured.

I am till God me better mind ſend,
At (*a*) Dulcarnon, *right at my wits end.*

It is not Necham, or any elſe, that can make me entertain the leaſt thought of the ſignification of *Dulcarnon* to be Pythogaras's ſacrifices after his geometrical theorem in finding the ſquares of an orthogonal triangle's ſides, or that it is a word of Latin deduction; but indeed by eaſier pronunciation it was made of (*b*)[zu 'l'kurnein], *i. e. two-horned:* which the Mahometan Arabians uſe for a *root* in calculation, meaning Alexander, as that great dictator of knowledge Joſeph Scaliger (with ſome ancients) wills, but by warranted opinion of my learned friend Mr. Lydyat in his *Emendatio temporum*, it began in Seleucus Nicanor, twelve years after Alexander's death. The name was applied, either becauſe after time that Alexander had perſuaded himſelf to be Jupiter Hammon's ſon, whoſe ſtatue was with rams horns, both his own and his ſucceſſors coins were ſtampt with horned images: or elſe in reſpect of his two pillars erected in the eaſt, as a (*c*) *nihil ultra* of his conqueſt; and ſome ſay, becauſe he had in power the eaſtern and weſtern world, ſignified in the two horns. But howſoever, it well fits the paſſage, either as if he had perſonated Creſeide at the entrance of two ways, not knowing which to take; in like ſenſe as that of Prodicus his Hercules, or Pythagoras his Y, or the Logicians Dilemma expreſs; or elſe, which is the truth of his conceit, that ſhe was at a nonplus, as the interpretation in his next ſtaff makes plain. How many of noble Chaucer's readers never ſo much as ſuſpect this his ſhort eſſay of knowledge, tranſcending the common road? And by his treatiſe of the Aſtrolabe (which, I dare ſwear, was chiefly learned out of Meſſahalah) it is plain he was much acquainted with the mathematics, and amongſt their authors had it. But I return to myſelf. From vain loading my margin with books, chapters, folios, or names of our hiſtorians I abſtain; courſe of time as readily directs to them. But where the place might not ſo eaſily occur, (chiefly in matter of Philology) there only (for view of them which ſhall examine me) I have added aſſiſting references. For moſt of what I uſe of Chorography, join with me in thanks to that moſt learned nourice of antiquity,

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(*a*) Chaucer explained.
(*b*) Epocha Selencidarum.
(*c*) Chriſtman. Commentar. in Alfragan. c. 11. Lyſimachi Cornuum apud Cæl. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 20. c. 12 hîc genuina interpretatio.

——————(*d*) *τόν τις καὶ τηλόθι νάιων*
Τιμᾷ ἀνὴρ Ἀγαθός,——————

my inſtructing friend Mr. Camden Clarencieux. From him and Girald of Cambria alſo comes moſt of my Britiſh; and then may Mercury and all the Muſes deadly hate me, when, in permitting occaſion, I profeſs not by whom I learn! let them vent judgment on me which underſtand. I juſtify all, but when of neceſſity I muſt. My thirſt compelled me always to ſeek the fountains, and by that, if means grant it, judge the rivers nature. Nor can any converſant in letters be ignorant what error is oft-times fallen into, by truſting authorities at ſecond hand, and raſh collecting (as it were) from viſual beams refracted through another's eye. In performance of this charge (undertaken at requeſt of my kind friend the author) brevity of time (which was but little more than ſince the poem firſt went to the preſs) and that daily diſcontinued, both by my other moſt different ſtudies ſeriouſly attended, and interrupting buſineſs, as enough can witneſs, might excuſe great faults, eſpecially of omiſſion. But I take not thence advantage to deſire more than common courteſy in cenſure, nor of this, nor of what elſe I heretofore have publiſhed, touching (*e*) hiſtorical deduction of our ancient laws, wherein I ſcape not without tax.

Sunt quibus in verbis videorq; obſcurior, hoc eſt,
Evandri cum matre loqui, Founiſq; Numaq;
Nec ſecus ac ſi auctor Saliaris carminis eſſem.

I have read in Cicero, Agellius, Lucian's Lexiphanes, and others, much againſt that form: but withal, this later age (wherein ſo induſtrious ſearch is among admired ruins of old monuments) hath, in our greateſt Latin critics Hans Douz, P. Merula, Lipſius, and ſuch more, ſo revived that Saturnian language, that, to ſtudents in Philology, it is now grown familiar; and as (*f*) he ſaith) *Verba à vetuſtate repetita non ſolum magnos aſſertatores habent, ſed etiam afferunt orationi majeſtatem aliquam, non ſine delectatione.* Yet for antique terms, to the learned, I will not juſtify it without exception (diſliking not that of Phavorin, *Vive moribus præteritis, loquere verbis præſentibus;* and as coin, ſo words, of a public and known ſtamp, are to be uſed) although ſo much as that way I offend, is warranted by example of ſuch, of whom to endeavour imitation allows me more than the bare title of blameleſs. The purblind ignorant I ſalute with the Engliſh of that monitory epigram,

——————(*g*) *Εἰ δέ γε πάμπαν*
Νηΐς ἔφυς Μουσέων, βίβρου ἃ μὴ νοέεις.

reprehenſion of them, whoſe language and beſt learning is purchaſed from ſuch volumes as Rablais reckons St. Victor's library, or barbarous gloſſes,

Quàm nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!

or which are furniſhed in our old ſtory, only out of the common Polychronicon, Caxton, Fabian, Stow, Grafton, Lanquet, Cooper, Holingſhed (perhaps with gift of underſtanding) Polydore, and the reſt of our later compilers; or, of any adventurous Therſites daring find fault even with the very Graces, in a ſtrain

Cornua quod vincatque tubas——————

I regard as metamorphoſed, Lucius's looking out at window; I ſlight, ſcorn, and laugh at it. By Sections [§] in the verſes you know what I meddle with in the illuſtrations; but ſo, that with latitude, the direction admoniſhes ſometimes as well for explaining a following or preceding paſſage as its own.

Ingenuous readers, to you I wiſh your beſt deſires; to the author I wiſh, (as an old Coſmographical poet did long ſince to himſelf.)

——————(*h*) *Ἀλλὰ σοι ὕμνων*
Αὐτων ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιος εἴη ἀμοιβή.

To gentlewomen and their loves is conſecrated all the wooing language, alluſions to love-paſſions, and ſweet embracements feigned by the Muſe amongſt hills and rivers. Whatſoever taſtes of deſcription, battle, ſtory, abſtruſe antiquity, and (which my particular ſtudy cauſed me ſometime remember) law of the kingdom, to the more ſevere reader. To the one, be contenting enjoyments of their auſpicious deſires; to the other, happy attendance of their choſen Muſes.

FROM THE INNER TEMPLE,
MAY 9. 1612.

(*d*) Of whom even every ingenious ſtranger makes honourable mention. Comitem verò illum Palatinum R. Vitum Baſingſtochium (Cujus Hiſtoriæ magnam partem quaſi Βεργαίζοντος Chorographica ſubſtructio pleraq; ad Antiquitatis amuſſim, ab Erudiciſſimo hoc ſuo populari accepta, ne dicam ſuppilata, eſt) ade ò inhumanum fuiſſe miror, ut benè merentem non tam libenter agnoſcat, quàm Clariſſ. Viri ſyllabis et inventis codicem ſuum ſæpius perquam ingratè ſuffarcinet. Atque id ferè genus Plagiarios, rudes omninò, et Ἀμούσους, et vernacules nimirum Noſtrates jam nunc imponere ſarcinam vides indignanter & ringor.

(*e*) Janus Anglorum. (*f*) Quintilian.

(*g*) If thou haſt no taſte in learning, meddle no more with what thou underſtandeſt not.

(*h*) That the godlike ſort of men may worthily guerdon his labour.

POLY-OLBION:

THE FIRST SONG.

The Argument.

The ſprightly Muſe her wing diſplays,
And the French iſlands firſt ſurveys;
Bears up with Neptune, and in glory
Tranſcends proud Cornwal's promontory;
There crowns Mount-Michael, and deſcries
How all thoſe riverets fall and riſe;
Then takes in Tamer, as ſhe bounds
The Corniſh and Devonian grounds.
And whilſt the Dev'nſhire nymphs relate
Their loves, their fortunes, and eſtate,
Dert undertaketh to revive
Our Brute, and ſings his firſt arrive:
Then northward to the verge ſhe bends,
And her firſt ſong at Ax ſhe ends.

Of Albion's glorious iſle the wonders whilſt I write,
The ſundry varying ſoils, the pleaſures infinite,
(Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expels the heat,
The calms too mildly ſmall, nor winds too roughly great,
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night doth wrong,
The ſummer not too ſhort, the winter not too long)
What help ſhall I invoke to aid my muſe the while?
Thou genius of the place (this moſt renowned iſle)
Which lived'ſt long before the all-earth-drowning flood)
Whilſt yet the world did ſwarm with her gigantic brood,
Go thou before me ſtill thy circling ſhores about,
And in this wand'ring maze help to conduct me out

Direct my courſe ſo right, as with thy hand to ſhow [flow;
Which way thy foreſts range, which way thy rivers
Wiſe genius, by thy help that ſo I may deſcry
How thy fair mountains ſtand, and how thy vallies lie;
From thoſe clear pearly cliffs which ſee the morning's pride,
And check the ſurly imps of Neptune when they chide,
Unto the big-ſwoln waves in the (*a*) Iberian ſtream,
Where Titan ſtill unyokes his fiery-hooſed team,
And oft his flaming locks luſcious nectar ſteeps,
When from Olympus' top he plungeth in the deeps:
That from (*b*) th' Armotic ſands, on ſurging Neptune's leas,
Through the Hibernic gulf (thoſe rough Vergivian ſeas)
My verſe with wings of ſkill may fly a lofty gait,
§. As Amphitrite clips this iſland fortunate,
Till through the ſleepy main to (*c*) Thuly I have gone,
And ſeen the frozen iſles, the cold (*d*) Deucalidon,
§. Amongſt whoſe iron rocks grim Saturn yet remains, [chains.
Bound in thoſe gloomy caves with adamantine
Ye ſacred (*e*) bards, that to your harps melodious ſtrings
Sung th' ancient heroes deeds (the monuments of Kings)
And in your dreadful verſe ingrav'd the prophecies,
The aged world's deſcents and genealogies;
If, as thoſe (*f*) Druids taught, which kept the Britiſh rites,
And dwelt in darkſome groves, there counſelling with ſprites
(But their opinions fail'd, by error led awry,
As ſince clear truth hath ſhew'd to their poſterity)
When theſe our ſouls by death our bodies do forſake,
§. They inſtantly again do other bodies take;
I could have wiſht your ſpirits redoubled in my breaſt,
To give my verſe applauſe to time's eternal reſt.
Thus ſcarcely ſaid the muſe, but hovering while ſhe hung
Upon the (*g*) Celtic waſtes, the ſea-nymphs loudly ſung:

'O ever-happy iſles, your heads ſo high that bear,
'By nature ſtrongly fenc'd, which never need to fear [wars,
'On Neptune's watry realms when Eolus raiſeth
And every billow bounds, as though to quench the ſtars;
Fair Jerſey firſt of theſe here ſcatter'd in the deep,
'Peculiarly that boaſts thy double horned ſheep:
'Inferior nor to thee, thou Guernſey, bravely
'crown'd
'With rough-embattled rocks, whoſe venom-
'hating ground
'The hard'ned emeril hath, which thou abroad
'doſt ſend:
'Thou Ligon her beloved, and Serk, that doth
'attend
'Her pleaſure every hour; as Jethow, them at
'need,
'With pheaſants, fallow deer, and conies that
'doſt feed:
'Ye ſeven ſmall ſiſter iſles, and forlings, which to
'ſee [be,
'The half-ſunk ſea-man joys; or whatſoe'er you
'From fruitful Aurney, near the ancient Celtic
'ſhore,
To Uſhant and the Seams, whereas thoſe nuns
'of yore
'§. Gave anſwers from, their eaves, and took
'what ſhapes they pleaſe:
'Ye happy iſlands ſet within the Britiſh ſeas,
'With ſhrill and jocund ſhouts, th' unmeaſur'd
'deeps awake,
'And let the Gods of ſea their ſecret bow'rs
'forſake,
'Whilſt our induſtrious muſe Great Britain forth
'ſhall bring,
'Crown'd with thoſe glorious wreaths that beautify the ſpring;
'And whilſt green Thetis' nymphs, with many
'an amorous lay
'Sing our invention ſafe unto her long-wiſht bay,'
Upon the utmoſt end of Cornwal's furrowing beake,
Where (*h*) Breſan from the land the tilting waves doth break;
The ſhore let her tranſcend, the (*i*) promont to deſcry,
And view about the point th' unnumbred fowl that fly;
Some riſing like a ſtorm from off the troubled ſand, [land;
Seem in their hov'ring flight to ſhadow all the
Some ſitting on the beach to prune their painted; breaſts,
As if both earth and air they only did poſſeſs;
Whence climbing to the cliffs, herſelf ſhe firmly ſets [rivulets,
The bourns, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the
Exactly to derive; receiving in her way
That ſtreightned tongue of land, where at Nount-Michael's bay,
Rude Neptune cutting in a cantle forth doth take
And on the other ſide, Hayle's vaſter mouth doth make
A * cherſoneſe thereof, the corner clipping in;
Where to th' induſtrious muſe the mount doth thus begin: [ſhore,
'Before thou further paſs; and leave this ſetting
'§. Whoſe towns unto the ſaints that lived here
'of yore

(*a*) The weſtern or Spaniſh Ocean.
(*b*) Bretagny coaſts.
(*c*) The fartheſt Iſle in the Britiſh ocean.
(*d*) The ſea upon the north of Scotland.
(*e*) The old Britiſh poets.
(*f*) Prieſts of the ancient Britons.
(*g*) The French ſeas.

(*h*) A ſmall iſland upon the very point of Cornwal.
(*i*) A hill lying out as an elbow of land into the ſea.

' (Their faſting, works and pray'rs, remaining to
' our ſhames
' Were rear'd, and juſtly call'd by their peculiar
' names, [' have,
' The builders honour ſtill; this due and let them
' As deign to drop a tear upon each holy grave;
' Whoſe charity and zeal, inſtead of knowledge
' ſtood: [' good.
' For ſurely in themſelves they were right ſimply
' If credulous too much, thereby th' offended
' heaven,
' In their devout intents yet be their ſins forgiven.
Then from his rugged top the tears down trickling fell;
And in his paſſion ſtirr'd, again began to tell
Strange things that in his days time's courſe had brought to paſs:
That forty miles now ſea, ſometimes firm foreland was;
And that a foreſt then, which now with him is flood,
§. Whereof he firſt was call'd the Hoar-rock in the wood;
Relating then how long this ſoil had laid forlorn,
As that her genius now had almoſt her forſworn,
And of the ancient love did utterly repent,
Sith to deſtroy herſelf that fatal tool ſhe lent,
To which th' infatiate ſlave her intrails out doth draw, [maw;
That thruſts his gripple hand into her golden
And for his part doth wiſh, that it were in his pow'r
To let the ocean in, her wholly to devour.
Which Hayle doth overhear, and much doth blame his rage,
And told him (to his teeth) he doated with his age. [play,
For Hayle (a luſty nymph, bent all to amorous
And having quick recourſe into the ſevern ſea,
With Neptune's pages oft diſporting in the deep;
One never touch'd with care, but how herſelf to keep
In exccellent eſtate) doth thus again intreat;
' § Muſe, leave the wayward mount to his diſ-
' per'd heat,
' Who nothing can produce but what doth taſte
' of ſpight,
' I'll ſhew thee the things of ours moſt worthy
' thy delight.
Behold our diamonds here, as in the quarrs they
' ſtand,
' By nature neatly cut, as by a ſkilful hand,
' Who varieth them in forms, both curiouſly and
' oft;
' Which for ſhe (wanting power) produceth them
' too ſoft,
' That virtue which ſhe could not liberally impart
' She ſtriveth to amend by her own proper art.
' Beſides the ſea-holm here, that ſpreadeth all our
' ſhore,
' The ſick-conſuming man ſo powerful to reſtore,
' Whoſe root th' eringo is, the reins that doth
' inflame
So ſtrongly to perform the Cytheræan game,

' That generally approv'd both far and near is
' fought;
' § Aod our Main-Amber here, and Burien
' trophy, thought
' Much wrong'd, nor yet prefer'd for wonders with the reſt.'
But the laborious muſe, upon her journey preſt,
Thus uttereth to herſelf; ' To guide my courſe
' aright, [ſight
' What mound or ſteddy mere is offered to my
' Upon this out-ſtretch'd arm, whilſt ſailing here
' at eaſe,
' Betwixt the ſouthern waſte, and the Sabrinian
' ſeas,
' I view thoſe wanton brooks, that waxing ſtill
' do wane;
' That ſcarcely can conceive, but brought to bed
' again; [mother)
' Scarce riſing from the ſpring (that is their natural
' To grow into a ſtream, but buried in another.'
When Chore doth call her on, that wholly doth betake
Herſelf unto the Loo; transform'd into a lake,
Through that impatient love ſhe had to entertain
The luſtful Neptune oft; whom when his wracks reſtrain,
Impatient of the wrong, impetuouſly he raves;
And in his rageful flow, the furious King of waves
Breaks foaming o'er the beach, whom nothing ſeems to cool,
Till he have wrought his will on that capacious pool:
Where Menedge, by his brooks, a (*k*) cherſoneſe is caſt,
Widening the ſlender ſhore to eaſe it in the waſte;
A promont jutting out into the dropping ſouth,
That with his threat'ning cliffs in horrid Neptune's mouth,
Derides him and his pow'r: nor cares how him he greets.
Next Roſeland (as his friend, the mightier Menedge) meets
Great Neptune when he ſwells, and rageth at the rocks [ſhocks
(Set out into thoſe ſeas) inforcing through his
Thoſe arms of ſea that thruſt into the tinny ſtrand,
By their meandred creeks indenting of that land,
Whoſe fame by every tongue is for her minerals hurl'd,
Near from the mid-day's point, throughout the weſtern world.
Here vale a lively flood, her nobler name that gives [lives,
To (*l*) Falmouth; and by whom, it famous ever
Whoſe entrance is from ſea ſo intricately wound,
Her haven angled ſo about her harb'rous ſound,
That in her quiet bay a hundred ſhips may ride,
Yet not the talleſt maſt be of the tall'ſt deſcry'd;
Her bravery to this nymph when neighbouring rivers told,
Her mind to them again ſhe briefly doth unfold;

(*k*) A place almoſt ſurrounded by the ſea.
(*l*) The bravery of Falmouth haven.

' Let (*m*) Camel of her courſe and curious
' windings boaſt
' In that her greatneſs reigns ſole miſtreſs of that
' coaſt
' Twixt Tamer and that bay, where Hayle pours
' forth her pride;
' And let us (nobler nymphs) upon the mid-day
ſide [all,
' Be frolic with the beſt. Thou Foy, before us
' By thine own named town made famous in thy
' fall,
' As low amongſt us here, a moſt delicious brook,
' With all our ſiſter nymphs, that to the noon-
' ſted look,
' Which gliding from the hills upon the tinny ore,
' Betwixt your high rear'd banks, reſort to this
our ſhore;
' Lov'd ſtreams, let us exult, and think ourſelves
' no leſs
' Than thoſe upon their ſide, the ſetting that
' poſſeſs.'
Which Camel over-heard: but what doth ſhe
reſpect [neglect?
Their taunts, her proper courſe that looſly doth
As frantic, ever ſince her Britiſh Arthur's blood,
By Mordred's murtherous hand was mingled with
her flood.
For as that river beſt might boaſt that conquer-
or's breath,
So ſadly ſhe bemoans his too untimely death;
Who after twelve proud fields againſt the Saxon
fought,
Yet back unto her banks by fate was laſtly brought:
As though no other place on Britain's ſpacious
earth [birth:
Were worthy of his end, but where he had his
And careleſs ever ſince how ſhe her courſe doth
ſteer, [there:
This mutt'reth to herſelf, in wand'ring here and
' Even in the aged'ſt face, where beauty once
' did dwell,
' And nature (in the leaſt) but ſeemed to excel,
' Time cannot make ſuch waſte, but ſomething
' will appear,
' To ſhew ſome little tract of delicacy there,
' Or ſome religious work, in building many a
' day,
' That this penurious age hath ſuffer'd to decay;
' Some limb or model dragg'd out of the ruin-
' ous maſs,
' The richneſs will declare in glory whilſt it was:
' But time upon my waſte committed hath ſuch
' theft,
' That it of Arthur here ſcarce memory hath left,'
The nine-ſton'd trophy thus whilſt ſhe doth
entertain,
Proud Tamer ſwoops along with ſuch a luſty train,
As fits ſo brave a flood, two countries that di-
vides: [ſides
So to increaſe her ſtrength, ſhe from her equal
Receives their ſeveral rills; and of the Corniſh
kind,
Firſt taketh Atre in; and her not much behind
Comes Kenſey: after whom, clear Enjan in
doth make,
In Tamer's roomthier banks their reſt that ſcarce-
ly take.
Then Lyner, though the while aloof ſhe ſeem'd
to keep,
Her ſovereign when ſhe ſees t' approach the
ſurgeful deep,
To beautify her fall, her plenteous tribute brings;
This honours Tamer much, that ſhe whoſe plen-
teous ſprings
Thoſe proud aſpiring hills, Bromwelly and his
friend [mend,
High Rowter, from their tops impartially com-
And is by (*n*) Carew's muſe the river moſt re-
nown'd,
Aſſociate ſhould her grace to the Devonian ground,
Which in thoſe other brooks doth emulation
breed.
Of which, firſt Car comes crown'd with ozier,
ſegs and reed:
Then Lid creeps on along, and taking Thruſhel,
throws [goes,
Herſelf amongſt the rocks; and ſo incavern'd
That of the bleſſed light (from other floods) de-
barr'd,
To bellow underneath ſhe only can be heard,
As thoſe that view her tract, ſeems ſtrangely
to affright:
So Toovy ſtraineth in; and Plym, that claims
by right
The chriſtning of that bay, which bears her
nobler name.
Upon the Britiſh coaſt (*o*) what ſhip yet ever
came,
That not of Plymouth hears, where thoſe brave
navies lie,
From cannons thund'ring throats that all the
world defy?
Which to invaſive ſpoil, when th' Engliſh liſt
to draw,
Have check'd Iberia's pride, and held her oft
in awe:
Oft furniſhing our dames with India's rar'ſt de-
vices,
And lent us gold, and pearl, rich ſilks and
dainty ſpices.
But Tamer takes the place, and all attend her
here, [near
A faithful bound to both; and two that be ſo
For likeneſs of ſoil, and quantity they hold,
Before the Roman came; whoſe people were
of old
§. Known by one general name, upon this
point that dwell,
All other of this iſle in wreſtling that excel:
With collars be they yok'd, to prove the arm
at length,
Like bulls ſet head to head, with meer deliver
ſtrength;

(*m*) This ſtream called Alan.

(*n*) A worthy gentleman, who wrote the deſcription of Cornwal.

(*o*) The praiſe of Plymouth.

Or by the girdles graſpt, they practiſe with the hip
The (*p*) forward, backward, falx, the mar, the turn, the trip,
When ſtript into their ſhirts, each other they invade
Within a ſpacious ring, by the beholders made,
According to the law. Or when the ball to throw, [go:
And drive it to the goal, in ſquadrons forth they
And to avoid the troops their forces that fore-lay,
Through dikes and rivers make, in this robuſtious play;
By which the toils of war moſt lively are expreſt.
But muſe, may I demand, Why theſe of all the reſt,
(As mighty Albion's eld'ſt) moſt active are and ſtrong?
From (*q*) Corin came it firſt, or from the uſe ſo long?
§. Or that this fore-land lies farth'ſt out into his ſight,
Which ſpreads his vigorous flames on every leſſer light?
With th' virtue of his beams, this place that doth inſpire,
Whoſe pregnant womb prepar'd by his all-pow'rful fire,
Being purely hot and moiſt, projects that fruitful ſeed,
Which ſtrongly doth beget, and doth as ſtrongly breed:
The well-diſpoſed heaven here proving to the earth [birth.
A huſband furthering fruit, a midwife helping
But whilſt th' induſtrious muſe thus labours to relate
Thoſe rillets that attend proud Tamer and her ſtate,
A neighbourer of this nymph's, as high in fortune's grace,
And whence calm Tamer trips, clear Towridge in that place
Is poured from her ſpring, and ſeems at firſt to flow
That way which Tamer ſtrains; but as ſhe great doth grow,
Rememb'reth to forſee what rivals ſhe ſhould find
To interrupt her courſe; whoſe ſo unſettled mind
Ock coming in perceives, and thus doth her perſwade:
'Now Neptune ſhield, bright nympth, thy beauty ſhould be made
'The object of her ſcorn, which (for thou can'ſt not be
'Upon the ſouthern ſide ſo abſolute as ſhe)
'Will awe thee in thy courſe. Wherefore, fair flood, recoil,
'And where thou may'ſt alone be ſov'reign of the ſoil,
'There exerciſe thy pow'r, thy braveries and diſplay: [ſea,
'Turn Towridge, let us back to the Sabrinian
'Where Thetis' handmaids ſtill in that recourſeful deep,
'With thoſe rough Gods of ſea continual revels keep;
'There may'ſt thou live admir'd, the miſtreſs of the lake.
Wiſe Ock ſhe doth obey, returning, and doth take
The Taw; which from her fount forc'd on with amorous gales,
And eas'ly ambling down through the Devonian dales,
Brings with her Moul and Bray, her banks that gently bathe;
Which on her dainty breaſt, in many a ſilver ſwathe,
She bears into that bay where Barſtaple beholds
How her beloved Taw clear Towridge there unfolds.
The confluence of theſe brooks divulg'd in Dertmoor, bred
Diſtruſt in her ſad breaſt, that ſhe ſo largely ſpread,
And in their ſpacious ſhire the near'ſt the centre ſet [get
Of any place of note, that theſe ſhould bravely
The praiſe from thoſe that ſprung out of her pearly lap:
Which, nouriſh'd and bred up at her moſt plenteous pap,
No ſooner taught to dade, but from their mother trip, [ſtrip.
And in their ſpeedy courſe ſtrive others to out-
The Yalm, the Awn, the Aum, by ſpacious Dertmoor fed,
And in the ſouthern ſea b'ing likewiſe brought to bed;
That theſe were not of power to publiſh her deſert,
Much griev'd the ancient moor; which underſtood by Dert
(From all the other floods that only takes her name, [fame)
And as her eld'ſt, in right the heir of all her
To ſhew her nobler ſpirit it greatly doth behove.
'Dear mother, from your breaſt this fear (quoth ſhe) remove;
'Defy their utmoſt force; there's not the proud-eſt flood.
'That falls betwixt the Mount and Exmore,
'ſhall make good
'Her royalty with mine, with me nor can compare:
'I challenge any one to anſwer me that dare;
'That was, before them all, predeſtinate to meet
'My Britain-founding Brute, when with his puiſſent fleet
'At Totneſs firſt he touch'd; which ſhall renown my ſtream
'§. Which now the envious world doth ſlander for a dream:)

(*p*) Terms of art in wreſtling.
(*q*) Our firſt great wreſtler, arriving here with Brute.

‘ Whoſe fatal flight from Greece, his fortunate
‘ arrive
‘ In happy Albion here whilſt ſtrongly I revive,
‘ Dear Harburn, at thy hands this credit let
‘ me win,
‘ Quoth ſhe, that as thou haſt my faithful hand-
‘ maid been,
‘ So now, my only brook, aſſiſt me with thy
‘ ſpring, [ſing.
‘ Whilſt of the godlike Brute the ſtory thus I
‘ When long-renowned Troy lay ſpent in
‘ hoſtile fire,
‘ And aged Priam's pomp did with her flames
‘ expire,
‘ Æneas (taking thence Aſcanius, his young ſon,
‘ And his moſt rev'rend ſire, the grave Anchiſes,
‘ won
‘ From ſhoals of ſlaught'ring Greeks) ſet out
‘ from Simois' ſhores,
‘ And through the Tyrrhene ſea, by ſtrength of
‘ toiling oars,
‘ Raught Italy at laſt; where King Latinus lent
‘ Safe harbour for his ſhips, with wrackful tem-
‘ peſts rent:
‘ When in the Latin court, Lavinia young and
‘ fair, [heir,
‘ Her father's only child, and kingdom's only
‘ Upon the Trojan Lord her liking ſtrongly
‘ plac'd,
‘ And languiſh'd in the fires that her fair breaſt
‘ embrac'd
‘ But Turnus (at that time) the proud Rutulian
‘ king,
‘ A ſuitor to the maid, Æneas malicing,
‘ By force of arms attempts his rival to extrude:
‘ But by the Teucrian power courageouſly ſub-
‘ du'd,
‘ Bright Cytheræa's ſon the Latin crown ob-
tain'd,
‘ And dying, in his ſtead his ſon Aſcanius reign'd.
‘ §. Next Sylvius him ſucceeds, begetting Brute
‘ again:
‘ Who in his mother's womb whilſt yet he did
remain,
‘ The oracles gave out, that next-born Brute
‘ ſhould be
‘ §. His parents only death: which ſoon they
‘ liv'd to ſee.
‘ For, in his painful birth his mother did depart,
‘ And ere his fifteenth year, in hunting of a hart,
‘ He with a luckleſs ſhaft his hapleſs father
‘ ſlew:
‘ For which, out of his throne their King the
‘ Latins threw.
‘ Who wand'ring in the world, to Greece at
‘ laſt doth get,
‘ Where whilſt he liv'd unknown, and oft with
‘ want beſet,
‘ He of the race of Troy a remnant hapt to find,
‘ There by the Grecians held; which having ſtill
‘ in mind
‘ Their tedious ten years war, and famous heroes
‘ ſlain) [tain;
‘ In ſlavery with them ſtill thoſe Trojans did de-
‘ Which Pyrrhus thither brought, and (did with
‘ hate purſue, [ris ſlew)
‘ To wreak Achilles' death, at Troy whom Pa-
‘ There by Pandraſus kept in ſad and ſervile awe:
‘ Who when they knew young Brute, and that
‘ brave ſhape they ſaw,
‘ They humbly him deſire, that he a mean would
‘ be, [free.
‘ From thoſe imperious Grecks his countrymen to
‘ He, finding out a rare and ſprightly youth,
‘ to fit
‘ His humour every way, for courage, power,
‘ and wit,
‘ Aſſaracus, (who though that by his ſire he were
‘ A Prince among the Greeks, yet held the Tro-
‘ jans dear;
‘ Deſcended of their ſtock upon the mother's
‘ ſide,
‘ For which he by the Grecks his birth-right was
‘ deny'd) [aroſe,
‘ Impatient of his wrongs, with him brave Brute
‘ And of the Trojan youth courageous captains
‘ choſe,
‘ Rais'd earth-quakes with their drums, the ruſ-
‘ fling enſigns rear,
‘ And gath'ring young and old that rightly Tro-
‘ jan were,
‘ Up to the mountains march, through ſtraits and
‘ foreſts ſtrong: [long
‘ Were taking-in the towns pretending to be-
‘ Unto that (r) Grecian Lord, ſome forces there
‘ they put:
‘ Within whoſe ſafer walls their wives and child-
‘ ren ſhut,
‘ Into the field they drew, for liberty to ſtand.
‘ Which when Pandraſus heard, he ſent his
‘ ſtrict command
‘ To levy all the power he preſently could make:
‘ So to their ſtrengths of war the Trojans them
‘ betake.
‘ But whilſt the Grecian guides (not knowing
‘ how or where)
The Teucrians were, entrench'd or what their
forces were.
‘ In ſoul diſorder'd troops yet ſtraggled, as ſecure,
‘ This looſeneſs to their ſpoil the Trojans did al-
‘ lure,
‘ Who fiercely them aſſail'd: where ſtaunchleſs
‘ fury rap'd
‘ The Grecians in ſo faſt, that ſcarcely one eſ-
‘ cap'd;
‘ Yea, Proud Pandraſus' flight himſelf could
‘ hardly free.
‘ Who, when he ſaw his force thus ſtruſtrated to
‘ he,
‘ And by his preſent loſs his paſſed error found,
‘ As by a later war to cure a former wound,
‘ Doth reinforce his power, to make a ſecond
‘ fight;
‘ When they, whoſe better wits had over-match't
‘ his might,

(r) Aſſaracus.

' Loth what they got to loſe, as politicly caſt
' His armies to intrap, in getting to them ſaſt
' Antigonus as friend, and Anaclet his peer
' (Surpriz'd in the laſt fight) by gifts who hired
' were
' Into the Grecian camp th' enſuing night to go,
' And feign they were ſtol'n forth, to their allies
' to ſhow
' How they might have the ſpoil of all the Tro-
' jan pride;
' And gaining them belief, the credulous Gre-
' cians guide
' Into the ambuſhment near, that ſecretly was
' laid: [tray'd;
' So to the Trojans hands the Grecians were be-
' Pandraſus ſelf ſurpriz'd; his crown who to re-
' deem
' (Which ſcarcely worth their wrong the Trojan
' race eſteem)
' Their ſlavery long ſuſtain'd did willingly re-
' leaſe:
' And (for a laſting league of amity and peace)
' Bright Innogen, his child, for wife to Brutus
' gave
' And furniſht them a fleet, with all things they
' could crave
' To ſet them out to ſea. Who launching, at the
' laſt, [paſt,
' They on Lergecia light, an iſle; and e'er they
' Unto a temple built to great Diana there,
' The noble Brutus went; wife [s] Trivia to en-
' quire,
' To ſhew them where the ſtock of ancient Troy
' to place.
' The Goddeſs, that both knew and lov'd the
' Trojan race,
' Reveal'd to him in dreams, that fartheſt to the
' Weſt, [bleſt;
' §. He ſhould deſcry the iſle of Albion, highly
' With giants lately ſtor'd; their numbers now
' decay'd:
' By vanquiſhing the reſt, his hopes ſhould there
' be ſtaid:
' Where from the ſtock of Troy, thoſe puiſſant
' kings ſhould riſe,
' Whoſe conqueſts from the Weſt, the world
' ſhould ſcant ſuffice.
' Thus anſwer'd; great with hope, to ſea
' they put again,
' And ſafely under ſail, the hours do entertain
' With ſights of ſundry ſhores, which they from
' far deſcry:
' And viewing with delight th' Azarian moun-
' tains high,
' One walking on the deck, unto his friend
' would ſay
' (As I have heard ſome tell) ſo goodly Ida lay.
' Thus talking 'mongſt themſelves, they ſun-
' burnt Afric keep
' Upon the leeward ſtill, and (ſulking up the
' deep)
' For Mauritania make: where putting-in, they
' find
' A remnant (yet reſerv'd) of th' ancient Dardan
' kind,
' By brave Antenor brought from out the Greek-
' iſh ſpoils
' (O long renowned Troy! of thee and of thy
' toils,
' What country had not heard?) which to their
' general then
' Great Corineus had, the ſtrong'ſt of mortal
' men;
' To whom (with joyful hearts) Diana's will
' they ſhow.
' Who eas'ly being won along with them to
' go,
' They all together put into the wat'ry plain:
' Oft times with pirates, oft with monſters of
' the main
' Diſtreſſed in their way; whom hope forbids
' to fear.
' Thoſe pillars firſt they paſs which Jove's great
' ſon did rear,
' And cuffing thoſe ſtern waves which like huge
' mountains roll,
' (Full joy in every part poſſeſſing every ſoul)
' In Aquitain at laſt the Ilion race arrive;
' Whom ſtrongly to repulſe when as thoſe re-
' creants ſtrive,
' They (anchoring there at firſt but to refreſh
' their fleet,
' Yet ſaw thoſe ſavage men ſo rudely them to
' greet)
' Unſhipt their warlike youth, advancing to the
' ſhore.
' The dwellers, which perceiv'd ſuch danger
' at the door,
' Their king Groffarius get to raiſe his powerful
' force:
' Who muſt'ring up an hoſt of mingled foot
' and horſe,
' Upon the Trojans ſet; when ſuddenly began
' A fierce and dangerous fight; where Corineus
' ran
' With ſlaughter through the thick-ſet ſquadrons
' of the foes,
' And with his armed ax laid on ſuch deadly
' blows,
' That heaps of lifeleſs trunks each paſſage ſtopt
' up quite.
' Groffarius having loſt the honour of the
' fight,
' Repairs his ruin'd pow'rs; not ſo to give
' them breath:
' When they, which muſt be freed by conqueſt
' or by death,
' And conquering them before, hop'd now to do
' no leſs,
' (The like in courage ſtill) ſtand for the like
' ſucceſs.
' Then ſtern and deadly war put on his horrid
' ſhape,
' And wounds appear'd ſo wide, as if the grave
' did gape

[s] One of the titles of Diana.

'To ſwallow both at once; which ſtrove as both
'ſhall fall,
'When they with ſlaughter ſeem'd to be en-
'circled all:
'Where Turon (of the reſt) Brute's ſiſter's va-
'liant ſon
'(By whoſe approved deeds that day was chiefly
'won)
'Six hundred ſlew outright through his pecu-
'liar ſtrength:
'By multitudes of men yet over-preſt at length,
'His nobler uncle there, to his immortal name,
'§. The city Turon built, and well endow'd the
ſame,
'For Albion ſailing then, th' arrived quickly
here,
'(O! never in this world men half ſo joyful
'were,
'With ſhouts heard up to heaven, when they be-
'held the land)
'And in this very place where Totneſs now
'doth ſtand,
'Firſt ſet their Gods of Troy, kiſſed the bleſſed
'ſhore;
fore,
'Then foraging this iſle, long promis'd them be-
'Amongſt the ragged cliffs thoſe monſtrous giants
'fought,
'Who (of their dreadful kind) t'appall the Tro-
'jans, brought
'Great Gogmagog, an oak that by the roots
'could tear:
'So mighty were (that time) the man who lived
'there:
'But for the uſe of arms he did not underſtand
'Except ſome rock or tree, that coming next to
'hand
'He raz'd out of the earth to execute his rage)
'He challenge makes for ſtrength, and offereth
'there his gage.
'Which Corin taketh up, to anſwer by and by,
'Upon this ſon of earth his utmoſt power to try.
'All doubtful to which part the victory would
'go,
Hoe,
'Upon that loſty place at Plimmouth call'd the
'Thoſe mighty (t) wreſtlers met; with many
'an ireful look
'Who threat'ned, as the one hold of the other
'took:
'But, grappled, glowing fire ſhines in their
'ſparkling eyes.
'And whilſt at length of arm one from the other
'lies t
'Their luſty ſinews ſwell like cables, as they ſtrive:
'Their feet ſuch trampling make, as though they
'forc'd to drive
'A thunder out of earth, which ſtagger'd with
'the weight:
'Thus, either's utmoſt force urg'd to the great-
'eſt height,
'Whilſt one upon his hip the other ſeeks to lift,
'And th' adverſe (by a turn) doth from his cun-
'ning ſhift,
'Their ſhort-fetcht troubled breath a hollow
'noiſe doth make
'Like bellows of a forge. Then Corin up doth
'take
hold
'The giant twixt the grains; and voiding of his
'(Before his cumbrous feet he well recover
'could)
'Pitcht headlong from the hill; as when a man
'doth throw
'An axtree, that with ſlight deliver'd from the
'toe
fall
'Roots up the yielding earth; ſo that his violent
'Strook Neptune with ſuch ſtrength, as ſhould-
'er'd him withal;
'That where the monſtrous waves like mountains
'late did ſtand,
'They leapt out of the place, and left the bared
'ſand
gave.
'To gaze upon wide heaven: ſo great a blow it
'For which, the conquering Brute on Corineus
'brave
'This horn of land beſtow'd and mark it with
'his name;
'§. Of Corin, Cronwal call'd, to his immortal
'fame.'

Clear Dert delivering thus the famous Brute's arrive
ſtrive
Inflam'd with her report, the ſtraggling rivulets
So highly her to raiſe, that Ting (whoſe banks were bleſt
By her beloved nymph dear Leman) which ad-dreſt,
And fully with herſelf determined before
To ſing the Daniſh ſpoils committed on her ſhore,
When hither from the eaſt they came in mighty ſwarms,
Nor could their native earth contain their nume-rous arms,
Their ſurcreaſe grew ſo great, as forced them at laſt
To ſeek another ſoil, as bees do when they caſt;
And by their impious pride how hard ſhe was beſted,
When all the country ſwam with blood of Sax-ons ſhed:
This river, as I ſaid, which had determin'd long
The deluge of the Danes exactly to have ſong,
It utterly neglects; and ſtudying how to do
The Dert thoſe high reſpects belonging her unto,
Inviteth goodly Ex, who from her full-fed ſpring
Her little Barlee hath, and Dunſbrook her to bring
From Exmore; when ſhe hath ſcarcely found her courſe,
Than Creddy cometh in, and Forto, which in-force
Her faſter to her fall; as Ken her cloſely clips,
And on her eaſtern ſide ſweet Leman gently ſlips
Into her widen'd banks, her ſovereign to aſſiſt;
As Columh wins for Ex clear Wever and the Clift,
Contributing their ſtreams their miſtreſs' fame to raiſe.
As all aſſiſt the Ex, ſo Ex conſumeth theſe;

(t) Deſcription of the wreſtling betwixt Corineus and Gogmagog.

Like ſome unthrifty youth, depending on the court, [port;
To win an idle name, that keeps a needleſs
And raiſing his old rent, exacts his farmers ſtore
The landlord to enrich, the tenants wond'rous poor:
Who having lent him theirs, he then conſumes his own,
That with moſt vain expenſe upon the Prince is thrown:
So theſe, the leſſer brooks unto the greater pay;
The greater, they again ſpend all upon the ſea:
As, Otrey (that her name doth of the otters take
Abounding in her banks) and Ax, their utmoſt make
To aid ſtout Dert, that dar'd Brute's ſtory to revive.
For when the Saxon firſt the Britons forth did drive,
Some up into the hills themſelves o'er Severn ſhut:
Upon this point of land, for refuge, others put,
To that brave race of Brute ſtill fortunate. For where
Great Brute firſt diſembark'd his wand'ring Trojans, there
§. His offſpring (after long expulſt the inner land,
When they the Saxon power no longer could withſtand)
Found refuge in their flight; where Ax and Otrey firſt
Gave theſe poor ſouls to drink, oppreſt with grievous thirſt.
Here I'll unyoke awhile, and turn my ſteeds to meat:
The land grows large and wide; my teem begins to ſweat.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

If in proſe and religion it were as juſtifiable as in poetry and fiction, to invoke a local power (for anciently both Jews, Gentiles, and Chriſtians have ſuppoſed to every country a ſingular (*a*) genius) I would therein join with the author. Howſoever, in this and all (*b*) ἐκ διὸ ἀρχόμεθα; and ſo I begin to you.

As Amphitrite clips this iſland fortunate.

When Pope Clement VI. granted the fortunate iſles to Lewis Earl of Clermont, by that general name (meaning only the ſeven Canaries, and purpoſing their Chriſtian converſion) the Engliſh embaſſadors at Rome ſeriouſly doubted, (*c*) leſt their own country had been compriſed in the donation. They were Henry of Lancaſter Earl of Derby, Hugh Spenſer, Ralph Lord Stafford, the Biſhop of Oxford, and others, agents there with the Pope, that he as a private friend, not as a judge or party intereſted, ſhould determine of Edward the third's right to France: where you have this embaſſage in Walſingham, (*d*) correct *regnum Angliæ*, and read *Franciæ*. Britain's excellence in earth and air (whence the Macares, (*e*) and particularly Crete among the Greeks, had their title) together with the Pope's exactions, in taxing, collating, and proviſing of benefices (an intolerable wrong to laymen's inheritances and the crown revenues) gave cauſe of this jealous conjecture; ſeconded in the conceit of them which derive Albion from (*f*) ὄλβιος; whereto the author in his title and this verſe alludes. But of Albion more preſently.

Amongſt whoſe iron rocks grim Saturn yet remains.

Fabulous Jupiter's ill dealing with his father Saturn is well known; and that after depoſing him, and his privities cut off, he perpetually impriſoned him: Homer joins (*g*) Japet with him, living in eternal night about the utmoſt ends of the earth: which well fits the more northern climate of theſe iſlands. Of them (diſperſed in the Deucalidonian ſea) in one moſt temperate, of

(*a*) Rabbin. ad. 10. Dan. Macrob. Saturnal. 3. c. 9. Symmach. epiſt, 40. l. 1. D. Th. 2. diſt. 10. art. 3. alii.

(*b*) God afore.

(*c*) Rob. Aveſburienſ. ann. 17 Ed. 3. The fortunate iſles.

(*d*) Hypodigmatis Neuſtriæ locus emendatis, ſub an. 1344.

(*e*) Pomp. Mel. l. 2. c. 7.

(*f*) Happy.

(*g*) Iliad. θ & Heſiod. in Theogon.

gentle air, and fragrant with ſweeteſt odours, lying towards the north-weſt, it is reported, (*b*) that Saturn lies bound in iron chains, kept by Briarcus, attended by ſpirits continually dreaming of Jupiter's projects, whereby his miniſters prognoſticate the ſecrets of fate. Every thirty years, divers of the adjacent iſlanders, with ſolemnity for ſucceſs of the undertaken voyage, and competent proviſion, enter the vaſt ſea, and at laſt, in this (*i*) Saturnian iſle (by this name the ſea is called alſo) enjoy the happy quiet of the place; ſome in ſtudies of nature and the mathematics which continue; others in ſenſuality, which after thirty years return perhaps to their firſt home. This fabulous relation might be, and in part is, by chymics as well interpreted for myſteries of their art, as the common tale of Dædalus's labyrinth, Jaſon and his Argonautics, and almoſt the whole chaos of mythic inventions. But neither geography (for I gueſs not where or what this iſle ſhould be, unleſs that *des* (*k*) *Mukræons* which Pantagruel diſcovered) nor the matter's ſelf permits it leſs poetical (although a learned Greek father (*l*) out of ſome credulous hiſtorian ſeems to remember it) than the Elyſian fields, which with this, are always laid by Homer about the (*m*) *νείατα πείρατα γαίης*; a place whereof too large liberty was given to feign, becauſe of the difficult poſſibility in finding the truth. Only thus note ſeriouſly, that this revolution of thirty years (which with ſome latitude is Saturn's natural motion) is eſpecially (*n*) noted for the longeſt period, or age alſo among our Druids; and that in a particular form, to be accounted yearly from the ſixth moon, as their new years day; which circuit of time, divers of the ancients reckon for their generations in chronology; as ſtore of (*o*) authors ſhew you.

They inſtantly again do other bodies take.

You cannot be without underſtanding of this Pythagorean opinion of tranſanimation (I have like liberty to naturalize that word, as Lipſius had to make it a Roman, by turning (*p*) *μετεμψύχωσις*) if ever you read any that ſpeaks of Pythagoras (whom, for this particular, Epiphanius reckons among his heretics) or diſcourſe largely of philoſophical doctrine of the ſoul. But eſpecially, if you affect it tempered with inviting pleaſure, take Lucian's cock and his necromancy; if in ſerious diſcourſe, Plato's Phædon, and Phædrus with his followers. Lipſius doubts (*q*) whether Pythagoras received it from the Druids, or they from him, becauſe in his travels he converſed as well with Gauliſh as Indian Philoſophers. Out of Cæſar and Lucan, inform yourſelf with full teſtimony of this their opinion, too ordinary among the heathen and Jews alſo, which thought our (*r*) Saviour to be Jeremy or Elias upon this error: irreligious indeed, yet ſuch a one, as ſo ſtrongly erected moving ſpirits, that they did never

——————(*ſ*) *redituræ parcere vitæ,*

but moſt willingly devote their whole ſelves to the public ſervice: and this was in ſubſtance the politic envoys wherewith Pluto and Cicero concluded their commonwealths, as Macrobius hath obſerved. The author, with pity, imputes to them their being led away in blindneſs of the time and errors of their fancies; as all other the moſt divine philoſophers (not lightened by the true word) have been, although (mere human ſufficiencies only conſidered) ſome of them were ſublimate far above earthly conceit: as eſpecially Hermes, Orpheus, Pythagoras, (firſt learning the ſoul's immortality of (*t*) Pherecydes a Syrian) Seneca, Plato and Plutarch; which laſt two, in a Greek hymn of an eaſtern (*u*) biſhop, are commended to Chriſt for ſuch as came neareſt to holineſs of any untaught Gentiles. Of the Druids more large in fitter place.

Gave anſwer for their caves, and took what ſhapes they pleaſe.

In the Seam (an iſle by the coaſt of the French Bretagne), nine virgins conſecrate to perpetual chaſtity, were prieſts of a famous oracle, remembered by Mela. His printed books have *Gallicenas vocant*; where that great critic Turneb reads (*x*) *Galli zenas*, or *lenas vocant*. But White of Baſingſtoke will have it (*y*) *cenas*, as interpreting their profeſſion and religion, which was in an arbitrary metamorphoſing themſelves, charming the winds (as of later times the witches of Lapland and Finland) ſkill in predictions, more than natural medicine and ſuch like; their kindneſs being in all chiefly to (*z*) ſailors. But finding that in the Syllies were alſo of both ſexes ſuch kind of pro-

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(*b*) Plutarch. de facie in orbe Lunæ, & eld. defect. Oracul.

(*i*) *Κρόνιον πέλαγος.*

(*k*) Rablais.

(*l*) Clem. Alexandrin. ſtromat. 5. Odyſſ. δ. Iliad. θ.

(*m*) Utmoſt ends of the earth. Upon affinity of this with the Cape de Finiſterre, Goropius thinks the Elyſian fields were by that promontory of Spain. Vide Strab. lib. γ.

(*n*) Plin. Hiſt. natur. 16. c. 44.

(*o*) Euſtath. ad. Iliad. α. Herodot. lib. α. Suid. in γυνὰ. Cenſorin. de die. nat. c. 17.

(*p*) A paſſing of ſouls from one to another.

(*q*) Phyſiolog. Stoic. l. 3. diſſert. 12.

(*r*) Juſt. Mart. dialog.

(*ſ*) Spare in ſpending their lives, which they hoped to receive again.

(*t*) Cicer. Tuſculan. 1.

(*u*) Joan. Euchaitenſ. jampridem Etoniæ græcè editus.

(*x*) The Gauls call them Jupiter's prieſts or bawds.

(*y*) Vain.

(*z*) Solin. Polybiſt. c. 35.

feſſors, that they were (*a*) Samnitæ, ſtrangely ſuperſtitious in their Bacchanals, in an iſle of this coaſt (as is delivered by Strabo) and that the Gauls, Britons, Indians ('twixt both whom and Pythagoras is found no ſmall conſent of doctrine) had their philoſophers (under which name both prieſts and prophets of thoſe times were included) called (*b*) Samanæi, and Semni, and (perhaps by corruption of ſome of theſe) Samothei, which, to make it Greek, might be turned into Semnothes. I doubted whether ſome relic of theſe words remained in that of Mela, if you read (*c*) Cenas or Senas, as contracted from Samanæi; which by deduction from a root of ſome eaſtern tongue, might ſignify as much as what we call aſtrologers. But of this too much.

Whoſe towns unto the Saints that lived here of yore.

Not only to their own country Saints (whoſe names are there very frequent) but alſo to the Iriſh; a people anciently (according to the name of the (*d*) Holy Iſland given to Ireland) much devoted to, and by the Engliſh much reſpected for their holineſs and learning. I omit their fabulous Cæſarea niece to Noah, (*e*) their Eartholan their Ruan, who, as they affirm, firſt planted religion before Chriſt among them: nor deſire I your belief of this Ruſas's age, which by their account (ſuppoſing him living 300 years after the flood, and chriſtened by Saint Patrick) exceeded 1700 years, and ſo was elder than that impoſtor, (*f*) whoſe feigned continuance of life and reſtleſs travels, ever ſince the paſſion, lately offered to deceive the credulous. Only thus I note of venerable Bede, that in the Saxon times it was uſual for the Engliſh and Cauliſh to make Ireland as it were, both their univerſity and monaſtery, for ſtudies of learning and divine contemplation, as the life of (*g*) Gildas alſo, and other frequent teſtimonies diſcover.

From which he firſt was call'd the Hoar-rock in the wood.

That the ocean (as in many other places of other countries) hath eaten up much of what was here once ſhore, is a common report, approved in the Corniſh name of St. Michael's Mount; which is (*b*) *Carey Cowz in Clowz*, i. e. the Hoar-rock in the wood.

And our Main-amber here, and Aurien trophy——

Main-amber, i. e. Ambroſe's ſtone (not far from Penſans) ſo great, that many men's united ſtrength cannot remove it, yet with one finger you may wag it. The Burien trophy is 19 ſtones, circularly diſpoſed, and, in the middle, one much exceeding the reſt in greatneſs: by conjecture of moſt learned Camden, erected either under the Romans, or elſe by King Athelſtan in his conqueſt of theſe parts.

Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth.

Near Camel about Camblan, was (*i*) Arthur ſlain by Mordred, and on the ſame ſhore, eaſt from the river's mouth, born in Tintagel caſtle. Gorlois Prince of Cornwal, at Uther-Pendragon's coronation, ſolemnized in London, upon divers too kind paſſages and laſcivious regards betwixt the king and his wife Igerne, grew very jealous, in rage left the court, committed his wife's chaſtity to this caſtle's ſafeguard; and to prevent the waſting of his country, which upon this diſcontent was threatned, betook himſelf in other forts to martial preparation. Uther (his blood ſtill boiling in luſt) upon advice of Ulfin Rhicaradoch, one of his knights, by Ambroſe Merlin's magic perſonated like Garlois, and Ulfin like one Jordan, ſervant to Gorlois, made ſuch ſucceſsful uſe of their impoſture, that (the Prince in the mean time ſlain) Arthur was the ſame night begotten, and verified that (*k*) Νοθοι τε πολλοὶ γνησίων ἀμείνονες; although Merlin by the rule of Hermes, or aſtrological direction, juſtified, that he was conceived three hours after Gorlois' death; by this ſhift anſwering the dangerous imputation of baſtardy to the heir of a crown. For Uther taking Igerne to wife, left Arthur his ſucceſſor in the kingdom. Here have you a Jupiter, an Alcmena, an Amphitryo, a Soſias, and a Mercury; nor wants there ſcarce any thing, but that truth-paſſing reports of poetical bards have made the birth an Hercules.

Known by one general name upon this point that dwell.

The name Dumnonii, Damnonii, or Danmonii, in Solinus and Ptolemy, comprehended the people of Devonſhire and Cornwal: whence the Lizard promontory is called Damnium in (*l*) Marcian Heracleotes; and William of Malmeſbury, Florence

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(*a*) Ἀμνίται Dionyſ. Afro in περιηγ. multis, n. pro arbritrio antiquorum *S* litera adeſt vel abeſt. v. Caſaubon, ad a. Strab.

(*b*) Origen, κατὰ Κελσ. lib. α. Clem. Alex. ſtrom. α & ϛ. Diog. Laert. lib. α.

(*c*) Conjecture upon Mela.

(*d*) Feſt. Avieno inſul. ſacra dicta Hibernia.

(*e*) Giraldus Cambrenſ. diſt. 3. c. 2.

(*f*) Aſſuerus Cordonnier (dictus in hiſt. Gallicâ Victoris ante triennium ed. de la paix, &c.) cujus partes olim egiſſe videntur Joſephus Chartophylacius (referente epiſcopo Armeniaco apud Matt. Paris in Henr. III) & Joannes ille (Guidonis Bonato in aſtrologiâ ſic indigitatus) Buttadeus.

(*g*) In biblioth. Floriacenſ. edit. per Joan à Boſco.

(*b*) Carew deſcrip. Corn. lib. 2.

(*i*) Dictus hinc in Merlini vaticinio, Aper Cornubiæ.

(*k*) Euripid. Andromach. Baſtards are often times better than legitimates.

(*l*) Τὸ Δάμνιον ἄκρον.

of Worceſter, Roger of Hoveden and others, ſtile Devonſhire by name of Domnonia, perhaps all from *Duffneint*. i. e. low valleys in Britiſh; wherein are moſt inhabitants of the country, as judicious Camden teaches me.

Or that this foreland lies furth'ſtout into his ſight,
Which ſpreads his vigorous flames———

Fuller report of the excellence in wreſtling and nimbleneſs of body, wherewith this weſtern people have been and are famous, you may find in Carew's deſcription of his country. But to give reaſon of the climate's nature for this prerogative in them, I think as difficult as to ſhew why about the Magellanic ſtreights they are ſo white, about the Cape de Buon Speranza ſo black, (*m*) yet both under the ſame tropic; why the Abyſſins are but tawny moors, when as in the Eaſt-Indian iſles, Zeilan and Malabar, they are very black, both in the ſame parallel; or why we that live in this Northern latitude; compared with the ſouthern, ſhould not be like affected from like cauſe. I refer it no more to the ſun, than the ſpecial horſemanſhip in our northern men, the nimble ability of the Iriſh, the fiery motions of the French, Italian jealouſy, German liberty, Spaniſh puft-up vanity, or thoſe different and perpetual carriages of ſtate government, haſte and delay, which as (*n*) inbred qualities were remarkable in the two moſt martial people of Greece. The cauſe of Æthiopean blackneſs and curled hair was long ſince judiciouſly (*o*) ſecht from the diſpoſition of ſoil, air, water, and ſingular operations of the heavens: with confutation of thoſe which attribute it to the ſun's diſtance. And I am reſolved that every land hath its ſo ſingular ſelf nature and individual habitude with celeſtial influence, that human knowledge, conſiſting moſt of all in univerſality, is not yet furniſhed with what is requiſite to ſo particular diſcovery. But for the learning of this point in a ſpecial treatiſe, Hippocrates, Ptolemy, Bodin, and others have copious diſputes.

Which now the envious world doth ſlander for a dream.

I ſhould the ſooner have been of the author's opinion (in more than poetical form, ſtanding for Brute) if in any Greek or Latin ſtory authentic, ſpeaking of Æneas and his planting in Latium, were mention made of any ſuch like thing. To reckon the learned men which deny him, or at leaſt permit him not in conjecture, were too long a catalogue; and indeed, this critic age ſcarce any longer endures any nation their firſt ſuppoſed author's name; not Italus to the Italians; not Hiſpalus to the Spaniard, Bato to the Hollander, Brabo to the Brabantine, Francio to the French, Celtes to the Celt, Galathes to the Gaul, Scota to the Scot; no, nor ſcarce Romulus to his Rome, becauſe of their unlikely and fictitious mixtures: eſpecially this of Brute, ſuppoſed long before the beginning of the Olympiads (whence all time backward is juſtly called by (*p*) Varro, unknown or fabulous) ſome two thouſand ſeven hundred and more years ſince, about Samuel's time, is moſt of all undoubted. But (reſerving my cenſure) I thus maintain the author, although nor Greek nor Latin, nor our country ſtories of Bede and Malmeſbury eſpecially, nor that fragment yet remaining of Gildas ſpeak of him; and that his name were not publiſhed until Geffrey of Monmouth's edition of the Britiſh ſtory, which grew and continues much ſuſpected, in much rejected; yet obſerve that Talieſſin a (*q*) great bard, more than a thouſand years ſince, affirms it, Nennius (in ſome copies he is under name of Gildas) above eight hundred years paſt, and the gloſs of Samuel Beaulan, or ſome other, crept into this text, mention both the common report and deſcent from Æneas; and withal (which I take to be Nennius his own) make his ſon to one Iſicio or Heſichio (perhaps meaning Aſchenaz, of whom more in the fourth ſong) continuing a pedigree to Adam, joining theſe words: (*r*) "This genealogy I "found by tradition of the ancients, which were "firſt inhabitants of Britain." In a manuſcript epiſtle of Henry of Huntingdon (*ſ*) to one Warin, I read the Latin of this Engliſh; "You aſk me "Sir, why omitting the ſucceeding reigns from "Brute to Julius Cæſar, I begin to my ſtory at "Cæſar? I anſwer you, That neither by word "nor writing could I find any certainty of thoſe "times; although with diligent ſearch I oft en-"quired it, yet this year in my journey towards "Rome in the abbey of Beccenſam, even with "amazement, I found the ſtory of Brute;" and in his own printed book he affirms, that what Bede had in this part omitted, was ſupplied to him by other authors; of which Girald ſeems to have had uſe. The Britiſh ſtory of Monmouth was a tranſlation (but with much liberty, and no exact faithfulneſs) of a Welſh book, delivered to Geffrey by one Walter archdeacon of Oxford, and hath been followed (the tranſlator being a man of ſome credit, and biſhop of St. Aſaph's under

(*m*) Ortelius theatro.

(*n*) Thucydid. *a.* & paſſim de Athen. & Lacedæm. & de Thæbis & Chalcide. v. Calumell. 1 de re ruſtic. cap. 4.

(*o*) Oneſicrit. apud Strabon. lib. *a.*

(*p*) Apud Cenſorin. de die natal. cap. 21. Chriſtopher Helvici chronologiam ſequimur, nec, ut accuratiùs temporum ſubauctioni hoc loco incumbamus, res poſtulat; verùm & ille fatis accuratè, qui Samuelis præfecturam Ann. 3850. haùt iniquo computo poſuit.

(*q*) Jo. Priſ. defenſ. hiſt. Brit.

(*r*) Ex vetuſt. & perpulchrè MS. Nennio ſub titulo Gildæ.

(*ſ*) Lib. de ſummitatibus rerum qui 10. eſt hiſtoriarum in MS. Huntingdon began his hiſtory at Cæſar, but upon better inquiſition added Brute. Librum illum, in quem ait ſe incidiſſe, Nennium fuiſſe obſignatis fermè tabulis ſum potis adſerere.

King Stephen) by Ponticus Virunnius an Italian; moſt of our country hiſtorians of middle times and this age, ſpeaking ſo certainly of him, that they blazon his coat (*t*) to you, *two lions combatant, and crowned Or, in a field gules*: others or a lion paſſant gules; and laſtly by Dr. White of Baſingſtoke, lately living at Doway, a Count Palatine; according to the title beſtowed by the (*u*) Imperials upon their profeſſors. Arguments are there alſo drawn from ſome affinity of the Greek (*x*) tongue, and much of Trojan and Greek names with the Britiſh. Theſe things are the more enforced by the Cambro-Britons, through that univerſal deſire, bewitching our Europe to derive their blood from Trojans, which for them might as well be (*y*) by ſuppoſition of their anceſtors marriages with the hither deduced Roman colonies, who by original were certainly Trojan, if their antiquities deceive not. You may add this weak conjecture; that in thoſe large excurſions of the Gauls, Cimmerians, and Celts (among them I doubt not but were many Britons, having with them community of nation, manners, climate, cuſtoms; and Brennus himſelf is affirmed a Briton) which under indiſtinct names when this weſtern world was undiſcovered, overran Italy, Greece, and part of Aſia, it is (*z*) reported that they came to Troy for ſafeguard; preſuming perhaps upon like kindneſs, as we read of betwixt the Trojans and Romans, in their wars with (*a*) Antiochus (which was loving reſpect through contingence of blood) upon like cauſe remembered to them by tradition. Briefly, ſeeing no rational ſtory, except ſuch as Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Cæſar, Tacitus, Procopius, Cantacuzen, the late Guicciardin, Commines, Macchiavel, and their like, which were employed in the ſtate of their times, can juſtify themſelves but by tradition; and that many of the fathers and eccleſiaſtical (*b*) hiſtorians, eſpecially the Jewiſh Rabbins (taking their higheſt learning of Cabala, but from antique and ſucceſſive report) have inſerted upon tradition many relations current enough, where holy writ croſſes them not: you ſhall enough pleaſe Saturn and Mercury, preſidents of antiquity and learning, if with the author you ſoſter this belief. Where are the authorities (at leaſt of the names) of Jannes and Jambres, (*c*) the writings of Enoch, and other ſuch like, which we know by divine tradition were? The ſame queſtion might be of that infinite loſs of authors, whoſe names are ſo frequent in Stephen, Athenæus, Plutarch, Clemens, Polybius, Livy, others. And how dangerous it were to examine antiquities by a foreign writer (eſpecially in thoſe times) you may ſee by the ſtories of the Hebrews, delivered in Juſtin, Strabo, Tacitus, and ſuch other diſcording and contrary (beſide their infinite omiſſions) to Moſes's infallible context. Nay he with his ſucceſſor Joſhua, is copious in the Iſraelites entering, conquering, and expelling the Gergeſites, (*d*) Jebuſites, and the reſt out of the holy land; yet no witneſs have they of their tranſmigration and peopling of Afric, which by teſtimony of two pillars (*e*) erected and engraven at Tingis, hath been affirmed. But you blame me thus expatiating. Let me add for the author, that our moſt judicious antiquary of the laſt age, John (*f*) Leland, with reaſon and authority hath alſo for Brute argued ſtrongly.

Next Sylvius him ſucceeds———

So goes the ordinary deſcent; but ſome make Sylvius ſon to Æneas, to whom the propheſy was given:

———(*g*) *Serum Lavinia conjunx,*
Educet ſylvis regem regumque parentem;

as you have it in Virgil.

His parents only death———

From theſe unfortunate accidents (*h*) one will have his name Brotus, as from the Greek βρότος, *i. e.* mortal; but rather (if it had pleaſed him) from βροτόεις, *i. e.* bloody.

He ſhould deſcry the iſle of Albion, highly bleſt.

His requeſt to Diana in an hexaſtich, and her anſwer in an ogdoaſtich, hexameters and pentameters, diſcovered to him in a dream, with his ſacrifice and ritual ceremonies, are in the Britiſh ſtory: the verſes are pure Latin, which clearly (as is written of (*i*) Apollo) was not in thoſe times ſpoken by Diana, nor underſtood by Brute: therefore in charity believe it a tranſlation; by Gildas a Britiſh poet, as Virunnius tells you. The author takes a juſtifiable liberty, making her call it Albion, which was the old name of this iſle, and remembered in Pliny, Marcian, the book περὶ κόσμου, falſely attributed to Ariſtotle, Stephen, Apuleius, others. And our monk of (*k*) Bury calls Henry the Fifth,

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(*t*) Harding. Nich. Upton. de re militar. 2.
(*u*) C. tit de profeſſorib. l. unica.
(*x*) Girald. deſcript. c. 15.
(*y*) Camden.
(*z*) Ageſianax apud Strab. lib. 13.
(*a*) Trog. Pomp. lib. 31.
(*b*) Melchior Canus libr. 11. de aut. his hum. de his plurima.
(*c*) Origen. ad 35. Matth.
(*d*) See the ſixth ſong.
(*e*) Procopius de bell Vandilic. lib. 2.
(*f*) Ad Cyng. Cant.
(*g*) Æneid. 6. & ibid. Serv. Honoratus. After thy death Lavinia brings a king born in the woods, father of kings.
(*h*) Baſingſtoch. lib. 1.
(*i*) Cicero de divinat. l. 2.
(*k*) J. Lidgat. lib. de bello Trojan. 5. & alibi ſæpiùs.

———*Protector of Brute's Albion.*

often uſing that name for the iſland. From Albina, daughter to Diocleſian (*l*) King of Syria, ſome fetch the name; others from a lady of that name, one of the Danaids; affirming their (*m*) arrival here, copulation with ſpirits, and bringing forth giants, and all this above 200 years before Brute. But neither was there any ſuch king in Syria, nor had Danaus (that can be found) any ſuch daughter, nor travelled they for adventures, but by their father were newly (*n*) married, after ſlaughter of their huſbands: briefly, nothing can be written more impudently fabulous. Others from King Albion, Neptune's ſon; from the Greek (*o*) ὄλβιος others, or from (I know not what) Olibus, a Celtiſh king, remembered by the falſe Manethon. Follow them rather which will it (*p*) *ab albis rupibus*, whereby it is ſpecially conſpicuous. So was an iſle in the Indian ſea called Leuca, *i. e.* white; and (*q*) another in Pontus, ſuppoſed alſo fortunate, and a receptacle of the ſouls of thoſe great heroes, Peleus and Achilles. Thus was a place by Tyber called (*r*) Albiona; and the very name of Albion was upon the Alps, which from like cauſe had their denomination; Alpum in the Sabin tongue (from the Greek ἄλφον) ſignifying *white*. Some much diſlike this derivation, (*s*) becauſe it comes from a tongue (ſuppoſe it either Greek or Latin) not anciently communicated to this iſle. For my part, I think (clearly againſt the common opinion) that the name of Britain was known to ſtrangers before Albion. I could vouch the (*t*) finding of one of the maſts of Hero's ſhip, (*u*) ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσι τοῦ Βρεταννίας, if judicious correction admoniſhed me not rather to read Βρεντιανῆς, *i. e.* the lower Calabria in Italy, a place above all other, I remember, for ſtore of ſhip-timber; commended (*x*) by Alcibiades to the Lacedemonians. But with better furety can I produce the expreſs name of (*y*) Βρεττανικῶν νήσων, out of a writer that (*z*) lived and travelled in warfare with Scipio; before whoſe time Scylax (making a catalogue of twenty other iſles) and Herodotus (to whom theſe weſtern parts were by his confeſſion unknown) never ſo much as ſpeak of us by any name. Afterward was Albion impoſed upon the cauſe before touched, expreſſing the old Britiſh name (*a*) *Iniſquin*: which argument moves me before all other, for that I ſee it uſual in antiquity to have names among ſtrangers, in their tongue juſt ſignificant with the ſame in the language of the country to which they are applyed; as the red ſea is (in Strabo, Curtius, Stephen, others) named from a king of that coaſt called Erythræus (for to ſpeak of red ſand, as ſome, or red hills, as an old (*b*) writer, were but refuges of ſhameful ignorance) which was ſurely the ſame with Eſau, called in holy writ Ædom; (*c*) both ſignifying (the one in Greek, the other in Hebrew) red. So the river Nile, (*d*) in Hebrew and Ægyptian called שחור, *i. e.* black, is obſerved by that mighty prince of learning's ſtate, Joſeph Scaliger, to ſignify the ſame colour in the word Αἰγύπτιος, uſed for it by (*e*) Homer; which is inforced alſo by the black (*f*) ſtatutes among the Greeks, erected in honour of Nile, named alſo expreſsly (*g*) Melas: ſo in proper names of men; Simon (*h*) Zelotes in Luke, is but Simon the Canaanite, and (*i*) Τδογενὴς in Orpheus the ſame with Moſes, Janus with Oenotrus: and in our times thoſe authors, Melanchthun, Magirus, Theocrenus, Pelargus, in their own language, but Swertearth, Cooke, Fountain de Dieu, Storke. Divers ſuch other plain examples might illuſtrate the conceit; but theſe ſufficient. Take largeſt etymological liberty, and you may have it from (*i*) Ellan-ban, *i. e.* the white iſle, in Scottiſh, as they call their Albania; and to fit all together, the name of Britain from *Britinis*, *i. e.* the coloured iſle in Welſh; betwixt which and the Greek (*k*) Βρύτον or Βρύτιον (uſed for a kind of drink nearly like our beer) I would with the French Forcatulus think affinity (as Italy was called Oenotria, from the name of wine) were it not for that Βρύτον may be had from an ordinary primitive, or elſe from Βρίθω, *i. e.* ſweet (as Solinus teaches, making Britomart ſignify as much as ſweet virgin) in the Cretic tongue. But this is to play with ſyllables, and abuſe precious time.

The city Turon Built———

(*l*) Chronic. S. Albani.

(*m*) Hugo de Geneſ. apud Harding. c. 3.

(*n*) Pauſanias in Laconic.

(*o*) Happy.

(*p*) From white cliffs.

(*q*) Παρὰ τὴν λευκὴν ἀκτὴν uti Euripides in Andromach. magis vellem, quàm ὕνεκα ἐς τὰ παρίσι κινύσι τὰ λευκὰ τίτυσθαι quod canit Dionyſius Afer.

(*r*) Strab. lib. δ. & Sixtus Pompeius in Alpum.

(*s*) H. Lbuid in Breviar.

(*t*) Moſchion apud Athen. dipnoſoph. ε.

(*u*) In the hills of Britany.

(*x*) Thucydid. hiſt. 6.

(*y*) Britiſh iſles.

(*z*) Polyb. hiſt. γ. qui Jul. Cæſarem ducentos fermè amos antevertit.

(*a*) The white iſle.

(*b*) Uranius in Arabic. apud Steph. περὶ πολ. in Ερυθρά.

(*c*) Gen. 36. Num. 20.

(*d*) Iſai. 23. Jerem. 2.

(*e*) Odyſſ. δ. ——Αἰγυπτίοιο διίπετεος ποταμοῖο. Fortè tamen fluvius Ægypti, ut Heb. סיחור נחר Gen. 15. com. nat. 17.

(*f*) Pauſan. Arcadic. γ.

(*g*) Feſtus in Alcedo.

(*h*) Nebriſſenſ. in quinquag. cap. 40.

(*i*) Camden.

(*k*) Vocabulo Βρύτον uſi ſunt Æſchylus, Sophocles, Hellanicus, Archilocus, Hecatæus apud Athenæum. dipnoſoph. 10. α τὶ τῷ χριθέν ὄνῳ, ejuſdem ferè naturæ cum Scytho & Curmithe apud Dioſcoridem lib. δ. cap. σϛζ. & σϛή. fortè παρὰ τὸ βρύειν.

Underſtand Tours upon Loire in France, whoſe name and foundation the inhabitants (*l*) refer to Turnus (of the ſame time with Æneas, but whether the ſame which Virgil ſpeaks of, they know not (his funeral monuments they yet ſhew, boaſt of, and from him idly derive the word Torneaments. The Britiſh ſtory ſays Brute built it (ſo alſo Nennius) and from one Turon, Brute's nepbew there buried, gives it the name. Homer is cited for teſtimony: in his works extant it is not found. But becauſe he had divers others (which wrongful time hath filcht from us) as appears in Herodotus and Suidas; you may in favour think it to be in ſome of thoſe loſt; yet I cannot in conſcience offer to perſwade you that he ever knew the continent of Gaul (now, in part, France) although a learned (*m*) German endeavours by force of wit and etymology, to carry Ulyſſes (which he makes of Elizza in Geneſis) into Spain, and others before (*n*) him (but falſely) into the northern parts of Scotland. But for Homer's knowledge, ſee the laſt note to the ſixth ſong.

So mighty were that time the men that lived there.

If you truſt our ſtories, you muſt believe the land then peopled with giants, of vaſt bodily compoſture. I have read of the Nephilim, the Rephaiim, Anakim, Og, Goliath, and other in holy writ: of Mars, Tityus, Antæus, Turnus, and the Titans in Homer, Virgil, Ovid; and of Adam's ſtature (according to Jewiſh (*o*) fiction) equalling at firſt the world's diameter; yet ſeeing that nature (now as fertile as of old) hath in her effects determinate limits of quantity, that in Ariſtotle's (*p*) time (near two thouſand years ſince) their beds were but ſix foot ordinarily (nor is the difference, betwixt ours and Greeks dimenſion, much) and that near the ſame length was our Saviour's ſepulchre, as Adamnan informed (*q*) King Alfrid; I could think that there now are ſome as great ſtatures, as for the moſt part have been, and that giants were but of a ſomewhat more than vulgar (*r*) excellence in body, and martial performance. If you object the finding of great bones, which, meaſured by proportion, largely exceed our times; I firſt anſwer, that in ſome ſingulars, as monſters rather than natural, ſuch proof hath been; but withal, that both now and of ancient (*s*) time, the eye's judgment in ſuch like hath been, and is, ſubject to much impoſture; miſtaking bones of huge beaſts for human. (*t*) Claudius brought over his elephants hither, and perhaps Julius Cæſar ſome, (for I have read (*u*) that he terribly affrighted the Britons with ſight of one at Coway-ſtakes) and ſo may you be deceived. But this is no place to examine it.

Of Corin Cornwal call'd, to his immortal fame.

So, if you believe the tale of Corin and Gogmagog: but rather imagine the name of Cornwal from this promontory of the land's end, extending itſelf like a (*x*) horn, which in moſt tongues is *Corn*, or very near. Thus was a (*y*) promontory in Cyprus called Ceraſtes, and in the now Candy or Crete, and Gazaria (the old Taurica Cherſoneſus) another titled (*z*) Κριὸς μέτωπον: and Brunduſium in Italy had name from Brendon or (*a*) Brention, *i. e.* a Hart's head, in the Meſſapian tongue, for ſimilitude of horns. But (*b*) Malmeſbury thus: "They are called Cornwalſhmen, becauſe "being ſeated in the weſtern part of Britain, they "lie over againſt a horn (a promontory) of Gaul." The whole name is as if you ſhould ſay Cornwales; for hither in the Saxon conqueſt the Britiſh called Welſh (ſignifying the people rather than ſtrangers, as the vulgar opinion wills) made tranſmigration: whereof an old (*c*) rhimer:

The vewe that wer of hom bileved, as in Cornwaile and Wailis,
Brutons ner namore ycluped, at Waleys ywis.

Such was the language of your fathers between three and four hundred years ſince: and of it more hereafter.

The deluge of the Dane exactly to have ſong.

In the fourth year of (*d*) Brithric, King of the Weſt-Saxons, at Portland, and at this place (which makes the fiction proper) three ſhips of Daniſh pirates enter'd: the King's Lieutenant offering inquiſition of their name, ſtate, and cauſe of arrival, was the firſt Engliſhman, in this firſt Daniſh invaſion, ſlain by their hand. Miſerable loſſes and continual had the Engliſh, by their frequent irruptions, from this time till the Norman conqueſt; twixt which intercedes two hundred ſe-

(*l*) Andrè au Chefne en les recherchez des villes 1. cap. 221.
(*m*) Goropius in Hiſpanio. 4. v. Strab. geograph. γ. & alias de Olyſſippone.
(*n*) Solini polyhiſt. cap. 35.
(*o*) Rabbi Eleazar apud Riccium in epit. Talmud. cæterum in hâc re all oriam v. apud D. Cyprian. ſerm. de montibus Sina & Sion.
(*p*) Προβλημ. μηχ. κε.
(*q*) Bed. hiſt. Eccleſiaſt. 5. c. 17.
(*r*) Ευμεγέθεις: και ἐσπισαμένοι πόλεμον. Baruch. cap. γ Conſule, ſi placet, Scaliger. exercitation. Becan. beccefelan. 2. Auguſt. Civ. Dei 15. c. 23. Clem. Rom. recognit. 1. Lactant, &c.
(*s*) Sueton. in Octav. c. 72.
(*t*) Dio. Caſſ. lib ξ.
(*u*) Polyæn. ſtratagemat. η. in Cæſare.
(*x*) Cornugallia dicta eſt H. Huntingdonio, aliis.
(*y*) Strabo lib. ζ. & ε. Stephan. Melanct. Plin. geogr. paſſim.
(*z*) Ram's head.
(*a*) Seleucus apud Stephan. Βρεντησ. & Suidas in Βρεντ.
(*b*) De geſt. reg. 2. c. 6.
(*c*) Robertus Gloceſtrenſ.
(*d*) Anno 787.

venty-nine years: and that less account of (*e*) two hundred and thirty, during which space this land endured their slaughters, according to some men's calculation, begins at King Ethelwulph; to whose time Henry of Huntingdon and Roger of Hoveden, refer the beginning of the Danish mischiefs, continuing so intolerable, that under King Ethelred was there begun a tribute insupportable (yearly afterward exacted from the subjects) to give their King Swain, and so prevent their insatiate rapine. It was between thirty and forty thousand (*f*) pounds (for I find no certainty of it, so variable are the reports) not instituted for pay of garrisons employed in service against them (as upon the misunderstanding of the Confessor's laws some ill affirm) but to satisfy the wasting enemy; but so that it ceased not, although their spoils ceased, but was collected to the use of the crown, until King Stephen promised to remit it. For indeed St. Edward, upon imagination of seeing a devil dancing about the whole sum of it lying in his treasury, moved in conscience, caused it to be repayed, and released the duty, as Ingulph abbot of Crowland tells you: yet observe him, and read Florence of Worcester, Marian the Scot, Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger Hoveden, and you will confess that what I report thus from them is truth, and different much from what vulgarly is received. Of the Danish race were afterward three Kings, Cnut, Hardcnut, and Harold the first.

His offspring after long expulst the inner land.

After some one thousand five hundred years from the (*g*) supposed arrival of the Trojans, their posterity were by encroachment of Saxons, Jutes, Angles, Danes (for among the Saxons that noble (*h*) Deuz wills that surely Danes were) Frisians (*i*) and Franks driven into those western parts of the now Wells and Cornwales. Our stories have this at large, and the Saxon heptarchy; which at last by public edict of King Ecbert was called *Engle-lond.* But John, Bishop of (*k*) Chartres saith it had that name from the first coming of the Angles; others from the name of Hengist (*l*), (a matter probable enough) whose name, wars, policies, and government, being first invested by Vortigern in Kent, are above all the other Germans most notable in the British stories: and Harding.

———————*He called it Engestes land,*
Which afterward was shorted, and called England.

Herto accords that of one of our (*m*) country old Poets:

————(*n*) *Engisti linguâ canit insula Bruti.*

If I should add the idle conceits of Godfrey of Viterbo, drawing the name from I know not what Angri, the insertion of *l* for *r* by Pope Gregory, or the conjecture of unlimitable phantasie, I should unwillingly, yet with them impudently, err.

(*e*) Audacter lege ducentos vice τῦ trecentos in fol. 237. Hovedeni, cui prologum libro quinto H. Huntingdon. committas licet. Danegelt shewed against a common error both in remission & institution.

(*f*) Mariano Scoto 3600 libræ, & Florentio Wigorn.

(*g*) Chronologiam hùc spectantem consulas in Illustrat. ad 4. Cant.

(*h*) Jan. Douz. annal. Holland. 1. & 6.

(*i*) Procopius in fragm. δ. lib. Gothic. ap, Camden. Name of England.

(*k*) Policratic. lib. 6. c. 17.

(*l*) Chronicon S. Albani. Hector. Boët. Scotorum hist. 7.

(*m*) J. Gower epigram. in confess amantis.

(*n*) Britain sings in Hengist's tongue.

POLY-OLBION:

THE SECOND SONG.

The Argument.

The Muſe from Marſhwood way commands
Along the ſhore through Cheſil's ſands;
Where, over-toil'd, her heat to cool,
She bathes her in the pleaſant Pool:
Thence, over land again doth ſcow'r,
To fetch in Froom and bring down Stour;
Falls with New-Foreſt, as ſhe ſings
The wanton wood-nymphs revellings.
Whilſt Itchin in her loſty lays
Chaunts Bevis of Southampton's praiſe,
She Southward with her active flight
Is wafted to the Iſle of Wight,
To ſee the rout the ſea-gods keep,
There ſwaggering in the Solent deep.
Thence Hampſhire ward her way ſhe bends;
And viſiting her foreſt friends,
Near Sals'bury her reſt doth take:
Which ſhe her ſecond pauſe doth make.

MARCH ſtrongly forth, my muſe, whilſt yet the temp'rate air
Invites us eas'ly on to haſten our repair.
Thou pow'rful God of flames (in verſe divinely great) [heat,
Touch my invention ſo with thy true genuine
That high and noble things I ſlightly may not tell,
Nor light and idle toys my lines may vainly ſwell;
But as my ſubject ſerves, ſo high or low to ſtrain,
And to the varying earth ſo ſute my varying vein,
That nature, in my work thou may'ſt thy pow'r avow: [allow;
That as thou firſt found'ſt art, and didſt her rules
So I, to thine own ſelf that gladly near would be,
May herein do the beſt, in imitating thee:
As thou haſt here a hill, a vale there, there a flood,
A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a wood,

Theſe things ſo in my ſong I naturally may ſhow;
Now, as the mountain high; then as the valley low;
Here, fruitful as the mead; there, as the heath be bare;
Then, as the gloomy wood, I may be rough, though rare.
Though the Dorſetian fields, that lie in open view,
My progreſs I again muſt ſeriouſly purſue,
From Marſhwood's fruitful vale my journey on to make
(As Phœbus getting up out of the eaſtern lake,
Refreſh'd with eaſe and ſleep, is to his labour preſt;
Even ſo the labouring muſe, here baited with this reſt.)
Whereas the little Lim along doth eas'ly creep,
And Car, that coming down unto the troubled deep,
Brings on the neighb'ring bert, whoſe bat'ning mellow'd bank,
From all the Britiſh ſoils, for hemp moſt hugely rank
Doth bear away the beſt: to Bert-port, which hath gain'd
That praiſe from every place, and worthily obtain'd
Our cordage from her ſtore (*a*), and cables ſhould be made,
Of any in that kind moſt fit for marine trade.
Not ſever'd from the ſhore, aloft where Cheſil lifts
Her ridged ſnake-like ſands, in wrecks and ſmould'ring drifts,
Which by the ſouth-wind rais'd, are heav'd on little hills:
Whoſe vallies with his flows when foaming Neptune fills:
Upon a thouſand (*b*) ſwans the naked ſea-nymphs ride
Within the ouzy pools, repleniſh'd every tide:
Which running on, the iſle of Portland pointeth out;
Upon whoſe moiſted ſkirt, with ſea-weed fring'd about, [brack,
The baſtard coral breeds, that, drawn out of the
A brittle ſtalk becomes, from greeniſh turn'd to black; [bare
§ Which th' ancients for the love that they to Iſis
(Their goddeſs moſt ador'd) have ſacred for her hair.
Of which the Naiads and the blue (*c*) Nereids make
Them (*d*) taudries for their necks: when ſporting in the lake,
They to their ſecret bow'rs the ſea-gods entertain.
Where Portland from her top doth over-peer the main;

Her rugged front empal'd (on every part) with rocks,
Though indigent of wood, yet fraught with woolly flocks;
Moſt famous for her ſolk excelling with the ſling
Of any other here this land inhabiting;
That therewith they in war offenſively might wound,
If yet the uſe of ſhot invention had not found.
Where from the neighb'ring hills her paſſage wey doth path,
Whoſe haven, not our leaſt that watch the mid-day, hath
The glories that belong unto a complete port;
Though wey the leaſt of all the Naiads that reſort
To the Dorſetian ſands from off the higher ſhore.
Then From (a nobler flood) the muſes doth implore (bewail,
Her mother Blackmoor's ſtate they ſadly would
Whoſe hig and lordly oaks once bore as brave a fail,
As they themſelves that thought the largeſt ſhades to ſpread:
But man's devouring hand, with all the earth not fed,
Hath hew'd her timber down: which wounded, when it fell,
By the great noiſe it made, the workman ſeem'd to tell
The loſs that to the land would ſhortly come thereby,
Where no man ever plants to our poſterity:
That when ſharp winter ſhoots her fleet and harden'd hail,
Or ſudden guſts from ſea the harmleſs deer aſſail,
The ſhrubs are not of pow'r to ſhiel'd them from the wind.
'Dear mother, quoth the Froom, too late (alas!) we find
'The ſoftneſs of thy ſword, continued through
'thy ſoil,
'To be the only cauſe of unrecover'd ſpoil;
'When ſcarce the Britiſh ground a finer graſs
'doth bear:
'And wiſh I could, quoth ſhe, (if wiſhes helpful
'were)
'§ Thou never by that name of white-hart
'hadſt been known,
'But ſtiled Black-moor ſtill, which rightly was
'thine own.
'For why? that change ſortold the ruin of thy
'ſtate:
'Lo, thus the world may ſee what 'tis to inno-
'vate!
By this, her own-nam'd (*e*) town the wand'ring Froom had paſt,
And quitting in her courſe old Dorceſter at laſt
Approaching near the Pool, at Wareham on her way,
As eas'ly ſhe doth fall into the peaceful bay,
Upon her nobler ſide, and to the ſouthward near,
Fair Purbeck ſhe beholds, which no where hath her peer:

(*a*) By Act of Parliament in the 21ſt of Hen. VIII.
(*b*) The beauty of the many ſwans upon the Cheſils, noted in this poetical delicacy.
(*c*) Sea-nymphs.
(*d*) A kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

(*e*) Frampton.

So pleasantly in-isl'd on mighty Neptune's marge,
A forest-nymph, and one of chaste Diana's charge,
Employ'd in woods and laws her deer to feed and kill: [his will,
§ On whom the watry God would oft have had
And often her hath woo'd, which never would be won:.
But Purbeck, as profest a Huntress and a Nun,
The wide and wealthy sea, nor all his power respects;
Her marble-minded breast, impregnable, rejects
The ugly (f) orks, that for their Lord and Ocean woo.
Whilst Froom was troubled thus, where nought she hath to do,
The Piddle, that this while bestirr'd her nimble feet,
In falling to the Pool her sister Froom to meet,
And having in her train two little slender rills
Besides her proper spring, wherewith her banks she fills,
To whom since first the world this later name her lent,
Who anciently was known to be instiled (g) Trent,
Her small assistant brooks her second name have gain'd.
Whilst Piddle and the Froom each other entertain'd,
Oft praising lovely Pool, their best-beloved bay,
Thus Piddle her bespake, to pass the time away:
' When (b) Pool (quoth she) was young, a lusty sea-born lass,
' Great Albion to this nymph an earnest suitor ' was; [came,
' And bare himself so well, and so in favour
' That he in little time upon this lovely dame
' § Begot three maiden isles, his darlings and de- ' light: [hight;
' The eldest, Brunksey call'd; the second, Fursey
' The youngest and the last, and lesser than the ' other,
' Saint Helleu's name doth bear, the dilling of ' her mother.
' And for the goodly Pool was one of Thetis' ' train,
' Who scorn'd a nymph of hers her virgin-band should stain,
' Great Albion (that fore-thought the angry God- ' dess would
' Both on the dam and brats take what revenge ' she could)
' I' th' bosom of the Pool his little children plac'd;
' Firſt Brunksey, Fursey next, and little Hellen ' last: [about,
' Then with his mighty arms doth clip the Pool
' To keep the angry queen (fierce Amphitrite) ' out:
' Against whose lordly might she musters up her ' waves;
' And strongly thence repuls'd, with madness ' scolds and raves.

When now from Pool, the muse (up to her pitch to get)
Herself in such a place from sight doth almost set,
As by the active power of her commanding wings,
She (falcon-like) from far doth fetch those plenteous springs.
Where (i) Stour receives her strength from six clear fountains fed;
Which gathering to one stream from every several head,
Her new-beginning bank her water scarcely wields;
And fairly ent'reth first on the Dorsetian fields;
Where Gillingham with gifts that for a God were meet,
(Enamell'd paths, rich wreaths, and every sov'reign sweet
The earth and air can yield, with many a pleasure mixt)
Receives her. Whilst there pass'd great kindness them betwixt,
The forest her bespoke: ' How happy, floods, are ye,
' From our predestin'd plagues that privileged be
' Which only with the fish which in your banks do ' breed,
' And daily there increase, man's gormandice ' can feed!
' But had this wretched age such uses to employ
' Your waters, as the woods we lately did enjoy,
' Your channels they would leave as barren by ' their spoil,
' As they of all our trees have lastly left our soil.
' Insatiable time thus all things doth devour:
' What ever saw the sun, that is not in time's ' power? [day;
' Ye fleeting streams last long, out-living many a
' But on more stedfast things time makes the ' strongest prey.
§ Now tow'rds the Solent sea as Stour her way doth ply,
On Shaftsbury (by chance) she cast her crystal eye,
From whose foundation first such strange reports arise,
§ As brought into her mind the Eagle's prophecies;
Oft that so dreadful plague, which all great Britain swept,
From that which highest flew, to that which lowest crept,
Before the Saxon thence the Briton should expell,
And all that thereupon successively befell,
How then the bloody Dane subdu'd the Saxon race; [place:
And, next, the Norman took possession of the
Those ages once expir'd, the fates to bring about,
The British line restor d; the Norman lineage out.
§. Then, those prodigious signs to ponder she began, [ran;
Which afterward again the Britons wrack fore-
How here the owl at noon in public streets was seen, [been.
As though the peopled towns had wayless deserts

(f) Monsters of the sea, supposed Neptune's guard.
(g) The ancient name of Piddle.
(b) The story of Pool.
(i) Stour riseth from six fountains.

And whilſt the loathly toad out of his hole doth crawl,
And makes his fulſome ſtool amid the Prince's hall,
The cryſtal fountain turn'd into a gory wound,
And bloody iſſues hrake (like ulcers) from the ground; [return,
The ſeas, againſt their courſe, with double tides
And oft were ſeen hy night like boiling pitch to burn.
Thus thinking, lively Stour beſtirs her tow'rds the main;
Which Lidden leadeth out; then Dulas bears her train
From Blackmore, that at once their watry tribute bring: [toning,
When, like ſome childiſh wench, ſhe looſly wan-
With tricks and giddy turns ſeems to miſle the ſhore. [ſcow'r
Betwixt her fiſhful banks then forward ſhe doth
Until ſhe laſtly reach clear Alen in her race:
Which calmly cometh down from her dear mother (*k*) chaſe, [ſee
Of Cranbourn that it call'd; who greatly joys to
A river born of her, for Stour's ſhould reckon'd be;
Of that renowned flood a favourite highly grac'd.
Whilſt Cranbourn, for her child ſo fortunately plac'd,
With echoes every way applauds her Alen's ſtate,
A ſudden noiſe from (*l*) Holt ſeems to congratulate [ſtow'd,
With Cranbourn, for her brook ſo happily be-
Where, to her neighb'ring chaſe the courteous foreſt ſhew'd
So juſt-conceived joy, that from each riſing (*m*) huſt,
Where many a goodly oak had carefully been nurſt,
The Sylvans in their ſongs their mirthful meeting tell;
And Satyrs, that in ſlades and gloomy dimhles dwell, [hands.
Run whooting to the hills to clap their ruder
As Holt had done before, ſo Canford's goodly launds [veins,
(Which lean upnn the Pool) enrich'd with cop'ras
Rejoice to ſee them join'd. When down from Sarum plains
Clear Avon coming in, her ſiſter Stour doth call,
§ And at New-foreſt's foot into the ſea do fall,
Which every day bewail that deed ſo full of dread, [eſted:
Whereby ſhe (now ſo proud) became firſt for-
She now, who for her ſite ev'n boundleſs ſeem'd to lie,
Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny,
Providing laws to keep thoſe beaſts here planted then, [men;
Whoſe lawleſs will from hence before had driven
That where the hearth was warm'd with winter's feaſting fires,
The melancholy hare is form'd in brakes and briers:

(*k*) Cranbourn chace.
(*l*) Holt-foreſt.
(*m*) A wood in Engliſh.

The aged ranpick trunk, where plowmen caſt their ſeed,
And churches overwhelm'd with nettles, fern and weed, [trade,
By Conq'ring William firſt cut off from every
That here the Norman ſtill might enter to invade;
That on this vacant place, and unfrequented ſhore,
New forces ſtill might land, to aid thoſe here before. [great,
But ſhe, as hy a King and Conqueror made ſo
By whom ſhe was allow'd and limited her ſeat,
Into her own ſelf-praiſe moſt inſolently brake,
And her leſs fellow-nymphs New-foreſt thus beſpake:
'Thou (*n*) Buckholt, bow to me; ſo let thy
'ſiſter (*n*) Bere;
'(*n*) Chute, kneel thou at my name on this ſide
'of the ſhire:
'Where, for their Goddeſs, me the (*o*) Dryads
'ſhall adore,
'With Waltham and the Bere, that on the ſea-
'worn ſhore
'See at the ſouthern iſles the tide at tilt to run;
'And Wolmer, placed hence upon the riſing ſun,
'With Aſhholt thine ally (my wood-nymphs)
'and with you,
'Proud Pamher tow'rds the north, aſcribe me
'worſhip due.
'Before my Princely ſtate let your poor greatneſs fall;
'And vail your tops to me, the Sovereign of you
'all. [fell.
Amongſt the River, ſo, great diſcontent there
Th' efficient cauſe thereof (as loud report doth tell.)
Was, that the ſprightly Teſt ariſing up in Chute,
To Itchin, her ally, great weakneſs ſhould impute,
That ſhe, to her own wrong, and every other's grief,
Would needs be telling things exceeding all belief:
For ſhe had giv'n it out, South-hampton ſhould not loſe
§ Her famous Bevis ſo, were 't in her pow'r to chooſe; [preſers,
§ And for great Arthur's ſeat, her Wincheſter
Whoſe old Round-table yet ſhe vaunteth to be hers;
And ſwore, the inglorious time ſhould not bereave her right;
But what it would obſcure, ſhe would reduce to light.
For, from that wondrous (*p*) pond, whence ſhe derives her head,
And places by the way, by which ſhe's honoured,
Old Wincheſter, that ſtands near in her middle way,
(And Hampton, at her fall into the Solent ſea)
She thinks in all the iſle not any ſuch as ſhe,
And for a Demigod ſhe would related be.
'Sweet ſiſter mine (quoth Teſt) adviſe yon
'what you do;
'Think this; for each of us, the foreſts here are
'two;

(*n*) The foreſts of Hampſhre, with their ſituatinns.
(*o*) Nymphs that live and die with oaks.
(*p*) A pool near unto Alresford, yielding an unuſual abundance of water.

'Who, if you ſpeak a thing whereof they hold
'can take,
'Be't little, or be't much, they double will it
'make.
Whom Hamble helpeth out; a handſome proper flood,
In courteſy well ſkill'd and one that knew her
good:
'Conſider, quoth this nymph, the times be
'curious now,
'And nothing of that kind will any way allow.
'Beſides, the Muſe had next the Britiſh cauſe in
'hand, ſtand.
'About things later done that now ſhe cannot
The more they her perſuade, the more ſhe
doth perſiſt;
Let them ſay what they will, ſhe will do what
ſhe liſt.
She ſtiles herſelf their chief, and ſwears ſhe will
command;
And, whatſoe'er ſhe ſaith, for oracles muſt ſtand.
Which when the Rivers heard, they farther
ſpeech forbear.
And ſhe (to pleaſe herſelf that only ſeem'd to care)
To ſing th' achievements great Bevis thus began:
'Redoubted Knight, quoth ſhe, O moſt re-
'nowned man!
'Who, when thou wert but young, thy mother
'durſt reprove
'(Moſt wickedly ſeduced by th' unlawful love
'Of Mordure, at that time the Almain Emper-
'or's ſon)
'That ſhe thy ſire to death diſloyally had
done.——
Each circumſtance whereof ſhe largely did relate;
Then in her ſong purſu'd his mother's deadly
hate;
And how (by Saber's hand) when ſhe ſuppos'd
him dead,
Where long upon the downs a ſhepherd's life he
led; know
Till, by the great recourſe, he came at length to
The country thereabout could hardly hold the
ſhew drew,
His mother's marriage-feaſt to fair Southampton
Being wedded to that Lord who late her huſband
ſlew deep,
Into this noble breaſt which pierc'd ſo wond'rous
That (in the poor attire he us'd to tend the ſheep,
And in his hand his hook) unto the town he went;
As having in his heart a reſolute intent
Or manfully to die, or to revenge his wrong:
Where preſſing at the gate the multitude among,
The porter to that place, his entrance that forbad,
(Suppoſing him ſome ſwain, ſome boiſt'rous
country lad)
Upon the head he lent ſo violent a ſtroke,
That the poor empty ſkull like ſome thin pot-
ſherd broke,
The brains and mingled blood were ſpirtled on
the wall.
Then haſting on, he came into the upper hall,
Where murd'rous Mordure ſate embraced by his
bride:
Who (guilty in himſelf) had he not Bevis ſpy'd,
His bones had with a blow been ſhatter'd; but
by chance
He ſhifting from the place, whilſt Bevis did advance
His hand, with greater ſtrength his deadly foe to
hit,
And miſſing him, his chair he all to ſhivers ſplit:
Which ſtruck his mother's breaſt with ſtrange
and ſundry fears,
That Bevis being then but of ſo tender years,
Durſt yet attempt a thing ſo full of death and
doubt.
And, once before deceiv'd, ſhe newly caſt about
To rid him out of ſight; and, with a mighty wage,
Won ſuch, themſelves by oath as deeply durſt
engage,
To execute her will: who ſhipping him away
(And making forth their courſe into the midland
ſea)
As they had got before, ſo now again for gold
To an Armenian there that young Alcides ſold:
Of all his gotten prize, who (as the worthieſt
thing,
And fitteſt wherewithal to gratify his King)
Preſented that brave youth; the ſplendor of
whoſe eye
A wond'rous mixture ſhew'd of grace and majeſty:
Whoſe more than man-like ſhape, and matchleſs
ſtature, took
The King; that often us'd with great delight to
look bore
Upon that Engliſh Earl. But though the love he
To Bevis might be much, his daughter ten times
more
Admir'd the godlike man: who, from the hour
that firſt
His beauty ſhe beheld, felt her ſoft boſom pierc'd
With Cupid's deadlieſt ſhaft; that Joſian, to her
gueſt,
Already had reſign'd poſſeſſion of her breaſt.
Then ſang ſhe, in the fields how as he went to
ſport,
And thoſe damn'd Panims heard, who in de-
ſpightful ſort
Derided Chriſt the Lord: for his Redeemer's ſake
He on thoſe heathen hounds did there ſuch ſlaugh-
ter make,
That whilſt in their black mouths their blaſphemies
they drew
They headlong went to hell. As alſo how he
ſlew
That cruel boar, whoſe tuſks turn'd up whole
fields of grain
(And, rooting, raiſed hills upon the level plain;
Digg'd caverns in the earth, ſo dark and wond-
d'rous deep,
As that, into whoſe mouth the deſperate (*q*)
Roman leapt)
And cutting off his head, a trophy thence to bear;
The foreſters, that came to intercept it there,
How he there ſcalps and trunks in chips and pieces
cleft, left.
And in the fields, like beaſts, their mangled bodies

(*q*) Curtius.

As to his farther praiſe, how for that dangerous fight
The great Armenian King made noble Bevis Knight:
And having raiſed power, Damaſcus to invade,
The General of his force this Engliſh hero made.
Then how fair Joſian gave him Arundel his ſteed,
And Morglay his good ſword, in many a valiant deed
Which manfully he try'd. Next, in a (r) buſkin'd ſtrain,
Sung how himſelf he bore upon Damaſcus' plain,
That dreadful battle where with Brandamon he fought;
And with his ſword and ſteed ſuch earthly wonders wrought,
As even amongſt his foes him admiration won;
Incount'ring in the throng with mighty Radiſon,
And lopping off his arms, th' imperial ſtandard took. [ſook
At whoſe prodigious fall, the conquer'd foe for-
The field; where, in one day ſo many Peers they loſt,
So brave commanders, and ſo abſolute an hoſt,
As to the humbled earth took proud Damaſcus down,
Then tributary made to the Armenian crown.
And how at his return the King (for ſervice done,
The honour to his reign, and to Armenia won)
In marrage to this Earl the Princeſs Joſian gave.
As into what diſtreſs him Fortune after drave,
To great Damaſcus ſent ambaſſador again;
When, in revenge of theirs, before by Bevis ſlain,
(And now, at his return, for that he ſo deſpis'd
Thoſe idols unto whom they daily ſacrific'd,
Which he to pieces hew'd, and ſcatter'd in the duſt) [thruſt?
They, riſing, him by ſtrength into a dungeon
In whoſe black bottom, two long ſerpents had remain'd [drain'd)
(Bred in the common ſewer that all the city
Impois'ning with their ſmell; which ſeiz'd him their prey:
With whom in ſtruggling long (beſmear'd with blood and clay)
He rent their ſqualid chaps, and from the priſon 'ſcap'd.
As how adult'rous Jour, the King of Mambrant, rap'd
Fair Joſian his dear love, his noble ſword and ſteed;
Which afterward by craft he in a palmer's weed
Recover'd, and with him from Mambrant bare away. [fray,
And with two lions how he held a deſperate
Aſſayling him at once, that fiercely on him flrw;
Which firſt he tam'd with wounds, then by the necks them drew,
And 'gainſt the harden'd earth their jaws and ſhoulders burſt;
And that Goliah-like) great Aſcupart inſorc'd
To ſerve him for a ſlave, and by his horſe to run.
At Colein as again the glory that he won

(r) Lofty.

On that huge dragon, like the country to deſtroy;
Whoſe ſting ſtruck like a lance, whoſe venom did deſtroy
As doth a general plague: his ſcales like ſhields of braſs;
His body, when he mov'd, like ſome unwieldy maſs,
Ev'n bruis'd the ſolid earth. Which boldly having ſong,
With all the ſundry turns that might thereto belong,
Whilſt yet ſhe ſhapes her courſe how he came back to ſhew,
What powers he got abroad, how them he did beſtow;
In England here again, how he by dint of ſword
Unto his ancient lands and titles was reſtor'd,
New-foreſt ery'd, "Enough: and Waltham with the Bere,
Both bade her hold her peace; for they no more would hear.
And for ſhe was a flood, her fellows nought would ſay;
But ſlipping to their banks, ſlid ſilently away.
When as the pliant Muſe, with fair and even flight, [Wight;
Betwixt her ſilver wings is waſted to the (s)
That iſle, which jutting out into the ſea ſo far,
Her offspring traineth up in exerciſe of war;
Thoſe pirates to put back, that oft purloin her trade,
Or Spaniards or the French attempting to invade.
Of all the ſouthern iſles ſhe holds the higheſt place,
And evermore had been the great'ſt in Britain's grace;
Not one of all her nymphs her Sovereign fav'reth thus,
Imbraced in the arms of old Oceanus.
For none of her account ſo near her boſom ſtand,
Twixt (t) Penwith's fartheſt point and Goodwin's queachy ſand,
Both for her ſeat and ſoil, that far before the other
Moſt juſtly my account great Britain for her mother. [boaſt,
A finer fleece than hers not Lemſter's ſelf can
Nor Newport, for her mart, o'er-macht by any coaſt,
To theſe the gentle South, with kiſſes ſmooth and ſoft,
Doth in her boſom breathe, and ſeems to court her oft,
Beſides, her little rills, her inlands that do feed,
Which with their laviſh ſtreams do furniſh every need; [ſtand
And meads, that with their fine ſoft graſſy towels
To wipe away the drops and moiſture from her hand;
And to the North, betwixt the fore-land and the firm,
She hath that narrow ſea, which we the Solent term;

(s) Iſle of Wight.
(t) The Forelands of Cornwall and Kent.

Where thoſe rough ireful tides, as in her ſtreights they meet,
With boiſt'rous ſhocks and roars each other rudely greet:
Which fiercely when they charge, and ſadly make retreat, [beat,
Upon the bulwarkt forts of (*u*) Hurſt and Calſheot
Then to South-hampton run: which by her ſhores ſupply'd,
(As Portſmouth by her ſtrength) doth vilify their pride;
Both roads, that with our beſt may boldly hold their plea,
Nor Plimouth's ſelf hath born more braver ſhips than they,
That from their anchoring bays have travelled to find
Large China's wealthy realms, and view'd the either Ind,
The pearly rich Peru; and with as proſperous fate
Have born their full-ſpread ſails upon the ſtreams of Plate:
Whoſe pleaſant harbours oft the ſea-man's hope renew, [clue;
To rigg his late-craz'd bark, to ſpread a wanton
Were they with luſty ſack, and mirthful ſailors ſongs, [wrongs:
Defy their paſſed ſtorms, and laugh at Neptune's
The danger quite forgot wherein they were of late,
Who half ſo merry now as Maſter and his Mate?
And victualling again, with brave and man-like minds [winds,
To ſeaward caſt their eyes, and pray for happy
But, partly by the floods ſent thither from the ſhore,
And iſlands that are ſet the bord'ring coaſt before;
As one among the reſt, a brave and luſty dame
Call'd Portſey, whence that bay of Portſmouth hath her name;
By her, two little iſles, her handmaids (which compar'd
With thoſe within the Pool, for deſtneſs not outdar'd [much,
The greater Haling hight; and faireſt though by
Yet Thorney very well, but ſomewhat rough in touch:
Whoſe beauties far and near divulged by report,
And by the (*x*) Tritons told in mighty Neptune's court,
Old (*y*) Proteus hath been known to leave his finny herd,
And in their ſight to ſpunge his foam-beſpawled beard. [keep,
The ſea-gods, which about the watry kingdom
Have often for their ſakes abandoned the deep;
That Thetis many a time to Neptune hath complain'd,
How for thoſe wanton Nymphs her Ladies were diſdain'd:
And thoſe aroſe ſuch rut th' unruly rout among,
That ſoon the noiſe thereof through all the ocean rung.

§ When Portſey, weighing well the ill to her might grow,
In that their mighty ſtirs might be her overthrow,
She ſtrongly ſtreightneth in the entrance to her bay;
That, of their haunt debarr'd, and ſhut out to the ſea
(Each ſmall conceived wrong helps on diſtemper'd rage)
No counſel could be heard their choler to aſſwage:
When every one ſuſpects the next that is in place
To be the only cauſe and means of his diſgrace.
Some coming from the eaſt, ſome from the ſetting ſun,
The liquid mountains ſtill together mainly run;
Wave woundeth wave again; and billow, billow gores;
And topſy-turvy ſo fly tumbling to the ſhores.
From hence the Solent ſea, as ſome men thought might ſtand
Amongſt thoſe things which we call wonders of our land
When towing up that (*a*) ſtream, ſo negligent of fame,
As till this very day ſhe yet conceals her name;
By Bert and Waltham both that's equally embrac'd,
And laſtly, at her fall, by Tichfield highly grac'd:
Whence, from old Windſor hill, and from the aged (*b*) Stone,
The muſe thoſe countries ſees, which call her to be gone.
The foreſts took their leave: Bere, Chute, and Buckholt, bid
Adieu: ſo Wolmer, and ſo Aſhholt kindly did;
And Pamber ſhook her head, as grieved at the heart;
When far upon her way, and ready to depart,
As now the wand'ring Muſe ſo ſadly went along,
To her laſt farewel, thus, the goody foreſts ſong.

'Dear Muſe, to plead our right, whom time at
'laſt hath brought,
'Which elſe forlorn had lain, and baniſh'd every
'thought,
'When thou aſcend'ſt the hills, and from their
riſing ſhrouds
'Our ſiſter ſhalt command, whoſe tops once toucht
'the clouds;
'Old (*c*) Arden when thou meet'ſt, or doſt fair
(*d*) Sherwood ſee,
'Till them, that as they waſte, ſo every day do
'we; [heirs;
'Wiſh them, we of our griefs may each other's
'Let them lament our fall, and we will mourn
'for theirs.

Then turning from the ſouth, which lies in public view,
The Muſe an oblique courſe doth ſeriouſly purſue;
And pointing to the plains, ſhe thither take her way; [ſtay,
For which to gain her breath, ſhe makes a little

(*u*) Two caſtles in the ſea.
(*x*) Trumpeters of Neptune.
(*y*) A ſea-god, who changes himſelf into any ſhape.

(*a*) Tichfield river.
(*b*) Another little hill in Hampſhire.
(*c*) A great and ancient foreſt in Warwickſhire
(*d*) A foreſt near Nottingham.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Muſe, yet obſerving her began courſe of chorographical longitude, traces eaſtward the ſouthern ſhore of the iſle. In this ſecond ſings Dorſet and Hampſhire; fitly here joined, as they join themſelves, both having their ſouth limits waſht by the Britiſh ocean.

Which th' ancients, for the love that they to Iſis bare.

(*a*) Juba remembers a like coral by the Troglodditique iſles, as is here in this ſea, and ſtiles it (*b*) *Iſidis plocamos*. True reaſon of the name is no more perhaps to be given, than why Adianthum is called *Capillus Veneris*, or Sengreen *Barba Jovis*. Only thus: You have in Plutarch and Apuleius ſuch variety of Iſis' titles, and, in Clemens of Alexandria, ſo large circuits of her travels, that it were no more wonder to hear of her name in this northern climate than in Egypt; eſpecially we having three rivers of note (*c*) ſynonymies with her. Particularly to make her a ſea-goddeſs, which the common ſtory of her and Oſiris her huſband (ſon to Chani, and of whom Bale dares offer affirmanee, that in his travelling over the world he firſt taught the Britons to make beer inſtead of wine) does not; (*e*) Iſis Pelagia, after Pauſanias's teſtimony, hath an (*f*) old coin The ſpecial notice which antiquity took of her hair is not only ſhewed by her (*g*) attribute of (*h*) λυσίκομος, but alſo in that her hair was kept as a ſacred relic in (*i*) Memphis, as Geryon's bones at Thebes, the boar's ſkin at Tegea, and ſuch like elſewhere. And after this, to fit our coral juſt with her colour, (*k*) *Æthiopicis ſolibus Iſis furva*, ſhe is called by (*l*) Arnobius. Gentlewomen of black hair (no fault with brevity to turn to them) have no ſimple pattern of that part in this great goddeſs, whoſe name indeed comprehended whatſoever in the deity was feminine, and more too; nor will I ſwear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love) intending to beſtow on his ſweet miſtreſs that one of the titles of womens ſpecial ornament, (*m*) well haired, thought of this, when he gave his painter direction to make her picture black-haired. But thus much out of the way.

Thou never by that name of White-hart hadſt been known.

Very likely from the foil was the old name Blackmore. By report of this country, the change was from a white hart, reſerved here from chaſe by expreſs will of Henry III. and afterwards killed by Thomas de la Lynd, a gentleman of theſe parts. For the offence, a mulct impoſed on the poſſeſſors of Blackmore (called (*n*) White-hart ſilver) is to this day paid into the exchequer. The deſtruction of woods here bewailed by the Muſe, is (upon occaſion too often given) often ſeconded: but while the Muſe bewails them, it is (*o*) Marſyas and his countrymen that moſt want them.

On whom the watry God would oft have had his will.

Purbeck (named, but indeed not, an iſle, being joined to the firm land) ſtored with game of the foreſt.

Thence alluding to Diana's devotions the author well calls her an huntreſs and a nun. Nor doth the embracing force of the ocean (whereto ſhe is adjacent) although very violent, prevail againſt her ſtony cliffs. To this purpoſe the Muſe is here wanton with Neptune's wooing.

That in little time upon this lovely dame
Begat three maiden iſles, his darlings and delight.

Albion (ſon of Neptune) from whom that firſt name of this Britain was ſuppoſed, is well fitted to the fruitful bed of this pool. thus perſonated as a ſea-nymph. The plain truth (as words may certify your eyes, ſaving all impropriety of object) is, that in the Pool are ſeated three (*p*) iſles, Brunkſey, Furſey, and St. Helen's, in ſituation and magnitude as I name them. Nor is the fiction of begetting the iſles improper; ſeeing Greek (*q*) antiquities tell us of divers in the Mediterranean and the Archipelagus, as Rhodes, Delos, Hiera, the Echinades, and others, which have been as it were brought forth out of the ſalt womb of Amphitrite.

But tow'rds the Solent ſea, as Stour her way doth ply,
On Shaftſbury, &c.

The ſtreight betwixt the Wight and Hampſhire is titled, in Bede's ſtory, (*r*) *Pelagus latitudinis trium millium, quod vocatur Solente*; famous for the double, and thereby moſt violent floods of the ocean (as Scylla and Charybdis betwixt Sicily and Italy in Homer) expreſſed by the author towards the end of this ſong, and reckoned among our Britiſh wonders. Of it the author tells you more preſently. Concerning Shafteſbury (which beſide nther names, from the (*s*) corps of St

(*a*) Apud Plin. hiſt. natur. l. 13. c. 15.
(*b*) Iſis' hair
(*c*) Ouſe. Leland. ad Cygn. Cant.
(*e*) Iſis of the ſea.
(*f*) Goltz. theſ. antiq.
(*g*) Looſe-hair'd.
(*h*) Philoſtrat. in vit.
(*i*) Lucian. in vit.
(*k*) Æthiopian ſun-burnt.
(*l*) Adv. gent. 1 Black-hair.
(*m*) Καλλοτλίκομος καλλίσφυρος, *i. e.* well-haired and pretty-footed; two ſpecial commendations, diſperſed in Greek poets, joined in Lucilius.
(*n*) Camden.
(*o*) Deſtruction of woods.
(*p*) Iſles newly out of the ſea.
(*q*) Lucian. dialog. Pindar. Olymp. 7. Strab. Pauſanias.
(*r*) A ſea three miles over, called Solent. lib. 4. hiſt. eccleſ. cap. 16.
(*s*) Malmeſb. l. 2. de Pontific. S. Edward. 979.

5

Edward, murdered in Corfe-caſtle, through procurement of the bloody hate of his ſtep-mother Ælfrith, hither tranſlated, and ſome three years lying buried, was once called St. Edward's) you ſhall hear a piece out of Harding:

(t) Caire Paladoure, that now is Shaſteſbury
Where an angel ſpake ſitting on the wall
While it was in working over all.

Speaking of Rhudhudibras's fabulous building it. I recite it, both to mend it, (*u*) reading *aigle* for *angel*, and alſo that it might then, according to the Britiſh ſtory, help me to explain the author in this,

As brought into her mind the eagle's prophecies.

This eagle (whoſe prophecies among the Britons, with the later of Merlin, have been of no leſs reſpect than thoſe of Bacis were to the Greeks, or the Sybillines to the Romans) foretold of a reverting of the crown, after the Britons, Saxons, and Normans, to the firſt again, which in Henry the Seventh, grand-child to Owen Tyddour, hath been (*x*) obſerved, as fulfilled. This in particular is peremptorily affirmed by that Count Palatine of Baſingſtoke. (*y*) *Et aperte dixit, tempus aliquando fore, ut Britannium imperium denuo ſit ad veteros Britannos poſt Saxonas & Normannos rediturum*, are his words of the eagle. But this propheſy in manuſcript I have ſeen; and without the help of Albertus's ſecret, Canace's ring in Chaucer, or reading over Ariſtophanes's comedy of birds, I underſtood the language; neither find I in it any ſuch matter expreſsly. Indeed (as in Merlin) you have in him the white dragon, the red dragon, the black dragon for the Saxons, Britons, Normans; and the fertile tree, ſuppoſed for Brute, by one that of later time hath given his obſcurities (*z*) interpretation; in which, not from the eagle's, but from an angelical voice, almoſt ſeven hundred years after Chriſt, given to Cadwallader (whom others call Cedwalla) that reſtitution of the crown to the Britons is promiſed, and grounded alſo upon ſome general and ambiguous words in the eagle's text, by the author here followed; which (provided your faith be ſtrong) you muſt believe made more than two thouſand five hundred years ſince. For a corollary, in this not unfit place, I will tranſcribe a piece of the gloſs of an old copy, ſpeaking thus upon a paſſage in the propheſy: (*a*) *Henricus W.* (he means Henry III. who by the ancient account in regard of Henry, ſon to Henry Fite-lempreſs, crowned in his father's life, is in Bracton and others called the fourth) *conceſſit omne jus & clameum, pro ſe & heredibus ſuis, quod habuit in ducatu Normanniæ imperpetuum. Tunc fractum fuit ejus ſigillum & mutatum; nam priùs tenebat in ſceptru gladium, nunc tenet virgam; qui gladius fuit de conqueſtu ducis Willielmi haſtardi; & ideo dicit aquila, ſeparabitur gladius à ſceptro.* Such good fortune have theſe predictions, that either by conceit (although ſtrained) they are applied to accident, or elſe ever religiouſly expected; as (*b*) Buchanan of Merlin's,

Then thoſe prodigious ſigns to ponder ſhe began.

I would not have you lay to the author's charge a juſtification of theſe ſigns at thoſe times: but his liberty herein it is not hard to juſtify,

Obſeditque frequens caſtrorum limina bubo:

and ſuch like hath Silius Italicus before the Roman overthrow at Canna: and hiſtorians commonly affirm the like; therefore a poet may well gueſs the like.

And at New-foreſt' foot into the ſea doth fall.

The fall of Stour and Avon into the ocean is the limit of the two ſhires; and here limits the author's deſcription of the firſt, his Muſe now entering New-foreſt in Hampſhire.

Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny.

New-foreſt (it is thought the neweſt in England, except that of Hampton-court, made by Henry VIII.) acknowledges William her maker, that is, the Norman Conqueror. His love to this kind of poſſeſſion and pleaſure was ſuch, that he conſtituted loſs (*c*) of eyes puniſhment for taking his venery: ſo affirm expreſsly Florence of Worceſter, Henry of Huntingdon, Walter Mapez, and others, although the author of *Diſtinctio Aquilæ*, with ſome of later time, falſely laid it to William Rufus's charge. To juſtify my truth, and for variety, ſee theſe rhimes, (*d*) even breathing antiquity:

Game of boundes he lovede inou, and of wild beſt,
And (e) is foreſt and is wodes, and meſt the nivre foreſt,
That is in Southamteſſire, for thulke he lovede inou,
And aſtored well (f) mid beſtes, and (g) leſe mid gret wou:

(*t*) Camden takes this Cair for Bath.
(*u*) Harding amended.
(*x*) Twin. in Albionic. 2. See the fifth ſong.
(*y*) He plainly ſaid, that there would be a time of this reverting of the crown.
(*z*) Diſtinct. Aquil. Sceptoniæ. A prophecy of an angel to Cadwallader.
(*a*) A ſceptre inſtead of a ſword firſt in Henry the third's ſeal. But believe him not; the ſeals of thoſe times give no warrant for it: and even in King Arthur's, Leland ſays, there was a fleury ſceptre; but that perhaps as feigned as this falſe.
(*b*) Hiſt. Scot. lib. 5. in Congallo.
(*c*) Matth. Puris. poſt. Henric. Hunting. And under Will. II. it was capital to ſteal deer.
(*d*) Rob. Gloceſtrenſ.
(*e*) His.
(*f*) With.
(*g*) Paſtures.

For he eaſt out of houſe and hom of men a great reute,
And (*b*) *binom their loud thritti mile and more thereaboute,*
And made it all foreſte and leſe the beſts var to fode,
Of pouer men diſerited he nom let el bede:
Theruore therein vell mony miſcheuing,
And is ſone was therein (*i*) *iſſute William the red king,*
And (*k*) *is o ſone, that het Richard, caght there is deth alſo,*
And Richard (*k*) *is o neveu, brec there his neck thereto,*
As he rod an hunteth, and perauntre his horſe ſprend,
The unright ido to pouer men to ſuch meſauntre trend.

But to quit you of this antique verſe, I return to the pleaſanter Muſe.

Her famous Bevis ſo were 't in her power to cheoſe.

About the Norman invaſion was Bevis famous with title of the Earl of Southampton; Dunton in Wiltſhire known for his reſidence. What credit you are to give to the hyperbolies of Itchin in her relation of Bevis, your own judgment, and the author's cenſure in the admonition of the other rivers here perſonated, I preſume, will direct. And it is wiſhed that the poetical Monks in celebration of him, Arthur, and other ſuch worthies, had contained themſelves within bounds of likelihood; or elſe that ſome judges, proportionate to thoſe (*l*) of the Grecian games, (who always by public authority pulled down the ſtatutes erected, if they exceeded the ſymmetry of the victors) had given ſuch exorbitant fictions their deſert. The ſweet grace of an enchanting poem (as unimitable (*m*) Pindar affirms) often compels belief; but ſo far have the indigeſted reports of barren and monkiſh invention expatiated out of the liſts of truth, that from their intermixed and abſurd falſities hath proceeded doubt, and, in ſome, even denial of what was truth. His ſword is kept as a relic in Arundel caſtle, not equalling in length (as it is now worn) that of Edward III. at Weſtminſter.

And for great Arthur's ſeat her Wincheſter preſers,
Whoſe old round table yet, &c.

For him, his table, order, knights, and places of their celebration, look to the fourth ſong.

When Portſey, weighing well the ill to her might grow.

Portſey, an iſland in a creek of the Solent, coming in by Portſmouth, endures the forcible violence of that troubleſome ſea, as the verſe tells you in this fiction of wooing.

(*b*) Took.
(*i*) Shot by Walter Tirell.
(*k*) His own.

(*l*) Ελλανοδίκαι. Lucian. περὶ εἰκόν.
(*m*) Olymp. α. & Nem. ζ. σοφία δὲ κλέπτει παρὰ γνώμα μίθους.

POLY-OLBION:

THE THIRD SONG.

The Argument.

In this third ſong great threat'nings are,
And tending all to nymphiſh war.
Old Wanſdike uttereth words of hate,
Depraving Stonendge's eſtate.
Clear Avon and fair Willy ſtrive,
Each pleading her prerogative.
The plain the foreſts doth diſdain:
The foreſts rail upon the plain.
The Muſe then ſeeks the ſhire's extremes,
To find the fountain of great Thames;
Falls down with Avon, and deſcries
Both Bath's and Briſtol's braveries:
Then views the Somerſetian ſoil;
Through marſhes, mines, and mores doth toil,
To Avalon to Arthur's grave,
Sadly bemoan'd of Ochy cave.
Then with delight ſhe bravely brings
The princely Parret from her ſprings;
Preparing for the learned plea
(The next in ſong) in the Severn ſea.

UP with the jocund lark (too long we take our reſt)
Whilſt yet the bluſhing dawn out of the cheerful Eaſt
Is uſhering forth the day to light the Muſe along;
Whoſe moſt delightful touch, and ſweetneſs of her ſong,
Shall force the luſty ſwains out of the country towns,
To lead the loving girls in dances to the downs.

The nymphs, in Selwood's ſhades and Braden's woods that be,
Their oaken wreaths, o Muſe, ſhall offer up to thee.
And when thou ſhap'ſt thy courſe tow'rds where the ſoil is rank,
The Somerſetian maids, by ſwelling Sabrin's bank
Shall ſtrew the way with flowers (where thou art coming on)
Brought from marſhy grounds by aged (*a*) Avalon.

From Sarum thus we ſet, remov'd from whence it ſtood
By Avon to reſide, her deareſt-loved flood;
Where her imperious (*b*) fane her former ſeat diſdains,
And proudly over-tops the ſpacious neighbouring plains.
What pleaſures hath this iſle, of us eſteem'd moſt dear,
In any place, but poor unto the plenty here?
The chalky (*c*) Chiltern fields, nor Kelmarſh ſelf compares
With (*d*) Everley, for ſtore and ſwiftneſs of her hares:
A horſe of greater ſpeed, nor yet a righter hound,
Not any where 'twixt Kent and (*e*) Caledon is found.
Nor yet the level South can ſhew a ſmoother race,
Whereas the (*f*) ballow nag outſtrips the winds in chaſe;
As famous in the Weſt for matches yearly try'd,
As (*g*) Garterly, poſſeſt of all the Northern pride;
And on his match as much the Weſtern horſeman lays,
As the rank-riding Scots upon their (*h*) Galloways.
And as the Weſtern ſoil as ſound a horſe doth breed,
As doth the land that lies betwixt the Trent and Tweed:
No hunter, ſo, but finds the (*i*) breeding of the Weſt [beſt;
The only kind of hounds for mouth and noſtril
That cold doth ſeldom fret, nor heat doth overhail;
As ſtanding in the flight, as pleaſant on the trail;
Free hunting, eas'ly checkt, and loving every chaſe; [pace:
Strait running, hard and tough, of reaſonable
Not heavy, as that hound which Lancaſhire doth breed;
Nor as the Northern kind, ſo light and hot of ſpeed,
Upon the clearer chaſe, or on the foiled train,
Doth make the ſweeteſt cry, in woodland or on plain.
Where ſhe, of all the plains of Britain, that doth bear
The name to be the firſt (renowned every where)
Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonendge there ſhould ſtand:
She, firſt of plains; and (*k*) that, firſt wonder of the land.

She Wanſdike alſo wins, by whom ſhe is embrac'd, [waiſt;
That in his aged arms doth gird her ampler
Who (for a mighty mound ſith long he did remain
§ Betwixt the Mercians rule, and the Weſt-Saxons reign,
And therefore of his place himſelf he proudly bare) [compare;
Had very oft been heard with Stonendge to
Whom for a paltry ditch, when Stonendge pleas'd t' upbraid,
The old man taking heart, thus to that trophy ſaid:
'Dull heap, that thus thy head above the reſt
'doſt rear,
'Preciſely yet not know'ſt who firſt did place
'thee there;
'But traytor baſely turn'd, to Merlin's ſkill
'doſt fly,
'And with his magicks doſt thy maker's truth
'bely:
'Conſpirator with time, now grown ſo mean
'and poor,
'Comparing theſe his ſpirits with thoſe that
'went before;
'Yet rather art content thy builder's praiſe to
'loſe,
'Than paſſed greatneſs ſhould thy preſent
'wants diſcloſe.
'Ill did thoſe mighty men to truſt thee with
'their ſtory,
'That haſt forgot their names, who rear'd thee
'for their glory:
'For all their wond'rous coſt, thou that has ſerv'd
'them ſo,
'What 'tis to truſt to tombs, by thee we eas'ly
'know.'
In theſe invectives thus whilſt Wanſdike doth complain,
He interrupted is by that imperious (*l*) Plain,
§ To hear two cryſtal floods to court her, that apply
Themſelves, which ſhould be ſeen moſt gracious in her eye.
Firſt, Willy boaſts herſelf more worthy than the other,
And better far deriv'd: as having to her mother
Fair (*m*) Selwood, and to bring up (*n*) Diver in her train;
Which, when the envious ſoil would from her courſe reſtrain,
A mile creeps under earth, as flying all reſort:
And how clear Nader waits attendance in her court;
And therefore claims of right the Plain ſhould hold her dear,
Which gives that town the name; which likewiſe names the (*o*) ſhire.

(*a*) Glaſtonbury.
(*b*) Saliſbury church.
(*c*) Two places famous for hares, the one in Buckinghamſhire, the other in Northamptonſhire.
(*d*) Everley warren of hares.
(*e*) The fartheſt part of Scotland.
(*f*) Gant.
(*g*) The beſt kind of Scottiſh nags.
(*h*) A famous Yorkſhire horſe-race.
(*i*) The Weſtern hounds generally the beſt.
(*k*) Stonendge, the greateſt wonder of England.

(*l*) Saliſbury Plain.
(*m*) A foreſt betwixt Wiltſhire and Sommerſetſhire.
(*n*) Of diving under the earth.
(*o*) Wilton of Willy, and Wiltſhire of Wilton.

The Eaſtern Avon vaunts, and doth upon her take
To be the only child of ſhadeful (*p*) Savernake,
As Ambray's ancient flood; herſelf and to enſtile
The Stonendge's beſt-lov'd, firſt wonder of the iſle;
And what (in her behoof) might any want ſupply,
She vaunts the goodly ſeat of famous Sal'ſbury;
Where meeting pretty Bourne, with many a kind embrace,
Betwixt their cryſtal arms they clip that loved place.
Report, as lately rais'd, unto theſe rivers came,
§ That Bath's clear Avon (waxt imperious through her fame)
Their dalliance ſhould deride; and that by her diſdain,
Some other ſmaller brooks, belonging to the Plain,
A queſtion ſeem'd to make, whereas the ſhire ſent forth
Two Avons, which ſhould be the flood of greateſt worth;
This ſtream, which to the South the (*q*) Celtick ſea doth get,
Or that which from the North ſaluteth Somerſet.
This when theſe rivers heard, that even but lately ſtrove
Which beſt did love the Plain, or had the Plain's beſt love,
They ſtraight themſelves combine: for Willy wiſely weigh'd,
That ſhould her Avon loſe the day for want of aid,
If one ſo great and near were overpreſt with power,
The foe (ſhe being leſs) would quickly her devour.
As two contentious kings, that on each little jar,
Defiances ſend forth, proclaiming open war,
Unto ſome other realm, that on their frontiers lies,
Be hazarded again by other enemies,
Do then betwixt themſelves to compoſition fall,
To countercheck that ſword, elſe like to conquer all:
So falls it with theſe floods, that deadly hate do bear.
And whilſt on either part ſtrong preparations were,
It greatly was ſuppos'd ſtrange ſtrife would there have been,
Had not the goodly Plain (plac'd equally between)
Fore-warn'd them to deſiſt, and of their purpoſe brake;
When in behalf of plains thus gloriouſly ſhe ſpake:

(*p*) A foreſt in Wiltſhire.
(*q*) The French ſea.

' (*r*) Away ye barb'rous woods; how ever ye be plac'd
' On mountains, or on dales, or happily be grac'd
' With floods, or marſhy (*s*) fells, with paſture, ' or with earth
' By nature made to till, that by the yearly birth
' The large-bay'd barn doth fill, yea though the ' fruitfull'ſt ground.
' For, in reſpect of Plains, what pleaſure can be ' found
' In dark and ſleepy ſhades? where miſts and ' rotten ſogs
' Hang in the gloomy thicks, and make unſted- ' faſt bogs,
' By dropping from the boughs, the o'er-grown ' trees among,
' With caterpillars kells, and duſky cobwebs ' hong.
' The deadly ſcreech-owl ſits, in gloomy co- ' vert hid:
' Whereas the ſmooth-brow'd Plain, as liberally ' doth bid:
' The lark to leave her bow'r, and on her trem- ' ling wing
' In climbing up tow'rd heaven, her high-pitcht ' hymns to ſing
' Unto the ſpringing day; when 'gainſt the Sun's ' ariſe
' The early dawning ſtrews the goodly eaſtern ſkies
' With roſes every where: who ſcarcely liſts ' his head
' To view this upper world, but he his beams ' doth ſpread
' Upon the goodly Plains; yet at his noonſted's ' height,
' Doth ſcarcely pierce the brake with his far- ' ſhooting ſight.
' The gentle ſhepherds here ſurvey their gent- ' ler ſheep:
' Amongſt the buſhy woods luxuriouus Satyrs ' keep.
' To theſe brave ſports of field, who with deſire ' is won,
' To ſee his grey-hound courſe, his horſe (in ' diet) run,
' His deep-mouth'd hound to hunt, his long- ' wing'd hawk to fly,
' To theſe moſt noble ſports his mind who doth ' apply, ' field
' Reſorts unto the plains. And not a foughten
' Where kingdoms rights have lain upon the ' ſpear and ſhield,
' But plains have been the place; and all thoſe ' trophies high,
' That ancient times have rear'd to noble me- ' mory: [ſlain
' As, Stonendge, that to tell the Britiſh Princes
' By thoſe falſe Saxons fraud, here ever ſhall re- ' main.

(*r*) The Plain of Saliſbury's ſpeech in defence of all plains.
(*s*) Boggy places. A word frequent in Lancaſhire.

' It was upon the Plain of Mamre (to the ſame
' Of me and all our kind) whereas the Angels
' came
' To Abraham in his tent, and there with him
' did feed;
' To Sara his dear wife then promiſing the ſeed,
' By whom all nations ſhould ſo highly honour'd be.
' In which the Son of God they in the fleſh
' ſhould ſee.
' But Foreſts, to your plague there ſoon will
' come an age,
' In which all damned ſins moſt vehemently
' ſhall rage
' An age! what have I ſaid? nay ages there ſhall
' riſe,
' So ſenſeleſs of the good of their poſterities,
' That of your greateſt groves they ſcarce ſhall
' leave a tree
' (By which the harmleſs deer may after ſhelter'd
' be)
' Their luxury and pride but only to maintain,
' And for your long exceſs ſhall turn ye all to
' pain.'
Thus ending; though ſome hills themſelves that do apply
To pleaſe the goodly Plain, ſtill ſtanding in her eye,
Did much applaud her ſpeech (as (t) Haradon, whoſe head
Old Amhry ſtill doth awe, and Bagden from his ſted,
Surveying of the flies, whoſe likings do allure
Both Ouldbry and Saint Ann; and they again procure
Mount Marting-fall: and he thoſe hills that ſtand aloof,
Thoſe brothers Barbury and Badbury, whoſe proof
Adds much unto her praiſe) yet in moſt high diſdain
The Foreſts take her words, and ſwear the prating Plain
Grown old, began to doat: and Savernake ſo much
Is galled with her taunts (whom they ſo nearly touch)
That ſhe in ſpiteful terms deſies her to her face:
And Alhurn with the reſt, though being but a Chaſe,
At worſe than nought her ſets: but Bradon all afloat
When it was told to her, ſet open ſuch a throat,
That all the country rang. She calls her barren jade,
Baſe quean, and rivel'd witch, and wiſh'd ſhe could be made
But worthy of her hate (which moſt of all her grieves)
The baſeſt begger's bawd, a harbourer of thieves.
Then Peuſham, and with her old Blackmore (not behind)
Do wiſh that from the ſeas ſome ſultry Southern wind,
The ſoul infectious damps and poiſon'd airs would ſweep,
And pour them on the Plain, to rot her and her ſheep.
But whilſt the ſportive Muſe delights her with theſe things,
She ſtrangely taken is with thoſe delicious ſprings
Of Kennet riſing here, and of the nobler ſtream
Of Iſis, ſetting forth upon her way to Tame,
§ By Greeklade; whoſe great name yet vaunts that learned tongue,
Where to great Britain firſt the ſacred Muſes ſong;
Which firſt were ſeated here, at Iſis' bounteous head,
As telling that her fame ſhould through the world be ſpread;
And, tempted by this flood, to Oxford after came,
There likewiſe to delight her bridegroom, lovely Tame:
Whoſe beauty when they ſaw, ſo much they did adore,
That Greeklade they forſook, and would go back no more.
Then Bradon gently brings forth Avon from her ſource:
Which Southward making ſoon in her moſt quiet courſe,
Receives the gentle Calne: when on her riſing ſide,
Firſt Blackmoor crowns her bank, as Peuſham with her pride
Sets out her murmuring ſholes, till (turning to the Weſt)
Her, Somerſet receives, with all the bounties bleſt
That nature can produce in that Bathonian ſpring,
Which from the ſulph'ry mines her med'cinal force doth bring;
As phyſic hath found out by colour, taſte, and ſmell, [well;
Which taught the world at firſt the virtue of that
What quickſieſt it could cure: which men of knowledge drew
From that firſt mineral cauſe: but ſome that little knew
(Yet felt the great effects continually it wrought)
§ Aſcrib'd it to that ſkill, which Bladud hither brought,
As by that learned king the Baths ſhould be begun; [Sun
' Not from the quick'ned mine by the begetting
Giving that natural pow'r, which by the vig'rous ſweat,
Doth lend the lively ſprings their perdurable heat
In paſſing through the veins, where matter doth not need;
Which in that minerous earth inſep'rably doth breed:
So nature hath purvey'd, that during all her reign
The Baths their native power for ever ſhall retain:
Where time that city built, which to her greater fame,
Preſerving of that ſpring, participates her name;

(t) Divers hills near and about Saliſbury Plain.

The tutelage whereof (as thoſe paſt worlds did pleaſe)
Some to (*u*) Minerva gave, and ſome to Hercules:
Proud Phœbus' loved ſpring, in whoſe diurnal courſe,
§ When on this point of earth he bends his greateſt force,
By his ſo ſtrong approach, provokes her to deſire,
Stung with the kindly rage of love's impatient fire:
Which boiling in her womb, projects (as to a birth)
Such matter as ſhe takes from the groſs humourous earth;
Till purg'd of dregs and ſlime, and her complexion clear,
She ſmileth on the light, and looks with mirthful cheer.
Then came the luſty Froom, the firſt of floods that met
Fair Avon ent'ring into fruitful Somerſet,
With her attending brooks; and her to Bath doth bring,
Much honour'd by that place, Minerva's ſacred ſpring.
To noble Avon, next, clear Chute as kindly came,
To (*x*) Briſtol her to bear, the faireſt ſeat of fame:
To entertain this flood, as great a mind that hath,
And ſtriving in that kind far to excel the Bath.
As when ſome wealthy Lord prepares to entertain
A man of high account, and feaſt his gallant train;
Of him that did the like, doth ſeriouſly inquire
His diet, his device, his ſervice, his attire;
That varying every thing (exampled by his ſtore)
He every way may paſs what th' other did before:
Even ſo this city doth; the proſpect of which place
To her fair building adds an admirable grace;
Well faſhion'd as the beſt, and with a double wall,
As brave as any town; but yet excelling all
For eaſement, that to health is requiſite and meet;
Her piled ſhores, to keep her delicate and ſweet:
Hereto, ſhe hath her tides; that when ſhe is oppreſt
With heat or drought, ſtill pour their floods upon her breaſt.
To Mendip then the Muſe upon the South inclines,
Which is the only ſtore and coffer of her mines;
Elſewhere the fields and meads their ſundry trafficks ſuit;
The foreſts yield her wood, the orchards give her fruit.
As in ſome rich man's houſe his ſeveral charges lie,
There ſtands his wardrobe, here remains his treaſury;
His large proviſion there, of fiſh, of fowl, and neat,
His cellars for his wines, his larders for his meat;
There banquet-houſes, walks for pleaſure; here again
Cribs, grainers, ſtables, barns, the other to maintain:
So this rich country hath itſelf what may ſuffice,
Or that which through exchange a ſmaller want ſupplies,
Yet Ochy's dreadful (*y*) hole ſtill held herſelf diſgrac'd,
§ With th' wonders of this iſle that ſhe ſhould not be plac'd;
But that which vext her moſt, was, that the (*z*) Peakiſh cave
Before her darkſome ſelf ſuch dignity ſhould have;
And (*a*) th' Wyches for their ſalts ſuch ſtate on them ſhould take;
Or Cheſhire ſhould prefer her ſad (*b*) death-boding-lake;
And Stonendge in the world ſhould get ſuch high reſpect,
Which imitating art but idly did erect:
And that among the reſt, the vain inconſtant (*c*) Dee,
By changing of his fords, for one ſhould reckon'd be;
As of another ſort, wood turn'd to (*d*) ſtone; among
Th' anatomized (*e*) fiſh, and fowls from (*f*) planchers ſprung:
And on the Cambrian ſide thoſe ſtrange and wond'rous (*g*) ſprings
Our (*h*) beaſts that ſeldom drink; a thouſand other things
Which Ochy inly vext, that they to fame ſhould mount,
And greatly griev'd her friends for her ſo ſmall account; [meer,
That there was ſcarcely rock or river, marſh or
That held not Ochy's wrongs (for all held Ochy dear)
§ In great and high diſdain; and Froom for her diſgrace
Since ſcarcely ever waſh'd the coalſleck from her face;
But (melancholy grown) to Avon gets a path,
Through ſickneſs forc'd to ſeek for cure unto the Bath:
§ And Chedder, for mere grief his teen he could not wreak,
Guſh'd forth ſo forceful ſtreams, that he was like to break

(*u*) Minerva and Hercules, the protectors of theſe fountains.
(*x*) The delicacies of Briſtol.
(*y*) A catalogue of the many wonders of this land.
(*z*) The Devil's arſe.
(*a*) The ſalt wells in Cheſhire.
(*b*) Bruerton's pond.
(*c*) A river by Weſtcheſter.
(*d*) By ſundry ſoils of Britain.
(*e*) Our Pikes ript and ſow'd up, live.
(*f*) Barnacles, a bird breeding upon old ſhips.
(*g*) Wondrous ſprings in Wales.
(*h*) Sheep.

The greater banks of Ax, as from his mother's cave,
He wander'd towards the ſea; for madneſs who doth rave
At his dread mother's wrong; but who ſo woe begun
For Ochy, as the iſle of antient Avalon?
Who having in herſelf as inward cauſe of grief,
Neglecteth yet her own, to give her friend relief;
The other ſo again for her doth ſorrow make,
And in the iſle's behalf the dreadful cavern ſpake:
'O three times famous iſle, where is that
'place that might
'Be with thyſelf compar'd for glory and delight,
'Whilſt Glaſtenbury ſtood? exalted to that
'pride,
'Whoſe monaſtery ſeem'd all other to deride:
'O who thy ruin ſees, whom wonder doth not
'fill
With our great fathers pomp, devotion and
'their ſkill?
'Thou more than mortal power (this judgment
'rightly weigh'd)
'Then preſent to aſſiſt, at that foundation
'lay'd;
'On whom for this ſad waſte, ſhould juſtice lay
'the crime?
'Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to
'time?
'Or was their error ſuch, that thou could'ſt
'not protect
'Thoſe buildings which thy hand did with their
'zeal erect?
'To whom didſt thou commit that monument
'to keep,
'That ſuffereth with the dead their memory to
'ſleep?
'§ When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy
'(*i*) Joſeph's grave,
'From ſacrilege had power their ſacred bones
'to ſave;
'He who that God in man to his ſepulchre
'brought,
'Or he which for the faith twelve famous
'battles fought.
'What! did ſo many kings do honour to that
'place,
'For avarice at laſt ſo vilely to deface?
'For reverence, to that ſeat which had aſcribed
'been,
'(*k*) Trees yet in winter bloom, and bear their
'ſummer's green.'
This ſaid, ſhe many a ſigh from her full ſtomach caſt,
Which iſſued through her breaſt in many a boiſt'rous blaſt;
And with ſuch floods of tears her ſorrows doth condole,
As into rivers turn within that darkſome hole.

Like ſorrow for herſelf, this goodly iſle doth try;
§ Embrac'd by Selwood's ſon, her flood the lovely Bry,
On whom the fates beſtow'd (when he conceived was)
He ſhould be much helov'd of many a dainty laſs;
Who gives all leave to like, yet of them liketh none,
But his affection ſets on beauteous Avalon;
Though many a plump-thigh'd moor, and full-flank'd marſh do prove
To force his chaſte deſires, ſo dainty of his love.
Firſt (*l*) Sedgmore ſhews this flood, her boſom all unbrac'd,
And caſts her wanton arms about his ſlender waiſt:
Her lover to obtain, ſo amorous Audry ſeeks:
And Gedney ſoftly ſteals ſweet kiſſes from his cheeks.
One takes him by the hand, intreating him to ſtay; [away:
Another plucks him back, when he would fain
But, having caught at length, whom long he did purſue,
Is ſo intranc'd with love, her goodly parts to view,
That alt'ring quite his ſhape, to her he doth appear,
And caſts his cryſtal ſelf into an ample meer;
But for his greater growth when needs he muſt depart,
And forc'd to leave his love (though with a heavy heart)
As he his back doth turn, and is departing out,
The batt'ning marſhy Brent environs him about;
But loathing her embrace, away in haſte he flings,
And in the Severn ſea ſurrounds his plenteous ſprings.
But, dallying in this place ſo long, why doſt thou dwell,
So many ſundry things here having yet to tell?
Occaſion calls the Muſe her pinions to prepare,
Which (ſtriking with the wind the vaſt and open air)
Now in the fenny heaths, then in the champains roves,
Now meaſures out this plain, and then ſurveys thoſe groves;
The batful paſtures fenc'd, and moſt with quick-ſet mound,
The ſundry ſorts of ſoil, diverſity of ground;
Where plow-men cleanſe the earth of rubbiſh, weed and filth,
And give the fallow lands their ſeaſons and their tilth;
Where beſt for breeding horſe, where cattle fit'ſt to keep,
Which good for bearing corn, which paſturing for ſheep:

(*i*) Joſeph of Arimathea.
(*k*) The wondrous tree at Glaſtenbury.

(*l*) Fruitful moors upon the banks of the Bry.

The lean and hungry earth, the fat and marly mould,
Where fands be always hot, and where the clays be cold;
Where plenty where they waſte, ſome others toucht with want;
Here ſet, and there they ſow; here prune and there they plant.
As Wiltſhire is a place beſt pleas'd with that reſort,
Which ſpend away the time continually in ſport;
So Somerſet herſelf to profit doth apply,
As given all to gain, and thriving houſewifery.
For, whereas in a land one doth conſume and waſte,
'Tis fit another be to gather in as faſt:
This liketh moory plots, delights in fedgy bowers, [flowers
The graſſy garlands loves, and oft attir'd with
Of rank and mellow glebe; a fwerd as ſoft as wool, [full.
With her complexion ſtrong, her belly plump and
Thus whilſt the active Muſe ſtrains out theſe various things,
Clear Parret makes approach, with all thoſe plenteous ſprings
Her fruitful banks that bleſs; by whoſe monarchal fway
She fortifies herſelf againſt that mighty day,
Wherein her utmoſt power ſhe ſhould be forc'd to try:
For, from the Druids time there was a propheſy,
That there ſhould come a day (which now was near at hand
By all fore-running ſigns) that on the Eaſtern ſtrand,
If (*m*) Parret ſtood not faſt upon the Engliſh ſide,
They all ſhould be ſuppreſt: and by the Britiſh pride
In cunning over-come; for why, impartial Fate
(Yet conſtant always to the Britons crazed ſtate)
Forbad they yet ſhould fall; by whom ſhe meant to ſhew
How much the preſent age, and after-times ſhould owe
Unto the line of Brute. Clear Parret therefore preſt
Her tributary ſtreams, and wholly her addreſt
Againſt the antient foe; firſt, calling to her aid
Two rivers of one (*n*) name, which ſeem as though they ſtay'd
Their empreſs as ſhe went, her either hand that take:
The firſt upon the right, as from her ſource, doth make
Large Muchelney an iſle, and unto Ivel lends
Her hardly-rendred name: That on her left deſcends
From Neroch's neighbouring woods; which of that foreſt born,
Her rival's profer'd grace opprobriouſly doth ſcorn.

(*m*) A ſuppoſed propheſy upon Parret.
(*n*) Ivel: from which the town Ivel is denominated.

She by her wand'aing courſe doth Athelney iniſle,
And for the greater ſtate, herſelf ſhe doth inſtile
§ The neareſt neighbouring flood to Arthur's ancient ſeat,
Which made the Britons name through all the world ſo great.
Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?
Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table round,
Moſt famous for the ſports at Pentecoſt ſo long,
From whence all knightly deeds, and brave atchievments ſprong,
As ſome ſoft-ſliding rill, which from a leſſer head
(Yet in his going forth, by many a fountain fed)
Extends itſelf at length unto a goodly ſtream:
So, almoſt through the world his fame flew from this realm;
That juſtly I may charge thoſe ancient Bards of wrong,
So idly to neglect his glory in their ſong:
For ſome abundant brain, oh there had been a ſtory
Beyond the (*o*) blind-man's might to have inhanc'd our glory.
Tow'rds the Sabrinian ſea then Parrat ſetting on, [Tone,
To her attendance next comes in the beauteous
Crown'd with embroider'd banks, and gorgeouſly array'd, [mead:
With all the enamell'd flowers of many a goodly
In orchards richly clad, whoſe proud aſpiring boughs
Even of the talleſt woods do ſcorn a jot to loſe,
Though Selwood's mighty ſelf and Neroch ſtanding by;
The ſweetneſs of her ſoil through every coaſt doth fly.
What ear ſo empty is, that hath not heard the found
Of Taunton's fruitful (*p*) Dean? not match'd by any ground:
By (*q*) Athelney ador'd, a neighbourer to her land:
Whereas thoſe higher hills to view fair Tone thar ſtand,
Her coadjuting ſprings with much content behold,
Where ſeaward Quantock ſtands, as Neptune he controul'd, [mound,
And black down inland born, a mountain and a
As though he ſtood to look about the country round:
But Parret as a prince, attended here the while,
Inrich'd with every moor, and every inland iſle,
Upon her taketh ſtate, well forward tow'rds her fall:
Whom laſtly yet to grace, and not the leaſt of all,
Comes in the lively Carr, a nymph moſt lovely clear, [ſhire:
From Somerton ſent down, the ſovereign of the

(*o*) Homer.
(*p*) One of the fruitful places of this land.
(*q*) Interpreted the noble Iſle.

Which makes our Parret proud. And wallowing in exceſs,
Whilſt like a Prince ſhe vaunts amid the watry preſs,
The breathleſs Muſe a while her wearied wings ſhall eaſe,
To get her ſtrength to ſtem the rough Sabrinian ſeas.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Discontinuing her firſt courſe, the Muſe returns to Somerſet and Wiltſhire, which lie betwixt the Severn and Hantſhire; as the ſong here joins them:

From Sarum thus we ſet, remov'd from whence it ſtood.

Old Saliſbury ſeated North-eaſt from the now famous Saliſbury ſome miles diſtant, about Richard Ceur de Lion's time had her name and inhabitants hither tranſlated, upon the meeting of Avon and Aderborn; where not long after ſhe enjoy'd, among others that glorious title of admiration for her ſumptuous church-buildings. Of that, one of my authors thus:

† *In the year of grace*
Twelf hundred and to and twenti, in the vaire place
Of the noble munſire of Saleſburi bi leide the heiſte ſtone,
That me not in Chriſtindom vairore work non.
Ther was Pandulf the Legat, and as heyt of echon,
He leide vive the verſte ſtones: as vor the Pope put on,
The other vorore (a) yonge king, the thridde as me ſeye
Bor the gode Erle of Saliſburi, William (b) the Longeſpei,
The verth bor the Contiſſe, the viſte he leide the
Bor the (c) Biſkop of Saleſburi, and he ne leide na mo.

This work then began, was by Robert of Bingham, next ſucceeding biſhop to that excellency, proſecuted.

Hath worthily obtain'd that ſtonehenge there ſhould ſtand.

Upon Saliſbury plain, ſtones of huge weight and greatneſs, ſome in the earth pitcht, and in form erected, as it were circular; others lying croſs over them, as if their own poiſe did no leſs than their ſupporters give them that proper place; have this name of Stone-henge;

But ſo confus'd, that neither any eye
Can count them juſt, nor reaſon reaſon try,
What force brought them to ſo unlikely ground.

As the noble (d) Sidney of them.

No man knows, ſaith (e) Huntingdon (making them the firſt wonder of this land, as the author doth) how, or why they came here. The cauſe thus take from the Britiſh ſtory: Hengiſt under colour of a friendly treaty with Vortigern at Ameſbury, his falſehood's watchword to his Saxons (provided there privily with long knives) being (f) *Nimew your ſexes*, there traiterouſly ſlew on. ix. noble Britons, and kept the king priſoner. Some thirty years after K. Ambroſe (to honour with one monument the name of ſo many murder'd worthies) by help of Uterpendragon's forces and Merlin's magick, got them tranſported from off a plain (others ſay a hill) near (g) Naas in Kildare in Ireland, hither, to remain as a trophy, not of victory, but of wronged innoceney. This Merlin perſuaded the King that they were medicinal, and firſt brought out of the utmoſt parts of Afrique by giants, which thence came to inhabit Ireland. (h) *Non eſt ibi lapis qui medicamento caret*, as in Merlin's perſon Geffrey of Monmouth ſpeaks; whoſe authority in this treacherous ſlaughter of the Britons, I reſpect not ſo much as Nennius, Malmeſbury, Sigebert, Matthew of Weſtminſter, and others, who report it as I deliver. Whether they be

† Rob. Gloceſtrenſ.
(a) Hen. III.
(b) Willielm de Longa ſpatha.
(c) Richard Poor.
(d) In his Sonnets.
(e) Hiſtor. lib. I.
(f) i. e. Take your ſwords.
(g) Girald. Cambrenſis Topograph. Hib. diſt. 2. cap. 18. Chorea gigantum.
(h) Not one of the ſtones but is good for ſomewhat in phyſic.

naturally ſolid, or with cement artificially compos'd, I will not diſpute. Although the laſt be of eaſier credit; yet I would, with our late hiſtorian White, believe the firſt ſooner, than that Ulyſſes's ſhip was by Neptune turn'd into one ſtone, as it is in the Odyſſey, and that the Egyptian King Amaſis had a houſe cut out in one marble (which, by Herodotus's deſcription, could not after the workmanſhip have leſs content than CIↃ. CIↃ. CCC. XCIV. ſolid cubits, if my geometry fail me not) or that which the Jews (*i*) are not aſhamed to affirm of a ſtone, with which King Og at one throw from his head purpoſed to have cruſhed all the Iſraelites, had not a lapwing ſtrangely peckt ſuch a hole through it, that it fell on his ſhoulders, and by miracle his upper teeth ſuddenly extended, kept it there faſt from motion. It is poſſible they may be of ſome ſuch earthly duſt as that of Puzzolo, and by Ætna, which caſt into the water turns ſtony, as Pliny after Strabo of them and other like remembers. And for certain I find it reported, (*k*) that in Caernarvon upon Snowdon hills is a ſtone (which miraculouſly, ſomewhat more than ſixty years ſince, raiſed itſelf out of a lake at the hill's foot) equalling a large houſe in greatneſs, and ſuppoſed not moveable by a thouſand yoke of oxen. For the form of bringing them, your opinion may take freedom. That great one which Hercules (*l*) is wondered at for the carriage was but (*m*) a cartload, which he left for a monument in Otranto of Italy: and except Geffrey of Monmouth, with ſome which follow him, ſcarce any affirm or ſpeak of it, nor Nennius, nor Malmeſbury; the firſt living ſomewhat near the ſuppoſed time.

Betwixt the Mercian rule and the Weſt-Saxons reign.

So thinks our antiquary and light of this kingdom; that, to be a limit of thoſe two ancient ſtates, ſometime divided by Avon, which falls into Severn, Wanſdike croſſing the ſhire weſtward over the plain was firſt caſt up. Wodensdike, the old name, is ſuppoſed from Woden; of no leſs (if not greater) eſteem to the Saxons, than Arſaces, Pelops, Cadmus, and other ſuch to their poſterity; but ſo, that, I gueſs, it went but for their greateſt God Mercury (he is called rather Wonden from Win, that is, gain, by (*n*) Lipſius) as the German and Engliſh antiquities diſcover. And very likely, when this limit was made, that in honour of him, being by name preſident of ways, and by his office of heraldſhip Pacifex, *i. e.* Peacemaker, as an old ſtamp titles him, they called it Wodenſdike; as not only the Greeks (*o*) had their Ἑρμαῖ ἐνόδιοι τετραγλωχῖνες (ſtatues erected) for limits and direction of ways, and the Latins their Terminus, but the ancient Jews alſo, as upon interpretation of כסר גסח (*p*) in the Proverbs, *i. e.* into an heap of Mercury (in the vulgar) for a heap of ſtones in that ſenſe, Goropius in his hieroglyphics affirms, ſomewhat boldly deriving Mercury from *Merc*, which ſignifies a limit in his and our tongue, and ſo fits this place in name and nature. Stonhenge and it not improperly contend, being ſeveral works of two ſevera nations anciently hateful to each other; Britons and Saxons.

To bear two cryſtal floods to court her, which apply.

Williborne (by the old name the author calls her Willy) derived from near Selwood by Warmiſter, with her creeky paſſage croſſing to Wilton, naming both that town and the ſhire, and on the other ſide Avon taking her courſe out of Savernak by Marlborough through the ſhire ſouthward, waſhing Ambreſbury and the Saliſburies (new Saliſbury being her epiſcopal city) both watering the plain, and furniſhed with theſe reaſons, are fitly thus perſonated, ſtriving to endear themſelves in her love: and proſecuting this fiction, the Muſe thus adds:

How that Bath's Avon wax'd imperious through her fame.

Divers rivers of that name have we; but two of eminent note in Wiltſhire: one is next before ſhewed you, which falls through Dorſet into the ocean; the other here mentioned hath her head in the edge of Gloceſter: and with her ſnaky courſe viſiting Malmeſbury, Chippenham, Bradford, and divers towns of ſlight note, turns into Somerſet, paſſes Bath, and caſts herſelf into the Severn at Briſtol. This compendious contention (whoſe proportionate example is a ſpecial elegancy for the expreſſing of diverſity, as in the paſtorals of Theocritus and Virgil) is aptly concluded with that point of ancient politic (§) obſervation, that "Outward common fear is the "ſureſt band of friendſhip."

To Greeklade, whoſe great name yet vaunts that learned tongue.

The hiſtory of Oxford in the proctors book, and certain old verſes, (*q*) kept ſomewhere in this tract, affirm, that with Brute came hither certain Greek philoſophers, from whoſe name and profeſſion here it was thus called, and as an univer-

(*i*) Apud Munſter. ad Deuter. 3. If among them there be a whetſtone, let the Jew have it.
(*k*) Powel ad lib. 2. cap. 9. Girald. itinerarij.
(*l*) Ariſtot. περὶ θαυμ. ακουσμ.
(*m*) Ἀμαξᾶλος.
(*n*) Ad Germ. Tacit. Woden or Wonden.
(*o*) *Irmunſull.* Sax. Mercury. Adam Bremenſ. cap. 5. And hence Irmingſtreate. Pauſan. ſæpius, & Theocrit. εἰδ. κϛ.
(*p*) Proverb. 26. v. 8.
(§) In Thucydid. & Liv.
(*q*) Leland. ad cyg. cant. in Iſide.

ſity afterward tranſlated to Oxford (upon like notation a company retiring to (*r*) Lechlade in this ſhire, gave that its title, as J. Rous adds in his ſtory to Henry VII.) But Godwin and a very old Anonymus cited by Br. Twine, refer it to Theodore of Tarſus in Cilicia (made archbiſhop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian under Egbert king of Kent) very ſkilful in both tongues, and an extraordinary reſtorer of learning to the Engliſh Saxons. That he had (among other) Greek ſchools, is certain by Bede's affirmation, that ſome of his ſcholars underſtood both Greek and Latin as their mother language. Richard of the Vies (*s*) will that Penda, king of Mercland, firſt deduced a colony of Cambridge men hither, and calls it Crekelade, as other Kirklade with variety of names: but I ſuſpect all; as well for omiſſion of it in the beſt authorities, as alſo that the name is ſo different in itſelf. Grecolade was never honoured with Greek ſchools, as the ignorant multitude think, ſaith (*t*) Leland, affirming it ſhould be rather Creclade, Lechelade, or Lathlade. Nor methinks (of all) ſtands it with the Britiſh ſtory, making the tongue then a kind of Greek (a matter, that way reaſonable enough, ſeeing it is queſtionleſs that colonies anciently derived out of the weſtern Aſia, Peloponneſus, Hellas, and thoſe continents into the coaſt whence Brute came, tranſported the Greek with them) that profeſſion of Grecians ſhould make this ſo particular a name.

Aſcrib'd to that high ſkill which learned Bladud brought.

You are now in Somerſetſhire. I doubt not but the true cauſe is that, which is ordinary of other hot ſprings; not the ſun's heat (ſaving the author's opinion, which hath warrant enough in others) or agitation of wind as ſome will; but either paſſage through metallic, bituminous, and ſulphurous veins, or rather a real ſubterranean fire, as (*u*) Empedocles firſt thought, and with moſt witty arguments (according to the poetical conceit of Typhon (*x*), buried in Prochyta; whereto Strabo refers the beſt baths in Italy (my learned and kind friend Mr. Lydiat, that accurate chronologer, in his ingenious philoſophy, hath lately diſputed. But, as the author tells you, ſome Britiſh vanity imputes it to Bladud's art, which in a very ancient fragment of rhimes (*y*) I found expreſt: and if you can endure the language and fiction, you may read it, and then laugh at it.

Two tunne there beth of bras,
And other two imaked of glas.
Seve ſeats there buth inne.
And other thing imaked with ginne:
Quick brimſton in them alſo,
With wild her maked thereto;
Sal gemmæ, *and* ſal petræ,
Sal armonack *there is eke,*
Sal albrod *and* ſal alkine,
Sal gemmæ *is minged with him.*
Sal comin *and* ſal almetre *bright,*
That horneth both day and night.
All this is in the tonne ido,
And other things many mo,
And horneth beth night and day,
That never quench it ne may.
(‡) *In our welſprings the tonnes liggeth,*
As the philoſophers us ſiggeth,
The hete within, the water without,
Maketh it hot al about.
The two welſprings earneth mere,
And the other two beth inner clere.
There is maked full iwis
That kings buth iclupid is.
The rich King Bladud
The king's ſon Lud,
And when he maked that bath hot,
And if him failed ought,
Of that that ſkould thereto,
Derkeneth what he would do,
From Bath to London he would flee,
And thulke day ſelfe againe hee,
And fetch that thereto bivel.
He was gniske and ſwith fell
Tho the maſter was ded
And is ſoule mind to the dued,
For God ne was not yut yhore,
For deth ſuffred him bivore.

I will as ſoon believe all this, as that St. (*z*) Devi or Julius (*a*) Cæſar (who never came near it) was author of it, or that he made Knights of the Bath. They are not wanting which have durſt ſay ſo.

When on this point of earth he bends his greateſt force.

From eight in the morning till three (within which time the ſun beams make their ſtrongeſt angles of incidence) it purges itſelf (as boiling) of unclean excrements, nor then do any enter it; which the Muſe here expreſſes in a fervent ſympathy of love betwixt the water and the ſun, and the more properly, becauſe it had the name of (*b*) *Aquæ Solis.*

(*r*) *i. e.* The Phyſicians lake.
(*s*) Apud Cai de antiq. Cantabrig. lib. 2. & Cod. Nig. Cantabr. apud aut. aſſert. antiq. Oxon.
(*t*) Ad Cyg. Cant. in Iſide & Iſid. vad. Curvus Græcus ſermo Britannicus. Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1.
(*u*) Senec. Natural. quæſt. lib. 3. cap. 24.
(*x*) Pyndar. Pyth. 2.
(*y*) Ex antiq. ſcbed.
(‡) See the author's eighth ſong.
(*z*) Bal. cert. 1.
(*a*) Malmeſbury, lib. 2. Pontific.
(*b*) Antoninus in itinerario.

With th' wonders of the Iſle that ſhe ſhould not be plac'd.

(c) Wockey-hole (ſo called in my conceit, from *phocza*, which is the ſame with *pic*, ſignifying a hollow or creeky paſſage) in Mendip hills by Wells, for her ſpacious vaults, ſtony walls, creeping labyrinths, unimaginable cauſe of poſture in the earth, and her neighbours report (all which almoſt equal her to that Grotta de la (e) Sibylla in the Apennine of Marca Anconitana, and the Dutch ſong of little Daniel) might well wonder ſhe had not place among her country wonders. One that ſeems to increaſe Samuel Beaulan upon Nennius, reckons thirteen by that name, but with vain and falſe reports (as that of the Bath to be both hot and cold, according to the deſire of him that waſhes) and in ſome the author of Polychronicon follows him; neither ſpeaking of this. But the laſt, and Henry of Huntingdon, reckon only four remarkable; the Peake, Stonhenge, Chedder-hole, and a hill out of which it rains. That wonder of human excellence, Sir Philip Sidney, to fit his ſonnet, makes ſix; and to fit that number, conceitedly adds a froward, but chaſte lady, for the ſeventh. And the author here tells you the chiefeſt.

——that Froom, for her diſgrace,
Since ſcarcely ever waſh'd the coalſleck from her face.

Out of Mendip hills Froom ſpringeth, and through the coal pits after a ſhort courſe eaſtward turns upward to Bath's Avon. The fiction of her beſmear'd face happens the better, in that Froom, after our old mother language, ſignifies fair, as that paradoxal Becanus (f), in expoſition of the Egyptian Pyromis in Herodotus, (g) would by notation teach us.

And Chedder, for mere grief his teen he could not ſpeak.

Near Axbridge, Chedder-cliffs, rocky and vaulted, by continual diſtilling, is the fountain of a forcible ſtream (driving twelve mills within a mile's quarter of its head) which runs into Ax derived out of Wockey.

When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joſeph's grave.

Henry the ſecond in his expedition towards Ireland entertained by the way in Wales with Bardiſh ſongs, wherein he heard it affirmed that in Glaſtenbury (made almoſt an iſle by the river's embracements) Arthur was buried betwixt two pillars, gave commandment to Henry of Blois then abbot, to make ſearch for the corps: which was found in a wooden coffin (Girald ſaith oaken, Leland thinks alder) ſome ſixteen foot deep; but after they had digged nine foot, they (b) found a ſtone on whoſe lower ſide was fixt a leaden croſs (croſſes fixt upon the tombs of old chriſtians were in all places ordinary) with his name inſcribed, and the letter ſide of it turned to the ſtone. He was then honoured with a ſumptuous monument, and afterward the ſculls of him and his wife Guinever were taken out (to remain as ſeparate relics and ſpectacles) by Edward Longſhanks and Eleanor. Of this, Girald, Leland, Priſe, divers others (although Polydore make ſlight of it) have more copious teſtimony. The Bards ſongs ſuppoſe, that after the battle of Camlan in Cornwal, where traiterous Mordred was ſlain, and Arthur wounded, Morgan le Fay, a great Elfin lady (ſuppoſed his near kinſwoman) conveyed the body hither to cure it; which done, Arthur is to return (yet expected) to the rule of his country. Read theſe attributed to the beſt (i) of the Bards, expreſſing as much:

——Morgain ſuſcepit honore,
Inque ſuis thalamis poſuit ſuper aurea regem
Fulcra, manuque ſibi detexit vulnus honeſtâ
Inſpexitque diu: tandemque redire ſalutem
Poſſe ſibi dixit, ſi ſecum tempore longo
Eſſet, & ipſius vellet medicamine funge.

Engliſhed in metre for me thus by the author:

——Morgain with honour took,
And in a chair of ſtate doth cauſe him to repoſe;
Then with a modeſt hand his wounds ſhe doth uncloſe:
And having ſearch'd them well, ſhe bade him not to doubt,
He ſhould in time be cur'd, if he would ſtay it out,
And would the med'cine take that ſhe to him would give.

The ſame alſo in effect, an excellent (k) poet of his time thus ſinging it:

He is a king crouned in Fairie,
With ſcepter and ſword and with his regally
Shall reſort as lord and ſoveraigne
But of Fairie, *and reigne in* Britaine:
And repaire again (l) the Round Table.
My prophefy Merlin *ſet the date,*
Among princes king incomparable,
His ſeat againe to Carolin *to tranſlate,*
The Parchas *ſuſtren ſponne ſo his fate,*

(c) Or, Ochy.
(d) Beat. Rhenan. lib. 2. rer. Germanic.
(e) Ortelius theat. mundi.
(f) Herma then. lib. 5.
(g) Euterpe.
(b) Chronicon. Glaſconienſ.
(i) Talieſſin. ap Priſ. defenſ. hiſt. Brit.
(k) Dan Lidgat. lib. 8. verſ. Boccat. cap. 24.
(l) Nænias ad has refert Alanus de Inſulis illuſ. Merlini vaticinium. Exitus ejus dubius erit.

His (*m*) *epitaph recordeth so certaine*
Here lieth K. Arthur *that shall raigne againe.*

Worthily famous was the Abbey also from Joseph of Arimathea (that (*n*) Ευσχήμων βυλευτης, as S. Mark calls him) here buried, which gives proof of Christianity in the isle before our Lucius. Hence in a charter of liberties by Hen. II. to the Abbey (made in presence of Heraclius Patriarch of Jerusalem, and others) I read, (*o*) *Olim à quibusdam mater sanctorum dicta est, aliis tumulis sanctorum, quam ab ipsis discipulis Domini edificatam, & ab ipso Domino dedicatam primò fuisse, venerabilis habet antiquorum authoritas.* It goes for current truth that a hawthorn thereby on Christmas-day always blossometh: which the author tells you in that, *Trees yet in winter*, &c. You may cast this into the account of your greatest wonders.

Embrac' by Selwood's son, her flood the lovely Bry.

Selwood sends forth Bry, which after a winding course from Bruton, (so called of the river) through part of Sedgemore, and Andremore, comes to Glastenbury, and almost inisles it; thence to Gedney-moor, and out of Brent-marsh into Severn.

The nearest neighbouring floods to Arthur's ancient seat.

By South-cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches circling it, and betwixt every of them an earthen wall; the content of it, within, about twenty acres, full of ruins and reliques of old buildings. Among Roman coins there found, and other works of antiquity, Stow speaks of a silver horse-shoe there digged up in the memory of our fathers: (*q*) *Dii boni* (saith Leland) *quot hic profundissimarum fossarum? quot hîc egestæ terræ valla? quæ demùm præcipitia? atque ut paucis finiam, videtur mihi quidem esse & Artis & Naturæ miraculum.* Antique report makes this one of Arthur's places of his Round Table, as the Muse here sings. But of this more in the next canto.

(*m*) Hic jacet Arthurus rex quondam Rexque futurus.

(*n*) Noble Counsellor.

(*o*) It was called the mother and tomb of the saints.

(*p*) The workmanship of the ditches, walls, and strange steepness of them, makes it seem a wonder of art and nature.

POLY-OLBION:

THE FOURTH SONG.

The Argument.

England and Wales ſtrive, in this ſong,
To whether Lundy doth belong:
When either's nymphs, to clear the doubt,
By muſic mean to try it out.
Of mighty Neptune leave they aſk:
Each one betakes her to her taſk.
The Britons, with the harp and crowd:
The Engliſh, both with ſtill and loud.
The Britons chaunt king Arthur's glory:
The Engliſh ſing their Saxons ſtory.
The hills of Wales their weapons take,
And are an uproar like to make,
To keep the Engliſh part in awe.
There's heave and ſhove, and hold and draw;
That Severn can them ſcarce divide,
Till judgment may the cauſe decide.

This while in Sabrin's court ſtrong factions ſtrangely grew,
Since Cornwal for her own, and as her proper due,
Claim'd Lundy, which was ſaid to Cambria to belong,
Who oft had ſought redreſs for that her ancient wrong:
But her inveterate foe, born-out by England's might,
O'erſways her weaker pow'r; that (now in either's right)
As Severn finds no flood ſo great, nor poorly mean,
But that the natural ſpring (her force which doth maintain)
(*a*) From this or that ſhe takes; ſo from this faction free
(Begun about this iſle) not one was like to be.
This Lundy is a nymph to idle toys inclin'd;
And, all on pleaſure ſet, doth wholly give her mind

(*a*) From England or Wales.

To see upon her shores her fowl and conies fed,
§ And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.
Of traffic or return she never taketh care;
Not provident of self, as many islands are:
A lusty black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad and high,
That often had bewitcht the sea-gods with her eye.
Of all the inland isles her sovereign Severn keeps,
That bathe their amorous breasts within her secret deeps
(To love (*b*) her Barry much and Scilly though she seem,
The Flat-holm and the Steep as likewise to esteem)
This noblest British (*c*) nymph yet likes her Lundy best, [rest.
And to great Neptune's grace prefers before the
Thus, (*d*) Cambria to her right that would herself restore,
And rather than to lose (*e*) Loëgria, looks for more.
The nymphs of either part, whom passion doth invade,
To trial straight will go, though Neptune should dissuade:
But of the weaker sex, the most part full of spleen,
And only wanting strength to wreck their angry teen,
For skill their challenge make which every one profest,
And in the learned arts (of knowledges the best,
And to th' heroic spirit most pleasing under sky)
Sweet Music, rightly matcht with heavenly Poësy,
In which they all exceed: and in this kind alone
They conquerors vow to be, or lastly overthrown.
Which when fair Sabrin saw (as she is wond'rous wise)
And that it were in vain them better to advise,
Sith this contention sprang from countries like ally'd side,
That she would not be found t'incline to either
To mighty Neptune sues to have his free consent
Due trial they might make; when he incontinent
His Tritons sendeth out the challenge to proclaim.
No sooner that divulg'd in his so dreadful name,
But such a shout was sent from every neighb'ring spring,
That the report was heard through all his court to ring:
And from the largest stream unto the lesser brook,
Them to this wond'rous task they seriously betook.
They curl their ivory fronts; and not the smallest beck
But with white pebbles makes her tawdries for her neck;

Lay forth their amorous breasts unto the public view, [blue;
Enameling the white with veins that were as
Each moor, each marsh, each mead, preparing rich array
To set their rivers forth against this general day.
'Mongst forests, hills, and floods, was ne'er such heave and shove
Since (*f*) Albion wielded arms against the son of Jove.
When as the English part, their courage to declare,
Them to th' appointed place immediately prepare.
A troop of stately nymphs proud Avon with her brings
(As she that hath the charge of wise (*g*) Minerva's springs)
From Mendip tripping down, about the tinny mine.
And † Ax, no less employ'd about this great design,
Leads forth a lusty rout; when † Bry, with all her throng [long)
(With very madness swoln, that she had staid so
Comes from the boggy mears and queachy fens below:
That † Parret (highly pleas'd to see the gallant show)
Set out with such a train as bore so great a sway,
The soil but scarcely serves to give her hugeness way.
Then the Devonian Taw, from Dertmore deckt with pearl, [girl
Unto the conflict comes: with her that gallant
§ Clear Towridge, whom they fear'd would have estrang'd her fall: [all
Whose coming, lastly, bred such courage in them
As drew down many a nymph from the Cornubian shore,
That paints their goodly breasts with sundry sorts of ore.
The British, that this while had stood a view to take
What to her utmost pow'r the public foe could make,
But slightly weigh their strength; for, by her natural kind,
As still the Briton bears a brave and noble mind;
So, trusting to their skill, and goodness of their cause,
For speedy trial call, and for indifferent laws.
At length, by both allow'd, it to this issue grew;
To make a likely choice of some most expert crew,
Whose number coming near unto the other's dow'r,
The English should not urge they were o'erborn by pow'r.

b Certain little isles lying within Severn.
c Severn.
d Wales.
e England.

f Albion, Neptune's son, warred with Hercules.
g The bathes.
† All these rivers you may see in the 3d song.

§ Yet hardly upon Powſe they dare their hopes to lay,
For that ſhe hath commerce with England every day:
§ Nor Roſs; for that too much ſhe aliens doth reſpect:
And following them, foregoes her ancient dialect.
The (b) Venedotian floods, that ancient Britons were
The mountains kept them back, and ſhut them in the rear:
But Brecknock, long time known a country of much worth,
Unto this conflict brings her goodly fountains forth:
For almoſt not a brook of (i) Morgany, nor Gwent,
But from her fruitful womb doth fetch their high deſcent,
For Brecan, was a prince once fortunate and great
(Who dying, lent his name to that his nobler ſeat)
With (k) twice twelve daughters bleſt, by one and only wife:
Who for their beauties rare, and ſanctity of life,
To rivers were transform'd; whoſe pureneſs doth declare
How excellent they were, by being what they are:
Who dying virgins all, and rivers now by fate,
To tell their former love to the unmarried ſtate,
To Severn ſhape their courſe, which now their form doth bear;
E'er ſhe was made a flood, a virgin as they were.
And from the ſeas with fear they ſtill do fly:
So much they yet delight in maiden company.
Then moſt renowned Wales, thou famous ancient place,
Which ſtill haſt been the nurſe of all the Britiſh race,
Since nature thee denies that purple-cluſter'd vine,
Which others temples chafes with fragrant ſparkling wine;
And being now in hand to write thy glorious praiſe,
Fill me a bowl of Meath, my working ſpirit to raiſe:
And e'er ſeven books have end, I'll ſtrike ſo high a ſtring,
Thy Bards ſhall ſtand amaz'd with wonder, whilſt I ſing;
§ That Talieſſen, once which made the rivers dance,
And in his rapture rais'd the mountains from their trance,
Shall tremble at my verſe, rebounding from the ſkies;
Which like an earthquake ſhakes the tomb wherein he lies.

(b) Floods of North Wales.
(i) Glamorgan and Monmouthſhires.
(k) A ſuppoſed metamorpholis of Brecan's daughters.

Firſt our triumphing Muſe of ſprightly Uſk ſhall tell,
And what to every nymph attending her, befell:
Which Cray and Camlas firſt for pages doth retain;
With whom the next in place comes in the tripping Brean,
With Iſker; and with her comes Hodny fine and clear,
Of Brecknock beſt belov'd, the ſovereign of the ſhire:
And Grony, at an inch, waits on her miſtreſs' heels.
But entring (at the laſt) the Monumethian fields,
Small Fidan, with Cledaugh, increaſe her goodly Menie,
Short Kebby, and the brook that chriſtneth Abergeny.
With all her watry train, when now at laſt ſhe came
Unto that happy town which bears her (l) only name,
Bright Birthin, with her friend fair Olwy, kindly meet her;
Which for her preſent haſte, have ſcarcely time to greet her;
But earneſt on her way, ſhe needſly will be gone:
So much ſhe longs to ſee the ancient Caerlon.
When Avon cometh in, than which amongſt them all
A finer is not found betwixt her head and fall.
Then Ebwith, and with her ſlides Srowy; which forelay
Her progreſs, and for Uſk keep entrance to the ſea.
When Munno, all this while, that (for her own behoof)
From this their great recourſe had ſtrangely ſtood aloof,
Made proud by Monmouth's name appointed her by fate,
Of all the reſt herein obſerved ſpecial ſtate.
For once the bards foretold ſhe ſhould produce a (m) king
Which everlaſting praiſe to her great name ſhould bring,
Who by his conquering ſword ſhould all the land ſurpriſe,
Which 'twixt the (n) Penmenmaur and the (o) Pyreni lies
She therefore is allow'd her leiſure; and by her
They win the goodly Wye, whom ſtrongly ſhe doth ſtir
Her powerful help to lend, which elſe ſhe had deny'd,
Becauſe herſelf ſo oft to England ſhe ally'd
But b'ing by Munno made for Wales, away ſhe goes.
Which when as Throggy ſees, herſelf ſhe headlong throws
Into the watry throng, with many another rill,
Repairing to the Welch, their number up to fill.
That Remny, when ſhe ſaw theſe gallant nymphs of Gwent,
On this appointed match were all ſo hotly bent,
Where ſhe of ancient time had parted, as a mound,
The Monumethian fields and Glamorganian ground,

(l) Monmouth.
(m) Henry V. ſtyled of Monmouth.
(n) A hill in Caernarvonſhire.
(o) Hills dividing Spain and France.

Intreats the Taff along, as gray as any glaſs;
With whom clear Cunno comes, a luſty Cambrian laſs:
Then Elwy, and with her Ewenny holds her way,
And Ogmore, that would yet be there as ſoon as they,
By Avon called in; when nimbler Neath anon
(To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare beauties known; [hath
Beſides her double head, to help her ſtream that
Her handmaids, Melta ſweet, clear Hepſey, and Tragath)
From Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulas and Cledaugh,
By (p) Morgany do drive her through her watry (q) ſaugh;
With Tawy, taking part t'aſſiſt the Cambrian power:
§ Then Lhu and Logor, given to ſtrengthen them by Gower.
'Mongſt whom, ſome bards there were, that in their ſacred rage
Recorded the deſcents, and acts of every age.
Some with their nimbler joints that ſtruck the warbling ſtring;
In fingering ſome unſkill'd, but only us'd to ſing
Unto the others harp; of which you both might find
Great plenty, and of both excelling in their kind,
§ That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's praiſe,
Had won the ſilver harp, and worn Apollo's bays;
Whoſe verſes they deduc'd from thoſe firſt golden times,
Of ſundry ſorts of feet, and ſundry ſuits of rhimes.
Ir. (r) Englins ſome there were, that on their ſubject ſtrain;
Some makers that again affect the loftier vein,
Rehearſe their high conceits in Cowiths; other-ſome
In Owdells theirs expreſs, as matters haps to come;
So varying ſtill their moods, obſerving yet in all
'Their quantities, their reſts, their ceaſures metrical;
For to that ſacred ſkill they moſt themſelves apply;
Addicted from their births ſo much to poëſy,
That in the mountains thoſe who ſcarce have ſeen a book,
Moſt ſkilfully will (s) make, as though from art they took.
And as Loëgria ſpares not any thing of worth,
That any way might ſet her goodly rivers forth;
As ſtones by nature cut from the Cornubian ſtrond:
Her Dertmore ſends them pearl; Rock-vincent, diamond:
So Cambria, of her nymphs eſpecial care will have;
For Conway ſends them pearl to make them wond'rous brave:

(p) Glamorgan.
(q) A kind of trench.
(r) *Englins, Fuithi, and La'bels*, Britiſh forms or verſes. See the illuſtrations.
(s) A word, uſed by the ancients, ſignifying to verſify.

The ſacred (t) Virgin's well, her moſs moſt ſweet and rare,
Againſt infectious damps for pomander to wear:
And (u) Goldcliff of his ore in plenteous ſort allows, [brows.
To ſpangle their attires, and deck their amorous
And laſtly, holy Dee, (whoſe pray'rs were highly priz'd,
As one in heavenly things devoutly exercis'd;
Who, (v) changing of his fords, by divination had
Fore-told the neighbouring folk of fortune good or bad) [ceed,
In their intended courſe ſith needs they will pro-
His benediction ſends in way of happy ſpeed.
And though there were ſuch haſte unto this long-look'd hour,
Yet let they not to call upon th' eternal pow'r.
For, who will have his work his wiſhed end to win,
Let him with hearty pray'r religiouſly begin.
Wherefore the Engliſh part, with full devout intent,
In meet and godly ſort to Glaſtenbury ſent,
Beſeeching of the ſaints in Avalon that were,
There off'ring at their tombs for every one a tear,
§ And humbly to St. George their country's patron pray,
To proſper their deſign now in this mighty day.
The Britons, like devout, their meſſengers direct
To David, that he would their ancient right protect.
'Mongſt Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are crown'd,
The valley (w) Ewias lies, immur'd ſo deep and round,
As they below that ſee the mountains riſe ſo high,
Might think the ſtraggling herds were grazing in the ſky:
Which in it ſuch a ſhape of ſolitude doth bear,
As nature at the firſt appointed it for pray'r:
Wherein an aged cell, with moſs and ivy grown,
In which not to this day the ſun hath ever ſhone,
That reverend Britiſh ſaint in zealous ages paſt,
To contemplation liv'd; and did ſo truly faſt,
As he did only drink what cryſtal Hodney yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields.
In memory of whom, in the revolving year
The Welchman on his day that ſacred herb do wear:
Where, of that holy man as humbly they do crave,
That in their juſt defence they might his furtherance have.
Thus either, well prepar'd the other's power before,
Conveniently b'ing plac'd upon their equal ſhore;
The Britons, to whoſe lot the onſet doth belong,
Give ſignal to the foe for ſilence to their ſong.

(t) Saint Winifrid's well.
(u) A gliſt'ring rock in Monmouthſhire.
(v) See the eighth ſong.
(w) In Monmouthſhire.

To tell each various ſtrain and turning of their rhimes,
How this in compaſs falls, or that in ſharpneſs climbs
(As where they reſt and riſe, how take it one from one,
As every ſeveral chord hath a peculiar tone)
Even memory herſelf, though ſtriving, would come ſhort:
But the material things, Muſe, help me to report.
As firſt, t'affront the foe, in th' ancient Britons right,
With Arthur they begin, their moſt renowned Knight;
The richneſs of the arms their well-made
(*) worthy wore,
The temper of his ſword (the try'd Eſcalabour)
The bigneſs and the length of Rone, his noble ſpear;
With Pridwin his great ſhield, and what the proof could bear;
His Baudrick how adorn'd with ſtones of wond'rous price,
§ The ſacred virgin's ſhape he bore for his device;
Theſe monuments of worth, the ancient Britons ſong.
Now, doubting leſt theſe things might hold them but too long,
His wars they took to taſk; the land then overlaid
With thoſe proud German pow'rs; when, calling to his aid
His kinſman Howel, brought from Britany the leſs,
Their armies they unite, both ſwearing to ſuppreſs
The Saxon, here that fought through conqueſt all to gain,
On whom he chanc'd to light at Lincoln; where the plain
Each-where from ſide to ſide lay ſcatter'd with the dead.
And when the conquer'd foe, that from the conflict fled,
Betook them to the woods, he never left them there
Until the Britiſh earth he forc'd them to forſwear.
And as his actions roſe, ſo raiſe they ſtill their vein
In words, whoſe weight beſt ſuit a ſublimated ſtrain.
§ They ſung how he, himſelf at Badon bore that day,
When at the glorious gole his Britiſh ſceptre lay:
Two days together how the battle ſtrongly ſtood;
(y) Pendragon's worthy ſon, who waded there in blood,
Three hundred Saxon's ſlew with his own valiant hand.
And (after call'd, the Pict and Iriſh to withſtand)
How he, by force of arms Albania over-ran,
Purſuing of the Pict beyond mount Caledon:
There ſtrongly ſhut them up whom ſtoutly he ſubdu'd.
How Gillamore again to Ireland he purſu'd,
So oft as he preſum'd the envious Pict to aid:
And having ſlain the king, the country waſte he laid.
To Goth-land how again this conqu'ror maketh forth
With his ſo proſp'rous pow'rs into the fartheſt north:
Where, Iſeland firſt he won, and Orkney after got.
To Norway ſailing next with his dear nephew Lot,
By deadly dint of ſword did Ricoll there defeat;
And having plac'd the prince on that Norwegian ſeat,
How this courageous king did Denmark then controul;
That ſcarcely there was found a country to the pole
That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were to tell.
And after theſe, in France th' adventures him befell
At Paris, in the liſts where he with Flollio fought;
The Emperor Leon's pow'r to raiſe his ſiege that brought.
Then bravely ſet they forth, in combat how theſe knights
On horſeback and on foot perform'd their ſeveral fights:
As with what marv'lous force each other they aſſail'd,
How mighty Flollio firſt, how Arthur then prevail'd;
For beſt advantage how they traverſed their grounds,
The horrid blows they lent, the world-amazing wounds,
Until the tribune, tir'd, ſank under Arthur's ſword.
Then ſing they how he firſt ordain'd the circled board;
The knights whoſe martial deeds far fam'd that table-round;
Which, trueſt in their loves; which, moſt in arms renown'd:
The laws, which long up-held that Order, they report;
§ The Pentecoſts prepar'd at Carleon in his court,
That table's ancient ſeat; her temples and her groves,
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and ſtoves:
Her academy, then, as likewiſe they prefer:
Of Camilot they ſing, and then of Wincheſter.
The feaſts that under-ground the Faëry did him make,
And there how he enjoy'd the lady of the lake.
Then told they, how himſelf great Arthur did advance,
To meet (with his allies) that puiſſant force in France,
By Lucius thither led; thoſe armies that whileere
Affrighted all the world, by him ſtruck dead with fear:
Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,
In that moſt famous field he with the emperor wan:
As how great Rython's ſelf he ſlew in his repair,
Who raviſh'd Howell's niece, young Hellena the fair;

(*) Arthur, one of the nine worthies.
(y) King Arthur.

And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
Made of the beards of kings. Then bravely chaunted they
The ſeveral twelve pitch'd fields he with the Saxons fought:
The certain day and place to memory they brought.
Then by falſe Mordred's hand how laſt he chanc'd to fall,
The hour of his deceaſe, his place of burial.
When out the Engliſh cry'd, to interrupt their ſong:
But they, which knew to this more matter muſt belong,
Not out at all for that, nor any whit diſmay'd,
But to their well-tun'd harps their fingers cloſely laid:
'Twixt every one of which they plac'd their country's croud,
And with courageous ſpirits thus boldly ſang aloud;
How Merlin by his ſkill, and magic's wondrous might,
From Ireland hither brought the Stonendge in a night;
§ And for Carmarden's ſake, would fain have brought to paſs,
About it to have built a wall of ſolid braſs;
And ſet his friends to work upon the mighty frame;
Some to the anvil: ſome, that ſtill inforc'd the flame;
But whilſt it was in hand, by loving of an elf
(For all his wond'rous ſkill) was cozen'd by himſelf.
For, walking with his Fay, her to the rock he brought,
In which he oft before his nicromancies wrought;
And going in thereat his magics to have ſhown,
She ſtopt the cavern's mouth with an enchanted ſtone:
Whoſe cunning ſtrongly croſs'd, amaz'd whilſt he did ſtand,
She captive him convey'd unto the Fairy land.
Then, how the lab'ring ſpirits, to rocks by fetters bound,
With bellows rumbling groans, and hammers thund'ring ſound,
A fearful horrid din ſtill in the earth do keep,
Their maſter to awake, ſuppos'd by them aſleep;
As at their work how ſtill the grieved ſpirits repine,
Tormented in the fire, and tired at the mine.
When now the Britiſh ſide ſcarce finiſhed their ſong,
But th' Engliſh that repin'd to be delay'd ſo long,
All quickly at the hint, as with one free conſent,
Struck up at once, and ſung each to the inſtrument;
(Of ſundry ſorts that were, as the muſician likes)
On which the practis'd hand with perfect'ſt fing'ring ſtrikes,
Whereby their height of ſkill might livelieſt be expreſt.
The trembling lute ſome touch, ſome ſtrain the viol beſt,
In ſets which there were ſeen, the muſic wond'rous choice: [voice,
Some likewiſe there affect the gamba with the
To ſhew that England could variety afford.
Some that delight to touch the ſterner wierychord,
The (z) cythron, the pandore, and the theorbo ſtrike:
The gittern and the kit the wand'ring fidlers like.
So were there ſome again, in this their learned ſtrife,
Loud inſtruments that lov'd; the cornet and the fife,
The hoboy, ſagbut deep, recorder, and the flute:
Even from the ſhrilleſt ſhaum unto the cornamute.
Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the country round:
The taber and the pipe, ſome take delight to ſound.
Of Germany they ſung the long and ancient fame,
From whence their noble ſires the valiant Saxons came,
Who fought by ſea and land adventures far and near;
And ſeizing at the laſt upon the Britons here,
Surpriz'd the ſpacious iſle, which ſtill for theirs they hold:
As in that country's praiſe how in thoſe times of old, [brought
§ Tuiſco, Gomer's ſon, from (a) unbuilt Babel
His people to that place, with moſt high knowledge fraught,
And under wholeſome laws eſtabliſh'd their abode;
Whom his Tudeſki ſince have honour'd as a God:
Whoſe clear creation made them abſolute in all,
Retaining till this time their pure original.
And as they boaſt themſelves the nation moſt unmixt,
Their language as at firſt, their ancient cuſtoms fixt,
The people of the world moſt hardy, wiſe and ſtrong;
So glorioufly they ſhow, that all the reſt among
The Saxons, of her ſorts the very nobleſt were:
And of thoſe crooked ſkains they us'd in war to bear,
Which in their thund'ring tongue, the Germans handſeax name,
§ They Saxons firſt were called: whoſe far-extended fame
For hardineſs in war, whom danger never fray'd,
Allur'd the Britons here to call them to their aid:
From whom they after reft Loëgria as their own,
Brute's offspring then too weak to keep it being grown.
This told: the nymphs again, in nimbler ſtrains of wit,
Next neatly come about, the Engliſhmen to quit
Of that inglorious blot by Baſtard William brought
Upon this conquer'd iſle: than which fate never wrought
A fitter mean (ſay they) great Germany to grace;
To graft again in one, two remnants of her race:
Upon their ſeveral ways, two ſeveral times that went [ſhe ſent
To forage for themſelves. The firſt of which

(z) The ſundry muſick of England.
(a) Gen. xi. 8. 9.

§ To get their ſeat in Gaul: which on Nueſtria light,
And (in a famous war the Frenchmen put to flight)
Poſſeſt that fruitful place, where only from their name
§ Call'd (*b*) North-men (from the North of Germany that came,
Who thence expell'd the Gauls, and did their rooms ſupply)
This, firſt Neuſtria nam'd, was then call'd (*c*) Normandy.
That by this means, the leſs (in conquering of the great)
Being drawn from their late home unto this ampler ſeat,
Reſiding here, reſign'd what they before had won:
§ That as the conquerors blood did to the conquer'd run;
So kindly being mixt, and up together grown,
As ſevered, they were hers; united, ſtill her own.
But theſe myſterious things deſiſting now to ſhow
(The ſecret works of heaven) to long deſcents they go?
How Egelred (the ſire of Edward the laſt king
Of th' Engliſh-Saxon line) by nobly marrying
With hardy Richard's heir, the Norman Emma, bred [one head
Alliance in their bloods. Like brooks that from
Bear ſeveral ways (as though to ſundry ſeas to haſte)
But by the varying ſoil, int' one again are caſt:
So chanced it in this the nearneſs of their blood.
For when as England's right in queſtion after ſtood,
Proud Harold, Goodwin's heir, the ſcepter having won
From Edgar Etheling young, the outlaw'd Edward's ſon;
The valiant Baſtard this his only colour made,
With his brave Norman powers this kingdom to invade.
Which leaving, they proceed to pedigrees again,
Their after-kings to fetch from that old Saxon ſtrain;
From Margarit that was made the Scottiſh Malcolm's bride,
Who to her grandſire had courageous Ironſide:
Which outlaw'd Edward left; whoſe wife to him did bring
This Margarit queen of Scots, and Edgar Etheling:
That Margarit brought forth Maud; which gracious Malcolm gave [have)
To Henry Beauclerk's bed (ſo fate it pleas'd to
§ Who him a daughter brought; which heaven did ſtrangely ſpare:
And for the ſpecial love he to the mother bare,
Her Maud again he nam'd, to th' Almain Emperor wed: [Cæſar dead)
Whoſe dowager whilſt ſhe liv'd (her puiſſant

(*b*) The Normans and the Saxons of one blood.
(*c*) The Norman loſt that name and became Engliſh.

She th' Earl of Anjou next to huſband doth prefer.
The ſecond Henry then by him begot of her,
Into the Saxon line the ſcepter thus doth bring.
Then preſently again prepare themſelves to ſing
The ſundry foreign fields the Engliſhmen had fought,
Which when the mountains ſaw (and not in vain) they thought
That if they ſtill went on as thus they had begon,
Then from the Cambrian nymphs (ſure) Lundy would be won.
And therefore from their firſt they challeng'd them to fly;
And (idly running on with vain prolixity)
A larger ſubject took than it was fit they ſhould.
But, whilſt thoſe would proceed, theſe threatning them to hold,
(*d*) Black-mountain for the love he to his country bare,
As to the beauteous Uſke, his joy and only care
(In whoſe defence t' appear more ſtern and full of dread)
Put on a helm of clouds upon his rugged head.
Mounchdeny doth the like for his beloved Tawe:
Which quickly all the reſt by their example draw.
As Hatterel in the right of ancient Wales will ſtand.
To theſe three mountains, firſt of the Brekinnian band,
The Monumethian hills, like inſolent and ſtout,
On lofty tip-toes then began to look about;
That Skeridvaur at laſt (a mountain much in might,
In hunting that had ſet his abſolute delight)
Caught up his (*e*) country hook; nor cares for future harms,
But irefully enrag'd would needs to open arms:
Which quickly put (*f*) Penvayl in ſuch outrageous heat,
That whilſt for very teen his hairleſs ſcalp doth ſweat,
The Blorench looketh big upon his bared crown:
And tall Tomberlow ſeems ſo terribly to frown,
That where it was ſuppos'd with ſmall ado or none
Th' event of this debate would eas'ly have been known,
Such ſtrange tumultuous ſtirs upon this ſtriſe enſue,
As where all griefs ſhould end, old ſorrows ſtill renew:
That Severn thus forewarn'd to look into the worſt
(And finds the latter ill more dang'rous than the firſt)
The doom ſhe ſhould pronounce, yet for a while delay'd,
Till theſe rebellious routs by juſtice might be ſtay'd;
A period that doth put to my diſcourſe ſo long,
To finiſh this debate the next enſuing ſong.

(*d*) Theſe reſt following, the moſt famous hills in Brecknock, Glamorgan, and Monmouth.
(*e*) Welchbrook.
(*f*) So named of his bald head.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Over Severn (but viſiting Lundy, a little iſle betwixt Hartland and Gouen point) you are tranſported into Wales. Your travels with the Muſe are moſt of all in Monmouth, Glamorgan, and the ſouth maritime ſhires.

And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.

Walter Baker, a canon of Oſney (interpreter of Thomas de la Moor's life of Edward the Second) affirms, that it commonly breeds conies, pigeons, *& ſtruconas, quos vocat Alexander Nechamus* (ſo you muſt read, (*a*) not *Nechriſtum*, as the Francfort print ſenſeleſsly miſtook with *Conday* for *Lundey*) *Ganymedis aves*. What he means by his birds of Ganymede, out of the name, unleſs eagles or oſtriches (as the common fiction of the Catamites raviſhment, and this French-Latin word of the tranſlator would) I collect not. But rather read alſo *Palamedis aves*, i. e. cranes, of which (*b*) Necham indeed hath a whole chapter: what the other ſhould be, or whence reaſon of the name comes, I confeſs I am ignorant.

Clear Towridge whom they fear'd would have eſtrang'd her fall.

For ſhe riſing near Hartland, wantonly runs to Hatherlay in Devon, as if ſhe would to the Southern Ocean; but returning, there at laſt is diſcharged into the Severn ſea.

Yet hardily upon Powſe they dare their hopes to lay.

Wales had (*c*) her three parts, North-Wales, South-Wales, and Powis. The laſt, as the middle betwixt the other, extended from Cardigan to Shropſhire; and on the Engliſh ſide from Cheſter to Hereford (being the portion of Anarawd, ſon to the great Roderique) bears this accuſation, becauſe it comprehends, for the moſt part, both nations and both tongues. But ſee for this diviſion to the ſeventh ſong.

Nor Roſs, for that too much ſhe aliens doth reſpect.

Under Henry the firſt, a colony of Flemings driven out of their country by inundation, and kindly received here in reſpect of that alliance which the king had with their earl (for his mother Maud, wife to the Conqueror, was daughter to Baldwin earl of Flanders) afterward upon difference betwixt the king and earl Robert were out of divers parts, but eſpecially Northumberland, where they moſt of all (as it ſeems by Hoveden) had reſidence, conſtrained into Roſs (*d*) in Penbroke, which retains yet in name and tongue expreſs notes of being aliens to the Cambro-Britons. See the author in his next ſong.

That Talieſſen, once which made the rivers dance.

Talieſſin (not Teleſin, as Bale calls him) a learned Bard, ſtiled (*e*) *Ben Beirdh.* i. e. the chiefeſt of the Bards, maſter to Merlin Sylveſter lived about Arthur's reign, whoſe acts his Muſe hath celebrated.

With Lhu and Lhogor given, to ſtrengthen them by Gower.

Betwixt Neth and Lhogor in Glamorgan is this Gower, a little province, extended into the ſea as a cherſoneſe; out of it on the weſt, riſe theſe two rivers meant by the author.

That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's praiſe.

Underſtand this Stethva to be the meeting of the Britiſh Poets and Minſtrels, for trial (*f*) of their poems and muſic ſufficiencies, where the beſt had his reward, a ſilver harp. Some example is of it under Rees ap. Griffith, prince of South Wales, in the year cıɔ. c. lxx. vi. A cuſtom ſo good, that, had it been judiciouſly obſerved, truth of ſtory had not been ſo uncertain: for there was, by ſuppoſe, a correction of what was faulty in

(*a*) Tho. de la Moor emendatus.
(*b*) De rerum natur. lib. 1.
(*c*) Girald deſcript. cap. 2. & Powel ad Caradoc. Lancharvan.
(*d*) So called perhaps becauſe it is almoſt in-iſled within the ſea and Lhogor, as Roſay in Scotland, expreſſing almoſt an iſle. Buchanan. hiſt. 5. in Eugenio 4.
(*e*) Priſ. in deſcript. Walliæ.
(*f*) Antiquis hujuſmodi certamina fuiſſe docemur à ſcholiaſt. Ariſtoph. & D. Cypriano ſerm. de Aleator.

form or matter, or at leaſt a cenſure of the hearers upon what was recited. As (according to the Roman uſe, it is (g) noted, that Giral'd of Cambria, when he had written his topography of Ireland, made at three ſeveral days ſeveral recitals of his three diſtinctions in Oxford; of which courſe ſome have wiſhed a recontinuance, that either amendment of opinion or change of purpoſe in publiſhing, might prevent blazoned errors. The ſorts of theſe Poets and Minſtrels out of Doctor Powel's inſerted annotations upon Caradoc Lhancaryon, I note to you; firſt Beirdhs, otherwiſe Prydvids (called in Athenæus, Lucan and others, Bards) who, ſomewhat like the Ψαλτοὶ among the Greeks, (b) *fortia virorum illuſtrium facta heroicis compoſita verſibus cum dulcibus lyræ modulis* (i) *cantitarunt*, which was the chiefeſt form of the ancienteſt muſic among the Gentiles, as (k) Zarlino hath fully collected. Their charge alſo as heralds, was to deſcribe and preſerve pedigrees, wherein their line aſcendent went from the Petruccius to B. M. thence to Sylvius and Aſcanius, from them to Adam. Thus Giral reporting, hath his B. M. in ſome copies by (l) tranſcription of ignorant Monks (forgetting their tenant of perpetual virginity, and (m) that relation of Theodoſius) turned into (n) *Beatam Mariam*, whereas it ſtands for *Belinum Magnum* (that was Heli, in their writers, father to Lud and Caſibelin) to whom their genealogies had always reference. The ſecond are, which play on the § Harp and Croud; their muſic for the moſt part came out of Ireland with Gruffith ap Conan prince of North Wales, about King Stephen's time. This Gruffith reformed the abuſes of thoſe minſtrels by a particular ſtatute, extant to this day. The third are called Atcanedid; they ſing to inſtruments played on by others. For the *Englyns*, *Cyeudhs*, and *Awdls*; the firſt are couplets interchanged of ſixteen and fourteen feet and called *Paladiries*, *Penſels*, the ſecond of equal tetrameters, the third of variety in both rhime and quantity. Subdiviſion of them, and better information may be had in the elaborate inſtitutions of the Cumreg language by David ap Rees. Of their muſic anciently, out of an old writer read this: *Non uniformiter, ut alibi, ſed multipliciter multiſque modis & modulis cantilenas emittunt, adeo ut, turba canentium, quot videas capita, tot audias carmina, diſcriminaque vocum varia, in unam denique, ſub* B. *mollis dulcedine blanda, conſonantiam & organicam conveniential melodiam.* A good muſician will better underſtand it, than I that tranſcribe it. But by it you ſee they eſpecially affected the mind compoſing Doric (which is ſhewed in that of an old (o) author, affirming that (p) Ἡ μεσότητος χάριν, the weſtern people of the world conſtituted uſe of muſic in their aſſemblies, though the (q) Iriſh (from whence they learned) were wholly for the ſprightful Phrygian. See the next canto.

And humbly to St. George their country's patron pray.

Our author (a judgment day thus appointed betwixt the Water-nymphs) ſeems to allude to the courſe uſed of old with us, that thoſe which were to end their cauſe by combat, were ſent to ſeveral ſaints for invocation, as in our (r) law annals appears. For (s) St. George, that he is patron to the Engliſh, as St. Dennis, St. James, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. Anthony, St. Mark, to the French, Spaniſh, Iriſh Scottiſh, Italian, Venetian, ſcarce any is that knows not. Who he was, and when the Engliſh took him, is not ſo manifeſt. The old martyrologies give, with us, to the honour of his birth the twenty-third of April. His paſſion is ſuppoſed in Diocletian's perſecution; his country Cappadoce. His acts are divers and ſtrange, reported by his ſervant Paſicrates, Simeon Metaphraſtes, and lately collected by Surius. As for his knightly form, and the dragon under him, as he is pictured in Beryth a city of Cyprus, with a young maid kneeling to him, an unwarrantable report goes, that it was for his martial delivery of the king's daughter from the dragon, as Heſione and Andromeda were from the whales by Hercules and Perſeus. Your more neat judgments, finding no ſuch matter in true antiquity, rather make it ſymbolical than truly proper. So that ſome account him an allegory of our Saviour Chriſt; and our admired (t) Spenſer hath made him an emblem of religion. So Chaucer to the knights of that order:

——But for God's pleaſance
And his mother, and in ſignifiance
That ye hen of St. George's livery,
Doeth him ſervice and knightly obeiſance;
For Chriſt's cauſe is his, well knowen yee.

Others interpret that picture of him as ſome country or city (ſignified by the virgin) imploring his aid againſt the devil, charactered in the dragon. Of him you may particularly ſee, eſpecially in Uſuard's martyrology, and Baronius his annotations upon the Roman calendar, with Erhard

(g) Cambd. in Epiſt. Fulconi Grevil. ad edit. Anglic. Norm. &c.

(b) Did ſing the valiant deeds of famous men to the ſweet melody of the harp.

(i) Ammian. Mercelin. hiſt. 15.

(k) Parte ſeconda cap 4. & 5.

(l) Dav. Powel. ad Giral. deſcript. cap. 3.

(m) Suid. in Ino.

(n) St. Mary. For the § harp and other muſic inſtruments, their form and antiquity, ſee to the ſixth ſong.

(o) Marcian. Heracleot. in περιηγήσει.

(p) To make them gentle natured.

(q) Giral. Topog. diſt. 3. cap. 11.

(r) 30 Ed 3. fol. 20.

(s) Tropelophorus dictus in menologio Græco apud Baronium, forte Τροπαιλαφόρος ſive Τροπαιοφόρος. quid n Tropelophorus?

(t) Fairy Q. lib. 1.

Celly his deſcription of Frederick Duke of Wittemberg's inſtallation in the garter, by favour of our preſent ſovereign. But what is delivered of him in the legend, even the church of Rome (*u*) hath diſallowed in theſe words; *That not ſo much as any ſcandal may riſe in the holy Roman Church, the paſſions of St. George, and ſuch like, ſuppoſed to be written by heretics, are not read in it.* But you may better believe the legend, than that he was a Coventry man born, with his Caleb lady of the woods, or that he deſcended from the Saxon race, and ſuch like; which ſome Engliſh fictions deliver. His name (as generally (*x*) alſo St. Maurice and St. Sebaſtian) was anciently called on by Chriſtians as an advocate of victory (when in the church that kind of doctrine was) ſo that our particular right to him (although they ſay (*y*) king Arthur bare him in one of his banners) appears not until Edward the third conſecrated to St. George the knightly order of the Garter, (*z*) ſoon after the victory at Calais againſt the French, in which his invocation was *To St. Edward, To St. George.* Some authority (*a*) refers this to Richard *Cœur de Lion*, who ſuppoſed himſelf comforted by St. George in his wars againſt the Turks and Hagarens. But howſoever, ſince that he hath been a patron among others, as in that of Frederick the third's inſtitution (*b*) of the quadripartit ſociety of St. George's ſhield, and more of that nature, you find. And under Henry the eighth, it was enacted, (*c*) that the Iriſh ſhould leave their *Cramabou* and *Suterrabou*, words of unlawful patronage, and name themſelves as under St. George, and the king of England. More proper is St. Dewy (we call him St. David) to the Welſh. Reports of him affirm that he was of that country, uncle to king Arthur (Bale and others ſay, gotten upon Melaria a nun, by Xantus prince of Cardigan) and ſucceſſor to Dubrice archbiſhop of Caerleon upon Uſk (whereto (*d*) a long time the Britiſh biſhoprics, as to their metropolitic fee were ſubject) and thence tranſlated with his nephew's conſent the primacy to Menevia, which is now St. David's in Pembroke. He was a ſtrong oppogner of the Pelagian hereſy. To him our country calendars give the firſt of March, but in the old martyrologies I find him not remembered: yet I read that (*e*) Calixtus the ſecond, firſt canonized him. See him in the next canto.

The ſacred Virgin's ſhape he bare for his device.

Arthur's (*f*) ſhield Pridwen (or his banner) had in it the picture of our lady, and his helm an engraven dragon. From the like form was his father Uter-pen-dragon. To have terrible creſts or engraven beaſts of rapine (Herodotus and Strabo fetch the beginning of them, and the bearing of arms from the Carians) hath been from inmoſt antiquity continued; as appears in that epithet of Τοργολόφας, proper to Minerva, but applied to others in Ariſtophanes, and alſo (*g*) in the Theban war. Either hence may you derive the Engliſh dragon now as a ſupporter, and uſually pitcht in fields by the Saxon, Engliſh, and Norman kings for their ſtandard (which is frequent in Hoveden, Matthew Paris, and Florilegus) or from the Romans, who after the Minotaur, Horſe, Eagle, and other their antique enſigns, took this beaſt; or elſe imagine that our kings joined in that general conſent, whereby ſo many nations bear it. For by plain and good authority, collected by a great critic, you may find it affirmed of the Aſſyrians, Indians, Scythians, Perſians, Dacians, Romans; and of the Greeks too for their ſhields, and otherwiſe: wherein (*h*) Lipſius unjuſtly finds fault with Iſidore, but forgets that in a number of Greek (*i*) authors is copious witneſs of as much.

They ſing how himſelf he at Badon bare the day.

That is Baunſedown in Somerſet (not Blackmore in Yorkſhire, as Polydore miſtakes) as is expreſly proved out of a manuſcript Gildas (*k*), different from that publiſhed by Joſſelin.

That ſcarcely there was found a country to the pole.

Some, too hyperbolic, ſtories make him a large conqueror on every adjacent country, as the Muſe recites: and his ſeal, which Leland ſays he ſaw in Weſtminſter-Abbey, of red wax pictured with a mound, bearing a croſs in his left hand (which was firſt (*l*) Juſtinian's device; and ſurely, in later time, with the ſeal counterfeited and applied to Arthur: no king of this land, except the Confeſſor, before the conqueſt (*m*) ever uſing in their charters more than ſubſcription of name and croſ-

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(*u*) C. Sancta Rom. eccleſ. 3. diſt. 15. Gelaſius PP.

(*x*) Ord. Rom. de divin. officiis apud Baronium in martyrolog.

(*y*) Harding cap. 72.

(*z*) Th. de Walſing. A. M. cccl. & 24. Edw. 3. Fabian puts it before this year, but erroneouſly.

(*a*) Ex antiq. M. S. ap Camd. in Berkſeir.

(*b*) cic. cn. xxcviii. *Die geſelcb aft. S. Georgen ſchilts*, Martin. Croſ. annal. Suevic part. 3. lib. 9.

(*c*) 10 Hen. 8. in ſtatutis Hibernicis.

(*d*) Polychronic. lib. 1. cap. 52.

(*e*) Bal. cent. 1.

(*f*) Nennius hiſtor. Galfred. lib. 6. cap. 2. & lib. 7. cap. 2.

(*g*) Æſchyl. ἐπτὰ ἐπὶ Θήβ. Euripid in Phœniſſ.

(*h*) Lipſ. com. ad Polyb. 4. diſſert. 5.

(*i*) Pindar, Pythionic, ἐν· ἡ Homer. Iliad. λ. Suid. Epaminon. Heſiod. Ἀσπ. Ἡρακλ. Plutarch. Lyſand. Euripid. in Ἰφιγ. ἢ ἐν Αὐλίδ.

(*k*) Camden.

(*l*) Suid. in Juſtinian.

(*m*) Ingulphus.

ſes) and a ſceptre fleury in his right, calls him (*n*) *Britanniæ, Galliæ, Germinæ, Daciæ Imperator.* The Bards ſongs have, with this kind of unlimited attribute ſo loaden him, that you can hardly gueſs what is true of him. Such indulgence to falſe report hath wronged many worthies, and among them even that great Alexander in prodigious ſuppoſitions (like Stichus (*o*) his geography, (laying Pontus in Arabia) as Strabo often complains; and ſome idle Monk of middle time is ſo impudent to affirm, that at Babylon he erected a column, inſcribed with Latin and Greek verſes, as notes of his victory; of them you ſhall taſte in theſe two:

Anglicus & Scotus Britonum ſuperque caterva
Irlandus, Flander, Cornwallis, & quoque Norguey.

Only but that Alexander and his followers were no good Latiniſts (wherein, when you have done laughing, you may wonder at the decorum) I ſhould cenſure my lubberly verſifier to no leſs puniſhment than Marſyas his excoriation. But for Arthur, you ſhall beſt know him in this eulogy. 'This is that Arthur of whom the Britons even 'on this day ſpeak ſo idly; a man right worthy 'to have been celebrated by true ſtory, not falſe 'tales, ſeeing it was he that long time upheld 'his declining country, and even inſpired martial 'courage into his countrymen;' as the Monk of Malmeſbury of him:

The Pentecoſt prepar'd at Caer-leon in his court.

At Caer-leon in Monmouth, after his victories, a pompous celebration was at Whitſontide, whither were invited divers kings and princes of the neighbouring coaſts; he, with them, and his queen Guinever, with the ladies keeping thoſe ſolemnities in their ſeveral conclaves (§). For ſo the Britiſh ſtory makes it according to the Trojan cuſtom, that in feſtival ſolemnities, both ſexes ſhould not ſit together. Of the Trojans I remember no warrant for it: but among the Greeks one Sphyromachus (*p*) firſt inſtituted it. Tournaments and juſts were their exerciſes, nor vouchſafed any lady to beſtow her favour on him, which had not been thrice crowned with fame of martial performance. For this order (which herein is delineated) know, that the old Gauls (whoſe cuſtoms and the Britiſh were near the ſame) had their orbicular tables to avoid controverſy of precedency (a form much commended by a late (*q*) writer for the like diſtance of all from the ſalt, being centre, firſt, and laſt of the furniture) and at them every knight attended by his eſquire (‡ ὁπλοφορῦντες Athenæus (*r*) calls them) holding his ſhield. Of the like in Henry III. Matthew Paris, of Mortimer's at Kelingworth, under Edward I. and that of Windſor, celebrated by Edward III. Walſingham ſpeaks. Of the Arthurian our hiſtories have ſcarce mention. But Havillan's Architrenius, Robert of Gloceſter, John Lidgat Monk of Bury, and Engliſh rhimes in divers hands, ſing it. It is remembered by Leland, Camden, Volateran, Philip of Bergomo, Lily, Aubert Miree, others, but very diverſely. White of Baſingſtoke defends it, and imagines the original from an election by Arthur and Howel kings of Armoric Britain, of ſix of each of their worthieſt Peers to be always aſſiſtant in counſel. The antiquity of the earldom of (*s*) Mansfield in old Saxony is hence affirmed, becauſe Heger earl thereof was honoured in Arthur's court with this order; places of name for reſidence of him and his knights were this Caer-leon, Wincheſter (where his table is yet ſuppoſed to be, but that ſeems of later date) and Camelot in Somerſetſhire. Some put his number XII. I have ſeen them anciently pictured XXIV, in a poetical ſtory of him; and in Denbighſhire, Stow tells us, in the pariſh of Lanſannan, on the ſide of a ſtony hill is a circular plain, cut out of a main rock, with ſome XXIV ſeats unequal, which they call Arthur's Round Table. Some catalogues of arms have the coats of the knights, blazoned; but I think with as good warrant as (*t*) Rablais can juſtify, that Sir Lancelot du Lac flays horſes in hell, and that (*u*) *Tous les chevaliers de la table ronde eſtoient pauvres gaigne deniers, tirans la rame pur paſſer les rivieres de Coccyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, & Lethe, quand meſſieurs les diables ſe veulent eſbatre ſur l'eau, comme font les baſteliers de Lyon et gondoliers de Veniſe. Mais pour chacune paſſade ils n'ont qu'un nazarde, & ſur le ſoir quelque morceau de pain chaumeny.* Of them, their number, exploits, and prodigious performances, you may read Caxton's publiſhed volume, digeſted by him into twenty-one books, out of divers French and Italian fables. From ſuch I abſtain, as I may.

And for Caermardhin's ſake———

(*n*) Emperor of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Denmark; for ſo they falſely turned Dacia.

(*o*) Plaut. in Sticho.

(§) Knights and ladies ſat in ſeveral rooms.

(*p*) Scholiaſt. ad. Ariſtophan. ἐκκλησιαζ. & Suidas.

(*q*) Gemoſ. halograph. lib. 3. cap. 9.

(‡) Armigeri, which is expreſt in the word Schilpors in Paul Warnfred. lib. 2. de geſt. Longobard c. 28.

(*r*) Dipnoſoph. lib. 5.

(*s*) Hoppenrod. & ſpangberb. apud Ortelium in Mansfield. Many places in Wales in hills and rocks, honoured with Arthur's name. Priſ. defenſ. hiſt. Brit. & *Cadair Arthur, i. e.* Arthur's Chair in Bracknock. Girald. Itin. Camb. c. 2. & *Arthur's Oven* in Stirling of Scotland.

(*t*) Livre 2. cap. 30.

(*u*) The knights of the Round Table uſe to ferry ſpirits over Styx, Acheron, and other rivers, and for their fare have a ſillip on the noſe and a piece of mouldy bread.

Two (*w*) Merlins have our ſtories: One of Scotland, commonly titled Sylveſter, or Caledonius, living under Arthur; the other Ambroſius (of whom before) born of a nun (daughter to the king of South Wales) in Caermardhin, not naming the place (for names in Britiſh his name is Merdhein) but the place (which in Ptolemy is Maridonum) naming him; begotten, as the vulgar, by an Incubus. For his burial (in ſuppoſition as uncertain as his birth, actions, and all of thoſe too fabulouſly mixt ſtories) and his Lady of the Lake, it is by liberty of profeſſion laid in France by that Italian (*v*) Arioſto: which perhaps is as credible as ſome more of his attributes, ſeeing no perſuading authority, in any of them, rectifies the uncertainty. But for his birth are the next ſong, and, to it, more.

Tuiſco Gomer's ſon from unbuilt Babel brought.

According to the (*y*) text, the Jews affirm that all the ſons of Noah were diſperſed through the earth, and every one's name left to the land he poſſeſſed. Upon this tradition, and falſe Beroſus's teſtimony, it is affirmed that Tuiſco (ſon of Noah gotten with others after the (*z*) flood upon his wife Arezia) took to his part the coaſt about Rhine, and that thence came the name of Teutſchland and Teutſch, which we call Dutch, through Germany. (*a*) Some make him the ſame with Gomer, eldeſt ſon to Japhet (by whom theſe parts of Europe were peopled) out of notation of his name, deriving Tuiſcon or Tuiſton (for ſo Tacitus calls him) from *the hoodt-ſon, i. e. the eldeſt ſon.* Others (as the author here) ſuppoſe him ſon to Gomer, and take (*b*) him for Aſchenaz (remembered by Moſes as firſt ſon to Gomer, and from whom the Hebrews call the Germans (*c*) Aſchenazim) whoſe relics probably indeed ſeem to be in Tuiſco, which hath been made of Aſchen either by the Dutch prepoſitive article *tie* or *lie*, as our *the* (according to Derceto for (*d*) Atergatis, which ſhould be Adardaſa in Cteſias; and Danubius for Adubenus in Feſtus, perhaps therein corrupted, as Joſeph Scaliger obſerves; as Theudibald for Ildibald in Procopius, and Diceneus for Ceneus among the Getes) or through miſtaking of א or ן or ך in the Hebrew, as in Rhodanim ך for (*e*) ך being Dodanim, and in Chalibes and Alybes for Thalybas, from Tubal, by taking ח or א for ך; for in ruder manuſcripts by an imperfect reader, the firſt miſtaking might be as ſoon as the reſt. I conjecture it the rather, for that in moſt hiſtories diverſity with affinity betwixt the ſame-meant proper names (eſpecially eaſtern as this was) is ordinary; as Megabyzus in Cteſias is Bacabaſus in Juſtin, who calls Aaron Aruas, and Herodotus his Smerdis, Mergidis; Aſarhadon, Coras and Eſther in the ſcriptures are thus, Sardanapalus, Cyrus, and Ameſtris in the Greek ſtories; Eporedorix, Ambiorix, Ariminius, in Cæſar and Sueton, ſuppoſed to have been Frederick, Henry, Herman: divers like examples occur; and in compariſon of Arrion with Q. Curtius very many; like as alſo in the life of St. John the evangeliſt, anciently (*f*) written in Arabic, you have Aſubaſianuuſu, Thithimſe, Damthianuuſu, for Veſpaſian, Titus, Domitian; and in our ſtories Androgeus for Cæſar's Mandubratius. From Tuiſco is our name of Tueſday; and in that too, taking the place of Mars (the moſt fiery ſtar, and obſerve withal that againſt the vulgar opinion the planetary account of days is very (*g*) ancient) diſcovers affinity with Aſchenas, in whoſe notation (as ſome (*h*) body obſerves) WO ſignifies fire.

They Saxons firſt were call'd ———

So a Latin rhyme in (*i*) Engelhuſe alſo;

Quippe brevis gladius apud illos Saxa vocatur,
Unde ſibi Saxo nomen traxiſſe putatur.

Although from the Sacans, or Sagans, a populous nation in Aſia (which were alſo Scythians, and of whom an old (*k*) poet, as moſt others in their epithets and paſſages of the Scythians,

§ Τόξα Σακαι φορέοντες ἀ μηκέτις ἄλλος Ἰλίγχοι
Τοξευτὴς, ἢ γάρ σφι θέμις ἀνιμώλια βάλλειν.

A faculty for which the Engliſh have had no ſmall honour in their later wars with the French) both Goropius with long argument in his Becceſelana, our judicious Camden, and others, will have them, as it were, Sacai's ſons. According hereto is that name of (*l*) Sacaſena, which a colony of them, gave to part of Armenia and the (*m*) Saſones in Scythia on this ſide of Imaus. However, the author's conceit thus choſen is very apt, nor diſagreeing to this other, in that ſome

(*w*) Gical, Itiner. Camb. 2. cap. 8.
(*x*) Orland. Pariof. cant. 3. See Spenſer's Faery Q. lib. 3. cant. 3.
(*y*) Gen. 10.
(*z*) Munſter. Coſm. l. 3.
(*a*) Goropius in Ind ſcythic.
(*b*) Jodoc. Willich. comm. ad Tacit. Germaniam. & Pantaleon. lib. 1. proſopogr.
(*c*) Elias Levit. in Thiſb. Arias Mont. in Peleg.
(*d*) Strab. lib. 5. 16. & 17. de aliis quæ hic. conferimus.
(*e*) Broughton in concent præf.
(*f*) Pet. Kirſtenius Grammaticæ Arabicæ ſubjunxit.
(*g*) *Scalig.* in prolegom. ad emendat. temp.
(*h*) Melancthon ap. Becan. in Indoſcyth.
(*i*) Ap Camdenum.
(*k*) Dionyſ. Afer. in περιηγ.
§ The ſhooting *Sacæ* none can teach them art. For what they looſed at, never ſcapes their dart.
(*l*) Strabo l. ια.
(*m*) Ptolem. geograph. lib. 5. cap. 13.

community was betwixt the name of Sacæ or Sagæ, and a certain ſharp weapon called Sagaris, uſed by the Amazons, Sacans, and Perſians, as the Greek (*n*) ſtories informs us.

The Britons here allur'd to call them to their aid.

Moſt ſuppoſe them ſent to by the Britons, much ſubject to the irruptions of Picts and Scots, and ſo invited hither for aid: but the ſtories of Gildas and Nenius have no ſuch thing, but only that there landed of them (as baniſhed their country, which Geffrey of Monmouth expreſſes alſo) three long boats in Kent with Horſa and Hengiſt, captains. They afterward were moſt willingly requeſted to multiply their number by ſending for more of their countrymen to help King Vortigern; and under that colour, and by Ronix (daughter to Hengiſt, and wife to Vortigern) her womaniſh ſubtilty, in greater number were here planted. Of this, more large in every common ſtory. But to believe their firſt arrival rather for new place of habitation, than upon embaſſage of the Britons, I am perſuaded by this, that (*o*) among the Cambrians, Gauls, Goths, Dacians, Scythians, and eſpecially the Sacans (if Strabo deceive not, from whom our Saxons) with other northern people, it was a cuſtom upon numerous abundance to tranſplant colonies: from which uſe the Parthians ſent out of Scythia, as the Romans did their (*p*) *Ver Sacrum*) retain that name, ſignifying baniſhed (ſays Trogus;) not unlikely, from the Hebrew Paratz (*q*), which is to *ſeparate*, and alſo to *multiply* in this kind of propagation, as it is uſed in the promiſe to Abraham, and in Iſaiah's conſolation to the church. Here being the main change of the Britiſh name and ſtate, a word or two of the time and year is not untimely. Moſt put it under CD.XL.IX. (according to Bede's copies and their followers) or CD.L. of Chriſt; whereas indeed by apparent proof it was in CD.XXVIII. and the fourth of Valentinian the Emperor. So Priſe and Camden (out of an old fragment annexed to Nennius) and, before them, the author of *Faſciculus Temporum* have placed it. The error I imagine to be from reſtoring of worn-out times in Bede and others, by thoſe which fell into the ſame error with Florence of Worceſter and Marian the Scot, who begin the received Chriſtian account but twelve years before the paſſion, thereby omitting twenty-two. For although Marian's publiſhed chronicle (which is but (*r*) a deflo ration by Robert of Lorrain, biſhop of Hereford under Henry the firſt, and an epitome of Marian) goes near from the ordinary time of incarnation under Auguſtus, yet he lays it alſo, according to the Roman abbor Dionyſius, in the twenty-third year following, which was rather by taking advantage of Dionyſius's error, than following his opinion. For when he (about Juſtinian's time) made his period of D XXXII years of the golden number and cycle of the ſun multiplied, it fell out ſo in his computation, that the fifteenth moon following the Jews paſſover, the dominical letter, Friday, and other concurrents according to eccleſiaſtical tradition ſuppoſed for the paſſion. could not be but in the (*s*) twelfth year after his birth (a lapſe by himſelf much repented) and then ſuppoſing Chriſt lived thirty-four years, twenty-two muſt needs be omitted; a collection directly againſt his meaning; having only forgotten to fit thoſe concurrents. This account (in itſelf, and by the abbot's purpoſe, as our vulgar is now, but with ſome little difference) erroneouſly followed, I conjecture, made them, which too much deſired correction, add the ſuppoſed evangelical XXII. years to ſuch times as were before true; and ſo came CCCC XXVIII. to be CCCC.XL IX. and CCCC.L. which White of Baſingſtoke (although aiming to be accurate) unjuſtly follows. ubtraction of this number, and, in ſome, addition (of addition you ſhall have perhaps example in amendment of the C.L.VI. year for king Lucius's letters to Pope Eleutherius) will rectify many groſs abſurdities in our chronologies, which are by tranſcribing, interpolation, miſprinting, and creeping in of antichroniſms now and then, ſtrangely diſordered.

To get their ſeat in Gaul, which on Nueſtria light.

And a little after,

Call'd Northern, from the north of Germany that came.

What is now Normandy is, in ſome, ſtiled Neuſtria and Nueſtria corruptly, as moſt think, for Weſtria, that is *Weſt-rich*, i. e. the Weſt kingdom (confined anciently betwixt the Meuſe and Loire) in reſpect of *Auſtrich* or *Doſtrich*, i. e the Eaſt Kingdom, now Lorrain, upon ſuch reaſon as the archdukedom hath his name at this day. (*t*) Rollo ſon of a Daniſh potentate, accompanied with divers Danes, Norwegians, Scythians, Goths, and a ſupplement of Engliſh, which he had of king Athelſtan, about the year D.CCC. made tranſmigration into France, and there, after ſome martial diſcords, honoured in holy tincture of Chriſtianity with the name of Robert, received (*u*) of Charles the Simple with his daughter (or ſiſter) Gilla this tract as her dower, containing

(*n*) Herodot. Polyhmn. Xenoph. *ανάβ.* δ. Strabo lib. 10. See the VIII Song.

(*o*) Juſtin. lib 24. & 41. Herodot. Clio. Waſingh. Hypodig. Neuſt. Gemetiſcenſ lib. 1. cap. 4. Sabinis & Græcis morem hunc fuiſſe nemini legiſſe me apud Varronem & Columellam.

(*p*) Feſtus in end. & Mamertinis.

(*q*) פָּרַץ Gen. 28. 14. Iſai 54. 3.

(*r*) Macheſh. lib. 4. de Pontificib.

(*s*) Paul. de Midleburgo part. 2. lib. 5.

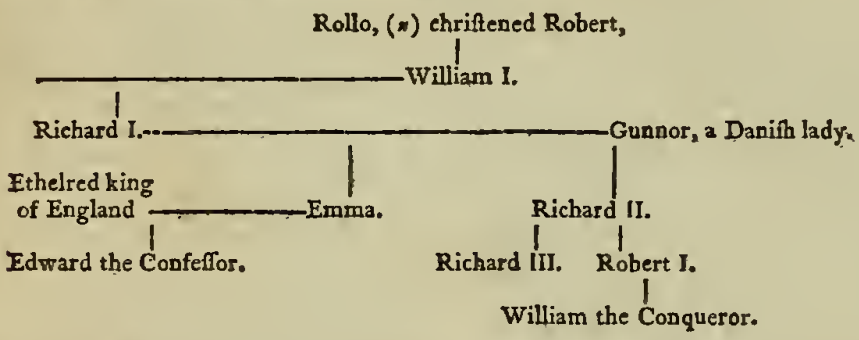
(*t*) See Song XIII.

(*u*) Paul. Æm. hiſt. Franc. 3.

(as before) more than Normandy. It is (*v*) reported, that when the biſhops at this donation required him to kiſs the king's foot for homage, after ſcornful refuſal, he commanded one of his knights to do it; the knight took up the king's leg, and in ſtraining it to his mouth, overturned him; yet nothing but honourable reſpect followed on either part.

That as the conquerors bloud did to the conquer'd run.

Our author makes the Norman invaſion a reuniting of ſeveral kindred, rather than a conqueſt by a mere ſtranger, taking argument as well from identity of countryſhip (being all Germans by original, and the people of (*w*) the Cimbrica Cherſoneſus, now Denmark, anciently called Saxons) as from contingency of blood betwixt the Anglo-Saxon kings, and the Norman dukes, thus expreſſed:



Object not that Duke Robert got the Conqueror upon Arletta (from whom perhaps came our name of harlot) his concubine, nor that (*y*) *Conſanguinitatis & agnationis jura à patre tantum & legitimis nuptiis oriuntur*, as the civil law, and upon the matter the Engliſh alſo defines; but rather allow it by law of nature and nobility, which juſtifies the baſtard's bearing of his father's coat, diſtinguiſhed with a bend ſiniſter, Nicolas Upton calls it (*z*) *Fiſſura, eò quod finditur à patriâ hæreditate*; which is but his conceit: and read Heuter's tract *de liberâ hominis nativitate*, where you ſhall find a kind of legitimation of that now diſgraceful name Baſtard; which in more antique times was, as a proud title, inſerted in the ſtyle of great and moſt honourable princes. Pretending this conſanguinity, St. Edward's adoption, and King Harold's oath, added by ſucceſsful arms, the Norman acquired the Engliſh crown; although William of (*a*) Poictiers affirms, that on his death-bed he made proteſtations, that his right was not hereditary, but by effuſion of blood, and loſs of many lives.

Who him a daughter brought, which heaven did ſtrangely ſpare.

After compoſition of French troubles, Henry the firſt returning into England, the ſhip wherein his ſons William and Richard were, betwixt Barbefleu and Southampton was caſt away, ſo that heaven only ſpared him this iſſue Maud the Empreſs, married, at laſt, to Geffrey Plantagenet Earl of Anjou, from whom in a continued race through Henry the ſecond (ſon to this Maud) until Richard the third, that moſt noble ſurname poſſeſſed the royal throne of England.

(*v*) Guil. Gemiticenſ. lib. 2. cap. 17.

(*w*) Marcian. Heracleot. περιπλ. 6.

(*x*) Gemiticenſ. lib. 7. cap. 36. & lib. 3. cap. 18.

(*y*) ff. Unde cognati l. 4. ſpurius. & tit. de grad. affin. lib. 4. non facile. § 8. Sciendum. Right of blood and kindred comes only by lawful marriage.

(*z*) A diviſion, becauſe he is ſeparated form his father's inheritance. CIↃ.LX.VI.

(*a*) Hiſtor. Cadomenſ.

POLY-OLBION:

THE FIFTH SONG.

The Argument.

In this ſong, Severn gives the doom
What of her Lundy ſhould become.
And whilſt the nimble Cambrian rills
Dance hy-day-gies amongſt the hills,
The muſe them to Camarden brings;
Where Merlin's wond'rous birth ſhe ſings.
From thence to Penbrook ſhe doth make,
To ſee how Milford ſtate doth take:
The ſcattered iſlands there doth tell:
And, viſiting Saint David's cell,
Doth ſport her all the ſhores along,
Preparing the enſuing ſong.

Now Sabrine, as a queen, miraculouſly fair
Is abſolutely plac'd in her imperial chair
Of cryſtal richly wrought, that glorioufly did ſhine,
Her grace becoming well, a creature ſo divine:
And as her godlike ſelf, ſo glorious was her throne,
In which himſelf to ſit great Neptune had been known;
Whereon there were ingrav'd thoſe nymphs the god had woo'd,
And every ſeveral ſhape wherein for love he ſu'd;
Each daughter, her eſtate and beauty, every ſon;
What nations he had rul'd, what countries he had won.
No fiſh in this wide waſte, but with exceeding coſt
Was there in antique work moſt curiouſly imboſt.
She, in a watchet weed, with many a curious wave,
Which as a princely gift great Amphitrite gave;
Whoſe ſkirts were to the knee, with coral fring'd below,
To grace her goodly ſteps. And where ſhe meant to go,
The path was ſtrewed with pearl; which though they orient were,
Yet ſcarce known from her feet, they were ſo wondrous clear;
To whom the mermaids hold her glaſs, that ſhe may ſee
Before all other floods how far her beauties be;
Who was by Nereus taught, the moſt profoundly wiſe,
That learned her the ſkill of hidden prophecies.

By Thetis' ſpecial care; as (a) Chiron erſt had done
To that proud bane of Troy, her god-reſembling ſon.
For her wiſe cenſure now, whilſt every liſt'ning flood
(When Reaſon ſomewhat cool'd their late diſtemper'd mood)
Incloſed Severn ho; before this mighty rout,
She ſitting well prepar'd, with countenance grave and ſtout, [cauſe,
Like ſome great learned judge, to end a weighty
Well furniſh't with the force of argument and laws,
And every ſpecial proof that juſtly may be brought;
Now with a conſtant brow, a firm and ſettled thought,
And at the point to give the laſt and final doom:
The people crowding near within the peſter'd room,
A ſlow, ſoft murmuring moves amongſt the wondring throng,
At though with open ears they would devour his tongue;
So Severn bare herſelf, and ſilence ſo ſhe wan
When to th' aſſembly thus ſhe ſeriouſly began:

'My near and loved nymphs, good hap ye 'both betide;
'Well Britons have ye ſung; you Engliſh, well 'reply'd;
'Which to ſucceeding times ſhall memoriſe your 'ſtories
'To either country's praiſe, as both your endleſs 'glories.
'And from your liſtning ears, ſith vain it were to 'hold
'What all-appointing heaven will plainly ſhall be 'told,
'Both gladly be you pleas'd; for thus the powers 'reveal,
'That when the Norman line in ſtrength ſhall 'laſtly fail
'(Fate limiting the time) th' ancient Briton race
'Shall come again to ſit upon the ſovereign place.
'A branch ſprung out of Brute, th' imperial top 'ſhall get,
'Which grafted in the ſtock of great Plantagenet,
'The ſtem ſhall ſtrongly wax, as ſtill the trunk 'doth wither;
'That power which bare it thence, again ſhall 'bring it thither
'By Tudor, with fair winds from Little Britain 'driven,
'§ To whom the goodly bay of Milford ſhall be 'given;
'As thy wiſe prophets, Wales, fore-told his wiſh't 'arrive,
'§ And how Lewellin's line in him ſhould doubly 'thrive.
'For from his iſſue ſent to Albany before,
'Where his neglected blood, his virtue did re- 'ſtore,
'He firſt unto himſelf in fair ſucceſſion gain'd
'The Steward's nobler name; and afterwards at- 'tain'd
'The royal Scottiſh wreath, upholding it in ſtate.
'This ſtem, to (b) Tudor's join'd (which thing 'all-powerful Fate
'So happily produc'd out of that proſperous bed.
'Whoſe marriages conjoin'd the white-roſe and 'the red)
'Suppreſſing every plant, ſhall ſpread itſelf ſo 'wide,
'As in his arms ſhall clip the Iſle on every ſide.
'By whom three ſever'd realms in one ſhall firm- 'ly ſtand,
'As Britain-founding Brute firſt monarchiz'd the 'land:
'And Cornwal, for that thou no longer ſhalt con- 'tend,
'But to old Cambria cleave, as to thy ancient 'friend,
'Acknowledge thou thy brood of Brute's high 'blood to be;
'And what hath hapt to her, the like t'have 'chanc'd to thee;
'The Britons to receive, when heaven on them did lowre,
'Loegria forc'd to leave; who from the Saxons power
'Themſelves in deſerts, creeks, and mount'nous 'waſtes beſtow'd,
'Or where the fruitleſs rocks could promiſe them 'abode; ['ſhall
'Why ſtrive ye then for that, in little time that
'(As you are all made one) be one unto you all?
'Then take my final doom pronounced laſtly, 'this;
'That Lundy like ally'd to Wales and England is.
Each part moſt highly pleas'd, then up the ſeſſion brake;
When to the learned maids again invention ſpake;
'O ye Pegaſian nymphs, that hating viler things,
'Delight in loſty hills, and in delicious ſprings,
'That on Pierus born, and named of the place,
'The Thracian Pimpla love, and Pindus often 'grace;
'In Aganippa's fount, and in Caſtalia's brims,
'That often have been known to bathe your 'cryſtal limbs,
'Conduct me through theſe brooks, and with a 'faſten'd clue,
'Direct me in my courſe, to take a perfect view
'Of all the wandring ſtreams, in whoſe entrancing 'gyres,
'Wiſe nature oft herſelf her workmanſhip ad- 'mires
'(So manifold they are, with ſuch meanders 'wound,
'As may with wonder ſeem invention to con- 'found)
'That to thoſe Britiſh names, untaught the ear to 'pleaſe,
'Such reliſh I may give in my delicious lays,

(a) Chi brought up Achilles, ſon to Thetis.

(b) James IV. ſurnamed Steward, married Margaret, eldeſt daughter to Henry VII. King of England.

'That all the armed orks of Neptune's grisly band,
'With music of my verse, amaz'd may listning
'stand; [call,
'As when his Tritons trumps do them to battle
'Within his surging lists to combat with the
'whale.
Thus have we overgone the Glamorganian
Gowr,
Whose promontory (plac'd to check the ocean's
pow'r)
Kept Severn yet herself, till being grown too
great, [seat;
She with extended arms unbounds her ancient
And turning lastly sea, resigns unto the main
What sovereignty herself but lately did retain,
Next, Loghor leads the way, who with a lusty
crew
(Her wild and wand'ring steps that ceaselessly
pursue)
Still forward is inforc'd; as Amond thrusts her on,
And Morlas (as a maid she much relies upon)
Intreats her present speed; assuring her withall,
Her best-beloved isle, Bachannis, for her fall
Stands specially prepar'd, of every thing supply'd.
When Guendra with such grace deliberately
doth glide,
As Tovy doth entice; who setteth out prepar'd
At all points like a prince, attended with a
guard; [kin
Of which, as by her name, the near'st to her of
Is Toothy, tripping down from Verwin's rushy
(c) lin, [meet
Through Rescob running out, with Pescover to
Those rills that forest loves; and doth so kindly
greet,
As to intreat their stay she gladly would prevail.
Then Tranant nicely treads upon the watry trail;
The lively skipping Brane, along with Gwethrick
goes,
In Tovy's wandring banks themselves that scarcely
lose,
But Mudny, with Cledaugh, and Sawthy, soon
resort,
Which at Langaddoc grace their sovereign's
watry court. [espies,
As when the servile world some gathering man
Whose thriving fortune shows he to much wealth
may rise,
And through his prince's grace his followers may
prefer,
Or by revenue left by some dead ancester;
All lowting low to him, him humbly they ob-
serve,
And happy is that man his nod that may deserve;
To Tovy so they stoop, to them upon the way
Which thus displays the spring within their view
that lay.
Near Denevoir, the seat of the (d) Demetian
king
'Whilst Cambria was herself, full, strong, and
'flourishing,

'There is a pleasant spring, (e) that constant doth
'abide
'Hard by these winding shores wherein we nim-
'bly slide;
'Long of the ocean lov'd, since his victorious
'hand
'First proudly did insult upon the conquer'd land.
'And though a hundred nymphs in fair Demetia
'be,
'Whose features might allure the sea-gods more
'than she,
'His fancy takes her form, and her he only likes;
'(Who e'er knew half the shafts wherewith blind
Cupid strikes?)
'Which great and constant faith, shew'd by the
'god of sea, [pay
'This clear and lovely nymph so kindly doth re-
'As suff'ring for his sake what love to lover owes;
'With him she sadly ebbs, with him she proudly
'flows;
'To him her secret vows perpetually doth keep,
'Observing every law and custom of the deep.
Now Tovy tow'rd her fall (Langaddoc over-
gone)
Her Dulas forward drives; and Cothy coming on
The train to over-take, the nearest way doth cast
Ere she Caermarden get; where Gwilly, making
haste,
Bright Tovy entertains at that most famous town
Which her great prophet (f) bred, who Wales doth
so renown;
And taking her a harp, and tuning well the
strings,
To princely Tovy thus she of the prophet sings:
'Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not
'hear?
'The world shall still be full of Merlin every
'where. [run;
'A thousand lingering years his prophecies have
'And scarcely shall have end till time itself be
'done:
'Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she
'play'd [maid;
'With a seducing spirit, which won the godly
'(As all Demetia through, there was not found
'her peer)
'Who be'ing so much renown'd for beauty far
'and near,
'Great lords her liking sought, but still in vain
'they prov'd; [lov'd;
'§ That spirit (to her unknown) this virgin only
'Which taking human shape, of such perfection
'seem'd,
'As (all her suiters scorn'd) she only him esteem'd.
'Who, feigning for her sake that he was come
'from far,
'And richly could endow (a lusty batchelor)
'On her that prophet got, which from his mo-
ther's womb
'Of things to come foretold until the general
'doom.

(c) A pool or watry moor.
(d) Of Southwales.
(e) Ebbing and flowing with the sea.
(f) Merlin, born in Caermarden.

But, of his feigned birth in ſporting idly thus,
Suſpect me not, that I this dreamed Incubus
By ſtrange opinions ſhould licentiouſly ſubſiſt;
Or, ſelf-conceited, play the humorous Platoniſt,
Which boldly dares affirm, that ſpirits themſelves ſupply
With bodies, to commix with frail mortality,
And here allow them place, beneath this lower ſphere
Of the unconſtant moon; to tempt us daily here.
Some, earthly mixture take; as others, which aſpire, [fire,
Them ſubt'ler ſhapes reſume, of water, air, and
Being thoſe immortals long before the heaven, that fell,
Whoſe deprivation thence, determined their hell:
And loſing through their pride that place to them aſſign'd,
Predeſtined that was to man's regenerate kind,
They, for th' inveterate hate to his election, ſtill
Deſiſt not him to tempt to every damned ill:
And to ſeduce the ſpirit, oft prompt the frailer blood,
Inveigling it with taſtes of counterfeited good,
And teach it all the ſlights the ſoul that may excite
To yield up all power unto the appetite.
And to thoſe curious wits if we ourſelves apply,
Which ſearch the gloomy ſhades of deep philoſophy,
They reaſon ſo will cloathe, as well the mind can ſhow,
That contrary effects, from contraries may grow;
And that the ſoul a ſhape ſo ſtrongly may conceit,
As to herſelf the-while may ſeem it to create;
By which th' abuſed ſenſe more eaſily oft is led
To think that it enjoys the thing imagined.
But, toil'd in theſe dark tracts with ſundry doubts repleat,
Calm ſhades, and cooler ſtreams muſt quench this furious heat;
Which ſeeking, ſoon we find, where Cowen in her courſe
Tow'rds the Sabrinian ſhores, as ſweeping from her ſource,
Takes Towa, calling then Carkenny by the way,
Her through the wayleſs woods of Cardiff to convey;
A foreſt, with her floods environ'd ſo about
That hardly ſhe reſtrains th' unruly watry rout,
When ſwelling, they would ſeem her empire to invade:
And oft the luſtful fawns and ſatyrs from her ſhade
Were by the ſtreams entie'd abode with them to make.
Then Morlas meeting Taw, her kindly in doth take:
Cair coming with the reſt, their watry tracts tread,
Increaſe the Cowen all; that as their general head
Their largeſs doth receive, to bear out his expence;
Who to vaſt Neptune leads this courtly confluence.
To the Pembrokian parts the muſe her ſtill doth keep,
Upon that utmoſt point to the Iberian deep,
By Cowdra coming in; where clear delightful air, [pair;
(That foreſts moſt affect) doth welcome her re-
The Heliconian maids in pleaſure groves delight;
(Floods cannot ſtill content their wanton appetite)
And wand'ring in the woods, the neighbouring hills below,
With wiſe Apollo meet (who with his ivory bow
Once in the paler ſhades the ſerpent Python ſlew)
And hunting oft with him, the heartleſs deer purſue;
Thoſe beams then laid aſide he us'd in heaven to wear.
Another foreſt-nymph is Narber, ſtanding near,
That with her curled top her neighbour would aſtound,
Whoſe groves once bravely grac'd the fair Penbrokian ground,
When Albion here beheld on this extended land,
Amongſt his well-grown woods, the ſhag-hair'd ſatyrs ſtand
(The Sylvans chief reſort) the ſhores then ſitting high,
Which under water now ſo many fathoms lie:
And wallowing porpice ſport and lord it in the flood,
Where once the portlike oak, and large-limb'd poplar ſtood:
Of all the foreſt's kind theſe two now only left.
But time, as guilty ſince to man's inſatiate theft,
Tranſfer'd the Engliſh names of towns and houſholds hither, [gether.
With the induſtrious Dutch ſince ſojourning to-
When wrathful heaven the clouds ſo lib'rally beſtow'd,
The ſeas (then wanting roomth to lay their hoiſt'rous load)
Upon the Belgian marſh their pamper'd ſtomachs caſt,
That peopled cities ſank into the mighty waſte.
The Flemings were inforc'd to take them to their oars,
To try the ſetting main to find out firmer ſhores;
When as this ſpacious iſle them entrance did allow,
To plant the Belgian ſtock upon this goodly brow: [ly affect,
Theſe (g) nations, that their tongues did natural-
Both generally forſook the Britiſh dialect:
As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming fate,
That ancient Rome ſhould ſtoop from her imperious ſtate,
With nations from the north then altogether fraught,
Which to her civil bounds their barbarous cuſtoms brought,
Of all her ancient ſpoils and laſtly be forlorn,
From Tyber's hallowed banks to old (b) Bizantium horn:

(g) The colony of Flemings here planted. See to the fourth ſong.
(b) Now Conſtantinople.

Th' abundant Latines then old Latium laſtly left,
Both of her proper form and elegancy reft;
Before her ſmootheſt tongue, their ſpeech that did prefer,
And in her tables fixt their ill-ſhap'd character.
A divination ſtrange the Dutch-made Engliſh have,
Appropriate to that place (as though ſome power [it gave)
§ By th' ſhoulder of a ram from off the right ſide par'd,
Which uſually they boil, the ſpade-bone being [bar'd:
Which then the wizard takes, and gazing thereupon,
Things long to come fore-ſhows, as things done long agone;
'Scapes ſecretly at home, as thoſe abroad, and far;
Murthers, adulterous ſtealths, as the events of war,
The reigns and death of kings they take on them to know:
Which only to their ſkill the ſhoulder-blade doth ſhow.
You goodly ſiſter floods, how happy is your ſtate!
Or ſhould I more commend your features, or your fate,
That Milford, which this iſle her greateſt port doth call
Before your equal floods is lotted to your fall?
Where was ſail ever ſeen, or wind hath ever blown,
Whence Penbrook yet hath heard of haven like her own?
She bids Dungleddy dare (*i*) Iberia's proudeſt road,
And chargeth her to ſend her challenges abroad
Along the coaſt of France, to prove if any be
Her Milford that dare match: ſo abſolute is ſhe.
And Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her ſire
(A hill that thruſts his head into th' etherial fire)
Her ſiſter's part doth take, and dare avouch as much: [touch,
And Percily the proud, whom nearly it doth
Said he would bear her out; and that they all ſhould know. [to ſhow
And therewithal he ſtruts, as though he ſcorn'd
His head below the heaven, when he of Milford ſpake:
But there was not a port the prize durſt undertake.
So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
No haven hath ought good, in her that is not found:
Whereas the ſwelling ſurge, that with his loamy head
The gentler-looking land with fury menaced,
With his encountring wave no longer there contends;
But ſitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
Unmov'd of any wind which way ſo e'er it blow,
And rather ſeem to ſmile, than knit an angry brow.
The ſhips with ſhatter'd ribs ſcarce creeping from the ſeas,
On her ſleek boſom ride with ſuch deliberate eaſe,
As all her paſſed ſtorms ſhe holds but mean and baſe, [place,
So ſhe may reach at length this moſt delightful
By nature with proud cliffs invironed about,
§ To crown the godly road: where builds the falcon ſtout,
Which we the gentil call; whoſe fleet and active wings, [on kings:
It ſeems that nature made when moſt ſhe thought
Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant flight,
The vacant ſportful man ſo greatly doth delight,
That with her nimble quills his ſoul doth ſeem to hover,
And ly the very pitch that luſty bird doth cover;
That thoſe proud eyries, bred whereas the ſcorching ſky
Doth ſinge the ſandy wilds of ſpiceful Barbary;
Or underneath our pole, where Norway's (*k*) foreſts wide [do hide,
Their high cloud-touching heads in winter ſnows
Out-brave not this our kind in mettal, nor exceed
The falcon which ſometimes the Britiſh cliffs do breed:
Which prey upon the iſles in the Vergivian waſte,
That from the Britiſh ſhores by Neptune are embrac'd;
Which ſtem his furious tides when wildlieſt they do rave, [t'rous wave:
And break the big-ſwoln bulk of many a boiſ-
As, calm when he becomes, then likewiſe in their glory
Do caſt their amorous eyes at many a promontory
That thruſt their foreheads forth into the ſmiling ſouth; [mouth,
As Rat and Sheepy, ſet to keep calm Milford's
Expos'd to Neptune's power. So (*l*) Greſholm far doth ſtand:
Scalm, Stockholm, with Saint Bride, and Gatholm, nearer land
(Which with their veiny breaſts intice the gods of ſea,
That with the luſty iſles do revel every day)
As creſcent-like the land her breadth here inward bends, [ſends;
From Milford, which ſhe forth to old Menevia
Since, holy David's ſeat; which of eſpecial grace
Doth lend that nobler name, to this unnobler place.
Of all the holy men whoſe fame ſo freſh remains,
To whom the Britons built ſo many ſumptuous fanes, [hold,
This ſaint before the reſt their patron ſtill they
§ Whoſe birth their ancient bards to Cambria long foretold,
And ſeated here a ſee, his biſhopric of yore,
Upon the fartheſt point of this unfruitful ſhore;
Selected by himſelf, that far from all reſort
With contemplation ſeem'd moſt fitly to comport;
That, void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and dry, [eye:
No pleaſure might allure, nor ſteal the wand'ring
Where Ramſey with thoſe rocks, in rank that order'd ſtand
Upon the fartheſt point of David's ancient land,

(*i*) Spain.

(*k*) The places from whence the higheſt flying hawks are brought.

(*l*) Iſlands upon the point of Pembrookſhire.

Do raiſe their rugged heads (the ſea-man's noted marks)
Call'd, of their mitred tops, the biſhop and his clerks;
Into that channel caſt, whoſe raging current roars
Betwixt the Britiſh ſands and the Hibernian ſhores:
Whoſe grim and horrid face doth pleaſed heaven neglect,
And bears bleak winter ſtill in his more ſad aſpect:
Yet Gwin and Nevern near, two fine and fiſhful brooks,
Do never ſtay their courſe, how ſtern ſo e'er he looks;
Which with his ſhipping once ſhould ſeem to have commerſt,
Where Fiſcard as her floods doth only grace the firſt.
To Newport falls the next: there we a while will reſt;
Our next enſuing ſong to wond'rous things addreſt.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

If you ever read of, or vulgarly underſtand, the form of the ocean, and affinity betwixt it and rivers, you cannot but conceive this poetical deſcription of Severn; wherein Amphitrite is ſuppoſed to have given her a precious robe: very proper in the matter's ſelf, and imitating that (*a*) father of the muſes who derives Agamemnon's ſceptre to him by deſcent joined with gift from Jupiter; Achilles's, armour from Vulcan's bounty, Helen's Nepenthe from the Egyptian Polydamma, and ſuch like, honouring the poſſeſſors with the giver's judgment, as much as with the gift poſſeſt.

To whom the goodly bay of Milford ſhould be given.

At Milford haven arrived Henry Earl of Richmont, aided with ſome forces and ſums of money by the French Charles VIII but ſo entertained and ſtrengthened by divers of his friends, groaning under the tyrannical yoke of Richard III. that, beyond expectation, at Boſworth in Leiceſter, the day and crown was ſoon his. Every chronicle tells you more largely.

And how Lhewelin's line in him ſhould doubly thrive.

Turn to the Eagle's prophecies in the ſecond ſong, where the firſt part of this relation is more manifeſted. For the reſt, thus: about our confeſſor's time, Macbeth (*b*) king of Scotland (moved by predictions, affirming that, his line extinct, the poſterity of Banquo a noble thane of Loquabry ſhould attain and continue the Scottiſh reign) and jealous of others hoped-for greatneſs, murdered Banquo, but miſſed his deſign; for, one of the ſame poſterity, Fleance ſon to Banquo, privily fled to Griffith *ap* Lhewelin then Prince of Wales, and was there kindly received. To him and Neſta the prince's daughter was iſſue one Walter. He (afterward for his worth favourably accepted, and through ſtout performance honourably requited by Malcolm III.) was made lord high ſteward of Scotland; out of whoſe loins Robert II. was derived: ſince whom the royal name hath long continued, deſcending to our mighty ſovereign, and in him is joined with the commixt kingly blood of Tyddour and Plantagenet. Theſe two were united, with the (*c*) white and red roſes, in thoſe auſpicious nuptials of Henry VII. and Elizabeth daughter to Edward IV. and from them, through the lady Margaret their eldeſt daughter, married to James the IV. his Majeſty's deſcent and ſpacious empire obſerved, eaſily ſhews you what the muſe here plays withal. The reſt alludes to that; '*Cambria ſhall be glad, Cornwal* '*ſhall flouriſh, and the iſle ſhall be filled with Brute's* '*name, and the name of ſtrangers ſhall periſh*:' as it is in Merlin's prophecies.

That Spirit to her unknown this Virgin only lov'd.

So is the vulgar tradition of Merlin's conception. Untimely it were, if I ſhould ſlip into diſcourſe of ſpirits faculties in this kind. For my own part, unleſs there be ſome creatures of ſuch middle nature, as the Rabinnic (*d*) conceit upon the creation ſuppoſes; and the ſame with Heſiod's nymphs, or Paracelſus his Non-adams. I ſhall not believe that other than true bodies on bodies can generate, except by ſwiftneſs of motion in conveying of ſtolen ſeed ſome unclean ſpirit might arrogate the improper name of generation. Thoſe

(*a*) Iliad β. & σ Odyſſ δ.

(*b*) Hector Boet. lib. 12. & Buchanan. in reg. 85. & 86. ib. 7. qui eiſdem avo citeriori Stuartos ait dictos, quos olim Thanos nuncupabant. Thani verò quæſtores erant regij per interpretationem, uti Boetius. Certè in charta illa quâ jure clientelari ſe Henrico II. obſtrinxit Willielmus Scotorum Rex, legunter inter teſtes Willielmus de Curcy Seneſchallus, Willielmus filius Aldelmi Seneſchallus, Alnredus de Sancto Martino Seneſchallus. Gilbertus Malet Seneſchallus; unde honorarium fuiſſe hoc nomen paret. Horum bini deſunt apud Hovedenum; verum ex vetuſtiſſ. anonymo M. S. excerpſi.

(*c*) York and Lancaſter.

(*d*) Rabbi Abraham in Zerror Hammor ap Munſt. ad. 2. Geneſ.

which St. Augustine (*e*) calls (*f*) Dusii, in Gaul, altogether addicted to such filthiness, Fauns, Satyrs and Sylvans, have had as much attributed to them. But learn of this, from divines upon the Beni-haelohim (*g*) in holy writ, passages of the fathers upon this point, and the later authors of disquisitions in magic and sorcery, as Bodin, Wier, Martin del Rio, others. For this Merlin (rather Merdhin, as you see to the fourth song, his true name being Ambrose) his own answer to Vortigen was, that his father was a Roman (*b*) Consul (so Nennius informs me) as perhaps it might be, and the fact palliated under name of a spirit; as in that of Ilia supposing, to save her credit, the name of Mars for Romulus his father. But to interlace the polite muse with what is more harsh, yet even therein perhaps not displeasing, I offer you this antique passage of him.

———————*the messagers to* Kermerdin *come,*
And you children bivore the yate pleyde bii toke gome,
Tho sede on to another, Merlin wat is the,
Thou saderlese (*i*) *ffrewe, my misdostou me,*
For isham of kinges icome, and thou nart nought worth a fille,
For thou naddest nevere nanne fader, therevore hold the stille.
Tho the messagers hurde this bii astunte there,
And essie at men aboute wat the child were.
Me sede thai he ne had never fader that me might understond,
And is moder an king's doughter was of thulke lond,
And woned at St. Petre's in a nonnerie there.

His mother, (a nun, daughter to Pubidius king of Mathraval, and called Matilda, as by (*k*) poetical authority I find justifiable) and he being brought to the king, she colours it in these words:

———————*whanneich ofte was.*
In chambre mid mine fellawes, there came to me bi cas,
A suith vair man niid alle, and bi clupt me well softe,
And semblance made vaire ynou, and cust me well ofte.

And tells on the story which should follow so kind a preface. But enough of this.

By th' shoulder of a Ram from off the right side par'd.

Take this as a taste of their art in old time. Under Henry II. one William Mengunel, (*l*) a gentleman of those parts, finding by his skill of prediction that his wife had played false with him, and conceived by his own nephew, formally dresses the shoulder-bone of one of his own rams; and sitting at dinner (pretending it to be taken out of his neighbour's flock) requests his wife (equalling him in these divinations) to give her judgment; she curiously observes, and at last with great laughter casts it from her. The gentleman, importuning her reason of so vehement an affection, receives answer of her, that, his wife, out of whose flock the ram was taken, had by incestuous copulation with her husband's nephew fraughted herself with a young one. Lay all together, and judge, gentlewomen, the sequel of this cross accident. But why she could not as well divine of whose flock it was, as the other secret, when I have more skill in Osteomanty, I will tell it you. Nor was their report less in knowing things to come, than past; so that jealous Panurge, in his doubt (*m*) *de la Cequage*, might have had other manner of resolution than Rundibilis, Hippothade, Bridoye, Trovillogan, or the oracle itself, were able to give him. Blame me not, in that, to explain my author, I infert this example.

To crown the goodly road, where built that falcon stout.

In the rocks of this maritime coast of Pembroke are eyries of excellent falcons. Henry II. here passing into Ireland, cast off a Norway goss-hawk at one of these: but the goss-hawk taken at the source by the falcon, soon fell down at the king's foot, which performance in this rammage, made him yearly afterward send hither for eyesses, as Girald is author. Whether these here are the Haggarts (which they call Peregrins) or Falcon-gentles, I am no such falconer to argue; but thus I know, that the reason of the name of Peregrins is given, for that they came from remote (*n*) and unknown places, and therefore hardly fits these: but also I read in no less than imperial (*o*) authority, that Peregrins never bred in less latitude than beyond the seventh climate, *Dia Riphæos*, which permits them this place; and that, of true falcons-gentle an eyry is never found but in a more southern and hotter parallel: which (if it be true) excludes the name of gentle from ours, breeding near the ninth *Per Rostochium*. And the same authority makes them (against common opinion) both of one kind, differing rather in local and outward accidents, than in self-nature.

(*e*) Lib. 15. de Civ. Dei cap 23.

(*f*) Forte Drusij (quod vult Bodinus lib. 2. cap. 7. dæmonoman.) quasi Sylvani, aut Dryades.

(*g*) Gen. 6. 2.

(*b*) Illustres sæpiùs viros indigetant historici nostri Consules, unde & Ætium & in repuadloquuntur Saxones Cos, quem tametsi Consulem fuisse haut afferent Fasti, illustriss. tn. blicâ nobliissimum Procopij aliorumque historiæ Gothicæ produnt.

(*i*) Shrew, now a word applyed to the shrewish sex; but in Chaucer, Lidgate, and Gower, to the quieter also.

(*k*) Spenser's Faery Q. lib. 3. cant. 3.

(*l*) Girald. Itin. 1. cap. 11.——Quæ te dementia cepit, Querere follicitè quod reperire times? Th. Mor. Epig.

(*m*) Of Cuckoldry. Rablais.

(*n*) Albert. de Animal. 23. cap. 8.

(*o*) Frederic. II. lib. 2. de arte Venand. cap. 4.

Whoſe birth the ancient Bards to Cambrea long foretold.

Of St. Dewy and his biſhopric you have more to the fourth ſong. He was prognoſticated (*p*) above thirty years before his birth; which with other attributed miracles (after the faſhion of of that credulous age) cauſed him be almoſt paralleled in monkiſh zeal with that holy John, which, unborn, ſprang at preſence of the incarnate author of our redemption. The tranſlation of the archbiſhoprie was alſo (*q*) foretold in that of Merlin: *Menevia ſhall put on the pall of Caerleon; and the preacher of Ireland ſhall wax dumb by an infant growing in the womb.* That was performed when St. Patrick, at preſence of Melaria then with child, ſuddenly loſt uſe of his ſpeech; but recovering it after ſome time, made prediction of Dewy's holineſs, joined with greatneſs, which is ſo celebrated. Upon my author's credit only believe me.

(*p*) Monumeth. lib. 8. cap. 8. Girald. Nin. 2. cap. 1. Balcont. 1. Vita S. Dewy.

(*q*) Alan. de inſul. 1. ad Prophet. Merlini.

POLY-OLBION:

THE SIXTH SONG.

The Argument.

With Cardigan the Muſe proceeds,
And tells what rare things Tivy breeds:
Next, proud Plynillimon ſhe plys;
Where Severn, Wy and Rydoll riſe,
With Severn ſhe along doth go,
Her metamorphoſis to ſhow;
And makes the wand'ring Wy declaim
In honour of the Britiſh name:
Then muſters all the watry train
That thoſe two Rivers entertain:
And viewing how thoſe Rillets creep
From ſhore to the Vergivian deep,
By Radnor and Mountgomery, then
To Severn turns her courſe agen:
And bringing all their Riverets in.
There ends; a new Song to begin.

SITH I muſt ſtem thy ſtream, clear Tivy, yet before [ſhore,
The muſe vouchſafe to ſeize the Cardiganian
She of thy ſource will ſing in all the Cambrian coaſt;
Which of thy caſtors once, but now canſt only boaſt
The ſalmons, of all floods moſt plentiful in thee.
Dear brook, within thy banks if any powers there be; [kind
Then Naiads, or ye nymphs of their like watry
(Unto whoſe only care great Neptune hath aſſign'd
The guidance of thoſe brooks wherein he takes delight) [cite,
Aſſiſt her; and whilſt ſhe your dwelling ſhall re-
Be preſent in her work: let her your graces view,
That to ſucceeding times them lively ſhe may ſhew;
As when great Albion's ſons, which him a ſea-nymph brought
Amongſt the griſly rocks, where with your beauties caught
(Whoſe only love ſurpris'd thoſe of the (*a*) Phlegrian ſize, [riſe)
The Titanois, that once againſt high heaven durſt
When as the hoary woods, the climbing hills did hide, [glide;
And cover'd every vale through which you gently

(*a*) Giants.

Even for thoſe inly heats which through your loves they felt,
That oft in kindly tears did in your boſoms melt,
To view your ſecret bowers, ſuch favour let her win.
Then Tivy cometh down from her capacious lin,
'Twixt Mirk and Brenny led, two handmaids, that do ſtay
Their miſtreſs, as in ſtate ſhe goes upon her way.
Which when Lanbeder ſees, her wondrouſly ſhe likes: ſtrikes,
Whoſe untam'd boſom ſo the beauteous Tivy
As that the foreſt fain would have her there abide.
But ſhe (ſo pure a ſtream) tranſported with her pride, ſhade
The offer idly ſcorns; though with her flattering
The Sylvan her entice with all that may perſuade
A water-nymph; yea, though great Thetis ſelf ſhe were. there.
But nothing might prevail, nor all the pleaſures
Her mind could ever move one minute's ſtay to make. take:
Mild Mathern then, the next, doth Tivy over-
Which inſtantly again by Dittor is ſupply'd.
Then, Keach and Kerry help: 'twixt which on either ſide, ſhire.
To Cardigan ſhe comes, the ſovereign of the
Now, Tivy, let us tell thy ſundry glories here.
When as the ſalmon ſeeks a freſher ſtream to find kind,
(Which hither from the ſea comes yearly by his
As he in ſeaſon grows) and ſtems the watry tract,
Where Tivy falling down doth make a (*b*) cataract,
Forc'd by the riſing rocks that their her courſe oppoſe,
As though within their bounds they meant her to incloſe;
Here, when the labouring fiſh doth at the foot arrive, ſtrive,
And finds that by this ſtrength but vainly he doth
His tail takes in his teeth; and bending like a bow,
That's to the compaſs drawn, aloft himſelf doth throw: wand,
Then ſpringing at his height, as doth a little
That bended end to end, and flirted from the hand,
Far off itſelf doth caſt; ſo doth the ſalmon vaut.
And if at firſt he fail, his ſecond (*c*) ſummerſaut
He inſtantly eſſays; and from his nimble ring,
Still yerking, never leaves, until himſelf he fling
Above the ſtreamful top of the ſurrounded heap
More famous long agone, than for the ſalmon's leap,
For bevers Tivy was, in her ſtrong banks that bred,
Which elſe no other brook of Britain nouriſhed:
Where nature, in the ſhape of this now-periſht beaſt preſt;
His property did ſeem t' have wondrouſly ex-
Being body'd like a boat, with ſuch a mighty tail
As ſerv'd him for a bridge, a helm, or for a ſail,
When kind did him command the architect to play, clay:
That his ſtrong caſtle built of branched twigs and

(*b*) Or water-fall
(*c*) The word is tumbling, when one caſteth himſelf over and over.

Which, ſet upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,
He eaſily could remove as it he pleas'd to ſteer
To this ſide or to that; the workmanſhip ſo rare,
His ſtuff wherewith to build, firſt being to prepare,
A foraging he goes, to groves or buſhes nigh,
And with his teeth cuts down his timber: which laid by,
He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,
When with what he hath got, the other do him load,
Till laſtly by the weight, his burden he hath found.
Then, with his mighty tail his carriage having bound grip'd
As carters do with ropes, in his ſharp teeth he
Some ſtronger ſtick: from which the leſſer branches ſtript,
He takes it in the midſt; at both the ends, the reſt
Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour preſt,
Going backward, tow'rds home their loaded carriage led,
From whom, thoſe firſt here born, were taught the uſeful ſted. ſights;
Then builded he his fort for ſtrong and ſeveral
His paſſages contrived with ſuch unuſual ſleights,
That from the hunter oft he iſſu'd undiſcern'd,
As if men from this beaſt to fortify had learn'd;
§ Whoſe kind, in her decay'd, is to this iſle unknown.
Thus Tivy boaſts this beaſt peculiarly her own.
But here why ſpend I time theſe trifles to areed?
Now, with thy former taſk, my muſe, again proceed, ſhore
To ſhew the other floods from the (*d*) Ceretic
To the Vergivian ſea contributing their ſtore:
With Bidder firſt begin, that bendeth all her force
The Arron to aſſiſt, Arth holding on her courſe
The way the other went, with Werry which doth win
Fair Iſtwid to her aid; who kindly coming in,
Meets Rydoll at her mouth, that fair and princely maid,
Plynillimon's dear child, deliciouſly array'd,
As fits a nymph ſo near to Severn and her queen.
Then come the ſiſter Salks, as they before had ſeen
Thoſe delicater dames ſo trippingly to tread:
Then Kerry; Cletur next, and Kinver making head by her.
With Enion, that her like clear Levant brings
Plynillimon's high praiſe no longer, muſe, defer;
What once the Druids told, how great thoſe floods ſhould be,
That here (moſt mighty hill) derive themſelves from thee.
The bards with fury rapt, the Britiſh youth among;
§ Unto the charming harp thy future honour ſung
In brave and lofty ſtrains; that in exceſs of joy,
The beldam and the girl, the grandſire and the boy,
With ſhouts and yearning cries, the troubled air did load
(As when with crown'd cups unto the (*e*) Elian god
Thoſe prieſts high orgies held; or when the old world ſaw
Full Phœbe's face eclips'd, and thinking her to daw,

(*d*) Of *Cardigan*. (*e*) Bacchus.

Whom they ſuppoſed fall'n in ſome enchanted ſwound,
Of beaten tinkling braſs ſtill ply'd her with the ſound
That all the Cambrian hills, which high'ſt their heads do bear
With moſt obſequious ſhews of low ſubjected fear,
Should to thy greatneſs ſtoop: and all the brooks that be
Do homage to thoſe floods that iſſued out of thee:
To princely Severn firſt; next to her ſiſter Wye,
Which to her elders court her courſe doth ſtill apply.
But Rydoll, young'ſt, and leaſt, and for the others pride
Not finding ſitting roomth upon the riſing ſide,
Alone unto the weſt directly takes her way.
So all the neighbouring hills Plynillimon obey.
For, though Moylvadian bear his craggy top ſo high,
As ſcorning all that come in compaſs of his eye,
Yet greatly is he pleas'd Plynillimon will grace
Him with a cheerful look: and, fawning in his face,
His love to Severn ſhews as though his own ſhe were
Thus comforting the flood; (*f*) "O ever-during heir
Of Sabrine, Locrine's child (who of her life bereft,
Her ever-living name to thee, fair river, left)
Brute's firſt-begotten ſon, which Gwendolin did wed;
But ſoon th' inconſtant lord abandoned her bed
(Through his unchaſte deſire) for beauteous Elſtred's love,
Now, that which moſt of all her mighty heart did move,
Her father, Cornwal's duke, great Corineus dead,
Was by the luſtful king unjuſtly baniſhed.
When ſhe, who to that time ſtill with a ſmoothed brow
Had ſeem'd to bear the breach of Locrine's former vow,
Perceiving ſtill her wrongs inſufferable were;
Grown big with the revenge which her full breaſt did bear,
And aided to the birth with every little breath
(Alone ſhe being left the ſpoil of love and death,
In labour of her grief outrageouſly diſtract,
The utmoſt of her ſpleen on her falſe lord to act)
She firſt implores their aid to hate him whom ſhe found;
Whoſe hearts unto the depth ſhe had not left to ſound.
To Cornwal then ſhe ſends (her country) for ſupplies:
Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin ariſe.
Then with her warlike power her huſband ſhe purſu'd,
Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude.
The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all remorſe,
As great in power as ſpirit, whilſt he neglects her force,
Him ſuddenly ſurpriz'd, and from her ireful heart
All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)
The ſon of mighty Brute bereaved of his life;
Amongſt the Britons here the firſt inteſtine ſtrife,
Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd ſhore.
Then crowning Madan king, whom ſhe to Locrine bore,
And thoſe which ſerv'd his ſire to his obedience brought;
Not ſo with blood ſuffic'd, immediately ſhe ſought
The mother and the child: whoſe beauty when ſhe ſaw,
Had not her heart been flint, had had the power to draw
A ſpring of pitying tears; when, dropping liquid pearl,
Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl
Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy. Woe for thee,
Fair Elſtred, that thou ſhould'ſt thy fairer Sabrine ſee,
As ſhe ſhould thee behold the prey to her ſtern rage
Whom kingly Locrine's death ſuffic'd not to aſſuage:
Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mother caſt
Into thy chriſten'd flood, the whilſt the rocks aghaſt
Reſounded with your ſhrieks; till in a deadly dream
Your courſes were diſſolv'd into that cryſtal ſtream,
Your curls to curl'd waves, which plainly ſtill appear
The ſame in water now, that once in locks they were:
And, as you wont to clip each others necks before,
Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wand'ring ſhore."

But leave we Severn here, a little to purſue
The often-wand'ring Wye (her paſſages to view),
As wantonly ſhe ſtrains in her laſcivious courſe
And muſter every flood that from her bounteous ſource
Attends upon her ſtream, whilſt (as the famous bound
'Twixt the Brecknokian earth, and the Radnorian ground
She every book receives. Firſt, Clarwen cometh in,
With Clarwy: which to them their conſort Eland win
To aid their goodly Wye, which Ithon gets again:
She Dulas draws along: and in her watry train
Clowedock hath recourſe, and Comran; which ſhe brings
Unto the wand'ring flood, from the Radnorian ſprings:
As Edwy her attends, and Matchway forward heaves
Her miſtreſs. When, at laſt the goodly Wye perceives
She now was in that part of Wales, of all the reſt
Which (as her very waſte) in breadth from eaſt to weſt,
In length from north to ſouth, her midſt is every way,
From Severn's bord'ring banks unto the either ſea,
Which ſhe might term the heart. The ancient Britons here
The river calls to mind, and what thoſe Britiſh were
Whilſt Britain was herſelf, the queen of all the weſt.
To whoſe old nation's praiſe whilſt ſhe herſelf addreſt,
From the Brecknodian bound when Irvon coming in,
Her Dulas, with Commarch, and Wevery that doth win,

(*f*) The ſtory of Severo.

Perſuading her for them good matter to provide.
The wood-nymphs ſo again, from the Radnorian ſide, [call
As Radnor, with Blethaugh, and Knnckles foreſts,
To Wye, and bade her now beſtir them for them all:
For, if ſhe ſtuck not cloſe in their diſtreſſed caſe,
The Britons were in doubt to undergo diſgrace,
That ſtrongly thus provok'd, ſhe for the Britons ſays;
† 'What ſpirit can liſt you up, to that immortal praiſe
§ You worthily deſerve? by whom firſt Gaul was taught
Her knowledge: and for her, what nation ever wrought
The conqueſt you achiev'd? And, as you were moſt dread,
So ye (before the reſt) in ſo great reverence had
Your bards which ſung your deeds, that when ſtern hoſts have ſtood
With liſted hands to ſtrike (in their inflamed blood)
§ One bard but coming in, their murd'rous ſwords hath ſtaid;
In her moſt dreadful voice as thundring heaven had ſaid,
Stay, Britons; when he ſpake, his words ſo pow'rful were. [here,
So to her native prieſts, the dreadleſs Druids
The neareſt neighbouring Gaul, that wiſely could diſcern
Th' effect their doctrine wrought, it for their good to learn,
Her apt and pregnant youth ſent hither year by year,
Inſtructed in our rites with moſt religious fear.
And afterward again, when as our ancient ſeat
Her ſurcreaſe could not keep, grown for her ſoil too great
(But like to caſting bees, ſo riſing up in ſwarms)
§ Our Cymbry with the Gauls, that their commixed arms
Join'd with the German powers (thoſe nations of the north
Which overſpread the world) together iſſued forth:
§ Where, with our brazen ſwords, we ſtoutly fought, and long;
And after conqueſts got, reſiding them among,
Firſt planted in thoſe parts our brave courageous brood: [blood,
Whoſe natures ſo adher'd unto their ancient
As from them ſprang thoſe prieſts, whoſe praiſe ſo far did ſound,
Through whom that ſpacious Gaul was after ſo renown'd,
Nor could the Saxons ſwords (which many a ling'ring year
Them ſadly did afflict, and ſhut us Britons here
'Twixt Severn and this ſea) our mighty minds deject;
But that even they which ſain'ſt our weakneſs would detect,
Were forced to confeſs, our wildeſt beaſts that breed [feed,
Upon our mighty waſtes, or on our mountains
Were far more ſooner tam'd, than here our Welchmen were:
Reſides, in all the world no nation is ſo dear
As they unto their own; that here within this iſle,
Or elſe in foreign parts, yea forced to exile,
The noble Briton ſtill his countryman relieves;
A patriot, and ſo true, that it to death him grieves
To hear his Wales diſgrac'd; and on the Saxons ſwords
Oft hazardeth his life, ere with reproachful words
His language or his leek he'll ſtand to hear abus'd.
Beſides, the Briton is ſo naturally infus'd
With true poëtic rage, that in their (g) meaſures, art [part
Doth rather ſeem preciſe, than comely; in each
Their metre moſt exact, in verſe of th' hardeſt kind.
And ſome to rhiming be ſo wondrouſly inclin'd,
Thoſe numbers they will hit, out of their genuine vain,
Which many wiſe and learn'd can hardly e'er attain.
O memorable bards, of unmixt blood, which ſtill
Poſterity ſhall praiſe for your ſo wondrous ſkill,
That in your noble ſongs, the long deſcents have kept
Of your great heroes, elſe in Léthe that had ſlept,
With theirs whoſe ignorant pride your labours have diſdain'd;
How much from time, and them, how bravely have you gain'd!
Muſician, herald, bard, thrice may'ſt thou be renown'd, [crown'd;
And with three ſeveral wreaths immortally be
Who, when to Pembroke call'd before the Engliſh king, [ſing,
And to thy powerful harp commanded there to
Of famous Arthur told'ſt, and where he was interr'd;
In which, thoſe retchleſs times had long and blindly err'd,
And ignorance had brought the world to ſuch a paſs [was.
As now, which ſcarce believes that Arthur ever
But when King (b) ſent th' reported place to view,
He found that man of men: and what thou ſaid'ſt was true.
Here then I cannot chooſe but bitterly exclaim
Againſt thoſe fools that all antiquity deſame,
Becauſe they have found out, ſome credulous ages laid
Slight fictions with the truth, whilſt truth on rumour ſtaid; [gleſt
And that one forward time (perceiving the ne-
A former of her had) ſo purchaſe her reſpect,

† Wye's ſpeech in behalf of the Britons.

(g) See the fourth ſong.
(b) Henry II.

With toys then trim'd her up, the drowſy world t'allure,
And lent her what it thought might appetite procure
To man, whoſe mind doth ſtill variety purſue;
And therefore to thoſe things whoſe grounds were very true,
Though naked yet and bare (nor having to content
The wayward curious ear) gave fictive ornament;
And fitter thought, the truth they ſhould in queſtion all,
Than coldly ſparing that, the truth ſhould go and all.
And ſurely I ſuppoſe, that which this froward time
Doth ſcandaliſe her with to be her heinous crime,
That her moſt preſerv'd; for ſtill where wit hath found ground,
A thing moſt clearly true, it made that, fiction's wound,
Which ſhe ſuppos'd might give ſure colour to them both:
From which, as from a root, this wond'red error grow'th,
At which our critics gird, whoſe judgments are ſo ſtrict,
And he the braveſt man who moſt can contradict
That which decrepit age (which forced is to lean
Upon tradition) tells; eſteeming it ſo mean,
As they it quite reject, and for ſome trifling thing
(Which time hath pinn'd to truth) they all away will fling.
Theſe men (for all the world) like our preciſians be,
Who for ſome croſs or ſaint they in the window ſee
Will pluck down all the church: ſoul-blinded ſots that creep
In dirt, and never ſaw the wonders of the deep.
Therefore (in my conceit) moſt rightly ſerv'd are they
§ That to the Roman truſt (on his report that ſtay)
Our truth for him to learn, as ignorant of ours
As we were then of his; except t'were of his powers:
Who our wiſe Druids here unmercifully ſlew;
Like whom, great nature's depths no men yet ever knew,
Nor with ſuch dauntleſs ſpirits were ever yet inſpir'd;
Who at their proud arrive th'ambitious Romans fir'd,
When firſt they heard them preach the ſoul's immortal ſtate:
And even in Rome's deſpight, and in contempt of fate,
Graſpt hands with horrid death: which out of hate and pride
They ſlew, who through the world were reverenced beſide.
To underſtand our ſtate, no marvail then though we
Should ſo to Cæſar ſeek, in his reports to ſee
What anciently we were; when in our infant war,
Unſkilful of our tongue but by interpreter,
He nothing had of ours which our great bards did bring
Except ſome few poor words; and thoſe again to ſing,
Unto the Latin ſounds, and eaſineſs they us'd,
By their moſt filed ſpeech, our Britiſh moſt abus'd.
But of our former ſtate, beginning, our deſcent,
The wars we had at home, the conqueſts where we went,
He never underſtood. And though the Romans here
So noble trophies left, as very worthy were
A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,
Long rear'd ere they arriv'd. And where they do object,
The ruins and records we ſhow, be very ſmall
To prove ourſelves ſo great; even this the moſt of all
('Gainſt their objection) ſeems miraculous to me,
That yet thoſe ſhould be found ſo general as they be:
The Roman, next the Pict, the Saxon, then the Dane,
All landing in the iſle, each like a horrid rain
Deforming her; beſides the ſacrilegious wrack
Of many a noble book, as impious hands ſhould ſack
The centre, to extirp all knowledge, and exile
All brave and ancient things, for ever from this iſle:"
Expreſſing wondrous grief, thus wandring Wye did ſing.
But back, induſtrious muſe; obſeqiouſly to bring
Clear Severn from her ſource, and tell how ſhe doth ſtrain
Down her delicious dales; with all the goodly train,
Brought forth the firſt of all by Brugan; which to make
Her party worthy note, next, Dulas in doth take,
Moylvadian his much love to Severn then to ſhow.
Upon his ſouthern ſide ſends likewiſe (in a row)
Bright Biga, that brings on her friend and fellow flood;
Next, Dungum; Bacho then is buſily employ'd,
Tarranon, Carno, Hawes, with Becan, and the Rue,
In Severn's ſovereign banks, that give attendance due.
Thus as ſhe ſweeps along, with all that goodly train,
Upon her other bank by Newtown; ſo again
§ Comes Dulas of whoſe name ſo many bevers be,
As of none others is) with Mule, prepar'd to ſee
The confluence to their queen, as on her courſe ſhe makes:
Then at Montgomery next clear Kennet in ſhe takes;
Where little Fledding falls into her broader bank;
Forkt Vurnway, bringing Tur and Tanot; growing rank,
She plies her towards the Pool, from the Gomerian fields;
Than which in all our Wales, there is no country yields
An excellenter horſe, ſo full of natural fire,
As one of Phœbus' ſteeds had been that ſtallion's ſire
Which firſt their race begun; or of th' Auſturian kind,
§ Which ſome have held to be begotten by the wind,
Upon the mountain mare; which ſtrongly it receives,
And in a little time her pregnant part upheaves.
But, leave we this to ſuch as after wonders long:
The Muſe prepares herſelf unto another ſong.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER Penbroke in the former ſong, ſucceeds here Cardigan; both waſhed by the Iriſh ſeas. But, for intermixture of rivers, and contiguity of ſituation, the inlands of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecknock are partly infolded.

Whoſe kind, in her decay'd, is to this iſle unknown.

That theſe rivers were in Tivy frequent, anciently is teſtified by Sylveſter Girald (*a*) deſcribing the particulars, which the author tells you, both of this, and the Salmons; but that here are no Bevers now, as good authority of the preſent (*b*) time informs you.

Unto the charming harp thy future honour ſing.

Of the Bards, their ſinging, heraldſhip, and more of that nature, ſee the fourth ſong. (*c*) Ireland (ſaith one) uſes the harp and pipe, which he calls Tympanum: Scotland the Harp, Tympan, and Chorus; Wales the Harp, Pipe, and Chorus. Although Tympanum and Chorus have other ſignifications, yet, this Girald (from whom I vouch it) uſing theſe words as received, I imagine, of St. Hierome's epiſtle to Dardanus, according to whom, for explanation, finding them pictured in Ottomar Luſcinius his Muſurgy, as ſeveral kinds of pipes, the firſt dividing itſelf into two at the the end, the other ſpread in the middle, as two ſegments of a circle, but one at both ends, I gueſs them intended near the ſame. But I refer myſelf to thoſe that are more acquainted with theſe kind of Britiſh faſhions. For the harp his word is Cithara, which (if it be the ſame with Lyra, as ſome think, although urging reaſon and authority are to the contrary) makes the Bards muſic, like that expreſt in the (*d*) lyric:

——————*bibam*
Sonante miſtum tibijs carmen lyrâ,
Hâc Dorium, illis Barbarum.

Apply it to the former notes, and obſerve with them, that (*e*) the Pythagoreans uſed, with muſic of the harp (which in thoſe times, if it were Apollo's, was certainly but of (*f*) ſeven ſtrings) when they went to ſleep, to charm (as the old Scots were wont to do, and do yet in their iſles, as Buchanan (*g*) affirms) and compoſe their troubled affections. Which I cite to this purpoſe, that in comparing it with the Britiſh muſic, and the attributes thereof before remembered out of Heracleotes and Girald, you may ſee conveniency of uſe in both, and worth of antiquity in ours; and as well in Pipes as Harp; if you remember the poetic ſtory of Marſyas. And withal forget not that in one of the oldeſt coins that have been made in this kingdom, the picture of the reverſe, is Apollo having his harp encircled with Cunobelin's name, then chief king of the Britons; and for Belin and Apollo, ſee the eighth ſong.

By whom firſt Gaul was taught her knowledge.

Underſtand the knowledge of thoſe great philoſophers, prieſts, and lawyers called Druids (of whom to the tenth ſong largely). Their diſcipline was firſt found out in this iſle, and afterwards transferred into Gaul; whence their youth were ſent hither as to an univerſity for inſtruction in their learned profeſſions: (*b*) Cæſar himſelf is author of as much. Although, in particular law learning, it might ſeem that Britain was requited, if the ſatyriſt (i) deceive not in that;

(*k*) *Gallia cauſidicos docuit facunda Britannos.*

(*a*) Topograph. Hib. diſt. 1. cap. 21. Itin. cap. 3. Cam. 2.

(*b*) Powel & Camden.

(*c*) Girald. Topograph. 3. diſt. cap. 11.

(*d*) Horat. Epod. ix.

(*e*) Plutarch. de Iſid. & Oſiride.

(*f*) Horat. Carm. 3. od. 11. Homer in Hymn. ad Ἑρμ. Serv. Honorat ad 4. Æneid. (ubi teſtudinem primò trium Chordarum, quam à Mercurio Caducei precio emiſſe Apollinem ſeptémque diſcrimina vocum addidiſſe legimus, & videndus Diodor. Sicul. lib. α.) unde Ἑπτάχορδος, Ἑπτάφθογγος, &c. dicitur Græcis.

(*g*) Hiſt. Scot. 4. in Fethelmacho.

(*b*) Comment. 6.

(*i*) Juvenal. Satyr. 15.

(*k*) Eloquent Gaul taught the Britiſh Lawyers,

Which, with excellent Lipſius (*l*), I rather apply to the diſperſion of the Latin tongue through Gaul into this province, than to any other language or matter. For alſo in Agricola's time ſomewhat before, it appears that matter of good literature was here in a far higher degree than there, as Tacitus in his life hath recorded. Thus hath our iſle been as miſtreſs to Gaul twice. Frſt in the inſtitution of their now famous univerſity of Paris; which was done by Charlemain, through the aid and induſtry of our learned Alcuin (he is called alſo Albin, and was ſent ambaſſador to the Emperor by Offa king of Mercland) ſeconded by the Scots, (*m*) John Mailros, Claudius Clement, and Raban Maurus. But I know the great men permit it not; nor can I ſee any very ancient authority for it, but infinite of later times, ſo that it goes as a received opinion; therefore without more examination in this no more fit paſſage, I commit it to my reader.

One Bard but coming in their murd'rous ſwords hath ſtaid.

Such ſtrange aſſertion find I in ſtory of theſe Bards powerful enchantments, that with the amazing ſweetneſs of their delicious (*n*) harmonies, not their own only, but withal their enemies armies have ſuddenly deſiſted from fierce encounters; *ſo*, as my author ſays, *did Mars reverence the Muſes*. This exactly continues all fitneſs with what is before affirmed of that kind of muſic; betwixt which (and all other by authentic affirmance) and the mind's affections there are certain (*o*) † Μιμήμαϛα, as in this particular example is apparent. But how agreeth this with that in Tacitus which calls a muſical incentive to war among the Germans, Barditus? Great critics would there (*p*) read Barrhitus, which in Vegetius and Ammian eſpecially, is a peculiar name for thoſe ſtirring up alarms before the battle uſed in Roman aſſaults (equal in proportion to the Greeks ἀλαλαγμοὶ, the Iriſh Kerns *Pharrah*, and that Roland's ſong of the Normans, which hath had his like alſo, in moſt nations). But, ſeeing Barrhitus (in this ſenſe) is a word of later time, and ſcarce yet, without remembrance of his naturalization, allowed in the Latin; and, (*q*) that this uſe was notable in thoſe Northerns and Gauls, until wars with whom, it ſeems Rome had not a proper word for it (which appears by Feſtus Pompeius, affirming that the cry of the army was called Barbaricum) I ſhould think ſomewhat confidently, that Barrhitus (as the common copies are) is the trueſt § reading; yet ſo, that Barditus formed by an unknowing pronunciation is, and, by original, was the ſelf ſame. For, that Lipſius mending the place, will have it from *Baren* in Dutch, which ſignifies, to cry out, or from *Har Har* (which is as *Haro!* in the Norman cuſtoms and elſewhere) or from the word *Beare*; for imitation of the beaſt's cry, I much wonder, ſeeing Tacitus makes expreſs mention of verſes harmonically celebrating valiant performers, the recital whereof hath that name Barditus, which to interpret we might well call ſinging. But to enjoin this fiery office with that quenching power, of the Bards, ſpoken of by the author, I imagine that they had alſo for this martial purpoſe ſkill in that kind of muſic, which they call Phrygian, being (as Ariſtotle ſays) Ὀργιαστικὴ Παθητικὴ καὶ Ἐνθουσιαστικὴ as it were, madding the mind with ſprightful motion. For ſo we ſee that thoſe which ſing the tempering and mollifying (*r*) Pœans to Apollo, the Παιήλια & Ἐλαλίσικος after victory, did among the Greeks in another ſtrain move with their Pæans to Mars, their Ὁπλία, and provoking charms before the encounter; and ſo meets this in our Bards, diſperſed doubtleſs (as the Druids) through Britain, Gaul, and part of Germany, which three had eſpecially in warfare much community.

Our Cimbri with the Gauls———

National tranſmigrations touched to the fourth ſong give light hither. The name of Cimbri (which moſt of the learned in this later time have made the ſame with Cimmerians, Cumerians, Cambrians, all coming from Gomer (*s*) Japhet's ſon, to whom with his poſterity was this north-weſtern part of the world divided) expreſſing the Welſh, calling themſelves alſo *Kumry*. The author alludes here to that Britiſh army, which in our ſtory is conducted under Brennus and Belinus (ſons to Molmutius) through Gaul, and thence proſecuted, what in the eighth ſong and my notes there more plainly.

Where, with our brazen ſwords———

The author thus teaches you to know; that, among the ancients, braſs, not iron, was the metal of moſt uſe. In their little ſcithes, wherewith they (*t*) cut their herbs for enchantments, their prieſts raſours, plow-ſhares for deſcribing the content of plotted cities, their muſic inſtruments,

(*l*) De pronuntiat. rect. Lat. ling. cap. 3. v. Virgilium ad Juſtin tit. Inſtit. quid non eſt permiſſ. fac. teſt. Circa DCC. XC. Univerſity of Paris inſtituted.

(*m*) Balæus cent. 1.

(*n*) Diodor. Sicul. de geſt. fabuloſ. antiq. lib. 6.

(*o*) Ariſtot. Polit. *n.* cap. *ε.*

† Imitations.

(*p*) Lipſ. ad Polyh. 4. Dialog. 11.

(*q*) Locus Taciti in de motib. Germ.

§ Locus Gallicé & Britannicé Cantor. Feſt. & vide Bodin. meth. hiſt. cap 9. qui Robartum Degobartum & ſimilia vocabula hinc (malè verò) deducit.

(*r*) Suid. in Παιαν.

(*s*) Geneſ. 1.

(*t*) Sophocles, Carminius, Virgil. ap. Macrobium Saturnal. lib. 5. cap. 19. Pauſan. in Laconic. *γ.* & Arcadic *n.* Samuel. lib. 1. cap. 17.

and such like, how special this metal was, it is with good warrant delivered; nor with less, how frequent in the making of swords, spears, and armour in the heroic times, as among other authorities that in the encounter of Diomedes and Hector (*u*) manifesteth:

§ ——παλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκὸς χαλκός.

Which seems in them to have proceeded from a willingness of avoiding instruments too deadly in wounding; far from a styptic faculty in this, more than in iron, the cure of what it hurts is affirmed more easy, and the metal itself, (*x*) Φαρμακώδης, as (*y*) Aristotle expresses it. But that our Britons used it also, it hath been out of old monuments by our most (*z*) learned antiquary observed.

That to the Roman trust (on his report that slays)

For indeed many are, which the author here impugns, that dare believe nothing of our story, or antiquities of more ancient times; but only Julius Cæsar, and others about or since him. And surely his ignorance of this isle was great, time forbidding him language or conversation with the British. Nor was any before him of his country, that knew or meddled in relation of us. The first of them that once to letters committed any word deduced from Britain's name was a philosophical (*a*) poet (flourishing some fifty years before Cæsar) in these verses:

Nam quid Britannum cælum differre putamus,
Et quod in Ægypto est, quà mundi claudicat axis?

In the somewhat later poets that lived about Augustus, as Catullus, Virgil, and Horace, some passages of the name have you, but nothing that discovers any monument of this island proper to her inhabitants. I would not reckon (*c*) Cornelius Nepos among them, to whose name is attributed, in print, that polite poem (in whose composition Apollo seems to have given personal aid) of the Trojan war, according to Dares the Phrygian's story; where, by poetical liberty the Britons are supposed to have been with Hercules at the rape of Hesione: I should so, besides error, wrong my country, to whose glory the true author's name of that book will among the worthies of the muses ever live. Read but these of his verses, and then judge if he were a Roman.

——————*Sine remigis usu*
Non nosset Memphis Romam, non Indus Hiberum,
Non Scytha Cecropidem, non Nostra Britannia *Gallum.*

And in the same book to Baldwin archbishop of Canterbury:

At tu dissimulus longè cui fronte serenâ
Sanguinis egregij lucrum, pacemque litatâ
Emptam animâ Pater ille pius, summumque cacumen
In curam venisse velit, cui cederet ipse
Prorsus, vel proprias lætus sociaret habenas.

Of him a little before:

——————*quo præside floret*
(*d*) *Cantia, & in priscas respirat libera leges.*

Briefly thus: the author was Joseph of Exceter (afterwards archbishop of Bourdeaux) famous in this and other kinds of good learning, under Henry II. and Richard I. speaking among those verses in this form:

Te sacræ assument acies divinaque bella.
Tunc dignum majore tuba, tunc pectore toto
Nitar, & immensum mecum spargêre per orbem.

Which must (as I think) be intended of Baldwin, whose undertaking of the cross and voyage with *Cœur de Lion* into the holy land, and death there, is in our (*e*) stories; out of which you may have large declaration of this holy father (so he calls Thomas Becket) that bought peace with price of his life; being murdered in his house of Canterbury, through the urging grievances intolerable to the king and laiety, his diminution of common law liberties, and endeavoured derogation, for maintenance of Romish usurped supremacy. For these liberties, see Matthew Paris before all other, and the epistles of (*f*) John of Salisbury, but lately published; and, if you please, my Janus Anglorum, where they are restored from senseless corruption, and are indeed more themselves than in any other whatsoever in print. But thus too much of this false Cornelius. Compare with these notes what is to the first song of Britain and Albion; and you shall see that in Greek writers mention of our land is long before any in the Latin: for Polybius, that is the first which mentions it, was more than a hundred years before Lucretius. The author's plainness in the rest of

(*u*) Iliad. λ.
§ Brass rebound from brass.
(*x*) Of remedial power.
(*y*) Problem κ. Sect. λε.
(*z*) Camd. in Cornub. See for this more in the tenth song.
(*a*) Lucret. de Rer. Nat. 6.
(*c*) Cornelius Nepos challenged to an English wit.
(*d*) Ita n. legendum, non Tantia aut Pontia, uti ineptiunt qui Josepho nostro merenti suam invidêrunt coronam in Codice Typis excuso.
(*e*) Chronicis adde & Girald. Itin. Camb. 2. cap. 14.
(*f*) Sarisburiens. Epist. 159. 210. 220. & 268.

Wye's ſong to this purpoſe diſcharges my further labour.

Comes Dulas, of whoſe name ſo many rivers be.

As in England the names of Avon, Ouſe, Stoure, and ſome other; ſo in Wales, before all, is Dulas, a name very often of rivers in Radnor, Brecknock, Caermardhin, and elſewhere.

Which ſome have held to be begotten of the wind.

In thoſe weſtern parts of Spain, Gallicia, Portugal, and Auſtria, many claſſic teſtimonies, both poets, as Virgil, Silius Italicus, naturaliſts, hiſtorians and geoponics, as Varro, Calumel, Pliny, Trogus and Solinus have remembered theſe mares, which conceive through fervent luſt of nature, by the weſt wind, without copulation with the male (in ſuch ſort as the *Ova ſubventanea* (*g*) are bred in hens) but ſo that the foals live not over ſome three years. I refer it as an allegory (*b*) to the expreſſing only of their fertile breed and ſwiftneſs in courſe; which is elegantly to this purpoſe, framed by him that was the father (*i*) of this conceit to his admiring poſterity, in theſe lines ſpeaking of Xanthus and Balius, two of Achilles's horſes:

——(*k*) τὼ ἁμαπνοῇσι πετέσθην
Τὰς ἔτεκε Ζεφύρῳ ἀνέμῳ Ἅρπυια Ποδάργη
Βοσκομένη λειμῶνι παρὰ ῥοον Ὠκεανοῖο.

Whence withal you may note, that Homer had at leaſt heard of theſe coaſts of Spain, according as upon the conjectures on the name of Liſbon, the Elyſians, and other ſuch you have in (*l*) Strabo. But for Liſbon, which many will have from Ulyſſes, and call it Ulixbon, being commonly written Oleſippo or Uliſſippo in the ancients, you ſhall have better etymology, if you hence derive and make it Ὅλος Ἵππων, as it were, that the whole tract is a ſeminary of horſes, as a moſt learned man hath delivered.

(*g*) ἐπωνέμια, windy eggs, bred without a cock.
(*b*) Juſtin. hiſt. lib. 44.
(*i*) Iliad. Ψ.
(*k*) Theſe did fly like the wind, which ſwift Podarga foaled to their ſire Zephyrus, feeding in a meadow by the ocean.
(*l*) Geograph. α. Ολιος Ἱππων Ptolemeo. Iota ſublato vera reſtat lectio Paull. Merul. coſmog. part. 2 lib. 2. cap. 26.

POLY-OLBION:

THE SEVENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Muſe from Cambria comes again,
To view the foreſt of fair Dean;
Sees Severn; when the Higre takes her,
How fever-like the ſickneſs ſhakes her;
Makes mighty Malvern ſpeak his mind
In honour of the mountain kind;
Thence wafted with a merry gale,
Sees Lemſter, and the Golden Vale;
Sports with the nymphs, themſelves that ply
At th' wedding of the Lug and Wy;
Viewing the Hereſordian pride
Along on Severn's ſetting ſide,
That ſmall Wigornian part ſurveys:
Where for a while herſelf ſhe ſtays.

HIGH matters call our muſe, inviting her to ſee
As well the lower lands, as thoſe where lately ſhe
The Cambrian mountains clomb, and (looking from aloft)
Survey'd coy Severn's courſe: but now to ſhores more ſoft [ſong
She ſhapes her proſperous ſail; and in this loſty
The Hereſordian floods invites with her along,
§ That fraught from plenteous Powſe, with their ſuperfluous waſte,
Manure the batful March, until they be embrac'd
In Sabrin's ſoveraign arms: with whoſe tumultuous waves [ly raves;
§ Shut up in narrower bounds, the Higre wild-
And frights the ſtraggling flocks, the neighbouring ſhores to fly, (a)
Afar as from the main it comes with hideous cry,
And on the angry front the curled foam doth bring, [doth fling;
The billows 'gainſt the banks when fiercely it
Hurls up the ſlimy ooze, and makes the ſcaly brood [flood;
Leap madding to the land affrighted from the
O'erturns the toiling barge, whoſe ſteerſman doth not lanch, panch;
And thruſts the furrowing beak into her ireful-

(a) A ſimile expreſſing the boar or higre.

As when we haply ſee a ſickly woman fall
Into a fit of that which we the mother call,
When from the grieved womb ſhe feels the pain ariſe,
Breaks into grievous ſighs, with intermixed crys,
Bereaved of her ſenſe; and ſtruggling ſtill with thoſe [oppoſe,
That 'gainſt her riſing pain their utmoſt ſtrength
Starts, toſſes, tumbles, ſtrikes, turns, touſes, ſpurns, and ſprauls,
Caſting with furious limbs her holders to the walls;
But that the horrid pangs torment the grieved ſo,
One well might muſe from whence this ſudden ſtrength ſhould grow.
Here (queen of foreſts all, that weſt of Severn ly) [high,
Her broad and buſhy top Dean holdeth up ſo
The leſſer are not ſeen, ſhe is ſo tall and large.
And ſtanding in ſuch ſtate upon the winding marge,
§ Within her hollow woods the Satyrs that did wonne
In gloomy ſecret ſhades, not pierc'd with ſummers ſun,
Under a falſe pretence the nymphs to entertain,
Oft raviſhed the choice of Sabrin's watry train;
And from their miſtreſs banks them taking as a prey,
Unto their woody caves have carried them away:
Then from her inner groves for ſuccour when they cry'd,
She retchleſs of their wrongs (her ſatyrs 'ſcapes to hide)
Unto their juſt complaint not once her ear inclines:
So fruitful in her woods, and wealthy in her mines,
That Leden which her way doth through the deſert make, [ſake
Though near to Dean ally'd, determin'd to for-
Her courſe, and her clear limbs amongſt the buſhes hide,
Leſt by the Sylvans (ſhould ſhe chance to be eſpy'd)
She might unmaiden'd go unto her ſovereign flood:
So many were the rapes done on the watry brood,
That Sabrine to her ſire (great Neptune) forc'd to ſue,
The riots to repreſs of this outrageous crue,
His armed Orks he ſent her milder ſtream to keep,
To drive them back to Dean that troubled all the deep.
§ Whilſt Malvern (king of hills) fair Severn overlooks
(Attended on in ſtate with tributary brooks)
And how the fertil fields of Hereford do ly,
And from his many heads, with many an amorous eye,
Beholds his goodly ſite, how towards the pleaſant riſe,
Abounding in exceſs, the Vale of Euſham lies,
The mountains every way about him that do ſtand,
Of whom he's daily ſeen, and ſeeing doth command;
On tiptoes ſet aloft, this proudly uttereth he:

' Olympus, fair'ſt of hills, that heaven art ſaid ' to be,
' I envy not thy ſtate, nor leſs myſelf do make;
' Nor to poſſeſs thy name, mine own would I for- ' ſake:
' Nor would I, as thou do'ſt, ambitiouſly aſpire
' To thruſt my forked top into th' etherial fire.
' For, didſt thou take the ſweets that on my face ' do breath, [neath:
' Above thou wouldſt not ſeek what I enjoy be-
' Beſides, the ſundry ſoils I every way ſurvey,
' Make me, if better not, thy equal every way.
' And more, in our defence, to anſwer thoſe, with ' ſpight [light;
' That terms us barren, rude, and void of all de-
' We mountains, to the land, like wars or wens to ' be, [ſee;
' By which, fair'ſt living things disfigur'd oft they
' This ſtrongly to perform, a well-ſtuft brain ' would need.
' And many hills there be, if they this cauſe ' would heed,
' Having their riſing tops familiar with the ſky
' (From whence all wit proceeds) that fitter were ' than I
' The taſk to undertake. As not a man that ſees
' Mounchdenny, Blorench hill, with Breedon, and ' the Clees, [they,
' And many more as great, and nearer me than
' But thinks, in our defence they far much more ' could ſay.
' Yet, falling to my lot, this ſtoutly I maintain
' 'Gainſt foreſts, vallies, fields, groves, rivers, paſture, plain,
' And all their flatter kind (ſo much that do rely
' Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility)
' The mountain is the king: and he it is alone
' Above the other ſoils that nature doth enthrone.
' For mountains be like men of brave heroic mind,
' With eyes erect to heaven, of whence themſelves ' they find,
' Whereas the lowly vale, as earthly, like itſelf,
' Doth never further look than how to purchaſe pelf.
' And of their batful ſites, the vales that boaſt them ' thus, [us:
' Ne'er had been what they are, had it not been for
' For, from the riſing banks that ſtrongly mound ' them in,
' The valley (as betwixt) her name did firſt begin:
' And almoſt not a brook, if ſhe her banks do fill,
' But hath her plenteous ſpring from mountain or ' from hill, [take,
' If mead, or lower ſhade, grieve at the room we
' Know that the ſnow or rain, deſcending oft, doth make [glide,
' The fruitful valley fat, with what from us doth
' Who with our winter's waſte maintain their ' ſummer's pride:
' And to you lower lands, if terrible we ſeem,
' And cover'd oft with clouds; it is your foggy ' ſteam
' The powerful ſun exhales, that in the cooler day
' Unto this region come, about our tops doth ſtay.
' And, what's the grove, ſo much that thinks her ' to be grac'd,
' If not above the reſt upon the mountain plac'd,

'Where ſhe her curled head unto the eye may
'ſhew?
'For in the eaſy vale if ſhe ſet below,
'What is ſhe but obſcure? and her more dampy
'ſhade
'And covert, but a den for beaſts of raven made?
'Beſides, we are the marks, which looking from
'on high,
'The traveller beholds; and with a cheerful eye
'Doth thereby ſhape his courſe, and freſhly doth
'purſue [view.
'The way, which long before lay tedious in his
'What foreſt, flood, or field, that ſtandeth not
'in awe
'Of Sina, or ſhall ſee the ſight that mountain ſaw?
'To none but to a hill ſuch grace was ever given:
'As on his back, 'tis ſaid, great Atlas bears up
'heaven. [nown'd;
'So Latmus by his wife (*b*) Endymion is re-
'That hill, on whoſe high top he was the firſt
'that found [ſphere,
'Pale Phœbe's wand'ring courſe; ſo ſkilful in her
'As ſome ſtick not to ſay that he enjoy'd her there.
'And thoſe chaſte maids, begot on memory by
Jove,
'Not Tempe only love delighting in their grove;
'Nor Helicon their brook, in whoſe delicious
'brims,
'They oft are us'd to bathe their clear and cryſtal
'limbs;
'But high Parnaſſus have, their mountain, where-
'on they
'Upon their golden lutes continually do play.
'Of theſe I more could tell, to prove the place
'our own, [ſhewn.'
'Than by his ſpacious maps are by Ortelius
For mountains this ſuffice. Which ſcarcely had
'he told; [hold
Along the fertile fields, when Malvern might be-
The Herefordian floods, far diſtant though they be:
For great men, as we find, a great way off can ſee.
Firſt, Frome with forehead clear, by Bromyard
that doth glide; [guide,
And taking Loden in, their mixed ſtreams do
To meet their ſovereign Lug, from the Radnorian
plain
At Preſtain coming in; where he doth entertain
The Wadel, as along he under Derſold goes:
Her full and luſty ſide to whom the foreſt ſhews,
As to allure fair Lug, abode with her to make.
Lug little Oney firſt, then Arro in doth take,
At Lemſter, for her wool whoſe ſtaple doth excel,
And ſeems to over-match the golden Phrygian fell.
Had this our Colchos been unto the ancients
known,
When honour was herſelf, and in her glory ſhewn,
He then that did command the infantry of Greece,
Had only to our iſle adventur'd for this fleece.
Where lives the man ſo dull, on Britain's far-
theſt ſhore,
To whom did never ſound the name of (*c*) Lem-
ſter ore?

(*b*) Endymion found out the courſe of the moon.
(*c*) The excellency of Lemſter wool.

That with the ſilk-worms web for ſmallneſs doth
compare:
Wherein, the winder ſhews his workmanſhip ſo rare
As doth the fleece excel, and mocks her looſer
clew;
As neatly bottom'd up as nature forth it drew;
Of each in high account, and reckoned here as
fine, [tine.
§ As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Taren-
From thence his lovely ſelf for Wye he doth diſ-
poſe, [goes;
To view the goodly flocks on each hand as he
And makes his journey ſhort, with ſtrange and
ſundry tales
Of all their wond'rous things; and, not the leaſt,
of Wales; [paſt)
Of that prodigious ſpring (him neighbouring as he
That little fiſhes bones continually doth caſt.
Whoſe reaſon whilſt he ſeeks induſtriouſly to
know, [ſhew
A great way he hath gone, and Hereford doth
Her riſing ſpires aloft; when as the princely Wye,
Him from his muſe to wake, arreſts him by and by.
Whoſe meeting to behold, with how well-order'd
grace
Each other entertains, how kindly they embrace;
For joy, ſo great a ſhout the bordering city ſent,
That with the ſound thereof, which thorough
Haywood went, [won;
The wood-nymphs did awake that in the foreſt
To know the ſudden cauſe, and preſently they
run [to ſee
With locks uncomb'd, for haſte the lovely Wye
(The flood that grac'd her moſt) this day ſhould
married be
To that more lovely Lug; a river of much fame,
That in her wandering banks ſhould loſe his glo-
rious name.
For Hereford, although her Wye ſhe hold ſo dear,
Yet Lug (whoſe longer courſe doth grace the
goodly ſhire, [doth bring)
And with his plenteous ſtream ſo many brooks
Of all hers that be north is abſolutely king.
But Marcely, griev'd that he (the neareſt of
the reſt, [gueſt
And of the mountain kind) not hidden was a
Unto this nuptial feaſt, ſo hardly it doth take,
As (meaning for the ſame his ſtation to forſake)
§ Enrag'd and mad with grief, himſelf in two did
rive; [drive,
The trees and hedges near, before him up doth
And dropping headlong down, three days toge-
ther fall: [appal,
Which, bellowing as he went, the rocks did ſo
That they him paſſage made, who coats and chap-
pels cruſh:
So violently he into his valley ruſh.
But Wye (from her dear Lug whom nothing
can reſtrain,
In many a pleaſant ſhade, her joy to entertain)
To Roſs her courſe directs; and right her (*d*)
name to ſhew,
Oft windeth in her way, as back ſhe meant to go.

(*d*) Wye or Gwy, ſo called (in the Britiſh) of her ſinuo-
ſity.

Meander, who is ſaid ſo intricate to be, [ſhe.
Hath not ſo many turns, nor crankling nooks as
The Herefordian fields when well near having paſt,
As ſhe is going forth, two ſiſter brooks at laſt
That ſoil her kindly ſends, to guide her on her way; [lay
Neat Gamar, that gets in ſwift Garran: which do
Their waters in one bank, augmenting of her train, [Dean.
To grace the goodly Wye, as ſhe doth paſs by
Beyond whoſe equal ſpring unto the weſt doth ly [do fly
The goodly Golden Vale, whoſe luſcious ſcents
More free than Hybla's ſweets; and 'twixt her bord'ring hills,
The air with ſuch delights and delicacy fills,
As makes it loth to ſtir, or thence thoſe ſmells to bear. [there:
Th' Heſperides ſcarce had ſuch pleaſures as be
Which ſometime to attain, that mighty ſon of Jove [ſtrove,
One of his labours made, and with the dragon
That never clos'd his eyes, the golden fruit to guard; [ſpar'd:
As if t' enrich this place, from others, nature
Banks crown'd with curled groves, from cold to keep the plain, [maintain;
Fields batful, flow'ry meads, in ſtate them to
Floods, to make fat thoſe meads, from marble veins that ſpout, [without.
To ſhew, the wealth within doth anſwer that
So brave a nymph ſhe is, in every thing ſo rare,
As to ſit down by her, ſhe thinks there's none ſhould dare.
And forth ſhe ſends the Doire, upon the Wye to wait, [treat
Whom Munno by the way more kindly doth in-
(For Eſkle, her moſt lov'd, and Olcon's only ſake)
With her to go along, till Wye ſhe overtake.
To whom ſhe condeſcends, from danger her to ſhield [fordian field.
That th' Monumethian parts from th' Here-
Which manly Malvern ſees from furtheſt of the ſhire,
On tye Wigornian waſte when northward looking near,
On Corſwood caſts his eye, and on his (*e*) homeborn chace,
Then conſtantly beholds, with an unuſual pace,
Team with her tribute come unto the (*f*) Cambrian queen, [ſeen,
Near whom in all this place a river's ſcarcely
That dare avouch her name; Team ſcorning any ſpring, [bring,
But what with her along from Shropſhire ſhe doth
Except one nameleſs ſtream that Malvern ſends her in,
And Laughern though but ſmall: when they ſuch grace that win, [bank.
There thruſt in with the brooks incloſed in her
Team laſtly thither com'n with water is ſo rank,

(*e*) Malvern chace. (*f*) Severn.

As though ſhe would contend with Sabrine, and doth crave
Of place (by her deſert) precedency to have:
Till chancing to behold the other's godlike grace,
So ſtrongly is ſurpris'd with beauties in her face
By no means ſhe could hold, but needſly ſhe muſt ſhew
Her liking; and herſelf doth into Sabrine throw.
Not far from him again when Malvern doth perceive
Two hills, which though their heads ſo high they do not heave,
Yet duly to obſerve great Malvern, and afford
Him reverence: who again, as fits a gracious lord,
Upon his ſubjects looks, and equal praiſe doth give
That Woodberry ſo nigh and neighbourly doth live
With Abberley his friend, deſerving well ſuch fame
That Saxton in his maps forgot them not to name:
Which, though in their mean types ſmall matter doth appear,
Yet both of good account were reckoned in the ſhire,
And highly grac'd of Team in his proud paſſing by.
When ſoon the goodly Wyre, that wonted was ſo high
Her ſtately top to rear, aſhamed to behold
Her ſtraight and goodly woods unto the furnace ſold
(And looking on herſelf, by her decay doth ſee
The miſery wherein her ſiſter foraſts be)
Of Eriſicthon's (*g*) end begins her to bethink,
And of his cruel plagues doth wiſh they all might drink [deſpight;
That thus have them diſpoil'd: then of her own
That ſhe, in whom her town, fair Beudly took delight,
And from her goodly ſeat conceiv'd ſo great a pride,
In Severn on her eaſt, Wyre on the ſetting ſide,
So naked left of woods, of pleaſure, and forlorn,
As ſhe that lov'd her moſt, her now the moſt doth ſcorn;
With endleſs grief perplext, her ſtubborn breaſt ſhe ſtrake,
And to the deafen'd air thus paſſionately ſpake;
'You Dryads, that are ſaid with oaks to live
'and die, [fly:
'Wherefore in our diſtreſs do you our dwellings
'Upon this monſtrous age and not revenge our
'wrong?
'For cutting down an oak that juſtly did belong
'To one of Ceres' nymphs, in Theſſaly that grew
'In the Dodonian grove (O nymphs!) you could
'purſue
'The ſon of Perops then, and did the goddeſs ſtir
'That villainy to wreak the tyrant did to her:
'Who, with a dreadful frown did blaſt the grow-
'ing grain: [maintain,
'And having from him reft what ſhould his life
'She unto Scythia ſent, for hunger him to gnaw,
'And thruſt her down his throat, into his ſtanch-
'leſs maw:
'Who, when nor ſea nor land for him ſufficient,
'were, [tear,
'With his devouring teeth his wretched fleſh did

(*g*) A fable in Ovid's metam.

'This did you for one tree: but of whole foreſts they
'That in theſe impious times have been the vile
'(Whom I may juſtly call their country's deadly foes)
'Gainſt them you move no power, their ſpoil unpuniſht goes,
'How many grieved ſouls in future time ſhall
'For that which they have rapt their beaſtly luſt to ſerve,
'We, ſometime that the ſtate of famous Britain
'For whom ſhe was renown'd in kingdoms far and near,
'Are ranſackt; and our trees ſo hackt about the
'That where their loſty tops their neighbouring countries crown'd,
'Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked ſtand,
'As for revenge to heav'n each held a wither'd hand:
'And where the goodly herds of high-palm'd hearts did gaze
'Upon the paſſer by, thereby now doth only
'The gall'd-back carion jade, and hurtful ſwine do ſpoil
'Once to the ſylvan powers our conſecrated foil.'
This uttered ſhe with grief: and more ſhe would have ſpoke,
When the Salopian floods her of her purpoſe broke,
And ſilence did enjoin; a liſt'ning ear to lend
To Severn, which (was thought) did mighty things intend.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The muſe yet hovers over Wales, and here ſings the inner territories, with part of the Severn ſtory, and her Engliſh neighbours.

That fraught from plenteous Powſe with their ſuperfluous waſte
Manure the batful March———

Wales (as is before touched) is divided into three parts, North Wales, South Wales, and Powiſe; this laſt is here meant, compriſing part of Brecknock, Radnor and Montgomery. The diviſion hath its beginning attributed to the three ſons of (*a*) Roderick the Great, Mervin, Cadelh, and Anarawt, who poſſeſt them for their portions hereditary, as they are named. But out of an old book of Welſh laws, David Powel affirms thoſe tripartite titles more ancient. I know that the diviſion and gift is different in Caradoc Lancharvan from that of Girald; but no great conſequence of admitting either here thoſe three Princes were called in Britiſh (*b*) *Strituyſor Talaethlar*, becauſe (*c*) every one of them wore upon his bonnet or helmet, a coronet of gold, being a broad lace or headband, indented upwards, ſet and wrought with precious ſtones, which in Britiſh or Welſh is called (*d*) *Tataeth*, which name nurſes give to the upper band on a child's head. Of this form (I mean of a band or wreath) were the ancienteſt of crowns, as appears in the deſcription of the Cidaris, and Tiara of the Perſians in Cteſias, Q. Curtius, and Xenophon, the crowns of Oak, Graſs, Parſly, Olives, Myrtle, and ſuch among the Greeks and Romans, and in that expreſs name of Diadema, ſignifying a Band, of which, whether it have in our tongue community with that Banda, derived of the (*e*) Carian into Italian, expreſſing victory, and ſo, for ominous good works, is tranſlated to enſigns and ſtandards (as in oriental ſtories the words Βανδα and Βανδοφόρος often ſhew) I muſt not here inquire. Molmutius (*f*) firſt uſed a golden crown among the Britiſh, and as it ſeems by the ſame authority, Athelſtan among the Saxon. But I digreſs. By the March underſtand thoſe limits betwein England and Wales; which continuing from north to ſouth, join the Welſh ſhires to Hereford, Shropſhire and the Engliſh part, and were divers baronies, divided from any ſhire until (*g*) Henry VIII. by act of parliament annexed ſome to Wales,

(*a*) Girald. Camb. deſcript. cap. 2. DCCC. LXX. VI.
(*b*) The three crowned Princes.
(*c*) D. Powel. ad Caradoc. Lharcarvan.
(*d*) Crowns, Diadems, Band.
(*e*) Stephan. περὶ πολ. Λαζικῆς. v. Gorap. Becceſelan. 2. & Pet. Pithæl adverſar. 2. c. 20. de Bandâ, cui & Andatem apud Dionem conferas, & videlis in altero alterius reliquæ.
(*f*) Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1. & 9.
(*g*) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 26. v. 28. Ed. 3. cap. 2.

others to England. The barons that lived in them were called Lord Marchers, and by the name of (*h*) Marchiones, i. e. Marquesses. For so Roger of (*i*) Mortimer, James of Audeleg, Roger of Clifford, Roger of Leiburn, Haimo L'estrange, Hugh of Turbervil, which by sword adventured the ransom of Henry III. out of Simon of Montfort his treacherous imprisonment, after the battle of Lewes) are called (*k*) Marchiones Walliæ; and Edward III. created Roger of Mortimer Earl of March, as if you should say, of the Limits (*l*) betwixt Wales and England, *Marc*, or *Mere*, signifying a bound or limit: as to the III. song more largely. And hence is supposed the original of that honorary title of Marquess, which is as much as a lord of the frontiers, or such like; although I know divers others are derivations which the (*m*) Feudists have imagined. These Marchers had their laws in their Baronies, and for matter of suit, if it had been betwixt tenants holding of them, then was it commenced in their own courts and determined; if for the barony itself, then in the king's courts at Westminster, by writ, directed to the sheriff of the next English shire adjoining, as Glocester, Hereford, and some others. For the king's (*n*) writ did not run in Wales as in England; until by statute the principality was incorporated with the crown; as appears in an old (*o*) report where one was committed for esloigning a ward into Wales, *extra potestatem Regis* under Henry III. Afterward (*p*) Edward I. made some shires in it, and altered the customs, conforming them in some sort to the English, as in the statute of Ruthland you have it largely; and under Edward II. to a (*q*) Parliament at York were summoned twenty-four out of North Wales, and as many out of South Wales. But notwithstanding all this, the Marches continued as distinct; and in them were, for the most part, those controverted titles, which in our law-annals are referred to Wales. For the divided shires were, as it seems, or should have been subject to the English form; but the particulars hereof are unfit for this room: if you are at all conversant in our law, I send you to my (*r*) margin; if not, it scarce concerns you.

———*the Higre wildly raves.*

This violence, of the water's madness, declared by the author, is so exprest in an old (*s*) monk, which about four hundred years since, says it was called the Higre in English. To make more description of it, were but to resolve the author's poem.

Within her hollow woods the Satyrs that did won.

By the Satyrs ravishing the sea-nymphs into this maratime forest of Dean (lying between Wye and Severn in Glocester) with Severn's suit to Neptune, and his provision of remedy, you have, poetically described the rapines which were committed along that shore, by such as lurked in these shady receptacles, which he properly titles Satyrs; that name coming from an Eastern (*t*) root, signifying to hide, or lie hid, as that (*u*) all knowing Isaac Casaubon hath at large (among other his unmeasurable benefits to the state of learning) taught us. The English were also ill treated by the Welsh in their passages here, until by act of Parliament remedy was given; as you may see in the (*x*) statute's preamble, which satisfies the action.

Whilst Malverne king of hills fair Severn overlooks.

Hereford and Worcester are by these hills seven miles in length confined; and rather, in respect of the adjacent vales, than the hills self understand the attribute of excellency. Upon these is the supposed vision of Piers Plowman, done, as is thought, by Robert (*y*) Langland, a Shropshire man, in a kind of English metre: which for discovery of the infecting corruptions of those times, I prefer before many more seemingly serious invectives, as well for invention as judgment. But I have read that the author's name was John Malverne, a fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who finished it 16 Edward III.

(*h*) Lib. Rub. Scaccar.
(*i*) Matth. Westmonast. lib. 2.
(*k*) Marquess or lord Marcher of Wales.
(*l*) For the limits see to the next song.
(*m*) Ad Const. Feud. 2. tit. quis dicatur Dux, & Jurisconsulti sæpiùs.
(*n*) But see to the ninth song more particularly.
(*o*) 13 Hen. 3. tit. Guard. 147.
(*p*) Stat. Ruthland. 12. Ed. 1.
(*q*) 14 Ed. 2 dors. claus. mem. 13.
(*r*) V. 18. Ed. 2. tit. Assise 382. 13. Ed. 3. jurisdict. 23. 6. Hen. 5. ib. 34. 1. Ed. 3. f. 14. & sæpius in annalibus Jura nostri.
(*s*) Guil. Malmesbur. lib. 4. digest. Pontificum.
(*t*) סתר.
(*u*) Πανεπιστήμων. lib. de Satyra. Meritò indigetatur hoc Epitheto longe dictissimus à doctissimo Dan. Heinsio in annot. ad Horatium.
(*x*) Stat. 9. Hen. 6. cap. 5.
(*y*) About the time of Edward III.

As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tarentine.

In Apuglia and the upper Calabria of Italy, the wool hath been ever famous for (z) fineſt excellence: in ſo much that for preſerving it from the injury of earth, buſhes, and weather, the ſhepherds uſed to cloath their ſheep with ſkins, and indeed it was ſo chargeable in theſe and other kind of pains about it, that it ſcarce requited coſt.

——himſelf in two did rive.

Alluding to a prodigious diviſion of Marcly hill, in an earthquake of late (a) time; which moſt of all was in theſe parts of the iſland.

(z) Varr. de re ruſtic. 2. cap. 2. Columell. lib. 7. cap. 4.

(a) 1575.

POLY-OLBION:

THE EIGHTH SONG.

The Argument.

The goodly Severn bravely ſings
The nobleſt of her Britiſh kings;
At Cæſar's landing what we were,
And of the Roman conqueſt here:
Then ſhews, to her dear Britain's fame,
How quickly chriſten'd they became,
And of their conſtancy doth boaſt,
In ſundry fortunes ſtrangely toſt:
Then doth the Saxons landing tell,
And how by them the Britons fell;
Cheers the Salopian mountains high,
That on the weſt of Severn lie;
Calls down each riveret from her ſpring,
Their queen upon her way to bring;
Whom down to Brug the muſe attends:
Where, leaving her, this ſong ſhe ends.

To Salop when herſelf clear Sabrine comes to ſhew
And wiſely her bethinks the way ſhe had to go,
South-weſtward caſt her courſe; and with an amorous eye
Thoſe countries whence ſhe came ſurveyeth (paſſing by)
Thoſe lands in ancient times old Cambria claim'd her due,
For refuge when to her th' oppreſſed Britons flew;
By England now uſurp'd, who (paſt the wonted meers, [ſhires,
Her ſure and ſovereign banks) had taken ſundry
Which ſhe her marches made: whereby thoſe hills of fame [ſhame,
And rivers ſtood diſgrac'd; accounting it their
§ That all without that mound which Mercian Offa caſt
To run from north to ſouth, athwart the Cambrian waſte,
Could England not ſuffice, but that the ſtruggling Wye, [lye,
Which in the heart of Wales was ſometime ſaid to
Now only for her bound proud England did prefer. [fer'd her,
That Severn, when ſhe ſees the wrong thus of-

Though by injurious time deprived of that place
Which anciently she held; yet loth that her disgrace [near
Should on the Britons light, the hills and rivers
Austerely to her calls, commanding them to hear
In her dear childrens right (their ancestors of yore,
Now thrust betwixt herself, and the Vergivian shore,
§ Who drave the giants hence that of the earth were bred,
And of the spacious isle became the sovereign head)
What from authentic books she liberally could say.
Of which whilst she bethought her; westward every way,
The mountains, floods, and meers, to silence them betake: [spake;
When Severn lowting low, thus gravely them be-
'How mighty was that man, and honoured 'still to be,
'That gave this isle his name, and to his chil-'dren three,
'Three kingdoms in the same? which, time doth 'now deny,
'With his arrival here, and primer monarchy.
'(a) Loëgria, though thou canst thy Locrine 'easely lose,
'Yet (b) Cambria, him, whom fate her ancient 'founder chose,
'In no wise will forego; nay, should (c) Albania 'leave [cleave.
'§ Her Albanact for aid, and to the Scythian
'And though remorseless Rome, which first did 'us enthral, [call;
'As barbarous but esteem'd, and stickt not so to
'The ancient Britons yet a sceptred king obey'd
'§ Three hundred years before Rome's great 'foundation laid;
'And had a thousand years an empire strongly 'stood, [flood,
'E'er Cæsar to her shores here stem'd the circling
'§ And long before, borne arms against the bar-'barous Hun,
'Here landing with intent the isle to over-run:
'And following them in flight, their general 'Humberd drown'd
'In that great arm of sea, by his great name re-'nown'd?
'And her great builders had, her cities who did 'rear [where.
'With fanes unto her gods, and (d) flamins every
'Nor Troynovant alone a city long did stand;
'But after, soon again by Ebrank's powerful hand
'York lifts her towers aloft: which scarcely fi-'nisht was,
'But as they, by those kings, so by Rudhudibras,
'Kent's first and famous (e) town, with Win-'chester, arose:
And others, others built, as they fit places chose.
'So Britain to her praise, of all conditions 'brings; [kings,
'The warlike, as the wise. Of her courageous

'Brute Greenshield: to whose name we provi-'dence impute, [Brute.
'Divinely to revive the land's first conqueror,
'So had she those were learn'd, endu'd with 'nobler parts:
'As, he from learned Greece, that (by the libe-'ral arts)
'§ To Stamford, in this isle, seem'd Athens to 'transfer;
'Wise Bladud, of her kings that great philosopher;
'Who found our boiling baths; and his know-'ledge high,
'Disdaining human paths, here practised to fly.
'Of justly vexed Leire, and those who last did 'tug
'In worse than civil war, the (f) sons of Gorbodug
'(By whose unnatural strife the land so long was 'tost)
'I cannot stay to tell, nor shall my Britain boast;
'But, of that man which did her monarchy re-'store, [wore,
'Her first imperial crown of gold that ever
'And that most glorious type of sovereignty re-'gain'd, [tain'd
'Mulmutius: who this land in such estate main-
'As his great belsire Brute from Albion's heirs it 'won.
'§ This grand-child, great as he, those four 'proud streets begun
'That each way cross this isle, and bounds did 'them allow.
'Like privilege he lent the temple and the plow:
'So studious was this prince in his most forward 'zeal
'To the celestial power, and to the public weal.
'(g) Bellinus he begot, who Dacia proud sub-'du'd; [su'd,
'And Brennus, who abroad a worthier war pur-
'Asham'd of civil strife; at home here leaving 'all: [Gaul
'And with such goodly youth, in Germany and
'As he had gather'd up, the Alpin mountains 'past,
'And bravely on the banks of fatal Allia chas'd
'The Romans (that her stream distained with 'their gore)
'And through proud Rome, display'd his British 'ensign bore:
'§ There, balancing his sword against her baser 'gold,
'The senators for slaves he in her forum sold.
'At last, by power expell'd, yet proud of late 'success,
'His forces then for Greece did instantly address;
'And marching with his men upon her fruitful 'face, [Thrace;
'Made Macedon first stoop; then Thessaly, and
'His soldiers there enricht with all Peonia's spoil;
'And where to Greece he gave the last and 'deadliest foil,
'In that most dreadful fight, on that more dis-'mal day, [pylæ;
'O'erthrew their utmost prowess at sad Thermo-

(a) England. (b) Wales. (c) Scotland.
(d) Priests among idolatrous Gentiles. (e) Canterbury.
(f) Ferrex and Porrex. (g) Bellinus and Brennus.

'And daring of her gods, adventur'd to have taen
'Thoſe ſacred things enſhrin'd in wiſe Apol-
'lo's fane:
'To whom when thund'ring heaven pronounc'd
'her fearfull'ſt word,
'§ Againſt the Delphian power he ſhak'd his
'ireful ſword.
'As of the Britiſh blood, the native Cambri
'here [were
'(So of my Cambria call'd) thoſe valiant Cymbri
'(When Britain with her brood ſo peopled had
'her ſeat,
'The ſoil could not ſuffice, it daily grew ſo great)
'Of Denmark who themſelves did anciently poſſeſs,
'And to that ſtraitned point, that utmoſt cher-
ſoneſſe,
'§ My country's name bequeath'd; whence Cym-
'brica it took:
'Yet long were not compriz'd within that little
'nook,
'But with thoſe Almain powers this people iſſued
'forth: [north,
'And like ſome boiſterous wind ariſing from the
'Came that unwieldy hoſt; that, which way it
'did move, [ſhove,
'The very burthenous earth before it ſeem'd to
'And only meant to claim the univerſe its own.
'In this terreſtrial globe, as though ſome world
'unknown,
'By pamper'd nature's ſtore too prodigally ſed
'(And ſurfeiting therewith) her furceaſe vomited;
'Theſe roaming up and down to ſeek ſome ſet-
'tling room,
'Firſt like a deluge fell upon Illyricum,
'And with his Roman powers Papyrius over-
'threw;
'Then, by great (*b*) Belus brought againſt thoſe
'legions, ſlew [led;
'Their forces which in France Aurelius Scaurus
'And afterward again, as bravely vanquiſhed
'The conſuls Cæpio, and ſtout Menlius on the
'plain, [ſlain.
'Where Rhodanus was red with blood of Latins
'In greatneſs next ſucceeds Belinus' worthy ſon,
'Gurguſtus: who ſoon left what his great father
'won,
'To Guynteline his heir: whoſe (*i*) queen, be-
'yond her kind,
'In her great huſband's peace, to ſhew her up-
'right mind,
'§ To wiſe Mulmutius' laws, her Martian firſt
'did frame:
'From which we ours derive, to her eternal fame.
'So Britain forth with theſe, that valiant baſ-
'tard brought,
'Morindus, Danius' ſon, which with that (*k*)
monſter fought [again.
'His ſubjects that devour'd; to ſhew himſelf
'Their martyr, who by them ſelected was to
'reign.'
So Britain likewiſe boaſts her Elidure the juſt,
'Who with his people was of ſuch eſpecial truſt,

'That (Archigallo fall'n into their general hate,
'And by their powerful hand depriv'd of kingly
'ſtate)
'Unto the regal chair they Elidure advanc'd:
'But long he had not reign'd e'er happily it
'chanc'd,
'In hunting of a hart, that in the foreſt wild,
'The late depoſed king, himſelf who had exil'd
'From all reſort of men, juſt Elidure did meet;
'Who much unlike himſelf, at Elidurus' feet
'Him proſtrating with tears, his tender breaſt ſo
'ſtrook,
'That he (the Britiſh rule who lately on him took
'At th' earneſt peoples pray'rs) him calling to
'the court,
'There Archigallo's wrongs ſo lively did report,
'Relating (in his right) his lamentable caſe,
'With ſo effectual ſpeech imploring their high
'grace,
'That him they reinthron'd; in peace who ſpent
'his days.
'Then Elidure again, crown'd with applauſive
'praiſe,
'As ha a brother rais'd, by brothers was depos'd,
'And put into the tower; where miſerably in-
'clos'd,
'Outliving yet their hate, and the uſurpers dead,
'Thrice had the Britiſh crown ſet on his reverend
'head.
'When more than thirty kings in fair ſucceſſion
came
'Unto that mighty Lud, in whoſe eternal name
'§ Great London ſtill ſhall live (by him rebuild-
'ed) while
'To cities ſhe remains the ſovereign of this iſle.
'And when commanding Rome to Cæſar gave
'the charge,
'Her empire (but too great) ſtill further to en-
large
'With all beyond the Alps; the aids he found to
'paſs
'From theſe parts into Gaul, ſhew'd here ſome
'nation was
'Undaunted that remain'd with Rome's ſo dread-
ful name,
'That durſt preſume to aid thoſe ſhe decreed to
'tame.
'Wherefore that matchleſs man, whoſe high am-
'bition wrought
'Beyond her empire's bounds, by ſhipping wiſely
'ſought
'(Here prowling on the ſhores) this iſland to
'deſcry,
'What people her poſſeſt, how faſhion'd ſhe did
'lie:
'Where ſcarce a ſtranger's foot defil'd her virgin
'breaſt,
'Since her firſt conqueror Brute here put his
'powers to reſt;
'Only ſome little boats, from Gaul that did her
ſeed
'With trifles, which ſhe took for niceneſs more
'than need:
'But as another world, with all abundance bleſt,
'And ſatisfy'd with what ſhe in herſelf poſſeſt;

(*b*) A great general of thoſe northern nations.
(*i*) Martia.
(*k*) A certain monſter often iſſuing from the ſea, devoured divers of the Britiſh people.

'Through her exceſſive wealth (at length) till
'wanton grown,
'Some kings (with others lands that would en-
'large their own)
'By innovating arms an open paſſage made
'For him that gap't for all (the Roman) to in-
'vade.
'Yet with grim-viſag'd war when he her ſhores
'did greet,
'And terribleſt did threat with his amazing
'fleet,
'Thoſe Britiſh bloods he found, his force that
'durſt aſſail,
'And poured from the cliffs their ſhafts like
'ſhowers of hail
'Upon his helmed head; to tell him as he came,
'That they (from all the world) yet feared not
'his name:
'Which, their undaunted ſpirits made that con-
'queror feel,
'Oft vent'ring their bare breaſt 'gainſt his oft-
'bloody'd ſteel;
'And in their chariots charg'd: which they with
'wondrous ſkill
'Could turn in their ſwift'ſt courſe upon the
'ſteepeſt hill,
'And wheel about his troops for vantage of the
'ground,
'Or elſe diſrank his force where entrance might
'be found;
'And from their armed ſeats their thrilling darts
'could throw;
'Or nimbly leaping down, their valiant ſwords
'beſtow,
'And with an active ſkip remount themſelves
'again,
'Leaving the Roman horſe behind them on the
'plain,
'And beat him back to Gaul his forces to ſupply;
'As they the gods of Rome and Cæſar did deſy.
'Caſſibelan renown'd, the Britons faithful
'guide,
'Who when th' Italian pow'rs could no way be
'deny'd,
'But would this iſle ſubdue; their forces to fore-
'lay,
'Thy foreſts thou didſt fell, their ſpeedy courſe
'to ſtay:
'§ Thoſe armed ſtakes in Thames that ſtuck'ſt,
'their horſe to gore,
'Which boldly durſt attempt to forage on thy
'ſhore: [low,
'Thou ſuch hard entrance here to Cæſar didſt al-
'To whom (thyſelf except) the weſtern world
'did bow.
'§ And more than Cæſar got, three emperors
'could not win,
'Till the courageous ſons of our Cunobelin
'Sunk under Plautius' ſword, ſent hither to diſ-
'cuſs [us
'The former Roman right, by arms again, with
'Nor with that conſul join'd, Veſpaſian could pre
'vail
'In thirty ſeveral fights, nor make them ſtoop
'their tail. 2

'Yea, had not his brave ſon, young Titus, paſt
'their hopes,
'His forward father fetcht out of the Britiſh
'troops,
'And quit him wondrous well when he was
ſtrongly charg'd,
'His father (by his hands ſo valiantly enlarg'd)
'Had never more ſeen Rome; nor had he ever
'ſpilt
'The temple that wiſe ſon of faithful David built,
'Subverted thoſe high walls, and lay'd that city
'waſte, [grac'd.
'Which God, in human fleſh, above all other
'No marvail then though Rome ſo great her
'conqueſt thought,
'In that the iſle of Wight ſhe to ſubjection
'brought, [weſt)
'Our (*b*) Belgæ and ſubdu'd (a people of the
'That lateſt came to us, our leaſt of all the reſt;
'When Claudius, who at that time her wreath
'imperial wore,
'Though ſcarce he ſhewed himſelf upon our
'ſouthern ſhore,
'It ſcorn'd not in his ſtyle; but, due to that his
'praiſe,
'Triumphal arches claim'd, and to have yearly
'plays;
'The nobleſt naval crown, upon his palace pitcht;
'As with the ocean's ſpoil his Rome who had en-
'richt.
'Her Caradock (with cauſe) ſo Britain may
'preſer;
'Than whom, a braver ſpirit was ne'r brought
'forth by her: [head,
'For whilſt here in the weſt the Britons gather'd
'This general of the reſt, his ſtout (*i*) Silures led
'Againſt Oſtorius, ſent by Cæſar to this place
'With Rome's high fortune (then the high'ſt in
'fortune's grace)
'A long and doubtful war with whom he did
'maintain,
'Until that hour wherein his valiant Britons ſlain,
'He grievouſly beheld (o'erpreſt with Roman
'power)
'Himſelf well near the laſt their wrath did not
'devour. [moſt,
'When (for revenge, not fear) he fled (as truſting
'Another day might win, what this had lately loſt)
'To Cartiſmandua, queen of (*k*) Brigants, for her
'aid,
'He to his foes, by her, moſt falſely was betray'd.
'Who, as a ſpoil of war, t'adorn the triumph ſent
'To great Oſtorius due, when through proud
'Rome he went,
'That had herſelf prepar'd (as ſhe had all been
eyes) [guiſe,
'Our Caradock to view; who in his country's
'§ Came with his body nak'd, his hair down to
'his waiſt,
'Girt with a chain of ſteel; his manly breaſt in-
'chas'd

(*b*) A people then inhabiting Hamp. Dorſet. Wilt. and Somerſetſhires.
(*i*) Thoſe of Monmouth, and the adjacent ſhires.
(*k*) Thoſe of Yorkſhire, and thereby.

' With ſundry ſhapes of beaſts. And when this
' Briton ſaw
' His wife and children bound as ſlaves, it could
' not awe
' His manlineſs at all: but with a ſettled grace,
' Undaunted with her pride, he lookt her in the
' face:
' And with a ſpeech ſo grave as well a prince be-
' came,
' Himſelf and his redeem'd, to our eternal fame.
' Then Rome's great (*l*) tyrant next, the laſt's
' adopted heir,
' That brave Suetonius ſent, the Britiſh coaſts to
' clear;
' The utter ſpoil of (*m*) Mon who ſtrongly did
' purſue
' (Unto whoſe gloomy ſtrengths, th'revolted Bri-
' tons flew)
' There entring, he beheld what ſtruck him
' pale with dread;
' The frantick Britiſh foes, their hair diſhevelled,
' With fire-brands ran about, like to their furious
' eyes:
' And from the hollow woods the fearleſs Druids;
' Who with their direful threats, and execrable
' vows,
' Enforc'd the troubled heaven to knit her angry
' brows.
' And as here in the weſt the Romans bravely
' wan,
' So all upon the eaſt the Britons overran:
' § The colony long kept at Mauldon, overthrown,
' Which by prodigious ſigns was many times fore-
' ſhewn,
' And often had diſmay'd the Roman ſoldiers:
' Brave Voadicia made with her reſolved'ſt men
' To (*n*) Virolim; whoſe ſiege with fire and ſword
' ſhe ply'd,
' Till level'd with the earth. To London as ſhe
' The conſul coming in with his auſpicious aid,
' The queen (to quit her yoke no longer that de-
' lay'd
' Him dar'd by dint of ſword, it hers or his to
' With words that courage ſhew'd, and with a
' voice as high
' (In her right hand her lance, and in her left her
' ſhield,
' As both the battles ſtood prepared in the field)
' Encouraging her men: which reſolute, as ſtrong,
' Upon the Roman ruſh'd; and ſhe, the reſt among,
' Wades in that doubtful war: till laſtly, when ſhe
' ſaw
' The fortune of the day unto the Roman draw,
' The queen (t' outlive her friends who highly did
' diſdain,
' And laſtly, for proud Rome a triumph to remain)
' § By poiſon ends her days, unto that end pre-
' par'd,
' As laviſhly to ſpend what Suetonius ſpar'd.
' Him ſcarcely Rome recall'd, ſuch glory having
' won,
' But bravely to proceed, as erſt ſhe had begun,

(*l*) Nero.
(*m*) Anglefey, the chief place of reſidence of the Druids.
(*n*) By Saint Albans.

' Agricola here made her great lieutenant then:
' Who having ſettled Mon, that man of all her men,
' Appointed by the powers apparently to ſee
' The wearied Britons ſink, and eas'ly in degree
' Beneath his fatal ſword the (*o*) Ordovies to fall
' Inhabiting the weſt, thoſe people laſt of all
' Which ſtoutl'eſt him withſtood, renown'd for
' martial worth.
' Thence leading on his powers unto the utmoſt
' north,
' When all the towns that lay betwixt our Trent
' and Tweed,
' Suffic'd not (by the way) his waſteful fires to
' He there ſome Britons found, who (to rebate
' their ſpleen,
' As yet with grieved eyes our ſpoils not having
' Him at (*p*) Mount Grampus next: which from
' his height beheld
' Them laviſh of their lives; who could not be
' compell'd
' The Roman yoke to bear: and Galgacus their
' Amongſt his murthered troops there reſolutely
' dy'd.
' Eight Roman emperors reign'd ſince firſt that
' war began;
' Great Julius Cæſar firſt, the laſt Domitian.
' A hundred thirty years the northern Britons ſtill,
' That would in no wiſe ſtoop to Rome's impe-
' rious will,
' Into the ſtrait'ned land with theirs retired far,
' In laws and manners ſince from us that differ-
' ent are;
' And with the Iriſh Pict, which to their aid they
' (On them oft breaking in, who long did them
' purſue)
' § A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred,
' Than Rome, with much expence that us had
' conquered.
' And when that we great Rome's ſo much in
' time were grown,
' That ſhe her charge durſt leave to princes of
' our own,
' Such as, within ourſelves, our ſuffrage ſhould
' elect)
' § Arviragus, born ours, here firſt ſhe did pro-
' Who faithfully and long, of labour did her eaſe.
' Then he, our Flamins ſeats who turn'd to bi-
' ſhops ſees;
' Great Lucius, that good king: to whom we
' chiefly owe
' § This happineſs we have. Chriſt crucify'd to
' As Britain to her praiſe receiv'd the chriſtian
' faith,
' After (that word-made man) our dear redeemer's
' Within two hundred years; and his diſciples
' here,
' By their great maſter ſent to preach him every
' where,
' Moſt reverently receiv'd, their doctrine and pre-
' ſer'd;
' Interring him, (*q*) who erſt the ſon of God in-

(*o*) North Wales men.
(*p*) In the midſt of Scotland.
(*q*) Joſeph of Arimathea.

'So Britons was she born, though Italy her
'crown'd,
'Of all the Christian world that empress most
'§ Constantius' worthy wife; who scorning
'worldly loss,
'Herself in person went to seek that sacred cross,
'Whereon our Saviour dy'd: which found, as it
'was sought,
'From (r) Salem unto Rome triumphantly she
'As when the primer church her councils
'pleas'd to call,
'Great Britain's bishops there were not the least
'of all,
'§ Against the Arian sect at Arles having room,
'At Sardica again, and at Ariminum.
'Now, when with various fate five hundred
'years had past,
'And Rome of her great charge grew weary here
'at last;
'The Vandals, Goths, and Huns, that with a
'powerful head
'All Italy and France had well-near overspread,
'To much endanger'd Rome sufficient warning
'gave,
'Those forces that she held, within herself to
'The Roman rule from us then utterly remov'd.
'Whilst we, in sundry fields, our sundry for-
'tunes prov'd
'With the remorseless Pict, still wasting us with
'And 'twixt the froward sire, licentious Vortiger,
'And his too forward son, young Vortimer, arose
'Much strife within ourselves, whilst here they
'interpose
'By turns each other's reigns: whereby, we
'weak'ned grew.
'The warlike Saxon then into the land we drew;
'A nation nurst in spoil, and fitt'st to undergo
'Our cause against the Pict, our most inveterate
'foe.
'When they, which we had hir'd for soldiers to
'the shore,
'Perceiv'd the wealthy isle to wallow in her store,
'And subt'ly had found out how we infeebled
'were;
'They, under false pretence of amity and cheer,
'The British peers invite, the German healths
'to view
'At Stonehenge; where they them unmercifully
'Then, those of Brute's great blood, of Armo-
'rick possest,
'Extremely griev'd to see their kinsmen so dis-
'Us offer'd to relieve, or else with us to dy:
'We, after, to requite their noble courtesy,
'Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends
'again,
'In wedlock to be linkt with them of Brute's high
'That none with Brute's great blood, but Bri-
'tons might be mixt:
'Such friendship ever was the stock of Troy be-
'twixt.
'Out of whose ancient race, that warlike Ar-
'thur sprung;
'Whose most renowned acts shall sounded be
'as long
'As Britain's name is known: which spred them-
'selves so wide,
'As scarcely hath for fame left any roomth beside.
'My Wales, then hold thine own, and let thy
'Britons stand
'Upon their right, to be the noblest of the land.
'Think how much better 'tis, for thee, and those
'of thine,
'From gods, and heroes old to draw your famous
'§ Than from the Scythian poor; whence they
'themselves derive,
'Whose multitudes did first you to the moun-
'tains drive.
Nor let the spacious mound of that great Mer-
'cian king
'Into a lesser roomth thy burlinesse to bring)
'Include thee; when myself, and my dear bro-
'ther (s) Dee,
'By nature were the bounds first limited to thee.'
Scarce ended she her speech, but those great
mountains near,
Upon the Cambrian part that all for Brutus were,
With her high truths inflam'd, look'd every one
about
To find their several springs; and bade them get
them out,
And in their fulness wait upon their sovereign flood,
In Britons ancient right so bravely that had stood.
When first the furious Team, that on the Cam-
brian side
Doth Shropshire as a mear from Hereford divide,
As worthiest of the rest; so worthily doth crave
That of those lesser brooks the leading she might
have;
The first of which is Clun, that to her mistress
came:
Which of a (t) forest born that bears her proper
name,
Unto the Golden Vale and anciently ally'd,
Of every thing of both sufficiently supply'd,
The longer that she grows, the more renown doth
win:
And for her greater state, next Bradfield bringeth in,
Which to her wider banks resigns a weaker stream.
When fiercely making forth, the strong and
lusty Team
A friendly forest-nymph (nam'd Mocktry) doth
embrace,
Herself that bravely bears; 'twixt whom and
Bringwood-chase,
Her banks with many a wreath are curiously be-
deckt,
And in their safer shades they long time her
protect.
Then takes she Oney in, and forth from them
doth fling:
When to her further aid, next Bow, and Warren,
bring
Clear Quenny; by the way, which Stradbrook up
doth take:
By whose united powers, their Team they migh-
tier make;
Which in her lively course to Ludlow comes at last,
Where Corve into her stream herself doth head-
long cast:
With due attendance next, come Ledwich and the
Rhea.
Then speeding her, as though sent post unto the
sea,

(r) Jerusalem.

(s) The ancient bounds of Wales. (t) Clun Forest.

Her native Shropſhire leaves, and bids thoſe towns adieu,
Her only ſovereign queen, proud Severn to purſue.
When at her going out, thoſe mountains of command
(The Clees, like loving twins, and Stitterſton that ſtand)
Tranſ-ſeverned, behold fair England tow'rds the riſe, [lies.
And on their ſetting ſide, how ancient Cambria
Then Stipperton a hill, though not of ſuch renown [down,
As many that are ſet here tow'rds the going
To thoſe his own allies, that ſtood not far away,
Thus in behalf of Wales directly ſeem'd to ſay;
'Dear Corndon, my delight, as thou art lov'd 'of me, [to be,
'And Breeden, as thou hop'ſt a Briton thought
'To Cortock ſtrongly cleave, as to our ancient 'friend, [lend.
'And all our utmoſt ſtrength to Cambria let us
'For though that envious time injuriouſly have 'wrung [long,
'From us, thoſe proper names did firſt to us be-
'Yet for our country ſtill, ſtout mountains let us 'ſtand.' [hand,
Here. every neighbouring hill held up a willing
As freely to applaud what Stipperſton decreed:
And Hockſtow, when ſhe heard the mountains thus proceed,
With echoes from her woods, her inward joys expreſt,
To hear that hill ſhe lov'd, which likewiſe lov'd her beſt,
Should in the right of Wales, his neighbouring mountains ſtir, [prefer:
So to advance that place which might them both
That ſhe from open ſhouts could ſcarce herſelf refrain. [tain,
When ſoon thoſe other rills to Severn which re-
And tended not on Team, thus of themſelves do ſhow
The ſervice that to her they abſolutely owe.
Firſt Camlet cometh in, a Montgomerian maid,
Her ſource in Severn's banks that ſafely having laid,
Mele, her great miſtreſs next at Shrewſbury doth meet, [greet;
To ſee with what a grace ſhe that fair town doth
Into what ſundry gyres her wondered ſelf ſhe throws,
And oft iniſles the ſhore, as wantonly ſhe flows;
Of it oft taking leave, oft turns, it to embrace;
As though ſhe only were enamour'd of that place,
Her fore-intended courſe determined to leave,
And to that moſt-lov'd town eternally to cleave:
With much ado at length, yet bidding it adieu,
Her journey towards the ſea doth ſeriouſly purſue.
Where, as along the ſhores ſhe proſperouſly doth ſweep,
Small Marbrook maketh in, to her enticing deep.
And as ſhe lends her eye to (*u*) Bruge's lofty ſight,
That foreſt-nymph Mildmorff doth kindly her invite [make:
To ſee within her ſhade what paſtime ſhe could
Where ſhe, of Shropſhire; I my leave of Severn take.

(*u*) Bruge-north.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

STILL are you in the Welſh march, and the Chorography of this ſong includes itſelf, for the moſt, within Shropſhire's part over Severn.

That all without the mound that Mercian Offa caſt.

Of the Marches in general you have to the next before. The (*a*) particular bounds have been certain parts of Dee, Wye, Severn, and Offa's dike. The ancienteſt is Severn, but a later is obſerved in a right line from (*b*) Strigoil caſtle upon Wye, to Cheſter upon Dee, which was ſo naturally a mere between theſe two countries Wales and England, that by apparent change of its channel towards either ſide ſuperſtitious judgment was uſed to be given of ſucceſs in the following years battles of both nations; whence perhaps came it to be called Holy Dee, as the author alſo often uſes. Betwixt the mouths of Dee and Wye in this line (almoſt an hundred miles long) was that Offa's dike caſt, after ſuch time as he had beſides his before-poſſeſt Mercland, acquired by conqueſt even almoſt what is now England. King Harold (*c*) made a law, that whatſoever Welſh tranſcended this dike with any kind of weapon, ſhould have, upon apprehenſion, his right hand

(*a*) Caradoc Lhancarvan in Conan Tindaethwy. Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 11. & Deſcript. cap. 19.
(*b*) By Chepſtow in Monmouth. *Claudb-Offa.* See to the tenth ſong for Die. An. D,CC,LXXX.
(*c*) Higden. in Polychronic. 1. cap. 43.

cut off; Athelſtan after the conqueſt of Howel Dha king of Wales made Wye limit of North Wales, as in regard of his chief territory of Weſt Saxony (ſo affirms Malmeſbury) which well underſtood impugns the opinion received for Wye's being a general mere inſtituted by him, and withal ſhews you how to mend the monk's publiſhed text, where you read (*d*) *Ludwalum regem omnium Wallenſium, & Conſtantinum regem Scotorum cedere regnis compulit.* For plainly this Ludwal (by whom he means Howal Dha, in other chronicles called Huwal) in Athelſtan's life time was not king of all Wales, but only of the South and Weſtern parts with Powis, his couſin Edwal Voel then having North Wales; twixt which and the part of Howel conquered, this limit was proper to diſtinguiſh. Therefore either read *Occidentalium Wallenſium* (for in Florence of Worceſter and Roger of Hoveden that paſſage is with *Occidentalium Britonnum*) or elſe believe that Malmeſbury miſtook Howel to be in Athelſtan's time, as he was after his death, ſole prince of all Wales. In this conjecture I had aid from Lhancarvan's hiſtory, which in the ſame page (as learned Lhuid's edition in Engliſh is) ſays, that Athelſtan made the river (*g*) Cambia the frontier towards Cornwal: but there, in requital, I correct him, and read Tambra, *i. e.* Tamar, dividing Devonſhire and Cornwal; as Malmeſbury hath it expreſsly, and the matter ſelf enough perſuades.

Who drave the Giants hence, that of the earth were bred.

Somewhat of the giants to the firſt ſong; fabulouſly ſuppoſed begotten by ſpirits upon Diocletian's or Danaus's daughters. But here the author aptly terms them bred of the earth, both for that the antiquities of the Gentiles made the firſt inhabitants of moſt countries as produced of the ſoil, calling them Aborigines and Αυτόχθονες, as alſo for imitation of thoſe epithets of Γηγενεῖς, and (*h*) Πηλογόνοι among the Grecks, *Terræ filij* among the Latins, the very name of giants being thence derived,

(*k*) Οὐνεκα γῆς ἐγίνοντο καὶ αἰμαλίης Ουρανοῖο.

Which miſconceit I ſhall think abuſed the heathen upon their ill underſtanding of Adam's creation (*l*) and allegoric greatneſs, touched before out of Jewiſh fiction.

Her Albanact; for aid, and to the Scythian cleave.

Britain's tripartite diviſion by Brute's three ſons, Logrin, Camber and Albanact, whence all beyond Severn was ſtiled Cambria, the now England Loegria, and Scotland Albania, is here ſhewed you: which I admit, but as the reſt of that nature, upon credit of our ſuſpected ſtories followed with ſufficient juſtification by the muſe; alluding here to that opinion which deduces the Scots and their names from the Scythians. Arguments of this likelihood have you largely in our moſt excellent antiquary. I only add, that by tradition of the Scythians themſelves, they had very anciently a general name, titling them (*m*) Scolots (ſoon contracted into Scots) whereas the Grecians called the northern all (*n*) Scythians, perhaps the original of that name being from Shooting; for which they were eſpecially through the world famous, as you may ſee in moſt paſſages of their name in old poets; and that Lucian's title of Toxaris, is, as if you ſhould ſay, an Archer. For the word *ſhoot* being at firſt of the Teutonic (which was very likely diſperſt largely in the northern parts) anciently was written nearer *Schyth*, as among other teſtimonies, the name of (*o*) *Scyte fingef*, i. e. the ſhooting finger, for the fore finger among our (*p*) Saxons.

Three hundred years before Rome's great foundation laid.

Take this with latitude: for between Æneas Sylvius king of the Latins, under whoſe time Brute is placed, to Numitor, in whoſe ſecond year Rome was built, intercedes above three hundred and forty, and with ſuch difference underſtand the thouſand until Cæſar.

And long before borne arms againſt the barbarous Hun.

Our ſtories tell you of Humber king of Huns (a people that being Scythian, lived about thoſe (*q*) parts which you now call *Mar delle Zabach*) his attempt and victory againſt Albanact, conflict with Logrin, and death in this river, from whence they will the name. Diſtance of his country, and the unlikely relation weakens my hiſtorical faith. Obſerve you alſo the firſt tranſmigration of the Huns, mentioned by Procopius, Agathias, others, and you will think this very different from truth. And well could I think by conjecture (with a great (*r*) antiquary) that the name was firſt (or thence derived) (*s*) *Aabren* or *Aber*, which in Britiſh, as appears by the names Abergevenni,

(*d*) He compelled Ludwal king of all Wales, and Conſtantine king of Scots to leave their crowns. Emendatio hiſtoriæ Malmeſburienſis lib. 2. cap. 6.

(*g*) Cambalan or Camel.

(*h*) Callimach. in hymn. Jovis.

(*k*) Becauſe they were bred of earth, and the dew of heaven. Orpheus ap. Nat. Com. Mythолog. 6. cap. 21.

(*l*) אדמם terra

(*m*) Herodot. Melpomene δ.

(*n*) Ephor. ap. Strab. α.

(*o*) In τῷ Scyræ, forſan reliquiæ vocabuli i. e. Arcus, & punctorum variatione, Sagittarius. v. Garopium Beccefelan. 8. ſive Amazonic.

(*p*) Alured. leg. cap. 40.

(*q*) Agathias lib. ο. Mæotidis Palus.

(*r*) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Hull.

(*s*) Abus dictum iſthoc æſtuarium Ptolemeo.

Abertewi, Aberhodni, ſignifying the fall of the river Gevenni, Tewi, Rhodni, is as much as a (*t*) River's mouth in Engliſh, and fits itſelf ſpecially, in that moſt of the Yorkſhire rivers here caſt themſelves into one confluence for the ocean. Thus perhaps was Severn firſt Hafren, and not from the maid there drowned, as you have before; but for that, this no place.

To Stamford in this iſle ſeem'd Athens to transfer.

Look to the third ſong for more of Bladud and his baths. Some teſtimony (*u*) is, that he went to Athens, brought thence with him four philoſophers, and inſtituted by them a univerſity at Stamford in Lincolnſhire; but, of any perſuading credit I find none. Only of later time, that profeſſion of learning was there, authority is frequent. For when through diſcording parts among the ſcholars (reigning Edward III.) a diviſion in Oxford was into the Northern and Southern faction, the Northern (before under Henry III. alſo was the like to Northampton) made ſeceſſion to this Stamford, and there profeſt, until upon humble ſuit by Robert of Stratford, chancellor of Oxford, the king (*x*) by edict, and his own preſence, prohibited them; whence, afterward, alſo was that oath taken by Oxford graduats, that they ſhould not profeſs at Stamford. White of Baſingſtoke otherwiſe gueſſes at the cauſe uf this difference, making it the Pelagian hereſy, and of more ancient time, but erroneouſly. Unto this refer that ſuppoſed propheſy of Merlin:

Doctrinæ ſtudium quod nunc viget ad (*y*) *vada Boum,*
Ante finem ſecli celebrabitur ad (*z*) *vada Saxi.*

Which you ſhall have Engliſhed in that ſolemnized marriage of Thames and Medway, by a moſt admired (*a*) Muſe of our nation, thus with advantage:

And after him the fatal Welland went,
That, if old ſaws prove true (which God forbid)
Shall drown all (*b*) *Hollund with his excrement,*
And ſhall ſee Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then ſhine in learning more than ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beams.

Nor can you apply this, but to much younger time than Bladud's reign.

As be thoſe four proud ſtreets began.

Of them you ſhall have better declaration to the ſixteenth ſong.

There balancing his ſword againſt her baſer gold.

In that ſtory, of Brennus and his Gauls taking Rome, is affirmed, that by ſenatory authority P. Sulpitius (as a tribune) was committee to tranſact with the enemy for leaving the Roman territory: the price was agreed (*c*) four hundred pound of gold; unjuſt weights were offered by the Gauls, which Sulpitius diſliking, ſo far were thoſe inſolent conquerors from mitigation of their oppreſſing purpoſe, that (as for them all) Brennus to the firſt injuſtice of the balance, added the poize of his ſword alſo; whence, upon a murmuring complaint among the Romans, crying (*d*) *Væ victis*, came that to be a proverb applied to the conquered.

Againſt the Delphian power yet ſhak'd his ireful ſword.

Like liberty as others, takes the author in affirming that Brennus, which was general to the Gauls in taking Rome, to be the ſame which overcame Greece, and aſſaulted the oracle. But the truth of ſtory ſtands thus: Rome was afflicted by one Brennus about the year (*e*) three hundred and ſixty after the building, when the Gauls had ſuch a Cadmeian victory of it, that fortune converted by martial opportunity, they were at laſt by Camillus ſo put to the ſword, that a reporter of the ſlaughter was not left, as Livy and Plutarch (not impugned by Polybius, as Polydore hath miſtaken) tell us. (*f*) About ex years after, were tripartite excurſions of the Gauls; of an army under Cerethrius into Thrace; of the like under Belgius or Bolgius into Macedon and Illyricum; of another under Brennus and Acichorius into Pannonia. What ſucceſs Belgius had with Ptolemy, ſurnamed (*g*) Κέραυνος, is diſcovered in the ſame (*b*) authors which relate to us Brennius his waſting of Greece, with his violent, but ſomewhat voluntary, death; but part of the army, either divided by mutiny, or left, after Apollo's revenge, betook them to habitation in Thrace about the now Conſtantinople, where firſt under their king Comontorius (as Polybius, but Livy ſaith under Lutatius and Lomnorius, which name perhaps you might correct by Polybius) they ruled their neighbouring ſtates with impoſition of tribute, and at laſt growing too populous, ſent (as

(*t*) Girald, Itinerar. cap. 2. & 4.
(*u*) Merlin. apud Hard. cap. 25. ex iiſdem & Balæus.
(*x*) Jo. Cai. antiq. Cant. 2. Br. Tuin. lib. 3. apolog. Oxon. §. 115. & ſeq.
(*y*) Oxenford. (*z*) Staneford.
(*a*) Spenſ. Faery Queen. lib. 4. Cant. 11. Stanz. 35.
(*b*) The maritime part of Lincolnſhire, where, Welland a river.
(*c*) Liv. dec. lib. 5. Plutarch. in Camillo.
(*d*) Wo to the conquered. v. vero Stephan. Forcatulum lib. 2. de Gall. philoſoph. qui hæc inter examinandum fœdè, aſt cum alijs, in hiſtoriâ ipſâ lapſus eſt.
(*e*) Halicarnaſſ. ἀρχ. a. Liv. 5.
(*f*) V. Jo. Priſ. defenſ. hiſt. Brit. qui nimium hic errore involutus.
(*g*) Thunderbolt.
(*b*) Pauſanias in Phocic.

it ſeems) thoſe colonies into Aſia, which in (*i*) Gallograecia left ſufficient ſteps of their ancient names. My compared claſſic (*k*) authors will juſtify as much; nor ſcarce find I material oppoſition among them in any particulars; only Trogus, epitomized by Juſtin, is therein, by confuſion of time and actions, ſomewhat abuſed; which hath cauſed that error of thoſe which take hiſtorical liberty (poetical is allowable) to affirm Brennius which ſackt Rome, and him, that died at Delphos, the ſame. Examination of time makes it apparently falſe; nor indeed doth the Britiſh chronology endure our Brennus to be either of them, as Polydore and Buchanan have obſerved. But want of the Britiſh name moves nothing againſt it; ſeeing the people of this weſtern part were all, until a good time after thoſe wars, ſtiled by the name of Gauls or Celts; and thoſe which would have ranſackt the oracle are ſaid by Callimachus to have come

——— (*l*) ἀφ' Ἑσπέρυ ἰσχάτοωντος;

Which as well fits us as Gaul. And thus much alſo obſerve, that thoſe names of Brennus and Belinus, being of great note, both in ſignification and perſonal eminency; and, likely enough, there being many of the ſame name in Gaul and Britain, in ſeveral ages ſuch identity made confuſion in ſtory. For the firſt in this relation appears what variety was of it; as alſo *Hrenbin* and *Brennin* in the Britiſh are but ſignificant words for king; and peradventure almoſt as ordinary a name among theſe weſterns, as Pharaoh and Ptolemy in Ægypt, Agag among the Amalekites, Arſaces, Nicomedes, Alevada, Sophi, Cæſar, Oiſcing, among the Parthians, Bithynians, Theſſalians, Perſians, Romans, and our Kentiſh kings, which the courſe of hiſtory ſhews you. For the other, you may ſee it uſual in names of their old kings, as Caſſi-belin in Cæſar, Cuno-belin and Cym-belin in Tacitus, and Dio, and perhaps Cam-bauſes in Pauſanius, and Belin (whoſe ſteps ſeem to be in (*m*) Abellius a Gauliſh and Bela-tucadre a Britiſh god (was the name among them of a worſhipt idol, as appears in Auſonius; and the ſame with Apollo, which alſo by a moſt ancient Britiſh coin, ſtampt with Apollo, playing on his harp, circumſcribed with Cuno-belin, is ſhewed to have been expreſly among the Britons. Although I know, according to their uſe, it might be added to Cuno (which was the firſt part of many of their regal names, as you ſee in Cuneglas, Cyngetorix, Congolitan, and others) to make a ſignificant word, as if you ſhould ſay, the yellow king; for Belin in Britiſh is yellow. But ſeeing the very name of their Apollo ſo well fitted with that colour, (*n*) which to Apollo is commonly attributed (and obſerve that their names had uſually ſome note of colour in them, by reaſon of their cuſtom of painting themſelves) I ſuppoſe they took it as a fortunate concurrence to bear an honoured deity in their title, as we ſee in the names of Merodach and Eril Merodach among the Babylonian kings from Meroduch (*o*) one of their falſe gods; and like examples may be found among the old emperors. Obſerve alſo that in Britiſh genealogies, they aſcend always to Belin the great (which is ſuppoſed Heli; father to Lud and Caſſi-belin) as you ſee to the fourth ſong; and here might you compare that of Hel (*p*) in the Punic tongue, ſignifying Phœbus, and turned into Belus: but I will not therewith trouble you. Howſoever, by this I am perſuaded (whenſoever the time were of our Belinus) that Bolgius in Pauſanius, and Belgius in Juſtin were miſtook for Belinus, as perhaps alſo Prauſus in Strabo (ϖ ſupplying (*q*) oftentimes the room of ϐ.) generated of Brennus corrupted. In the ſtory I dare follow none of the modern erroneouſly tranſcribing relators or ſeeming correctors, but have, as I might, took it from the beſt ſelf-fountains, and only upon them, for trial, I put myſelf.

———*whence Cymbrica it took.*

That northern promontory now Jutland, part of the Daniſh kingdom, is called in geographers Cymbrica Cherſoneſus from name of the people inhabiting it. And thoſe which will the Cymbrians, Cambrians, or Cumrians from Camber, may with good reaſon of conſequence imagine that the name of this Cherſoneſe is thence alſo, as the author here, by liberty of his muſe. But if, with Goropius, Camden, and other their followers, you come nearer truth and derive them from (*r*) Gomer, ſon to Japhet, who, with his poſterity, had the north-weſtern part of the world; then ſhall you ſet, as it were, the accent upon Cherſoneſe, giving the more ſignificant note

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(*i*) Strab. lib ιβ.

(*k*) Polyb. l. a. b. d. &. t. & Liv. dec. 1. lib. 5. dec. 4. lib. 8. Strab. t. Pauſan, Phocic. 1. Appian. Illyric. Juſtin. lib. 24. & 25. Plutarch. Camillo. Cætrum pleriſque Delphis injecta a Phœbo grandine peremptis, qui fuerunt reliquos io Ægyptum conductos ſub ſtipendijs Ptolemæi Philadelphi meruiſſe ait vetus Scholiaſtes Græc. ad hymn. Callimach. in Delum.

(*l*) From the utmoſt weſt.

(*m*) Vet. Inſcript. in Cumbria, & apud Joſ. Scalig. ad Auſon. l. 1. cap. 9. & V. Rhodigini lib. 17. cap. 28. Flura de Belmo, ſive Belæno, i. Apollioe Gallico Pet. Pithæus adverſ. ſubſecc. lib. 1. cap. 3. qui Belenum παρὰ τὸ Ἑκηβόλος Phœb. epitheton autumat. vid. notas Camd. ad Numiſtrata. & Nos ad Cant. IX.

(*n*) Ξανθὸς Ἀπόλλων.

(*o*) Jerom cap. 50.

(*p*) Cæl. Rhod. Antiq. Lect. 1 cap. 6.

(*q*) Euſtach. ad Dionyſ. ϖερηγ; *uti* Αμπραξ, αντι τῦ Αμβραξ, & Νῦτοι Πρετωνικαι ἀντι τῦ Βρεταννικαι.

(*r*) Tranſmutation of *G.* into *C.* was, anciently, often and eaſy, as Lipſius ſhews, lib. de pronunciat. ling. Latin. cap. 13.

of the country; the name of Cymbrians, Cimmerians, Cambrians, and Cumrians, all as one in ſubſtance being very comprehenſive (*s*) in theſe climates; and perhaps, becauſe this promontory lay out ſo far, under near ſixty degrees latitude (almoſt at the utmoſt of Ptolemy's geography) and ſo had the firſt winter days no longer than between five and ſix hours, therein ſomewhat (and more than other neighhouring parts of that people, having no particular name) agreeing with Homer's attribute of (*t*) darkneſs to the Cimmerians, it had more ſpecially this title.

To wiſe Molmutius' laws her Martian firſt did frame.

Particulars of Molmutius's laws, of church-liberty, freedom of ways, huſbandry, and divers other are in the Britiſh ſtory, affirming alſo that queen Martia made a book of laws, tranſlated afterward, and titled by king Alfred *Mercenlage*. Indeed it appears that there were three ſorts of (*u*) laws, in the Saxon heptarchy, *Mercan-lage*, *Dan-lage Weſtſaxen-lage*, i. e. the Mercien, Daniſh, and Weſt Saxon law; all which three had their ſeveral territories, and were in divers things compiled into one volume by (*x*) Cnut. and examined in that Norman conſtitution of their new commonwealth. But as the Daniſh and Weſt Saxon had their name from particular people; ſo it ſeems, had the Mercian from that kingdom of Mercland, limited with the Lancaſhire river Merſey toward Northumberland, and joining to Wales, having either from the river that name, or elſe from the word (*y*) *Marc*, becauſe it bounded upon moſt of the other kingdoms; as you may ſee to the eleventh ſong.

——in whoſe eternal name,
Great London ſtill ſhall live——

King Lud's re-edifying Troynovant (firſt built by Brute) and thence leaving the name of Caer Lud, afterward turned (as they ſay) into London, is not unknown, ſcarce to any that hath but lookt on Ludgate's inner frontiſpiece; and in old (*z*) rhimes thus I have it expreſt:

Walls (*a*) *be lete make al aboute, and yates up and doun.*
And after Lud *that was is name be clupede it* Lud's town.
The herte yate of the toun that yut ſtout there, and is,
He let hit clupie Ludgate *after is own name iwis.*
He let him tho he was ded bury at thulke yate,
Therefere yut after him me clupoth it Ludgate.
The toun me clupeth that is wide couth,
And now me clupeth it London, *that is lighter in the mouth.*
And new Troy *it het ere, and now it is ſo ago,*
That London *it is now icluped and worth ever mo.*

Judicious reformers of fabulous report I know have more ſerious derivations of the name: and ſeeing conjecture is free, I could imagine it might be called at firſt *Lhan Dien*, i. e. the temple of Diana, as *Lhan Dewi*, *Lhan Stephan*, *Lhan Padern Daawr*, *Lan Dair*; i. e. St. Dewy's, St. Stephan's, St. Patern the great, St. Mary; and Verulam is by H. Luid derived from *Der-lhan*, i. e. the church upon the river Ver, with divers more ſuch places in Wales: and ſo afterward by ſtrangers turned into Londinium, and the like. For, that Diana and her brother Apollo (under name of Belin) were two great deities among the Britons, what is read next before, Cæſar's teſtimony of the Gauls; and that ſhe had her temple there where Paul's is, relation in Camden diſcloſes to you. Now, that the antique courſe was to title their cities oftentimes by the name of their power adored in them, is plain by Beth-el among the Hebrews, Heliopolis (which in holy writ is (*c*) called בית שמש) in Ægypt, and the ſame in Greece, Phœnicia, elſewhere; and by Athens named from Minerva. But eſpecially from this ſuppoſed deity of Diana (whom in ſubſtance Homer no leſs gives the epithet of (*d*) Ἐρυσίπτολις than to Pallas) have divers had their titles; as Artemiſium in Italy, and Eubœa, and that Buballis in Ægypt, ſo called from the ſame word, ſignifying in Ægyptian, both a cat and Diana.

Thoſe armed ſtakes in Thames——

He means that which now we call Coway-ſtakes by Otelands, where only the Thames being without boat paſſable, the Britons fixt both on the bank of their ſide, and in the water (*e*) ſharp ſtakes, to prevent the Romans coming over, but in vain, as the ſtories tell you.

And more than Cæſar got, three Emperors could not win.

Underſtand not that they were reſiſted by the Britons, but that the three ſucceſſors of Julius, *i. e.* Auguſtus, Tiberius, and Caligula, never ſo much as with force attempted the iſle, although the laſt after king Cunobelin's ſon Adminius his traiterous revolting to him, in a ſeeming martial vehemency made (*f*) all arm to the Britiſh voyage, but ſuddenly on the German ſhore,

(*s*) Plutarch, in Mario & Herod. lib. δ
(*t*) Odyſſ. λ. Περὶ καὶ νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένοι——
(*u*) Look to the eleventh ſong.
(*x*) Gervaſ. Tilburienſis de Scaccario.
(*y*) A limit or bound.
(*z*) Rob. Gloceſtrenſ.
(*a*) But it is affirmed that K. Coll's daughter, mother to Conſtantine the great, walled this firſt, and Colcheſter alſo. Huntingdon. lib. 1. & Simon Dunelmenſ. ap Scow. in notitia Lond. I ſhall preſently ſpeak of her alſo.
(*c*) Jerom. cap. 43. com. ult.
(*d*) Patron of cities, v. Homer. ad Dian. Stephan. περὶ π. λ. in Βυβάς. Herodot. lib. β.
(*e*) Bed. lib. 1. cap. 2.
(*f*) Suet. lib. 4. cap. 44. & 46. & Dio. Caſſius.

(where he then was) like himſelf, turned the deſign to a jeſt, and commanded the army to gather cockles.

Came with his body naked, his hair down to his waiſt.

In this Caradoc (being the ſame which at large you have in Tacitus and Dio, under name of Caratacus and Cataracus, and is by ſome Scottiſh hiſtorians drawn much too far northward) the author expreſſes the ancient form of a Briton's habit. Yet I think not that they were all naked, but, as is affirmed (*g*) of the Gauls, down only to the navel; ſo that on the diſcovered part might be ſeen (to the terror of their enemies) thoſe pictures of beaſts, with which (*h*) they painted themſelves. It is juſtifiable by Cæſar, that they uſed to ſhave all except their head and upper lip, and wore very long hair; but in their old coins I ſee no ſuch thing warranted: and in later (*i*) times, about four hundred years ſince, it is eſpecially attributed to them that they always cut their heads cloſe for avoiding Abſalom's misfortune.

The colony long kept at Maldon———

Old hiſtorians and geographers call this Camalodunum, which ſome (*k*) have abſurdly thought to be Camelot in the Scottiſh ſheriffdom of Stirling, others have ſought it elſewhere: but the Engliſh light of antiquity (Camden) hath ſurely found it at this Maldon in Eſſex, where was a Romiſh colony, as alſo at (*l*) Gloceſter, Cheſter, York, and perhaps at Colcheſter, which proves expreſsly (againſt vulgar allowance) that there was a time when in the chiefeſt parts of this ſouthern Britany the Roman laws were uſed, as every one that knows the meaning of a colony (which had all their rights and inſtitutions deduced with it) muſt confeſs. This was deſtroyed upon diſcontentment taken by the Icens and Trinobants (now Norfolk, Suffolk, Middleſex, and Eſſex men) for intolerable wrongs done to the wife and poſterity of Praſutagus king of the Icens by the (*m*) Romans, which the king (as others in like form) thought, but vainly, to have prevented by inſtituting Nera, then emperor, his heir. The ſigns, which the author ſpeaks of, were, a ſtrange, and, as it were, voluntary falling down of the goddeſs Victory's ſtatue, erected by the Romans here; women, as diſtracted, ſinging their overthrow; the ocean looking bloody; uncouth howlings in their aſſemblies, and ſuch like. Petilius Cerealis, lieutenant of the ninth legion, coming to aid, loſt all his footmen, and betook himſelf with the reſt to his fortified tents. But for this read the hiſtory.

By poiſon end her days.———

So Tacitus; but Dio, that ſhe died of ſickneſs. Her name is written diverſely Voadicia, Boodicia, Bunduica and Boudicea: ſhe was wife to Praſutagus, of whom laſt before.

A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred.

Every ſtory, of the declining Britiſh ſtate, will tell you what miſeries were endured by the hoſtile irruptions of Scots and Picts into the ſouthern part. For the paſſage here of them, know, that the Scottiſh ſtories, which begin their continued monarchic government at Ferguze, affirm the § Picts (from the Scythian territories) to have arrived in the now Jutland, and thence paſſed into Scotland ſome two hundred and fifty years after the Scots firſt entering Britain, which was, by account, about eighty years before our Saviour's birth, and thence continued theſe a ſtate by themſelves, until King Kenneth about eight hundred and forty years after Chriſt utterly ſupplanted them. Others, as Bede and his followers, make them elder in the iſle than the Scots, and fetch them out of Ireland; the Britiſh ſtory (that all may be diſcords) ſays, they entered Albania under conduct of one Roderick their king (for ſo you muſt read in (*r*) Monmouth, and not Londric, as the print in that and much other miſtakes) and were valiantly oppoſed by Marius then king of Britons, Roderick ſlain, and Caithneſs given them for habitation. This Marius is placed with Veſpaſian, and the groſs differences of time make all ſuſpicious; ſo that you may as well believe none of them, as any one. Rather adhere to learned Camden, making the Picts very genuine Britons, diſtinguiſhed only by accidental name, as in him you may ſee more largely.

Arviragus of ours firſt taking to protect.

His marriage with (I know not what) Geniſſa, daughter to Claudius, the habitude of friendſhip betwixt Rome and him, after compoſition with Veſpaſian then, under the emperor, employed in the Britiſh war, the common ſtory relates. This

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(*g*) Polyb. hiſt. 7.

(*h*) Solin. polyhiſt. c. 35.

(*i*) Girald. de ſcript. c. 10.

(*k*) Hect. Boët. lib. 3.

(*l*) Antiq. Inſcript. Lapidæ & Numm. Vid. Forteſcut. de laud. lig. Ang. cap. 17. & Vit. Baſingſtoch. lib. 4. not. 36.

(*m*) Agellius l. 16. cap. 13. Tacit. an. 14. Dio lib. ξ.

§ Pictorum in Britannia (potius Pictomum, ita n. legitur) primus meminit Romanorum Panegyriſtes ille inter alios, qui Conſtantinum encomijs adloquitur, & ſi placet adeos Humfred, Lhuid. Brev. Brit. and Buchanan. lib. 2. rer. Scotic. aut Camdeni Scotos & Pictos. Rob. Gloceſtrenſi dicuntur *Picars*.

(*r*) Galfridus Monumeth. correctus, & ibidem vice τῦ Maeſmarius lege Veſtmaria.

is Armitagus, which Juvenal (*s*) ſpeaks of. Polydore refers him to Nero's time, others rightly to Domitian, becauſe indeed the Poet (*t*) then flouriſhed. That fabulous Hector Boetius makes him the ſame with Phaſviragus, as he calls him, in Tacitus; he means Praſutagus, having miſread Tacitus his copy.

This happineſs we have, Chriſt crucify'd to know.

Near an hundred eighty years after Chriſt (the chronology of Bede herein is plainly falſe, and obſerve what I told you of that kind to the fourth this ſong) Lucius, upon requeſt to pope Eleutherius, received at the hands of (*u*) Fugatius and Damianus, holy baptiſm; yet ſo, that by Joſeph of Arimathea (of whom to the third ſong) ſeeds of true religion were here before ſown: by ſome I find it (*x*) without warrant, affirmed that he converted Arviragus,

And gave him then a ſhilde *of ſilver* white,
A Croſs *endlong and overthwart full perfect,*
Theſe arms were uſed through all Britain
For a common ſign each man to know his nation
From enemies, which now we call certain,
St. George's arms———

But thus much collect, that, although until Lucius we had not a chriſtian king (for you may well ſuſpect, rather deny, for want of better authority, this of Arviragus) yet (unleſs you believe the tradition of Gundafer king of Indy, (*y*) converted by St. Thomas, or Abagar (*z*) king of Edeſſa, to whom thoſe letters written, as is ſuppoſed, by our Saviour's own hand, kept as a precious relic in (*a*) Conſtantinople until the emperor Iſaacius Angelus, as my authors ſay, were ſent) it is apparent that this iſland had the firſt chriſtian king in the world, and clearly in Europe, ſo that you cite not Tiberius his private ſeeming chriſtianity (which is obſerved out of (*b*) Tertullian) even in whoſe time alſo Gildas affirms, Britain was comforted with wholeſome beams of religious light. Not much different from this age was Donald firſt Chriſtian king of the Scots; ſo that if priority of time ſwayed it, and not cuſtom (derived from a communicable attribute given by the popes) that name of moſt Chriſtian ſhould better fit our ſovereigns than the French. This Lucius, by help of thoſe two Chriſtian aids, is ſaid to have, in room of three Arch-flamins and twenty eight Flamins (through whoſe doctrine, polluting ſacrifices and idolatry reigned here inſtead of true ſervice) inſtituted three archbiſhoprics at London, York, and Caer-leon upon Uſke, and twenty-eight biſhoprics; of them, all beyond Humber ſubject to York; all the now Wales to Caer-leon; to London, the now England with Cornwal. And ſo alſo was the cuſtom in other countries, even grounded upon St. Peter's own command, to make ſubſtitution of archbiſhops or patriarchs to arch-flamins, and biſhops to flamins, if you believe a (*c*) pope's aſſertion. For York, there is now a metropolitan ſee; Caerleon had ſo until the change ſpoken of to the fifth ſong. And London, the cathedral church being at St. Peter's in Cornhil, until tranſlation of the pall (*d*) to Canterbury by Auguſtine, ſent hither by Gregory the firſt, under king Ethelbert, according to a propheſy of Merlin, that Chriſtianity ſhould fail, and then revive when the ſee of London did adorn Canterbury, as, after coming of the Saxons, it did. This moved that ambitious Gilbert of Folioth biſhop of London to challenge the primacy of England; for which he is bitterly taxed by a great (*e*) clerk of the ſame time. If I add to the Britiſh glory that this Lucius was cauſe of like converſion in Bavaria and Rhetia, I ſhould out of my bounds. The learned Mark Velſer, and others, have enough remembered it.

Conſtantin's worthy wife———

That is Helen, wife to Conſtantius or Conſtans Chlorus the emperor, and mother to Conſtantine the great, daughter to Coil king of Britain, where Conſtantine was by her brought forth. Do not object Nicephorus Calliſtus, that erroneouſly affirms him born in Drepanum of Bithynia, or Jul Firmicus (*f*), that ſays at Tarſus, upon which teſtimony (not uncorrupted) a great critic (*g*) hath violently offered to deprive us both of him and his mother, affirming her a Bithynian; nor take advantage of Cedrenus, that will have Dacia his birth ſoil. But our hiſtories, and, with them, the Latin eccleſiaſtic relation (in paſſages of her invention of the croſs and ſuch like) allowed alſo by Cardinal Baronius, make her thus a Britiſh woman. And for great Conſtantine's birth in this land, you ſhall have authority; againſt which I wonder how Lipſius

(*s*) Satyr. 4.
(*t*) Suidas in Juvenali.
(*u*) Theſe names are very differently written.
(*x*) Ex Nennio Harding. cap. 4. 8. Aſt Codices ij, quos conſuluiſſe me Nennij antiquos contigit hujuſce rei parum ſunt memores.
(*y*) Abdias hiſt. Apoſtolic. lib. 9. Euſch. lib. 1. cap. 13.
(*z*) Nicet. Choniat. in Andronic. Cummen. lib. 2.
(*a*) Nicephor. Calliſt. lib. 2. cap. 7. & 8.
(*b*) Diſtinct. 80. c. in illis. Clemens PP.
(*c*) V. Kenulph in Epiſt. ad Leonem PP. apud G. Malmeſh. lib. 1. de reg. & 1. de Pontific. vide Baſingſtoch. hiſt. 9. not. 11.
(*d*) Stow's Survey of London, pag. 479.
(*e*) Joann. Carnotenſ. in Epiſtol. 272.
(*f*) Matheſ. l. 1. cap. 4.
(*g*) Lipſ. de Rom. magnitud. lib. 4. cap. 11. nimium lapſ.

durſt oppoſe his conceit. In an old panegyriſt ſpeaking to Conſtantine: *Liberavit ille* (he means his father) *Britannias ſervitute, tu etiam nobiles illic Oriendo feciſti;* and another, *O fortunata & nunc omnibus beatior terris Britannia, quæ Conſtantinum Cæſarem prima vidiſti!* Theſe might perſuade, that Firmicus were corrupted, ſeeing they lived when they might know as much of this as he. Nicephorus and Cedrenus are of much later time, and deſerve no undoubted credit. But in certain oriental admonitions (*k*) of ſtate (newly publiſhed by John Meurſius profeſſor of Greek ſtory at Leiden) the emperor Conſtantine Porphyrogennetes adviſes his ſon Romanus, that he ſhould not take him a wife of alien blood, becauſe all people diſſonant from the government and manners of the empire by a law of Conſtantine, eſtabliſhed in St. Sophy's church, were prohibited the height of that glory, excepting only the Franks, allowing them this honour, (*l*) ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς τὸν γλησιν ἀπὸ τῶν τοιούτων ἔσχε μερῶν, which might make you imagine him born in Gaul; let it not move you, but obſerve that this Porphyrogennetes lived about ſeven hundred years ſince, when it was (and among the Turks ſtill is) ordinary with theſe Greeks to call (*m*) all (eſpecially the weſtern) Europeans by the name of Franks, as they did themſelves Romans. Why then might not we be comprehended, whoſe name, as Engliſh, they ſcarce, as it ſeems, knew of, calling us (*n*) Inclins; and indeed the indefinite form of ſpeech, in the author I cite, ſhews as if he meant ſome remote place by the Franks, admitting he had intended only but what we now call French. If you can believe one of our countrymen (*o*) that lived about Henry II. he was born in London; others think he was born at York: of that, I determine not. Of this Helen, her religion, finding the croſs, good deeds in walling London and Colcheſter (which in honour of her, they ſay, bears a croſs between four crowns, and for the invention ſhe is yet celebrated in holy-rood day in May) and of this Conſtantine her ſon, a mighty and religious emperor (although I know him taxt for no ſmall faults by eccleſiaſtic writers) that in this air received his firſt light and life, our Britons vaunt not unjuſtly: as in that ſpoken to King Arthur.

How it worth tended that Sibile the ſage ſede bivore,
That there ſhold of Brutain *thre men be ybore*
That ſhold winne the aumpyr of Rome; *of tweye ydo it is,*
As of (*q*) Bely *and* Conſtantine, *and thou art the thredde ywis.*

Againſt the Arrian Sect at Arles having run.

In the ſecond council at Arles in Provence, held under Conſtantine and Sylveſter, is ſubſcribed the name of Reſtitutus biſhop of London, the like reſpectively in other councils ſpoken of by the author. It is not unfit to note here, that in the later time the uſe hath been (when and where Rome's ſupremacy was acknowledged) to ſend always to general councils, out of every Chriſtian ſtate, ſome biſhops, abbots and priors; and I find it affirmed by the clergy under (*r*) Henry II. that, to a general council, only four biſhops are to be ſent out of England. So, by reaſon of this courſe added to ſtate-allowance afterward at home, were thoſe canons received into our law; as of Bigamy in the council of Lions, interpreted by parliament under Edward I. Of pluralities in the council of Lateran, held by Innocent III. reigning our king John; and the law of Lapſe in benefices had ſo its ground from that council of Lateran, in the year eleven hundred ſeventy-nine, under Alexander the third, whether, for our part, were ſent Hugh biſhop of Durham, John biſhop of Norwich, Robert biſhop of Hereford, and Rainold biſhop of Bath, with divers abbots, where the (*s*) canon was made for preſentation within ſix months, and title of Lapſe given to the biſhop in caſe the chapter were patron, from the biſhop to them if he were patron: which although, in that, it be not law with us, nor alſo their difference between a lay (*t*) and eccleſiaſtic patron for number of the months, allowing the layman but four, yet ſhews itſelf certainly to be the original of that cuſtom anciently and now uſed in the ordinary's collation. And hither Henry of Bracton (*u*) refers it expreſsly; by whom you may amend John le Briton, and read Lateran inſtead of Lions about this ſame matter. Your conceit, truly joining theſe things, cannot but perceive that canons and conſtitutions, in popes councils, abſolutely never bound us in other form than, fitting them by the ſquare of Engliſh law and policy, our reverend ſages and baronage allowed and (*x*) interpreted them, who in their formal (*y*) writs

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(*k*) Conſtant. Porphyrog. de adminiſt. imperio, c. 29. Jo. Levinæum ad Panegyric 5. haut moltum hic moramur.

(*l*) Becauſe he was born in their parts.

(*m*) Hiſtor. Orientales paſſim, & Themata Conſtantini, cum ſupra citato libro.

(*n*) Nicet, Choniat. 2. Iſaac, Angel, §. ult. Ιγκλίνοι.

(*o*) G. Steph. de Londino. Baſingſtoch. hiſt. 6. not. 10.

(*q*) Belinus.

(*r*) Roger. Hoved. f. 332.

(*s*) G. Nubr. (cujus edit, (nuperam & Jo. Picardi annotationes conſulus l. 3. & Hovedenus habent ipſas, quæ ſunt Conſtit.

(*t*) Extrav. Conceſſ. præb. c. 2.

(*u*) 6 Decret. tit. jure patronat. §. Verum cum unic.

(*x*) Lib. 4. tract. 2. cap. 6.

(*y*) D. Ed. Coke lib. de jure Regis eccleſiaſtic, Regiſt. Orig. f. 42.

would mention them as law and cuſtom of the kingdom, and not otherwiſe.

Eleven thouſand maids ſent thoſe our friends again.

Our common ſtory affirms, that in time of Gratian the emperor, Conan king of Armorique Britain (which was filled with a colony of this iſle by this Conan and Maximus otherwiſe Maximian that ſlew Gratian) having war with the neighbouring Gauls, deſired of Dinoth regent of Cornwal, or (if you will) of our Britain (by nearneſs of blood ſo to eſtabliſh and continue love in the poſterity of both countries) that he might himſelf match with Dinoth's daughter Urſula, and with her a competent multitude of virgins might be ſent over to furniſh his unwived bachelors: whereupon were eleven thouſand of the nobler blood with Urſula and ſixty thouſand of meaner rank (elected out of divers parts of the kingdom) ſhipt at London for ſatisfaction of this requeſt. In the coaſt of Gaul, they were by tempeſt diſperſt; ſome raviſhed by the ocean; others for ſhaſte denial of their maidenheads to Guaiue and Melga, kiogs of Huns and Picts (whom Gratian had animated againſt Maximus, as uſurping title of the Britiſh monarchy) were miſerably put to the ſword on ſome German coaſt, whither misfortune carried them. But becauſe the author ſlips it over with a touch, you ſhall have it in ſuch old (*z*) verſe as I have.

This maidens were ygadred and to London *come,*
Mani were glad ther of anſt well ſorri ſome
That (b) hii ſſold of londe wende and neu eſt (c) hor frend yſe
And ſome to leſe nor maidenhod wives nor to be.
Tho hii were in ſſipes ydo, and in the ſe ver were
So gret tempeſt ther come that drof hem here and there.
So that the (d) meſtedel adreined were in the ſe
And to other londs ſome ydrive, that ne come never (e) age.
A king there was of Hungry, Guane *was his name,*
And Melga *K. (f)* Picardy *that couthe inou of fame,*
The waters vor to loki aboute the ſe his were
A company of this maydens ſo that hii met there,
To hor folie hii wolde (g) home nime and hor men alſo
Ac the maydens wold rather die than concenty thereto
Tho wende vorth the (h) luther men and the maidens ſſow echone,
So that to the laſſe Brutaine *there ne come aſive none.*

Some lay all this wickedneſs abſurdly (for time endures it not) to Atila's (*i*) charge, who reigned king of Huns about four hundred fifty (above ſixty years after Gratian) and affirm their ſuffering of this (as they call it) martyrdom at Cologne, whither, in at the mouth of Rhine, they were carried; others alſo particularly tell you that there were four companions to Urſula, in greatneſs and honour, their (*k*) names being Pynnoſa, Gordula, Eleutheria, Florentia, and that under theſe were to every of the eleven thouſand one preſident, Iota, Benigna, Clementia, Sapientia, Carpophora, Columba, Benedicta, Odilia, Celyndris, Sibylla and Lucia: and that, cuſtom at Cologne hath excluded all other bodies from the place of their burial. The ſtrange multitude of ſeventy-one thouſand virgins thus to be tranſported, with the difference of time (the moſt excellent note to examine truth of hiſtory by) may make you doubt of the whole report. I will not juſtify it, but only admoniſh thus, that thoſe our old ſtories are in this followed by that great hiſtorian Baronius, allowed by Francis de Bar, White of Baſingſtoke; and before any of them, by that learned abbot Tritemius, beſide the martyrologies, which to the honour of the eleven thouſand have dedicated the eleventh day of our October. But indeed how they can ſtand with what in ſome copies of Nennius (*l*) we read, I cannot ſee: it is there reported, that thoſe Britons which went thither with Maximus (the ſame man and time with the former) took them Gauliſh wives, and cut out their tongues, leſt they ſhould poſſeſs their children of Gauliſh language; whence our Welſh called them afterward (*m*) *Lebir-Midion*, becauſe they ſpake confuſedly. I ſee that yet there is great affinity betwixt the Britiſh Armorique, and the Welſh, the firſt (to give you a taſte) ſaying, *Don tad pehunii ſou en efaou*, the other *En tad yr hwn ydwit yn y nefoedd*, for *our Father which art in heaven;* but I ſuſpect extremely that fabulous tongue-cutting, and would have you, of the two, believe rather the virgins, were it not for the exhorbitant number, and that, againſt infallible credit, our (*n*) hiſtorians mix with it Gratian's ſurviving Maximus; a kind of fault that makes often the very truth doubtful.

That from the Scythian poor, whence they themſelves derive.

He means the Saxons, whoſe name, after learned men, is to the fourth ſong derived from a Scy-

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(*z*) Rob. Gloceſtrenſ.
(*b*) They.
(*c*) Their.
(*d*) Moſt part.
(*e*) Again.
(*f*) Of the Picts.
(*g*) Them take.
(*h*) Lewd.

(*i*) Hector. Boet. Scotic. 7. ex antiquioribus. verum falſi reis.
(*k*) Uſuard, Martyrolog, 2. c. Octob.
(*l*) Sunt enim antiqui Codices quibus hoc merito deeſt, nec. n. ut gloſſemo illud non irreptaſſe, ſentire ſum potis.
(*m*) Half ſilent.
(*n*) Paul. Merul. Coſmog. part. 2. lib. 3. cap 15.

thian nation. It pleaſes the muſe in this paſſage to ſpeak of that original, as mean and unworthy of compariſon with the Trojan Britiſh, drawn out of Jupiter's blood by Venus, Anchiſes, and Æneas; I juſtiſy her phraſe, for that the Scythian was indeed poor, yet voluntarily, not through want, living commonly in field-tents; and (as our Germans in Tacitus) ſo ſtoical, as not to care for the future having proviſion for the preſent, from nature's liberality. But, if it were worth examining, you might find the Scythian as noble and worthy a nation as any read of; and ſuch a one as the Engliſh and others might be as proud to derive themſelves from, as any which do ſearch for their anceſtors glory in Trojan aſhes. If you believe the old report (*o*) of themſelves, then can you not make them leſs than deſcended by Targitaus from Jupiter and Boryſthenes; if what the Greeks, who, as afterward the Romans, accounted and ſtiled all barbarous, except themſelves; then you muſt draw their pedigree through Agathyrſus, Gelonus and Scythia, from Hercules; neither of this have, in this kind, their ſuperior. If among them you deſire learning, remember Zamolxis, Diceneus, and Anacharſis before the reſt. For although to ſome of theſe, other patronymics are given, yet know that anciently (which for the preſent matter obſerve ſeriouſly) as all, ſouthward, were called Ethiopeans, all eaſtward, Indians, all weſt, Celts, ſo all northerns were ſtiled Scythians) as (*p*) Ephorus is author. I could add the honourable allegories, of thoſe their golden yoke, plough, hatchet, and cup ſent from heaven, wittily enough delivered by (*q*) Goropius, with other conjectural teſtimonies of their worth. But I abſtain from ſuch digreſſion.

(*o*) Herodot. Melpom.

(*q*) Amazon, Beccefelam, 8.

(*p*) Apud Strab. l. 2.

POLY-OLBION:

THE NINTH SONG.

The Argument.

The muſe here Merioneth vaunts,
And her proud mountains highly chaunts.
The hills and brooks, to bravery bent,
Stand for precedence from deſcent:
The rivers for them ſhewing there
The wonders of their Pimble-mere.
Proud Snowdon glorioufly proceeds
With Cambria's native princes deeds.
The muſe then through Caernarvon makes,
And Mon (now Angleſey) awakes
To tell her ancient Druides guiſe,
And manner of their ſacrifice.
Her rillets ſhe together calls;
Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.

Of all the Cambrian ſhires their heads that bear ſo high,
And farth'ſt ſurvey their ſoils with an ambitious eye,
Mervinia (*a*) for her hills, as for their matchleſs crowds,
The neareſt that are ſaid to kiſs the wand'ring clouds,
Eſpecial audience craves, offended with the throng,
That ſhe of all the reſt neglected was ſo long:
Alleging for herſelf; when through the Saxons pride,
The godlike race of Brute to Severn's ſetting ſide
Were cruelly enforc'd, her mountains did relieve
Thoſe, whom devouring war elſe every where did grieve.

And when all Wales beſide (by fortune or by might)
Unto her ancient foe reſign'd her ancient right,
A conſtant maiden ſtill ſhe only did remain,
§ The laſt her genuine laws which ſtoutly did retain.
And as each one is prais'd for her peculiar things;
So only ſhe is rich, in mountains, meres, and ſprings,
And holds herſelf as great in her ſuperfluous waſte,
As others by their towns, and fruitful tillage grac'd.
And therefore, to recount her rivers, from their (*b*) lins,
Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins;

(*a*) Merionethſhire.

(*b*) Meres or pools, from whence rivers ſpring.

' Though Dovy, which doth far her neigh-
' bouring floods furmount [account
' (Whoſe courſe for hers alone Montgomery doth
' Hate (c) Angel for her own, and Keriog ſhe
' doth clear, [dear,
' With Towin, Gwedal then, and Dulas, all as
' Thoſe tributary ſtreams ſhe is maintain'd withal:
' Yet, boldly may I ſay, her riſing and her fall
' My country calleth hers, with many another
' brook, [look.
' That with their cryſtal eyes on the Vergivian
' To Dovy next, of which Deſunny ſea-ward drives,
' Lingorril goes alone: but plenteous Avon ſtrives
' The firſt to be at ſea; and faſter her to hie,
' Clear Keſſilgum comes in, with Hergum by and by.
' So Derry, Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth
' Cain, [main,
' Which in one channel meet, in going to the
' As to their utmoſt power to lend her all their
' aids;
' So Atro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads.
' And Valenrid the like, obſerving th' other's law,
' Calls Cunnel; ſhe again, fair Drurid forth doth
' draw,
' That from their mother earth, the rough Mer-
' vinia, pay [bay
' Their mixed plenteous ſprings, unto the leſſer
' § Of thoſe two noble arms into the land that
' bear,
' Which through (d) Gwinethia be ſo famous eve-
' ry where, [mound,
' On my Caernarvon ſide by nature made my
' As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.
' The pearly Conway's head, as that of holy Dee,
' Renowned rivers both, their riſing have in me:
' So, Lavern and the Lue, themſelves that head-
' long throw
' § Into the ſpacious lake, where Dee unmixt
' doth flow. [lin;
' Trowerrin takes his ſtream, here from a native
' Which, out of Pimble-mere when Dee himſelf
' doth win,
' Along with him his lord full courteouſly doth
' glide: [guide
' So Rudock riſeth here, and Cletor that do
' Him in his rugged path, and make his great-
' neſs way, [vey.'
' Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to con-

The lofty hills, this while attentively that ſtood,
As to ſurvey the courſe of every ſeveral flood,
Sent forth ſuch echoing ſhouts (which every way
ſo ſhrill,
With the reverberate ſound the ſpacious air did fill)
That they were eas'ly heard through the Vergivi-
an main [conſtrain
To Neptune's inward court; and beating there,
That mighty god of ſea t' awake: who full of
dread, [head,
Thrice threw his three-forkt mace about his griſly
And thrice above the rocks his fore-head rais'd, to
ſee [he.
Amongſt the high-topt hills what tumult it ſhould
So that with very ſweat Cadoridic did drop,
And mighty Raran ſhook his proud ſky-kiſſing top,
Amongſt the furious rout whom madneſs did en-
rage; [ſwage,
Until the mountain-nymphs, the tumult to aſ-
Upon a modeſt ſign of ſilence to the throng,
Conforting thus, in praiſe of their Mervinia, ſung;
' Thrice famous Saxon king, on whom time
' ne'er ſhall prey, [pay
' O Edgar! who compel'dſt our Ludwal hence to
' Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto
' thee: [be,
' And for that tribute paid, as famous may'ſt thou
' O conquer'd Britiſh king, by whom was firſt
' deſtroy'd
' § The multitude of wolves, that long this land
' annoy'd; [flocks,
' Regardleſs of their rape, that now our harmleſs
' Securely here may ſit upon the aged rocks;
' Or wandring from their walks, and ſtruggling
' here and there
' Amongſt the ſcatter'd cliffs, the lamb needs
' never fear;
' But from the threat'ning ſtorm to ſave itſelf may
' creep [keep:
' Into that darkſome cave where once his foe did
' That now the clamb'ring goat all day which
' having fed, [bed,
' And climbing up to ſee the ſun go down to
' Is not at all in doubt her little kid to loſe,
' Which grazing in the vale, ſecure and ſafe ſhe
' knows.
' Where, from theſe lofty hills which ſpacious
' heaven do threat
' Yet of as equal height, as thick by nature ſet,
' We talk how we are ſtor'd, or what we greatly
' need,
' Or how our flocks do fare, and how our herds
' do feed,
' When elſe the hanging rocks, and valleys dark
' and deep,
' The ſummer's longeſt day would us from meet-
' ing keep.
' Ye Cambrian ſhepherds then, whom theſe our
' mountains pleaſe,
' And ye our fellow nymphs, ye light (e) Oreades,
' § Saint Helen's wondrous way, and Herbert's
' let us go,
' And our divided rocks with admiration ſhow.'

Not meaning there to end, but ſpeaking as
they were,
A ſuddain fearful noiſe ſurpriſed every ear.
The water-nymphs (not far) Lin-teged that fre-
quent,
With brows beſmear'd with ooze, their locks with
dew beſprent,
Inhabiting the lake, in ſedgy bow'rs below,
Their inward grounded grief that only ſought
to ſhow
Againſt the mountain kind, which much on them
did take,
Above their watry brood, thus proudly them
beſpake;

(c) The rivers as in order they fall into the Iriſh ſea.
(d) North-Wales.
(e) Nymphs of the mountains.

' Tell us, ye haughty hills, why vainly thus
' you threat
' Eſteeming us ſo mean, compar'd to you ſo great?
' To make you know yourſelves, you this muſt
' underſtand, [land
' That our great maker laid the ſurface of the
' As level as the lake until the general flood,
' When over all ſo long the troubled waters ſtood:
' Which, hurried with the blaſts from angry hea-
' ven that blew,
' Up on huge maſſy heaps the looſened gravel
' threw:
' From hence we would ye know, your firſt be-
' ginning came;
' Which ſince, in tract of time, yourſelves did
' mountains name.
' So that the earth, by you (to check her mirth-
' ful cheer)
' May always ſee (from heaven) thoſe plagues
' that poured were [ſhow
' Upon the former world; as 'twere by ſcars to
' That ſtill ſhe muſt remain diſfigur'd with the
' blow: [left,
' And by th'infectious ſlime that doomful deluge
' Nature herſelf hath ſince of purity been reft;
' And by the ſeeds corrupt, the life of mortal
' man
' Was ſhorten'd. With theſe plagues ye moun-
' tains firſt began.
' But, ceaſing you to ſhame; what mountain is
' there found
' In all your monſtrous kind (ſeek ye the iſland
' round)
' That truly of himſelf ſuch (*f*) wonders can re-
' port,
' As can this ſpacious Lin, the place of our reſort?
' That when Dee in his courſe fain in her lap
' would lie, [deny,
' Commixtion with her ſtore, his ſtream ſhe doth
' By his complexion prov'd, as he through her
' doth glide.
' Her wealth again from his, ſhe likewiſe doth
' divide:
' Thoſe white-fiſh that in her do wond'rouſly
' abound, [found
' Are never ſeen in him; nor are his ſalmons
' At any time in her: but as ſhe him diſdains;
' So he again, from her, as wilfully abſtains.
' Down from the neighbouring hills, thoſe plen-
' teous ſprings that fall.
' Nor land-floods after rain, her never move at all.
' And as in ſummer's heat, ſo always is ſhe one,
' Reſembling that great lake which ſeems to care
' for none;
' § And with ſtern Æolus' blaſts, like Thetis
' waxing rank,
' She only over-ſwells the ſurface of her bank.'
But, whilſt the nymphs report theſe wonders
of their lake,
Their farther cauſe of ſpeech the mighty (*g*)
Snowdon brake;

Leſt, if their watry kind ſhould ſuffer'd be too
long,
The licence that they took, might do the moun-
tains wrong.
For quickly he had found that ſtraitned point of
land,
Into the Iriſh ſea which puts his powerful hand,
Puft with their watry praiſe, grew inſolently
proud,
And needs would have his rills for rivers be al-
low'd:
Short Darent, near'ſt unto the utmoſt point of
all
That th' iſle of Gelin greets, and Bardſey in her
fall;
And next to her, the Saw, the Gir, the Er, the
May,
Muſt rivers be at leaſt, ſhould all the world gain-
ſay:
And thoſe, whereas the land lies eaſt-ward, amply
wide,
That goodly Conway grace upon the other ſide,
Born near upon her banks, each from her proper
lin.
Soon from their mothers out, ſoon with their
miſtreſs in.
As Ledder, her ally, and neighbour Legwy; then
Goes Purloyd, Caſtel next, with Giffin, that agen
Obſerve fair Conway's courſe: and though their
race be ſhort,
Yet they their ſovereign flood enrich with their
reſort.
And Snowdon, more than this, his proper mere
did note
(§ Still Delos like, wherein a wandring iſle doth
float
Was peremptory grown upon his higher ground;
That pool, in which (beſides) the one-ey'd fiſh are
found,
As of her wonder proud, did with the floods
partake.
So, when great Snowdon ſaw, a faction they
would make
Againſt his general kind; both parties to appeaſe,
He purpoſeth to ſing their native princes praiſe.
For Snowdony, a hill, imperial in his ſeat,
Is from his mighty foot, unto his head ſo great,
That were his Wales diſtreſt, or of his help had
need,
He all her flocks and herds for many months
could feed.
Therefore to do ſomething were worthy of his
name, [fame,
Both tending to his ſtrength, and to the Britons
His country to content, a ſignal having made,
By this oration thinks both parties to perſuade,
' Whilſt here this general iſle the ancient Bri-
' tons ow'd,
Their valiant deeds before by Severn have been
' ſhow'd:
' But ſince our furious foe, theſe powerful Saxon
' ſwarms
' (As mercileſs in ſpoil, as well approv'd in arms)

(*f*) The wonders of Linteged, or Pembleмere.
(*g*) The moſt famous mountain of all Wales, in Caernarvonſhire.

' Here called to our aid, Loëgria us bereft,
' Thoſe poor and ſcatter'd few of Brute's high
' lineage left, [race
' For ſuccour hither came: where that unmixed
' Remains unto this day, yet owners of this
' place: [ſong.
' Of whom no flood nor hill peculiarly hath
' Theſe, then, ſhall be my theme; leſt time too
' much ſhould wrong
' Such princes as were ours, ſince ſever'd we have
' been;
' And as themſelves, their fame be limited between
' The Severn and our ſea, long pent within this
' place, [embaſe
' § Till with the term of Welſh, the Engliſh now
' The nobler Britons name, that well-near was
' deſtroy'd [annoy'd;
' With peſtilence and war, which this great iſle
' Cadwallader that drave to the Armorick ſhore:
' To which, dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long
' before,
' His countrymen from hence auſpiciouſly con-
' vey'd;
' Whoſe noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,
' Got Maximus (at length) the victory in Gaul,
' Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gra-
' tian's fall,
' Armorica to them the valiant victor gave:
' Where Conan their great lord, as full of cou-
' rage, drave
' The Celts out of their ſeats, and did their room
' ſupply [colony
' § With people ſtill from hence; which of our
' Was little Britain call'd. Where that diſtreſſed
' king,
' Cadwallader, himſelf awhile recomforting
' With hope of Alan's aid (which there did him
' detain) [reign
' § Forewarned was in dreams, that of the Britons
' A ſempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed,
' A recluſe life in Rome enjoining him to lead.
' The king reſigning all, his ſon young Edwal left
' With Alan: who, much griev'd the prince
' ſhould be bereft
' Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his uncon-
' quer'd fleet;
' And as the generals then, for ſuch an army meet,
' His nephew Ivor choſe, and Hiner for his pheer;
' Two moſt undaunted ſpirits. Theſe valiant Bri-
' tons were
' The firſt who (*b*) Weſt-ſex won. But by the
' ling'ring war,
' When they thoſe Saxons found t' have ſuccour
' ſtill from far,
' They took them to their friends on Severn's
' ſetting ſhore:
' Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to
' reſtore
' His ſon young Roderick, whom the Saxon
' pow'rs purſu'd: [du'd,
' But he, who at his home here ſcorn'd to be ſuh-
' With Alfred (that on Wales his ſtrong invaſion
' brought)
' Garthmalack, and Pencoyd (thoſe famous bat-
' tle) fought,
' That North and South-Wales ſing, on the Weſt-
' Sexians won.
' Scarce this victorious taſk his bloody'd ſword
' had done,
' But at mount (*i*) Carno met the Marcians, and
' with wounds [bounds,
' Made Ethelbald to feel his treſpaſs on our
' Prevail'd againſt the Pict, before our force that
' [flew;
' And in a valiant fight their king Dalargin ſlew.
' Nor Conan's courage leſs, nor leſs prevail'd in
' ought [fought
' Renown'd Roderick's heir, who with the Engliſh
' The Herefordian field; as Ruthland's red with
' gore: [ſhore,
' Who, to tranſfer the war from this his native
' March'd through the Mercian towns with his
' revengeful blade: [made,
' And on the Engliſh there ſuch mighty havoc
' That Offa (when he ſaw his countries go to wrack)
' From bick'ring with his folk, to keep the Bri-
' tons back,
' Caſt up that mighty (*k*) mound of eighty miles
' in length
' Athwart from ſea to ſea. Which of the Mer-
' cians ſtrength [bear,
' A witneſs though it ſtand, and Offa's name does
' Our courage was the cauſe why firſt he cut it
' there:
' As that moſt dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,
' Where under either's ſword ſo many thouſands
' fell [own;
' With intermixed blood, that neither knew their
' Nor which went victor thence, unto this day is
' known. [ſhew'd,
' Nor Kettles conflict then, leſs martial courage
' Where valiant Mervin met the Mercians, and
' beſtow'd [flight.
' His nobler Britiſh blood on Burthred's recreant
' As Roderick his great ſon, his father following
' right, [brave;
' Bare not the Saxons ſcorns, his Britons to out-
' At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battle gave;
' Twice driving out the Dane when he invaſion
brought, [fought
' Whoſe no leſs valiant ſon, again at Conway
' With Danes and Mercians mixt, and on their
' hateful head
' Down-ſhowr'd theſr dire revenge whom they
' had murthered.
' And, were't not that of us the Engliſh would
' report
' (Abuſing of our tongue in moſt malicious ſort
' As oftentimes they do) that more than any, we
' The Welſh, as they us term) love glorify'd to be,
' Here could I elſe recount the ſlaughter'd Saxons
' gore,

(*b*) The Weſt-ſaxons country, comprehending Devonſhire, Somerſet, Wiltſhire, and their adjacents.

(*i*) A hill near Abergevenny in Monmouth.
(*k*) Offa's Ditch.

'Our ſwords at Croſsford ſpilt on Severn's wan-
'd'ring ſhore; [ſon
'And Griffith here produce, Lewellin's valiant
'(May we believe our Bards) who five pitch'd
'battles won,
'And to revenge the wrongs the envious Engliſh
'wrought,
'His well-train'd martial troops into the marches
'brought
'As far as Wor'ſter walls: nor thence did he retire,
'Till Powſe lay well near ſpent in our revengeful
fire; [ous ſoils,
'As Hereford laid waſte: and from their plente-
'Brought back with him to Wales his priſoners
'and his ſpoils.
'Thus as we valiant were, when valour might
'us ſteed:
'With thoſe ſo much that dar'd, we had them
'that decreed. [were
'For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever
'More excellent than thoſe which our good
'Howel here
'Ordain'd to govern Wales? which ſtill with
'us remain.
'And when all-powerful fate had brought to
'paſs again,
'That as the Saxons erſt did from the Britons win;
'Upon them ſo (at laſt) the Normans coming in,
'Took from thoſe tyrants here, what treach'rouſ-
'ly they got,
'(To the perfidious French which th' angry hea-
'vens allot)
'Ne'er could that conqueror's ſword (which
'roughly did decide [pride)
'His right in England here, and proſtrated her
'Us to ſubjection ſtoop, or makes us Britains bear
'Th' unwieldy Norman yoke: nor baſely could we
'fear
'His conqueſt, ent'ring Wales; but (with ſtout
'courage) ours
'Defy'd him to his face, with all his Engliſh pow'rs.
'And when in his revenge, proud Rufus hither
'came,
'With vows us to ſubvert; with ſlaughter and
'with ſhame,
'O'er Severn him we ſent, to gather ſtronger aid.
'So, when to England's power, Albania hers
'had lay'd, [wit
'By Henry Beauclerk brought (for all his dev'liſh
'By which he taught the wreath) he not prevail'd
'a whit:
'And through our rugged ſtraits when he ſo
'rudely preſt,
'Had not his proved mail fate ſurely to his breaſt,
'A ſkilful Britiſh hand his life had him bereft,
'As his ſtern brother's heart, by Tirril's hand was
'cleft.
'And let the Engliſh thus, which vilify our
'name, [ſhame
'If it their greatneſs pleaſe, report unto our
'The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's ſo deadly
'fight,
'To Maud the Empreſs' ſon, that there he put to
flight;
'§ And from the Engliſh power th' imperial en-
'ſign took: [ſhook.
'About his plumed head which valiant Owen
'As when that king again, his fortune to ad-
'vance [from France,
'Above his former foil, procur'd freſh pow'rs
'A ſurely-level'd ſhaft if Sent-clear had not ſeen,
'And in the very looſe, not thruſt himſelf between
'His ſovereign and the ſhaft, he our revenge had
'try'd: [dy'd.
'Thus, to preſerve the king, the noble ſubject
'As Madock his brave ſon, may come the reſt
'among;
'Who, like the Godlike race from which his
'grandſires ſprung, [ſtrife,
'Whilſt here his brother's tir'd in ſad domeſtic
'On their unnatural breaſts bent either's mur-
'therous knife; [fame,
'This brave adventurous youth, in hot purſuit of
'With ſuch as his great ſpirit did with high deeds
'inflame, [ground,
'Put forth his well-rigg'd fleet to ſeek him foreign
'And ſailed weſt ſo long, until that world he found
'To chriſtians then unknown (ſave this adven-
't'rous erew) [knew;
'Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Veſpucius
'And put the now-nam'd Welſh on India's parch-
'ed face, [race,
'Unto the endleſs praiſe of Brute's renowned
'E'er the Iberian powers had touch'd her long-
'ſought bay,
'§ Or any ear had heard the ſound of Florida.
'§ And with that Croggen's name let th'
'Engliſh us diſgrace; [place
'When there are to be ſeen, yet, in that ancient
'From whence that name they fetch, their con-
'quer'd grandſires graves:
'For which each ignorant ſot, unjuſtly us depraves.
'And when that tyrant John had our ſubver-
'ſion vow'd, [bow'd,
'§ To his unbridled will, our necks we never
'Not to his mighty ſon; whoſe hoſt we did en-
'force 'horſe.
'(His ſuccours cutting off) to eat their warlike
'Until all-ruling heaven would have us to re-
'ſign: [tiſh line,
'When that brave prince, the laſt of all the Bri-
'Lewellin, Griffith's ſon, unluckily was ſlain,
'§ As fate had ſpur'd our fall till Edward Long-
'ſhank's reign.
'Yet to the ſtock of Brute ſo true we ever were,
'We would permit no prince, unleſs a native here.
'Which, that moſt prudent king perceiving,
'wiſely thought
'To ſatisfy our wills, and to Caernarvon brought
'His queen being great with child, ev'n ready
'down to ly, [apply.
'Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers
'Through every part of Wales he to the nobles
'ſent, [nent,
'That they unto his court ſhould come inconti-
'Of things that much concern'd the country to
'debate:
'But now behold the power of unavoided fate!

' When thus unto hiswill he fitly them had won,
' At her expected hour the queen brought forth a
' ſon.
' And to this great deſign, all happ'ning as he
would,
' He (his intended courſe that clerkly manage
' could)
' Thus queintly trains us on: ſince he perceiv'd
us prone
' Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,
' Our naturalneſs therein he greatly did improve;
' And publicly proteſts, that for the ancient love
' He ever bare to Wales, they all ſhould plainly
' ſee,
' That he had found out one, their ſovereign lord
to be;
' Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their coun-
' try born)
' Could not one Engliſh word: of which he durſt
' be ſworn. [ſuch,
' Beſides, his upright heart, and innocence was
' As that (he was aſſur'd) black envy could not
' touch [eſpy
' His ſpotleſs life in aught. Poor we (that not
' His ſubtilty herein) in plain ſimplicity,
' Soon bound ourſelves by oath, his choice not to
' refuſe: [chuſe,
' When as that crafty king, his little child doth
' Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caer-
' narvon call'd:
' Thus by the Engliſh craft, we Britons were
inthrall'd.
' Yet in thine own behalf, dear country, dare
' to ſay,
' Thou long as powerful wer't as England every
' way.
' And if ſhe overmuch ſhould ſeek thee to imbaſe,
' Tell her, thou art the nurſe of all the Britiſh race
' And he that was by heaven appointed to uniae
' (After that tedious war) the roſe und the white;
' A Tudor was of thine, and native of thy Mon,
' From whom deſcends that king now ſitting on
' her throne.'
This ſpeech, by Snowdon made, ſo lucky was
to pleaſe
Both parties, and them both with ſuch content t'
appeaſe;
That as before they ſtrove for ſovereignty and
place,
They only now contend, which moſt ſhould other
grace.
Into the Iriſh ſea then all thoſe rills that ran,
In Snowdon's praiſe to ſpeak immediately began;
Lewenny, Lynan next, than Gwelly gave it out,
And Kerriog her compeer, ſoon told it all about:
So did their ſiſter nymphs, that into Mena ſtrain;
The flood that doth divide Mon from the Cam-
brian main.
It Gorway greatly prais'd, and Seint it loudly ſung,
So, mighty Snowdon's ſpeech was through Caer-
narvon rung; [came
That ſcarcely ſuch a noiſe to Mon from Mena
When with his puiſſant troops for conqueſt of the
fame,
On bridges made of boats, the Roman powers her
fought,
Or Edward to her ſack his Engliſh armies brought:
That Mona ſtrangely ſtirr'd great Snowdon's
praiſe to hear, [dear;
Although the ſtock of Troy to her was ever
Yet (from her proper worth) as ſhe before all
other
§, Was call'd in former times) her country Cam-
bria's mother,
Perſuaded was thereby her praiſes to purſue,
Or by neglect, to loſe what to herſelf was due,
A ſign to Neptune ſent, his boiſt'rous rage to ſlake;
Which ſuddenly becalm'd, thus of herſelf ſhe ſpake;
' What one of all the iſles to Cambria doth belong
' (To Britain, I might ſay, and yet not do her
' wrong)
' Doth equal me in ſoil, ſo good for graſs and
' grain?
' As ſhould my Wales (where ſtill Brute's off-
' ſpring doth remain
' That mighty ſtore of men, yet more of beaſts
' doth breed,
' By famine or by war conſtrained be to need,
' And England's neighbouring ſhires their ſuccour
' would deny;
' My only ſelf her wants could plenteouſly ſupply
' What iſland is there found upon the Iriſh coaſt,
' In which that kingdom ſeems to be delighted moſt,
' And ſeek you all along the rough Vergivian
' ſhore, [roar)
' Where the encountring tides outrageouſly do
' That bows not at my beck, as they to me did
' owe [ſhow;
' The duty ſubjects ſhould unto their ſovereign
' § So that th' Euhonian Man, a kingdom long
' time known, [own,
' Which wiſely hath been rul'd by princes of her
' In my alliance joys, as in th' Albanian ſeas
' The (*b*) Arrans, and by them the ſcatter'd
' (*b*) Eubides
' Rejoice even at my names; and put on mirth-
' ful cheer,
' When of my good eſtate they by the ſea-nymphs
' hear.
' Sometimes within my ſhades, in many an
' ancient wood,
' Whoſe often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires
' withſtood,
' § The fearleſs Britiſh prieſts, under an aged oak,
' Taking a milk-white bull, unſtrained with the
' yoke,
' And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-ſacred
' tree [knee
' The miſtleto cut down; then with a bended
' On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd
' fires:
' And whilſt in the ſharp flame the trembling
' fleſh expires,
' As their ſtrong fury mov'd (when all the reſt
' adore)
' Pronouncing their deſires the ſacrifice before,

(*b*) Iſles upon the weſt of Scotland.

'Up to th' eternal heaven their bloodied hands
'did rear:
'And, whilſt the murmuring woods even ſhud-
'dred as with fear,
'Preacht to the beardleſs youth the ſoul's im-
'mortal ſtate;
'To other bodies ſtill how it ſhould tranſmigrate,
'That to contempt of death them ſtrongly might
'excite.
'To dwell in my black ſhades the wood-gods
'did delight,
'Untrodden with reſort that long ſo gloomy were,
'As when the Roman came, it ſtruck him ſad
'with fear
'To look upon my face, which then was call'd
'the Dark;
'Until in after-time, the Engliſh for a mark
'Gave me this hateful name, which I muſt ever
'bear,
'And Angleſey from them am called every where.
'My brooks (to whoſe ſweet brims the Syl-
'vans did reſort,
'In gliding through my ſhades to mighty Nep-
'tune's court,
'Of their huge oaks bereft) to heaven ſo open ly,
'That now there's not a root diſcern'd by any eye:
'My Brent, a pretty beck, attending Mena's
'mouth, [ſouth,
With thoſe her ſiſter rills that bear upon the
'Guint, forth along with her Lewenny that doth
'draw; [Fraw,
'And next to them again, the fat and moory
'§ Which with my prince's court I ſometime
'pleas'd to grace,
'As thoſe that to the weſt directly run their race.
'Smooth Allo in her fall, that Lynon in doth take;
'Mathanon, that amain doth tow'rds Moylro-
'niad make,
'The ſea-calfs to behold that bleach them on
'her ſhore, [ſtore.
'Which Gweger to her gets, as to increaſe her
'Then Dulas to the north that ſtraineth, as to ſee
'The iſle that breedeth mice; whoſe ſtore ſo
'loathſome be,
'That ſhe in Neptune's brack her bluiſh head
'doth hide.'
When now the wearied muſe her burthen having ply'd,
Herſelf a while betakes to bathe her in the Sound;
And quitting in her courſe the goodly Monian ground,
Aſſays the Penmenmaur, and her clear eyes doth throw
On Conway, tow'rds the eaſt, to England back to go:
Where finding Denbigh fair, and Flint not out of ſight, [right.
Cries yet afreſh for Wales, and for Brute's ancient

ILLUSTRATIONS.

More weſtern are you carried into Merioneth, Caernarvon, Angleſey, and thoſe maritime coaſts of North-Wales.

The laſt her genuine laws which ſtoutly did retain.

Under William Rufus, the Norman-Engliſh (animated by the good ſucceſs which Robert Fitzhamon had firſt againſt Rees ap Tiddour, prince of South-Wales, and afterward againſt Jeſtin, lord of Glamorgan) being very deſirous of the Welſh territories; Hugh, (*a*) ſurnamed Wolf, Earl of Cheſter, did homage to the king for Tegengle and Ryvonioc, with all the land by the ſea unto Conway. And thus pretending title, got alſo poſſeſſion of Merioneth, from Griffith ap Conan, prince of North-Wales: but he ſoon recovered it, and thence left it continued in his poſterity, until Lhewellin ap Gruffith, under Edward the Firſt, loſt it himſelf, and all his dominion. Whereas other parts (of South and Weſt-Wales eſpecially) had before ſubjected themſelves to the Engliſh crown; this through frequency of craggy mountains, acceſſible with too much difficulty, being the laſt ſtrong refuge until that period of fatal conqueſt.

Of thoſe two noble arms into the land that bear.

In the confines of Merioneth and Cardigan, where theſe rivers jointly pour themſelves into the Iriſh ocean, are theſe two arms or creeks of the ſea, famous, as he ſaith, through Guinethia

(*a*) Powel. ad Caradoc. Lhancarv. & Camd.

(that is one of the old titles of this North-Wales) by their names *Traeth Mawr* and *Traeth Bachan*, *i. e.* as it were, the great haven and the little haven; *Traeth* (*b*) in Britiſh, ſignifying a tract of ſand, whereon the ſea flows, and the ebb diſcovers.

Into that ſpacious lake where Dee unmixt doth flow.

That is, Lhin-tegid (otherwiſe called by the Engliſh, Pemelſmere) through which, Dee riſing in this part, runs whole and unmixt, neither lake nor river communicating to each other water or fiſh; as the author anon tells you. In the (*c*) ancients, is remembered ſpecially the like of the Rhoſne running unmixt, and (as it were) over the lake of Geneva; as, for a greater wonder, the moſt learned Caſaubon (*d*) hath delivered alſo of Arva, running whole through Rhoſne; and divers other ſuch like are in Pliny's collection of nature's moſt ſtrange effects in waters.

The multitude of wolves that long this land annoy'd.

Our excellent Edgar (having firſt enlarged his name with diligent and religious performance of charitable magnificence among his Engliſh, and confirmed the far-ſpred opinion of his greatneſs, by receipt of homage at Cheſter from eight kings; as you ſhall ſee in and to the next ſong) for increaſe of his benefits towards the iſle, joined with preſervation of his crown-duties, converted the tribute of the Welſh into three hundred wolves a year, as the author ſhews; the king that paid it:

Thre yer he buld is term-rent, at the vorthe was be-bind;
For he ſende the King word that he mighty ne mo vinde.

As, according to the ſtory my old rhimer delivers it. Whom you are to account for this Ludwal king of Wales in the Welſh hiſtory, except Howel ap Jevaf, that made war againſt his uncle Jago, delivered his father, and took on himſelf the whole principality towards the later years of Edgar, I know not. But this was not an utter deſtruction of them; for, ſince that (*e*) time, the mannor of Piddleſley in Leiceſterſhire was held by one Henry of Angage, *per ſerjeantiam capiendi lupos*, as the inquiſition delivers it.

St. Helen's wondrous way.——

By Feſteneog in the confines of Caernarvon and Merioneth is this high-way of note; ſo called by the Britiſh, and ſuppoſed made by that Helen, mother to Conſtantine (among her other good deeds) of whom to the laſt ſong before.—

As level as the lake until the general flood.

So is the opinion of ſome divines (*f*), that, until after the flood, were no mountains, but that by congeſtion of ſand, earth, and ſuch ſtuff as we now ſee hills ſtrangely fraughted with, in the waters they were firſt caſt up. But in that true ſecretary of divinity and nature, Selomoh (*g*) ſpeaking as in the perſon of Wiſdom, you read; *Before the mountains were founded, and before the hills was formed*, that is, before the world's beginning; and in holy (*h*) writ elſewhere, *the mountains aſcend, and the valleys deſcend to the place where thou didſt found them*; good authorities to juſtify mountains before the flood. The ſame queſtion hath been of iſles, but I will peremptorily determine neither.

And with ſtern Eolus' blaſts, like Thetis waxing rank.

The ſouth-weſt wind conſtrained between two hills on both ſides of the lake, ſometimes ſo violently fills the river out of the lake's ſtore, that both have been affirmed (but ſomewhat againſt truth) never to be diſturbed, or overflow, but upon tempeſtuous blaſts, whereas indeed (as Powel delivers) they are overfilled with rain and land-floods, as well as other waters; but moſt of all moved by that impetuous wind.

Still Delos like, wherein a wandering iſle doth float.

Of this iſle in the water on top of Snowdon, and on one ſide, eels, trouts, and perches, in another lake there, Girald is witneſs. Let him perform his word; I will not be his ſurety for it. The author alludes to that ſtate of Delos, which is fained (*i*) before it was with pillars faſtened in the ſea for Latona's child-birth.

That with the term of Welſh the Engliſh now imbaſe.

For this name of Welſh is unknown to the Britiſh themſelves, and impoſed on them, as an ancient and common opinion is, by the Saxons, calling them Walſh, *i. e.* ſtrangers. Others fabulouſly have talk of Wallo and Wandolena, whence it ſhould be derived. But you ſhall come nearer truth, if upon the community of name, cuſtoms, and original, betwixt the Gauls and Britons, you conjecture them called Walſh, as it were Gualſh (the W. oftentimes being inſtead of the Gu.) which expreſſes them to be Gauls rather than

(*b*) Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 6.
(*c*) Ammian. Marcel. hiſt 15. Pomp. Mel. lib. 2. Plin Hiſt. Nat. 2. cap. 103.
(*d*) Ad Strabon, lib. 8.
(*e*) Itin. Leiceſt. 2 *b*, ann. Hen. 3. in Archiv. Turr. Lond.
(*f*) Hic poſt alios refragatur B. Peterius ad Geneſ. 1. quæſt. 101.
(*g*) Prov. 8.
(*h*) Pſ. 104.
(*i*) Pindar. ap. Strabon. lib. 10.

ſtrangers; although in the Saxon, (which is (*k*) obſerved) it was uſed for the name of Gauls, Strangers, and Barbarous, perhaps in ſuch kind as in this kingdom the name of (*l*) Frenchman, hath by incluſion comprehended all kinds of aliens.

Was little Britain call'd———

See a touch of this in the paſſage of the virgins to the eighth ſong. Others affirm, that under (*m*) Conſtantine, of our Britons colonies were there placed; and from ſome of theſe the name of that now dukedom, to have had its beginning. There be (*n*) alſo that will juſtify the Britiſh name to have been in that tract long before, and for proof cite Dionyſius (*o*) Aſer, and (*p*) Pliny; but for the firſt, it is not likely that he ever meant that continent, but this of ours, as the learned tell you; and for Pliny, ſeeing he reckons his Britons of Gaul in the confines of the now France, and lower Germany, it is as unlikely that betwixt them and little Bretagne ſhould be any ſuch habitude. You want not authority, affirming that our Britons from them (*q*), before they from ours, had deduction of this national title; but my belief admits it not. The ſurer opinion is to refer the name unto thoſe Britons, which (being expelled the iſland at the entry of the Saxons) got them new habitation in this maritime part, as beſide other authority an expreſs aſſertion is in an old fragment of a French hiſtory (*r*), which you may join with moſt worthy Camden's treatiſe on this matter; whither (for a learned declaration of it) I ſend you.

Forewarned was in dreams that of the Britons reign.

Cadwallader driven to forſake this land, eſpecially by reaſon of plague and famine tyrannizing among his ſubjects, joined with continual irruptions of the Engliſh, retired himſelf into little Bretagne, to his couſin Alan, there king: where in a dream he was admoniſht by an angel (I juſtify it but by the ſtory) that a period of the Britiſh empire was now come, and until time of Merlin's prophecy, given to king Arthur, his country or poſterity ſhould have no reſtitution; and farther, that he ſhould take his journy to Rome, where, for a tranſitory, he might receive an eternal kingdom. Alan, upon report of this viſion, compares it with the Eagle's propheſies, the Sibyl's verſes, and Merlin; nor found he but all were concording in prædiction of this ceaſing of the Britiſh monarchy. Through his advice therefore, and a prepared affection, Cadwallader takes voyage to Rome, received of P.P. Sergius, with holy tincture, the name of Peter, and within very ſhort time there died; his body very lately under Pope Gregory the XIII. was found (*s*) buried by S. Peter's tomb, where it yet remains; and White of Baſingſtoke ſays, he had a piece of his raiment of a chefnut colour, taken up (with the corps) uncorrupted; which he accounts, as a Romiſh pupil, no ſlight miracle. It was added among Britiſh traditions, that, when Cadwallader's (*t*) boneswere brought into this iſle, then ſhould the poſterity of their princes have reſtitution: concerning that, you have enough to the ſecond ſong. Obſerving concurrence of time and difference of relation in the ſtory of this prince, I know not well how to give myſelf or the reader ſatisfaction. In Monmouth, Robert of Gloceſter, Florilegus, and their followers, Cadwallader is made the ſon of Cadwallo king of the Britons before him, but ſo, that he deſcended alſo from Engliſh-ſaxon blood; his mother being daughter to Penda king of Merckland. Our monks call him king of Weſt-ſaxons, ſucceſſor of Kentwine, and ſon to Kenbrith. And where Caradoc Lhancarvan tells you of wars betwixt Ine or Ivor (ſucceſſor to Cadwallader) and Kentwine, it appears in our chronographers that Kentwine muſt be dead above three years before. But howſoever theſe things might be reconcileable, I think clearly that (*u*) Cadwallader in the Britiſh, and Cedwella king of Weſt-ſaxons in Bede, Malmeſbury, Florence, Huntingdon, and other ſtories of the Engliſh, are not the ſame, as Geffrey, and, out of Girald, Randal of Cheſter, and others ſince erroneouſly have affirmed. But ſtrongly you may hold, that Cadwallo or Caſwallo, living about the year DC.XL, ſlain by Oſwald king of Northumberland, was the ſame with Bede's firſt Cedwalla, whom he calls king of Britons, and that by miſconceit of his two Cedwals (the other being, almoſt fifty years after, king of Weſt-ſaxons) and by communicating of each other's attributes upon indiſtinct names, without obſervation of their ſeveral times, theſe diſcordant relations of them, which in ſtory are too palpable, had their firſt being. But to ſatisfy you in preſent, I keep myſelf to the courſe of our ordinary ſtories, by reaſon of difficulty in finding an exact truth in all. Touching his going to Rome, thus: ſome will, that he was Chriſtian before, and received of Sergius only confirmation; others, that

(*k*) Buchanan. Scotic. Hiſt. 2.
(*l*) Bract. lib. 3. tract. 2. cap. 15. Leg. Gul. Conqueſt. & D. Coke in Caſ. Calvin.
(*m*) Malmeſh. de geſt. reg. 1.
(*n*) Paul Merul. Coſmog. part. 2. l. 3. c. 31.
(*o*) Vid. Euſtath. ad eundem.
(*p*) Hiſt. Nat. lib. 4. cap. 17. quem ſuper Ligerim Britannos hos ſitos dixiſſe, miror P. Merulam tam conſtanter affirmaſſe.
(*q*) Bed. lib. 1. cap. 3. quem ſecutus P. Merula.
(*r*) Ex Ms. Cœnob. Floriac. edit. per P. Pithœum.
(*s*) Anton. Major. ap. Baſingſtoch. lib. 9. not. 32.
(*t*) Ranulph. Higden. lib. 5. cap. 20.
(*u*) Cedwalla Rex Britonum. Bed. Hiſt. Eccleſ. 3. cap. 1. Cæterum v. Nennium ap. Camd. in Otadinis pag. 664 & 665. & Bed. lib. 5. cap. 7.

he had there his firſt baptiſm, and lived not above a month after; which time (to make all diſſonant) is extended to eight years in Lhancarvan. That one king Cedwal went to Rome, is plain by all, with his new-impoſed name and burial there: for his baptiſm before, I have no direct authority but in Polychronicon; many arguments proving him indeed a well-willer to Chriſtianity, but as one that had not yet received its holy teſtimony. The very phraſe in moſt of our hiſtorians is plain that he was baptized; and ſo alſo his epitaph then made at Rome, in part here inſerted.

(x) *Percipiénſque alacer redivivæ præmia vitæ,*
Barbaricam rabiem, nomen & inde ſuum,
Converſus convertit ovans, Petrúmque vocari,
Sergius *antiſtes, juſſit ut ipſe pater*
Fonte renaſcentis quem Chriſti gratia purgans
Protinùs ablatum vexit in arce Poli.

This ſhows alſo his ſhort life afterward, and agrees fully with the Engliſh ſtory. His honourable affection to religion, before his cleanſing mark of regeneration, is ſeen in that kind reſpect given by him to Wilfrid firſt biſhop of Seleſey in Suſſex; where the Epiſcopal ſee of Chicheſter (hither was it tranſlated from Seleſey, under William the conqueror) acknowleges in public monuments, rather him founder than Edilwalch the firſt Chriſtian king of that province, from whom Cedwalla violently took both life and kingdom: nor doth it leſs appear, in that his paying tenths of ſuch ſpoils, as by war's fortune accrued to his greatneſs: which notwithſtanding, although done by one then not received into the church of either teſtament, is not without many examples among the ancient Gentiles, who therein imitating the Hebrews, tithed much of their poſſeſſions, and acquired ſubſtance to ſuch deities as unhallowed religion taught them to adore; which, whether they did upon myſtery in the number, or therein as paying firſt fruits (for the word בברום which was for Abel's offerings, מקשר and for Melchiſedech's tithes, according to that leſs (y) calculation in Cabaliſtique concordance of identities in different words, are of equal number, and by conſequent of like interpretation) I leave to my reader. Speaking of this, I cannot but wonder at that very wonder of learning (z) Joſeph Scaliger, affirming tithes among thoſe ancients only payable to Hercules; whereas by expreſs witneſs of an (a) old inſcription at Delphos, and the common report of Camillus, it is juſtified, that both Greeks and Romans did the like to Apollo, and no leſs among them and others together, was to Mars (b), Jupiter (c), Juno (d), and the number of Gods in general, to whom the Athenians dedicated the tenth (e) part of Leſbos. He which the author, after the Britiſh, calls here Ivor, is affirmed the ſame with Ine king of Weſt-ſex in our monkiſh chronicles, although there be ſcarce any congruity betwixt them in his deſcent. What follows is but hiſtorical and continued ſucceſſion of their princes.

More excellent than thoſe which our good Howel here.

For Howel Dha, firſt prince of South-wales and Powis, after upon death of his couſin Edwal Voel, of North-wales alſo, by mature advice in a full council of barons and biſhops, made divers univerſal conſtitutions. By theſe, Wales (until Edward I.) was ruled. So ſome ſay; but the truth is, that before Edward I. conquered Wales, and, as it ſeems, from XXVIII. but eſpecially XXXV. of Hen. III. his empire enlarged among them, the Engliſh king's writ did run there. For when Ed. I. ſent commiſſion to (f) Reginald of Grey, Thomas biſhop of S. Dewy's, and Walter of Hopton, to inquire of their cuſtoms, and by what laws they were ruled, divers caſes were upon oath returned, which by, and according to, the king's law, if it were between lords or the princes themſelves, had been determined; if between tenants, then by the lord's ſeizing it into his hands, until diſcovery of the title in his court; but alſo that none were decided by the laws of Howel Dha. Of them, in Lhuyd's annotations to the Welſh chronicle, you have ſome particulars, and in the roll which hath aided me. Touching thoſe other of Molmutius and Martia, ſomewhat to the ninth ſong.

Us to ſubjection ſtoop, or make us Britons bear
Th' unwieldy Norman yoak———

Snowdon properly ſpeaks all for the glory of his country, and follows ſuppoſitions of the Britiſh ſtory, diſcording herein with ours. For in Matthew Paris, and Florilegus under the year CIↃ. LXXVIII, I read that the Conqueror ſubdued Wales, and took homage and hoſtages of the princes; ſo of Hen. I. CIↃ. C. XIII. Hen. II. in CIↃ. C. LVII.

(x) Bed. eccleſ. hiſt. lib. 5, c. 7. Engliſht in ſubſtance, if you ſay, *He was baptized and ſoon died, Anno Chriſti* DC . XXX.VIII Judicious conjecture cannot but attribute all this to the Weſt-Saxon Cedwal, and not the Britiſh. See to the XI ſong.

(y) Ratio Cabaliſtica Minor ſecundum quam è Centenario quolibet & Denario unitatem accipiunt, reliquos numeros in utroque vocabulo retinentes uti Archangel. Burgonovenſ. in Dog. Cabaliſticis.

(z) Ad Feſtum, verb. Decuma.

(a) Clemens Alexand. Strom α. & Steph. περὶ πολ. in Αβοοιγῖν. tantundem; præter alios quamplurimos.

(b) Lucian. περὶ Ὀρχήσεως. & Varro ap. Macrob. 3. cap. 1.

(c) Herodot. α.

(d) Samij apud Herodot δ.

(e) Thucydid hiſt. γ

(f) Rot. Clauſ. de ann. 9. Ed. 1. in Archiv. Tur. Londin.

and other times: Of this Hen. II. hath been underſtood that prophecy of Merlin. *When the freckle fac'd Prince* (ſo was the King) *paſſes over* (*g*) *Khyd Pencarn, then ſhould the Welſh forces be weakened.* For he in this expedition againſt Rees ap Gryffith into South-Wales, coming mounted near that ford in Glamorgan, his ſteed madded with ſudden ſound of trumpets, on the bank, violently, out of the purpoſed way, carries him through the ford: which compared with that of Merlin, gave to the Britiſh army no ſmall diſcomfiture; as a (*b*) Cambro-Briton, then living, hath delivered. But, that their ſtories and ours are ſo different in theſe things, it can be no marvel to any that knows how often it is uſed among (*i*) hiſtorians, to flatter their own nation, and wrong the honour of their enemies. See the firſt note here for Rufus his time.

And from the Engliſh power the imperial ſtandard took.

Henry of Eſſex, at this time ſtandard-bearer to Henry II. in a ſtraight at Counſylth near Flint, caſt down the ſtandard, thereby animating the Welſh, and diſcomfiting the Engliſh, adding much danger to the diſhonour. He was afterward accuſed by Robert of Montfort, of a traiterous deſign in the action. To clear himſelf, he challenges the combat: they both, with the royal aſſent and judicial courſe by law of arms, enter the liſts; where Montfort had the victory, and Eſſex pardoned for his life; but forfeiting (*k*) all his ſubſtance, entered religion, and profeſt in the abbey of Reding, where the combat was performed. I remember a great (*l*) clerk of thoſe times ſays, that Montfort ſpent a whole night of devotions to St. Denis (ſo I underſtand him, although his copy ſeems corrupted) which could make champions invincible; whereto he refers the ſucceſs. That it was uſual for combatants to pray over night to ſeveral ſaints, is plain by (*m*) our law-annals.

Or any ear had heard the ſound of Florida.

About the year CIↃ. C. LXX. Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made this ſea voyage; and by probability thoſe names of Capo de Breton in Norumbeg, and Pengwin in part of the Northern America, for a white rock and a white-headed bird, according to the Britiſh, were reliques of this diſcovery. So that the Welſh may challenge priority, of finding that new world, before the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other mentioned in Lopez, Marinæus, Cortez, and the reſt of that kind.

And with that Crogen's name let the Engliſh us diſgrace.

The firſt cauſe of this name, take thus: In one of Henry the Second's expeditions into Wales, divers of his camp ſent to aſſay a paſſage over Offa's-dike, at Crogen caſtle, were entertained with prevention by Britiſh forces, moſt of them there ſlain, and, to preſent view, yet lying buried. Afterward, this (*n*) word Crogen, the Engliſh uſed to the Welſh, but as remembring cauſe of revenge for ſuch a ſlaughter, although time hath made it uſual in ignorant mouths for a diſgraceful attribute.

To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd.

Sufficiently juſtifiable in this of king John, although our monks therein not much diſcording from Britiſh relation, deliver, that he ſubdued all Wales; eſpecially this northern (*o*) part unto Snowdon, and received twenty hoſtages for ſurety of future obedience. For, at firſt, Lhewelin ap Jorwerth Prince of North-wales, had by force joined with ſtratagem the better hand, and compelled the Engliſh camp to victual themſelves with horſe fleſh; but afterward indeed upon a ſecond road made into Wales, king John had the conqueſt. This compared with thoſe changes enſuing upon the Pope's wrongful uncrowning him, his barons rebellion, and advantages in the mean time taken by the Welſh, proves only, that his winnings here were little better than imaginary, as on a tragique ſtage. The ſtories may, but it fits not me to inform you of large particulars.

As fate had ſpar'd our fall till Edward Longſhank's reign.

But withal obſerve the truth of ſtory in the mean time. Of all our kings unto John, ſomewhat you have already. After him, Henry III. had wars with Lhewelin ap Jorwerth; who (a moſt worthy prince) deſiring to bleſs his feebler days with ſuch compoſed quiet as inclining age affects, at laſt put himſelf into the king's protection. Within ſhort ſpace dying, left all to his ſons, David and Gruffith; but only David being legitimate, had title of government. He by charter (*p*) ſubmits himſelf and his principality to the Engliſh crown, acknowledges that he would ſtand to the judgment of the king's court, in controverſies betwixt his brother and himſelf, and that what portions ſoever were ſo allotted to either of them, they would hold of the crown in chief; and briefly, makes himſelf and his barons (they joining in doing homage) tenants and ſub-

(*g*) The ford at the Rock's head.
(*b*) Gerald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 6.
(*i*) De quo, ſi placet, videas compendioſè apud Alberic. Gentil. de Arm. Rom. 1. cap. 1.
(*k*) Guil. de Novo Burgo lib. 2. c. 5.
(*l*) Joann. Sariſburienſ. Ep. 159.
(*m*) 30 Ed. 3 fol. 20.
(*n*) Gutyn Owen in Lhewelin ap Jorwerth.
(*o*) Note that North-wales was the chief principality, and to it South-wales and Powis paid a tribute, as out of the laws of Howel Dha is noted by Doctor Powel.
(*p*) Charta Davidis 25. Hen. 2. Senen wife to Griffith then impriſoned, was with others a pledge for her huſband's part.

jects of England. (q) All this was confirmed by oath, but the oath through favour, purchased at Rome, and delegate authority in that kind to the abbots of Conney and Remer, was (according to persuasion of those times, the more easily induced, because gain of regal liberty was the consequent soon released, and in lieu of obedience, they all drew their rebellious swords; whereto they were the sooner urged, for that the king had transferred the principality of Wales (by name of *una cum Conquestu nostro Walliæ*) to Prince Edward Longshanks (afterward Edward I. since when our sovereigns eldest sons have borne that hopeful title. But when this Edward, after his father, succeeded in the English crown, soon came that fatal (r) conversion here spoken of by the author, even executed in as great and worthy a prince, as ever that third part of the isle was ruled by; that is, Lhewelin ap Gruffith, who (after uncertain fortune of war, on both sides, and revolting of South Wales) was constrained to enter a truce (or rather subjection) resigning his principality to be annexed wholly to the crown after his death, and reserving, for his life only, the isle of Anglesy and five baronies in Snowdon, for which the king's exchequer should receive a yearly rent of CIↃ. merks, granting also that all the baronies in Wales should be held of the king, excepting those five reserved, with divers other particulars in Walsingham, Matthew of Westminster, Nicholas Trivet, and Humphrey Lhuyd, at large reported. The articles of this instrument were not long observed, but at length the death of Lhewelin, spending his last breath for maintenance of his ancestors rights against his own covenant, freely cast upon king Edward all that, whereof he was as it were instituted there. What ensued, and how Wales was governed afterward, and subject to England, stories and the statute of (s) Ruthlan will largely shew you; and see what I have to the VII. song. In all that follows concerning Edward of Caernarvon, the author is plain enough. And concluding, observe this proper personating of Snowdon hill, whose limits and adjacent territories are best witnesses, both of the English assaults, and pacifying covenants between both princes.

Was called in former times her country Cambria's mother.

In the Welsh proverb (t) *Mon mam Tymbry*, in such sense as Sicily was stiled Italy's (u) storehouse, by reason of fertile ground, and plenteous liberality of corn thence yearly supplied. And (v) Girald tells us, that this little isle was wont to be able to furnish all Wales with such provision, as Snowdon hills were for pasture. Of its antiquities and particulars, with plain confutation of that idle opinion in Polydore, Hector Boethius, and others, taking the (now called) Isle of Man for this Mon (now Anglesea) learned Lhuyd in his Epistle to Ortelius hath sufficient. Although it be divided as an isle (but rather by a shallow ford, than a sea: and in the Roman times, we see by Tacitus, that Paulinus and Agricola's soldiers swam over it) yet is it, and of ancient time hath been, a county by itself, as Caernarvon, Denbigh, and the rest neighbouring.

That the Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known.

It is an isle lying betwixt Cumberland and the Irish Down county, almost in the mid-sea, as long since Julius Cæsar could affirm, calling it (w) Mona, which being equivalent, as well for this as for Anglesea, hath with imposture blinded some knowing men. Nennius (the eldest historian amongst us extant) gives it the name of Eubonia-Manay, like that here used by the author. It was of ancient time governed by kings of its own, as you may see in the chronicle of Ruffin, deduced from the time of St. Edward into the reign of Edward the second. After this, the government of the English and Scots were now and then interchanged in it, being at last recovered, and with continuance, ruled by such as the favour of our sovereigns (to whose crown (x) it belonged) honoured with that title King of Man. It is at this day, and since the time of Henry IV. hath (y) been in that noble family of the Stanleys earls of Derby; as also is the patronage of the bishoprick of Sodor, whereto is all judical government of the isle referred. There was long since a controversy, whether it belonged to Ireland or England (for you may see in the civil (z) law, with which, in that kind, ours somewhat agrees, that all lesser isles are reckoned part of some adjoining continent, if both under the same empire) and this by reason of the equal distance from both. To decide it, they tried if it would endure venomous beasts, which is certainly denied of Ireland; and, finding that it did (a), adjudged it to our Britain. The other isles here spoken of, lie farther north by Scotland, and are to it subject.

The fearless British priests under an aged oak.

He means the Druids; because they are indeed, as he calls them, British priests, and that this island was of old their mother: whence, as from a seminary, Gaul was furnished with their learning. Permit me some space more largely to satisfy you in their name, profession, sacrifice, places of as-

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(q) In Archiv. Scaccar. & Polydor. hist. Angl. 16.
(r) Ann. CIↃ. CC. LXX.VII.
(s) 12 Ed. I.
(t) Mon the mother of Wales.
(u) Girald. Itinera. 2. c. 7. & 9.
(v) Strab. l. 5.
(w) Comment. 5.
(x) Walsingh. in Ed. II.
(y) Camden. in Insulis.
(z) Ulpian ff. de Judiciis l. 9. &. verb. sig. l. 99.
(a) Topograph. Aibern. dist. 2. cap. 15.

ſembling, and laſtly, Subverſion. The name of Druids hath been drawn from Δρῦς *i. e.* an Oak, becauſe of their continual (*b*) uſing that tree as ſuperſtitiouſly hallowed: according as they are called alſo Σαρωνίδαι or (*c*) Σαρονίδες, which likewiſe, in Greek, is old oaks To this compare the Britiſh word *Derw* of the ſame ſignification, and, the original here ſought for, will ſeem ſurely found. But one, (*d*) that derives all from Dutch, and prodigiouſly ſuppoſes that the firſt tongue ſpoken, makes them ſo ſtiled from *Trom wis*, i. e. truly wiſe, ſo expreſſing their nature in their name. Nor is this without good reaſon of conjecture (if the ground were true) ſeeing that their like in proportion among the Jews and Gentiles were called (until Pythagoras his time) Wiſemen (*e*), and afterward by him turned into the name of philoſophers, *i. e.* Lovers of wiſdom; and perhaps the old Dutch was, as ſome learned think, communicated to Gaul, and from thence hither; the conjecture being ſomewhat aided in that attribute which they have in Pomponius (*f*), calling them Maſters of wiſdom. A late great (*g*) ſcholar draws it from *Trutin*, in an old Dutch copy of the goſpel, ſignifying, as he ſays, God; which might be given them by hyperboly of ſuperſtitious reverence: nay, we ſee that it is juſtifiable by holy writ, ſo to call great magiſtrates and judges, as they were among the people. But that word *Trutin* or *Truchin* in the old angelical ſalutation, Zachary's ſong, and Simeon's, publiſhed by Vulcan, is always *Lord;* as this *Dirvihit ſi trutchin got Iſraelo*, i. e. Bleſſed be the Lord God of Iſrael; and ſo in the Saxon ten commandments, (*h*) *Ic com Dr hten ſin* God, *i. e.* I am the Lord thy God. Theſe are the etymologies which favour of any judgment. To ſpeak of king Druis or Sarron, which that (*i*) Dominican friar hath cozened vulgar credulity withal, and thence fetch their name, according to Dr. White of Baſingſtoke, were with him to ſuffer, and, at once, offer impoſture. Of them all I incline to the firſt, ſeeing it meet in both tongues, the Greek and Britiſh; and ſomewhat the rather too, becauſe antiquity did crown their infernal deities, (and from *Dis*, if you truſt Cæſar, the Gauls, and by conſequence our Britons, upon tradition of theſe prieſts, drew their deſcent) with oak; as (*k*) Sophocles hath it of Hecate, and (*l*) Catullus of the three Deſtinies. Neither will I deſire you to ſpend conceit upon examination of that ſuppoſition which makes the name (*m*) corrupted from *Durcergliis*, which in Scottiſh were ſuch as had a a holy charge committed to them; whereupon, perhaps, Bale ſays St. Columban was the chief of the Druids: I reckon that among the infinite fables and groſs abſurdities, which its author hath, without judgment, ſtuft himſelf withal. For their profeſſion, it was both of learning profane and holy (I ſpeak in all, applying my words to their times:) They ſat as judges, and determined all cauſes emergent, civil and criminal, ſubjecting the diſobedient, and ſuch as made default, to interdicts and cenſures, prohibiting them from ſacred aſſemblies, taking away their capacities in honourable offices, and ſo diſabling them, tha (as our now outlaws, excommunicates, and attainted perſons) they might not commence ſuit againſt any man. In a multitude of verſes they delivered what they taught, not ſuffering it to be committed to writing, ſo imitating both Cabaliſts, Pythagoreans, and ancient (*n*) Chriſtians; but uſed in other public and private buſineſs Greek letters, as Cæſar's copies have: but hereof ſee more to the tenth ſong. Their more private and ſacred learning conſiſted in Divinity and Philoſophy (ſee ſomewhat of that to the firſt Song), which was ſuch, that although I think you may truly ſay with Origen (*o*), that, before our Saviour's time, Britain acknowledged not one true God, yet it came as near to what they ſhould have done, or rather nearer, than moſt of other, either Greek or Roman. as by their poſitions in Cæſar, Strabo, Lucan, and the like diſcourſing of them, you may be ſatisfied. For although Apollo, Mars, and Mercury were worſhipped among the vulgar Gauls, yet it appears that the Druids invocation was to one (*p*) All-healing or All ſaving power. In morality, their inſtructions were ſo perſuaſive, and themſelves of ſuch reverence, that the moſt fiery rage of Mars kindled among the people, was by their grave counſels (*q*) often quenched. Out of Pliny receive their form of ritual ſacrifice (here deſcribed by the author) thus: In ſuch gloomy ſhadows, as they moſt uſually for contemplation retired their aſcending thoughts into, after exact ſearch, finding an oak, whereon a miſletoe grew, on the ſixth day of the moon (above all other times) in which was beginning of their year, they religiouſly and with invocation

(*b*) Plin. hiſt. nat. 16. cap. 44.
(*c*) Dio. Sicul. de Antiquor. geſtis fab. 5.
(*d*) Goropius Gallic. 5.
(*e*) אטלו חכמים i. e. docerunt Sapientes Capnio de Art. Cabaliſtic. l. 3. quod Hebræis in uſu ut ἀυτὸς ἔφη Pythagoræis nec Druidum diſcipulis refragari ſententijs Magiſtror, fas erat.
(*f*) Geograph. 3. cap. 2.
(*g*) Paul. Merula Coſmog. part 2. l. 3. cap. 11.
(*h*) Prefat. ad Leg. Aluredi Saxonic.
(*i*) Beroſus (ille Annianus ſubditititius) Chaldaic. Antiquit. 5.
(*k*) In Ῥιζοτομ. apud Scholiaſt. Apollonij, uti primum didici a Joſ. Scaligero in Conjectaneis.
(*l*) De nuptiis Pelei & Thetidos. —— ῾ His Corpus tremulum, &c uhi vulgatis deeſt iſta, quæ antiquorum codicum fide eſt vera lectio, uti Scaliger.
(*m*) Hector. Boeth. Scot. hiſt. 2.
(*n*) Cæl. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 10. c. 1.
(*o*) Ad Izech. 4.
(*p*) Plin. Hiſt. Nat. 16. cap. 44.
(*q*) Strab. Geograph. 3.

brought with them to it a ceremonial banquet, materials for facrifice, with two white bulls, filleted on the horns, all which they placed under the oak. One of them, honoured with that function, clothed all in white, climbs the tree, and with a golden knife or fcithe cuts the miſletoe, which they folemnly wrapt in one of their white garments. Then did they facrifice the bulls, earneſtly calling on the (*r*) All-healing deity, to make it proſperous and happy on whomſoever they ſhall beſtow it, and accounted it both preſervative againſt all poiſons, and a remedy againſt barrenneſs. If I ſhould imagine by this All-healing deity, to be meant Apollo, whom they worſhipped under name of Belin (as I tell you to the eighth Song) my conjecture were every way receivable; ſeeing that Apollo (*s*) had both among Greeks and Latins the divine titles of (*t*) Αλεξίκακος Δόκιμιος, Medicus, and to him the invocation was (*u*) Ἰὴ Παιὰν, all concurring in the ſame proof; but alſo if they had (as probability is enough to conjecture it) an altar inſcribed for this devotion and uſed Greek letters (which to the next Song ſhall he ſomewhat examined) I could well think the dedication thus conceived.

(*w*) ΒΕΛΙΖΩι. ΤΩι ΠΑΝΑΚΕΙ.
OR,
(*x*) ΒΕΛΙΝΩι ΘΕΩι.

Which, very probably, was meant by ſome, making in Latin termination, and nearer Apollo's name

(*y*) DEO ABELLIONI.

As, an inſcription in Gaul, to abiding memory committed by that moſt noble Joſeph (*z*) Scaliger is read; and perhaps ſome relics or alluſion to this name is in that

DEO SANCTO BELATUCADRO——

yet remaining in (*a*) Cumberland. Nor is it ſtrange that Apollo's name ſhould be thus far of ancient time, before communication of religion betwixt theſe northern parts and the learned Gentiles, ſeeing that Cæſar affirms him for one of their deities; and long before that, Abaris, (about the beginning of the (*b*) Olympiads) an Hyperborean is recorded for (*c*) Apollo's prieſt among the utmoſt Scythians, being farther from Helleniſm than our Britiſh. But I return to the miſtle: Hereto hath ſome referred (*d*) that which the Sibyl counſelled Æneas to carry with him to to Proſerpine;

(*e*)——— *latet arbore opacâ*
Aureus & *foliis* & *lento vimine* ramus
Junoni infernæ dictus ſacer: hunc tegit omnis
Lucus, & obſcuris claudunt convallibus umbræ.

Which may as well ſo be applied, as to (*f*) chemiſtry; ſeeing it agrees alſo with what I ſpake before of *Dis*, and that Virgil expreſsly compares it to the miſtle,

(*g*) ——— *quod non ſua ſeminat arbos.*

for it ſprings out of ſome particular nature of the oaken ſtem, wherenpon it is called by an old poet (*h*) Δρῦος ἰδρῶτ: and although it be not ordinarily found upon oaks, yet, that oftimes it is, any apothecary can tell, which preſerveth it for medicine, as the ancients uſed to make lime of it to catch birds: of which (*i*) Argentarius hath an admonitory epigram to a black-bird, that ſhe ſhould not ſing upon the oak, becauſe that

(*l*) ——— ἐπ' Ὀρνίθεσσι φέρει τὸν ἀνάρσιον Ἰξὸν,

but on the vine, dedicated to Bacchus, a great favourite of ſingers. Upon this Druidian cuſtom (*m*), ſome have grounded that unto this day uſed in France, where the younger country fellows, about new-year's tide in every village give the wiſh of good fortune at the inhabitants doors, with this acclamation, (*n*) *Au guy l'an neuf*; which, as I remember, in Rabelais is read all one word, for the ſame purpoſe. Whether this had any community with the inſtitution of that (*o*) temple Ἰξευτηρίαι τύχης in Antium, or that Ovid alluded to it in that verſe, commonly cited out of him,

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(*r*) Omnia Sanantem.
(*s*) Macrob. Saturnal. cap. 17.
(*t*) All three words as much as Phyſician.
(*u*) Heal Apollo.
(*w*) To All-healing Apollo: & Salutaris Apollo in Numum. ap. Goltzium, in Theſ.
(*x*) To God Belin.
(*y*) To God Abellio.
(*z*) Auſoniar. lect. 1. c. 9.
(*a*) Camd. ibid.
(*b*) Hippoſtrat. ap. Suid. in Abar.
(*c*) Malchus vit. Pythag.
(*d*) Virgil Æneid. 6. Petr. Crinit. Hiſt. Poet. 6. cap. 10.
(*e*) She directs him to ſeek a golden branch in the dark woods, conſecrate to Proſerpine.
(*f*) Braceſch in ligno vitæ.
(*g*) Which grows of itſelf.
(*h*) Sweat of the oak, Ion. apud Athenæum Dipnoſoph. 10.
(*i*) Antholog α. cap. ξ.
(*l*) Bred Lime to catch her.
(*m*) Jo. Gorop. Gallic. 5. & alij.
(*n*) To the Miſtle, this new year.
(*o*) Plutarch. Probl. Rom. 3. Cœlius Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 18. cap. 14.

(*p*) *At* (some read *ad*) *viscum Druidæ, viscum clamare solebant*;

I cannot assure you, yet it is enough likely. But I see a custom in some parts among us, in our language (nor is the digression too faulty, the same in effect; I mean the yearly *was-haile* in the country on the vigil of the new year, which had its beginning, as some (*r*) say, from that of Ronix (daughter to Hengist) her drinking to Vortigern, by these words (*s*) *Louerd king was-heil*, he answering her by direction of an interpreter, *Drinr-heile*, (*t*) and then,

Kuste hire and sitte hire adoune and glad dronk hire heil,
And that was tho in this land the verst was-hail
As in langage of Saroyne that me might ever iwite,
And so wel he paith the folc about, that he is not yut voryute.

Afterward it appears that *was-haile* and *Drinr-heil* were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we see in (*u*) Thomas de la More, and before him that old (*x*) Havillan, thus:

Ecce vagante ciso distento gutture wass-heil
Ingiminant wass-heil———————

But I rather conjecture it an usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of health-wishing (and so perhaps you might make it *wish-heil*) which was exprest among other nations in that form of drinking to the health of their mistresses and friends,

Benè (*x*) *vos, benè nos, benè te, benè me, benè nostram etiam*
Stephanium

in (*y*) Plautus, and infinite other testimonies of that nature (in him Martial, Ovid, Horace, and such more) agreeing nearly with the fashion now used; we calling it a health, as (*z*) they did also in direct terms; which with an idol called *Heil*, anciently worshipped at Cerne in (*z*) Dorsetshire, by the English Saxons, in name expresses both the ceremony of drinking, and the new year's acclamation (whereto in some parts of this kingdom is joined also the solemnity of drinking out of a (*a*) cup, ritually composed, decked, and filled with country liquor) just as much and as the same which that All-healing deity, or All-helping medicine did among the Druids. You may to all this add, that, as an earnest of good luck to follow the new year beginning, it was (*b*) usual among the Romans, as with thus, and I think, in all Europe, at this day is, to greet each other with auspicious gifts. But hereof you say, I unfitly expatiate: I omit therefore, their sacrificing of human bodies, and such like, and come to the places of their assembly: This was about Chartres in Gaul, as Cæsar tells us; Paul Merula (for affinity of name) imagines it to be Dreux, some eight miles on this side Chartres. And peradventure the Galatians public council called (*c*) Drymenetum had hence original. The British Druids took this isle of Anglesy (then well stored with thick woods, and religious groves, insomuch that it was called (*d*) *Inis-Dowil*) for their chief residence; as in the Roman (*e*) story of Paulinus and Agricola's adventuring on it, is delivered. For their subversion; under Augustus and Tiberius they were prohibited (*f*) Rome; and Claudius endeavoured it in (*g*) Gaul; yet in the succeeding Emperors times there were of them left, as appears in Lampridius and Vopiscus, mentioning them in their lives; and, long since that, Procopius (*h*) writing under Justinian above D. years after Christ, affirms that then the Gauls used sacrifices of human flesh, which was a part of Druidian doctrine. If I should upon testimony (*i*) of, I know not what, Veremund Campbell and the Irish Cornhill, tell you that some C.LX. years before Christ, Finnan King of Scotland first gave them the isle, or that King Crathlint, in Dioclesian's persecution, turned their religion into Christianism, and made Amphibalus first bishop of Sodor, I should fabulously abuse time, as they have ignorantly mistook that isle of Man for this. Or to speak of the supposed *Druttenfuss*, i. e. a pentagonal figure, engraven with ΥΥ or Υγεία, (it is the same, in fashion, with the victorious seal of Antiochus Soter (*k*), being admonished by Alexander in a dream, to take it) which in Ger-

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(*p*) As if you should say of Mistled Fortunue,
To the Mistle, the Druids used to cry.
(*r*) Galfred Monumeth. l. 3. cap. 1.
(*s*) Lord King a health.
(*t*) Drink the health.
(*u*) Rob. Glouc.
(*x*) Vita Edw. II.
(*w*) In Archit. lib. 2.
(*x*) Subintellige ζῆσθαί, aut quid simile.
(*y*) In Sticho.
(*z*) Propino tibi salutem plenis faucib. Plautus eadem comœdia.
(*a*) Camdenus. The Wass-hail-boll.
(*b*) Ovid. Fast. 1. Fest. in Strena.
(*c*) Strab. Geogr. ιβ.
(*d*) The dark Isle Brit.
(*e*) Tacit. An. 14. & Vit. Agricolæ.
(*f*) Suet. l. 5. cap. 24. & Plin. Hist. Nat. 30. c. 1.
(*g*) Senec. in Apocoloc. & Sueton. ubi supra.
(*h*) De bell. Gothic β.
(*i*) Hector Boet. Scotor. Hist. 2. and 6.
(*k*) Lucian. ὑ τὲρ τȣ̃ ἐν τῇ προσαγορεύσει πτάισματος. Alii. Et habetur apud Agrippam in 3. de Occulta Philosoph. cap. 31. atque ex Antiochi nummis apud J. Rouchlir. in 3. de arte Cabalistica.

many they reckon for a preſervative againſt Hobgoblins, were but to be indulgent to old wives traditions. Only thus much for a corollary I I will note to you; Conrad (*l*) Celtes obſerves, to be in an abbey at the foot of Vichtelberg-hill, near Voitland, ſix ſtatues of ſtone, ſet in the church-wall, ſome ſeven foot, every one tall, bare head and foot, cloakt and hooded, with a bag, a book, a ſtaff, a beard hanging to his middle, and ſpreading a muſtachio, an auſtere look, and eyes fixt on the earth; which he conjectures to be images of them. Upon miſtaking of Strabo, and applying what he ſaith in general, and bracelets and gold chains of the Gauls, to the Druids, I once thought that Conrad had been deceived. But I can now upon better advice incline to his judgment.

Which with my Princes Court *I ſometimes pleas'd to grace.*

For as in South Wales, Caermardhin, and afterwards Dinevowr; in Powis, Shrewſbury, and then Mathraval, ſo in North Wales was Aberfraw in Angleſey, chief place of the princes (*m*) reſidence.

(*l*) Tract. de Hercynia Sylva.

(*m*) Priſ. in deſcrip. Wall.

A CHRONOLOGY OF THE KINGS AND PRINCES OF WALES,

FROM § ARTHUR, UNTIL THE END OF THE BRITISH BLOOD IN THEM.

Year of Chriſt.

516. Arthur ſucceeded his father Uther Pendragon: of his death, ſee to the III. ſong.

542. Conſtantine, ſon to Cador Duke of Cornwal (underſtand Governor, or Lord Lieutenant; for, neither in thoſe times, nor long after, was any ſuch title particularly honorary:) he lies buried at Stonehenge.

545. Aurelius Conan.

578. Vortipor.

581. Malgo.

586. Catheric. In his time the Britons had much adverſe fortune in war with the Saxons; and then, moſt of all, made that receſſion into Wales and Cornwal, yet in name retaining hereof the remembrance.

About 600. Cadwan.

About 630. Cadwalin or Cadwallo: The Britons as in token of his powerful reſiſtance and dominion againſt the Saxons, put (*m*) him, being dead, into a brazen horſe, and ſet it on the top of the weſt gate of London; it ſeems he means Ludgate.

676. Cadwallader, ſon to Cadwallo; of him and his name, ſee before. Nor think I the Britiſh and Engliſh Chronicles concerning him, reconcileable. In him the chief monarchy and glory of the Britiſh failed.

688. Ivor ſon to Alan, King of Armorique Britain. This Ivor they make (but I examine it not now) Ine King of Weſt Saxons in our monks; that is, he which began the Peter-pence to Rome.

720. Roderique Molwinic ſon of Edward (*n*) Ywrch.

755. Conan Tindaethwy, ſon of Roderic.

§ I will not juſtify the times of this Arthur, nor the reſt, before Cadwallader; ſo diſcording are our Chronologers: nor had I time to examine, nor think that any man hath ſufficient means to rectify them.

(*m*) This report is, as the Britiſh ſtory tells, hardly juſtifiable, if examined.

(*n*) The Roo.

Year of Chriſt.

Near 820. Mervin Urich, in right of his wife Eſylht, daughter and heir to Roderique.

843. Roderique Mawr, ſon to Mervin and Eſylht. Among his ſons was the tripartite diviſion of Wales (as to the VII. ſong) into Powiſe, North, and South Wales.

877. Anarawd ſon to Roderique.

913. Edward Voel, ſon of Anarawd.

940. Howel Dha, couſin german to Edwal, having before the principality of South Wales and Powis. This is he whoſe laws are ſo famous, and inquired of in Rot. Clauſ. Wall. 9. Ed. 1. in the tower.

948. Jevaf and Jago, ſons of Edwal. Voel.

982. Howel ap Jevaf.

984. Cadwalhon ap Jevaf.

986. Meredith ap Owen.

992. Edwal ap Myric.

1003. Ædan ap Blegored.

1015. Lhewelin ap Sitſylht.

1021. Jago ap Edwal ap Meyric.

1037. Gruffyth ap Lhewelin.

1061. Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin.

1073. Trahaern ap Caradoc.

1078. Gruffyth ap Conan. He reformed the Welſh poets and minſtrels, and brought over others out of Ireland to inſtruct the Welſh, as to the IV. ſong.

1137. Owen Owineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.

1169. David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, Madoc his brother diſcovered part of the Weſt Indies.

1194. Lehwelin ap Jorweth ap Owen Gwineth.

1240. David ap Lhewelin ap Jorwerth.

1246. Lhewelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the laſt Prince of Wales of the Britiſh blood.

1282. Edward I. conquered Wales, and got the principality, Lhewlin then ſlain; and ſince that (Henry III. before gave it alſo to his ſon Prince Edward) it hath been in the eldeſt ſons, and heirs apparent of the Engliſh crown.

But note, that after the diviſion among Roderique Mawr's ſons, the principality was chiefly in North Wales, and the reſt as tributary to Prince of that part: and for him as ſupreme King of Wales, are all theſe deductions of time and perſons, until this laſt Lhewelin.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The ſerious Muſe herſelf applies
To Merlin's ancient prophecies
At Dinas Emris; where he ſhow'd
How fate the Britons rule beſtow'd.
To Conway next ſhe turns her tale,
And ſings her Cluyd's renowned vale;
Then of Saint Winifrid doth tell,
And all the wonders of her well;
Makes Dee, Brute's hiſtory purſue:
At which, ſhe bids her Wales adieu.

A WHILE thus taking breath, our way yet fair in view, [purſue.
The Muſe her former courſe doth ſeriouſly
From (*a*) Penmen's craggy height to try her ſaily wings,
Herſelf long having bath'd in the delicious ſprings
(That trembling from his top through long-worn crannies creep,
To ſpend their liquid ſtore on the inſatiate deep)
She meets with Conway firſt, which lyeth next at hand: [ſand,
Whoſe precious orient pearl that breedeth in her
Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace:
Into the Iriſh ſea which making out her race,

(*a*) Penmenmaur.

Supply'd by many a mere (through many ſeveral rills
Into her boſom pour'd) her plenteouſly ſhe fills.
O goodly river! near unto thy ſacred ſpring
§ Prophetic Merlin ſat, when to the Britiſh king
The changes long to come, auſpiciouſly he told.
Moſt happy were thy nymphs, that wond'ring did behold
His graver wrinkled brow, amazed, and did hear
The dreadful words he ſpake, that ſo ambiguous were. [about)
Thrice happy brooks, I ſay, that (every way
Thy tributaries be: as is that town, whereout
Into the ſea thou fall'ſt, which Conway of thy name
Perpetually is call'd, to regiſter thy fame.

For thou, clear Conway, heard'ſt wiſe Merlin firſt relate
The Deſtinies decree, of Britain's future fate;
Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger ſhould loſe: [depoſe:
As, when him from his ſeat the Saxons ſhould
The forces that ſhould here from (*b*) Armorick arrive, [drive:
Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to
And to that mighty king, which raſhly undertook
A ſtrong-wall'd tower to rear, thoſe earthly ſpirits that ſhook [ſhape,
The great foundation ſtill, in dragons horrid
That dreaming wizard told; making the mountain gape
With his moſt powerful charms, to view thoſe caverns deep;
And from the top of (*c*) Brith, ſo high and wond'rous ſteep,
Where Dinas Emris ſtood, ſhew'd where the ſerpents fought,
The white that tore the red; from whence the Prophet wrought
The Britons ſad decay then ſhortly to enſue.
O! happy ye, that heard the man who all things knew [admir'd
Until the general doom, through all the world
By whoſe prophetic ſaws ye all became inſpir'd;
As well the forked Neage, that near'ſt her fountain ſprings,
With her beloved Maid Melandidar, that brings
Her ſlow, where Conway forth into the ſea doth ſlide [ſide)
(That to their miſtreſs make from the Denbighian
As thoſe that from the hills of proud Caernarvon fall.
This ſcarce the muſe had ſaid, but Cluyd doth quickly call
Her great recourſe, to come and guard her while ſhe glide [pride
Along the goodly vale (which with her wealthy
Much beautifies her banks; ſo naturally her own,
That Dyffren Cluyd by her both far and near is known, [cloſ'd
With high embattel'd hills that each way is in-
But only on the north and to the north diſpos'd,
Fierce Boreas finds acceſs to court the dainty vale:
Who, whiſp'ring in her ear, with many a wanton tale,
Allures her to his love (his leman her to make)
As one that in himſelf much ſuff'reth for her ſake.
The (*d*) Orcades, and all thoſe (*d*) Eubides embrac'd [chaſte,
In Neptune's aged arms, to Neptune ſeeming
Yet proſtitute themſelves to Boreas; who neglects
The Caledonian downs, nor aught at all reſpects
The other inland dales, abroad that ſcatter'd lie,
Some on the Engliſh earth, and ſome on Albany;
But, courting Dyffren Cluyd, her beauty doth prefer [her,
Such dalliance as alone the north-wind hath with

(*b*) Little Britain in France.
(*c*) Part of Snowdon
(*d*) Iſles upon the north-eaſt and weſt of Scotland.

(*e*) Orithya not enjoy'd, from Thrace when he her took,
And in his ſilly plumes the trembling virgin ſhook:
But through the extreme love he to this vale doth bear, [fear
Grows jealous at the length, and mightily doth
Great Neptune, whom he ſees to ſmug his horrid face: [grace,
And fearing leſt the God ſhould ſo obtain her
From the Septentrion cold, in the breem freezing air,
Where the bleak north-wind keeps ſtill domineering there,
From Shetland ſtradling wide, his foot on Thuly ſets: [threats,
Whence ſtorming, all the vaſt Deucalidon he
And bears his boiſterous waves into the narrower mouth [ſouth,
Of the (*f*) Vervigian ſea: where meeting, from the
Great Neptune's furlier tides, with their robuſtious ſhocks,
Each other ſhoulder up againſt the grieſly rocks;
As ſtrong men when they meet, contending for the path,
But, coming near the coaſt where Cluyd her dwelling hath, [wreak,
The north-wind (calm become) forgets his ire to
And the delicious vale thus mildly doth beſpeak:
'Dear Cluyd, th' abundant ſweets that from
'thy boſom flow,
'When with my active wings Into the air I throw,
'Thoſe hills whoſe hoary heads ſeem in the clouds
'to dwell, [ſmell
'Of aged become young, enamour'd with the
'Of th' odoriferous flowers in thy moſt precious
'lap: [enwrap,
'Within whoſe velvet leaves, when I myſelf
'They ſuffocate with ſcents; that (from my na-
'tive kind) [wind.
'I ſeem ſome ſlow perfume, and not the ſwifteſt
'With joy, my Dryffen Cluyd, I ſee the bravely
'ſpread,
'Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head;
'Thy full and youthful breaſts, which in their
'meadowy pride
'Are brancht with rivery veins, meander-like
'that glide.
'I farther note in thee, more excellent than theſe
'(Were there a thing that more the amorous eye
'might pleaſe)
'Thy plump and ſwelling womb, whoſe mellowy
'glebe doth bear [ear.'
'The yellow ripened ſheaf, that bendeth with the
Whilſt in this ſort his ſuit he amorouſly prefer'd,
Moylvennil near at hand, the north-wind overheard:
And, vexed at the heart, that he a mountain great,
Which long time in his breaſt had felt love's kindly heat [caught,
As one whom cryſtal Cluyd had with her beauty
Is for that river's ſake near of his wits diſtraught,

(*e*) In the 6th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis.
(*f*) The tide, out the of and ſouth ſeas, meeting in St. George's channel.

With inly rage to hear that valley ſo extol'd;
And yet that brook, whoſe courſe ſo batful makes her mould, [name,
And one that lends that vale her moſt renowned
Should of her meaner far, be overgone in fame.
Wherefore Moylvennil will'd his Cluyd herſelf to ſhew: [flow,
Who, from her native font, as proudly ſhe doth
Her hand-maids (*g*) Manian hath, and (*g*) Heſpin, her to bring
To Ruthin. Whoſe fair ſeat firſt kindly viſiting,
To lead her thence in ſtate, (*g*) Lewenny lends her ſource: [recourſe,
That when Moylvennil ſees his river's great
From his intrenched top is pleas'd with her ſupplies.
(*g*) Claweddeck cometh in, and (*g*) Iſtrad likewiſe hies
Unto the queen-like Cluyd, as ſhe to Denbigh draws: [daws,
And on the other ſide, from whence the morning
Down from the Flintian hills comes Wheeler, her to bear [where
To ſacred Aſaph's ſee, his hallowed temple;
Fair Elwy having won her ſiſter Aled's power,
They entertain their Cluyd near mighty Neptune's bower:
Who likewiſe is ſuſtain'd by Senion, laſt that falls,
And from the virgin's well doth waſh old Ruthland's walls.

Moylvennil with her ſight that never is ſuffic'd,
Now with exceſſive joy ſo ſtrongly is ſurpris'd,
That thus he proudly ſpake; 'On the Gwynethian ground
'(And look from eaſt to weſt) what country is 'there crown'd
'As thou (*b*) Tegenia art? that, with a vale ſo rich
'(Cut thorough with the Cluyd, whoſe graces me 'bewitch) [been:
'The fruitful'ſt of all Wales, ſo long baſt honour'd
'As alſo by thy ſpring, ſuch wonder who doſt win,
'§ That naturally remote ſix Britiſh miles from ſea,
'And riſing on the firm, yet in the natural day
'Twice falling, twice doth fill, in moſt admired 'wiſe.
'When Cynthia from the eaſt unto the ſouth 'doth riſe,
'That mighty Neptune flows, then ſtrangely ebbs 'thy well: [ſwell;
'And when again he ſinks, as ſtrangely ſhe doth
'§ Yet to the ſacred fount of Winifred gives place;
'Of all the Cambrian ſprings of ſuch eſpecial grace,
'That oft the (*i*) Devian nymphs, as alſo thoſe 'that keep [deep,
'Amongſt the coral-groves in the Vergivian
'Have left their wat'ry bowers, their ſecret ſafe 'retire, [mire
'To ſee her whom report ſo greatly ſhould ad-
'(Whoſe waters to this day as perfect are and 'clear, [were,
'As her delightful eyes in their full beauties
'A virgin while ſhe liv'd) chaſte Winifrid: who 'choſe
'Before her maiden-gem ſhe forcibly would loſe,
'To have her harmleſs life by the lewd raptor 'ſpilt: [his guilt,
'For which, ſtill more and more to aggravate
'The lifeleſs tears ſhe ſhed, into a fountain turn.
'And, that for her alone the water ſhould not 'mourn, [her veins,
'The pure vermilian blood, that iſſued from
'Unto this very day the pearly gravel ſtains;
'As erſt the white and red were mixed in her 'cheek. [like,
'And, that one part of her might be the other
'Her hair was turn'd to moſs; whoſe ſweetneſs 'doth declare, [bare:
'In livelineſs of youth the natural ſweets ſhe
'And of her holy life the innocence to ſhew,
'Whatever living thing into this well you throw,
'She ſtrongly bears it up, not ſuff'ring it to ſink.
'Beſides, the wholeſome uſe in bathing, or in drink,
'Doth the diſeaſed cure, as thereto ſhe did leave
'Her virtue with her name, that time ſhould not 'bereave.'

Scarce of this tedious tale Moylvennil made an end, [aſcend
But that the higher (*k*) Yale, whoſe being doth
Into the pleaſant eaſt, his loftier head advanc'd.
This region, as a man that long had been intranc'd
(Whilſt thus himſelf to pleaſe, the mighty mountains tells [wells)
Such (*l*) farlies of Cluyd, and of his wond'rous
Stood thinking what to do: leſt fair Tegenia, plac'd
So admirably well, might hold herſelf diſgrac'd
By his ſo barren ſite, being mountainous and cold,
To nothing more unlike than Dyffren's batful mould;
And in reſpect of her, to be accounted rude.

Yale, for he would not be confounded quite by Cluyd,
(And for his common want, to coin ſome poor excuſe)
Unto his proper praiſe, diſcreetly doth produce
A valley, for a vale, of her peculiar kind;
In goodneſs, breadth, and length, though Dryffen far behind:
On this yet dare he ſtand, that for the natural frame, [name,
§ That figure of the croſs, of which it takes the
Is equal with the beſt, which elſe excel it far:
And by the power of that moſt ſacred character,
Reſpect beyond the reſt unto herſelf doth win.

When now the ſterner Dee doth inſtantly begin
His ampler ſelf to ſhew that (down the verdant dale) [Yale,
Strains in his nobler courſe along the rougher
T' invite his favouring brooks: where from that ſpacious lin
Through which he comes unmixt, firſt (*m*) Alwin falleth in:

(*g*) Riverets running into Cluyd out of Denbigh and Flintſhire.
(*b*) Part of tha Vale called Teg-Engle, *i. e.* Fair England.
(*i*) Of Dee.
(*k*) A place mountainous, and ſomewhat inacceſſible.
(*l*) Strange things.

And going on along, ſtill gathering up his foree,
Gets (*m*) Gerrowte his aid, to haſten on his courſe.
With (*m*) Chriſtoneth next, comes (*m*) Keriog in apace.
Out of the leaden mines, then with her ſullied face
(*m*) Claweddock caſts about where Gwenrow ſhe may greet,
Till like two loving friends they under Wrexam meet.
Then (*m*) Alen makes approach (to Dee moſt inly dear)
Taking (*m*) Tegiddog in; who earneſt to be there,
For haſte, twice under earth her cryſtal head doth run:
When inſtantly again Dee's holineſs begun,
By his contracted front and ſterner waves to ſhow,
That he had things to ſpeak, might profit them to know;
A brook that was ſuppos'd much buſineſs to have ſeen,
Which had an ancient bound 'twixt Wales and England been,
And noted was by both to be an ominous flood,
That changing of his fords, the future ill or good
Of either country told; of either's war or peace,
The ſickneſs, or the health, the dearth, or the increaſe:
And that of all the floods of Britain, he might boaſt moſt,
His ſtream in former times to have been honour'd
When as at Cheſter once king Edgar held his court reſort:
§ To whom eight leſſer kings with homage did
That mighty Mercian lord, him in his barge beſtow'd,
And was by all thoſe kings about the river row'd.
For which, the hallowed Dee ſo much upon him took, brook,
And now that time was come, that this imperious
The long-traduced Brute determin'd to awake,
And in the Britains right thus boldly to them ſpake;

'O ye, the ancient race of famous Brute that he,
'§ And thou, the queen of iſles, Great Britain; why do ye
'Your grandſire's God-like name (with a neglectful ear)
'In ſo reproachful terms and ignominy hear,
'By every one of late contemptuouſly diſgrac'd;
'That he, whom time ſo long and ſtrongly hath embrac'd,
'Should be rejected quite? The reaſon urged why,
'Is by the general foe thus anſwer'd by and by:
'That Brutus, as you ſay, by ſea who hither came,
'From whom you would ſuppoſe this iſle firſt took the name,
'Merely fictitious is; nor could the Romans hear
'Moſt ſtudious of the truth, and near'ſt thoſe times that were)
'Of any ſuch as he: nay, they who moſt do ſtrive,
'From that great ſtock of Troy their lineage to derive,
'In all the large deſcent of Julus, never found
'That Brute, on whom we might our firſt beginning ground.
'To this aſſertion, thus I faithfully reply;
'And as a friend to truth, do conſtantly deny
'Antiquity to them, as nearer to thoſe times;
'Their writings to precede our ancient Britiſh rhymes:
'But that our noble Bards, which ſo divinely ſung
'That remnant of old Troy, of which the Britains ſprung,
'Before thoſe Romans were, as proof we can produce;
'§ And learning long with us, e'er 'twas with them in uſe.
'And they but idly talk, upbraiding us with lies.
'§ That Geffray Monmouth, firſt, our Brutus did deviſe,
'Not heard of till his time our adverſary ſays:
'When pregnantly we prove, e'er that hiſtorian's days,
'A thouſand ling'ring years, our prophets clearly ſong
'The Britain-founding Brute, moſt frequent them among.
'From Talieſſen wiſe (approved ſo with us,
'That what he ſpake was held to be oraculous,
'So true his writings were) and ſuch immortal men again
'As this now-waning world ſhall hardly hear
'In our own genuine tongue, that natives were of Wales,
'Our Geffray had his Brute. Nor were theſe idle tales
'(As he may find, the truth of our deſcents that ſeeks)
'Nor fabulous, like thoſe deviſed by the Greeks:
'But from the firſt of time, by judges ſtill were heard,
'Diſcreetly every (*n*) year correcting where they err'd.
'And that whereon our foe his greateſt hold doth take,
'Againſt the handled cauſe and moſt doth ſeem to make,
'Is, that we ſhew no book our Brutus to approve;
'But that our idle Bards, as their fond rage did move,
'Sang what their fancies pleas'd. Thus do I anſwer theſe; Druides,
'That th' ancient Britiſh prieſts, the fearleſs
'That miniſter'd the laws, and were ſo truly wiſe,
'That they determin'd ſtates, attending ſacrifice,
'§ To letters never would their myſteries commit,
'For which the breaſts of men they deem'd to be more fit.
'Which queſtionleſs ſhould ſeem from judgment to proceed.
'For, when of ages paſt we look in books to read,
'We retchleſly diſcharge our memory of thoſe.
'So when injurious time, ſuch monuments doth loſe

(*m*) The rivers to the Eaſt of Denbigh, falling into Dee.

(*n*) At the Stethva. See to the fourth ſong.

'(As what ſo great a work, by time that is not
'wrackt?)
'We utterly forego that memorable act:
'But when we lay it up within the minds of men,
'They leave it their next age; that leaves it hers
'agen:
'So ſtrongly which (methinks) doth for tradition
'make,
'As if you from the world it altogether take,
'You utterly ſubvert antiquity thereby. [doth ly,
'For though time well may prove that often ſhe
'Poſterity by her yet many things hath known,
'That ere men learn'd to write, could no way
'have been ſhewn:
'For, if the ſpirit of God did not our faith aſſure
'The ſcriptures he from heaven, like heaven, di-
'vinely pure,
'Of Moſes' mighty works, I reverently may ſay
'(I ſpeak with godly fear tradition put away,
'In power of human wit it eas'ly doth not ly
'To prove before the flood the genealogy.
'Nor any thing there is that kindlier doth agree
'With our deſcent from Troy (if things compar'd
'may be) [when
'Than peopling of this place, near to thoſe ages,
'Exiled by the Greeks, thoſe poor world-wand-
'ring men
'(Of all hope to return into their country reft)
'Sought ſhores whereon to ſet that little them
'was left:
'From ſome ſuch godlike race we queſtionleſs
'did ſpring,
'Who ſoon became ſo great here once inhabiting.
'So barbarous nor were we, as many have us made,
'And Cæſar's envious pen would all the world
'perſuade,
'His own ambitious ends in ſeeking to advance,
'When with his Roman power arriving here
'from France,
'If he the Britains found experienc'd ſo in war,
'That they with ſuch great ſkill could wield their
'armed car;
'And, as he ſtill came on, his ſkilful march to let,
'Cut down their aged oaks, and in the rivers ſet
'The ſharp ſteel-pointed ſtakes, as he the fords
'ſhould paſs;
'I fain would underſtand how 'tis that nation was
'So ignorant he would make, and yet ſo knowing
'war. [we are
'But, in things paſt ſo long (for all the world)
'Like to a man embarkt, and travelling the deep:
'Who ſailing by ſome hill, or promontory ſteep
'Which juts into the ſea, with an amazed eye
'Beholds the cliffs thruſt up into the lofty ſky,
'And th' more that he doth look, the more it
'draws his ſight;
'Now at the craggy front, then at the wond'rous
'weight: [ſail
'But, from the paſſed ſhore ſtill as the ſwelling
'(Thruſt forward by the wind) the floating bark
'doth hail,
'The mighty giant-heap, ſo leſs and leſſer ſtill
'Appeareth to the eye, until the monſtrous hill
'At length ſhews like a cloud; and farther being
'caſt,
'Is out of kenning quite: ſo, of the ages paſt;
'Thoſe things that in their age much to be won-
'der'd were, [bear,
'Still as wing-footed time them farther off doth
'Do leſſen every hour.' When now the mighty
preaſe,
Impatient of his ſpeech, intreat the flood to ceaſe,
And cry with one conſent, the Saxon ſtate to ſhew,
As angry with the muſe ſuch labour to beſtow
On Wales, but England ſtill neglected thus to be.
And having paſt the time, the honourable Dee
At Cheſter was arriv'd, and bade them all adieu:
When our intended courſe with England we purſue.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

RETURNING into the land, the muſe leads you about Denbigh and Flint, moſt northern and maritime ſhires of Wales; which conclude theſe ſeven laſt books dedicated to the glory of that third part of great Britain.

Prophetic Merlin ſat, when to the Britiſh King.

In the firſt declining ſtate of the Britiſh empire (to explain the author in this of Merlin) Vortigern, by advice of his magicians, after divers unfortunate ſucceſſes in war, reſolved to erect a ſtrong fort in Snowdon hills (not far from Conway's head in the edge of Merioneth) which might be as his laſt and ſureſt refuge againſt the increaſing power of the Engliſh. Maſons were appointed, and the work begun; but what they built in the day, was always ſwallowed up in the earth next night. The king aſks counſel of his magicians touching this prodigy: they adviſe, that he muſt find out a child which had no father, and with his blood ſprinkle the ſtones and mortar, and that then the caſtle would ſtand as on a firm foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-Merdhin (as you have it to the fifth ſong) was Merlin Ambroſe found; he, being hither brought

to the king, ſlighted that pretended ſkill of thoſe magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing ſpirit, undertakes to ſhew the true cauſe of that amazing ruin of the ſtone work; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of no heavy ſuperſtruction. The workmen digged to diſcover the truth, and found it ſo. He then beſeeches the king to cauſe them make farther inquiſition, and affirms, that in the bottom of it were two ſleeping dragons: which proved ſo likewiſe, the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons; and upon this event here in (*a*) Dinas Emyrs, as they call it, began he thoſe prophecies to Vortigern, which are common in the Britiſh ſtory. Hence queſtionleſs was that fiction of the muſes beſt pupil, the noble Spenſer (*b*), in ſuppoſing Merlin uſually to viſit his old Timon, whoſe dwelling he places

——— ——— low in a valley green
Under the foot of Rauran moſſy hoar,
From whence the river Dee as ſilver clean,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar.

For this Rauran-vaur hill is thereby in Merioneth: but obſerve withal, the difference of the Merlins, Ambroſe and Silveſter, which is before to the fourth ſong; and permit it only as poetical, that he makes King Arthur and this Merlin of one time. Theſe prophecies were by Geffrey ap Arthur at requeſt of Alexander biſhop of Lincoln under Henry I. turned into Latin, and ſome three hundred years ſince had interpretation beſtowed on them by a German doctor, one *Alanus de Inſulis*, who never before, but twice ſince that happy inauguration and mighty increaſe of dominion in our preſent ſovereign, hath been imprinted. It is certain that oſtentimes they may be directly and without conſtraint applied to ſome event of ſucceeding time; as that which we have before to the fifth ſong of Caerleon, and this, *the Iſle ſhall again be named after Brute*; which is now ſeen by a public edict, and in ſome of his majeſty's preſent coins, and with more ſuch; yet ſeeing learned (*c*) men account him but of a profeſſor of unjuſtifiable magic, and that all prophecies either fall true, or elſe are among the affecters of ſuch vanity perpetually expected, and that of later time the council of Trent have by their expurgatories prohibited it, I ſhould abuſe you, if I endeavoured to perſuade your belief to conceit of a true foreknowledge in him.

And the delicious vale thus mildly doth beſpeak.

If your conceit yet ſee not the purpoſe of this fiction, then thus take it. This vale of Cluyd (for ſo is the Engliſh of *Dyphren Elwyd*) extended from the middle of Denbighſhire to the ſea, about eighteen miles long, and ſome five in breadth, having theſe three excellencies, a fertile ſoil, healthful air, and pleaſant ſeat for habitation; waſhed through the middle with this river, and encompaſſed on the eaſt, weſt, and ſouth with high mountains, freely receives the wholeſome blaſts of the north wind (much accounted of among builders and geoponiques for immiſſion of pure air) coming in from that part which lies open to the ſea: whereupon the muſe very properly makes the vale here Boreas his beloved; and in reſpect of his violence againſt the waters, ſuppoſeth him jealous of Neptune; whoſe raviſhing waves in that troubled Iriſh ſea, and the depreſſed ſtate of the valley warrants it. And for that of Moylvennil's love to the river, wantonly running by him; I know your conceit cannot but apprehend it.

That naturally remote ſix Britiſh miles from ſea.

It is in the pariſh of Kilken in Flintſhire, where it ebbeth (*d*) and floweth in direct oppoſite times to the ſea, as the author deſcribes; they call it (*e*) *Finon Leinw*: Such a one is there about a furlong from the Severn ſea, by Newton in (*f*) Glamorganſhire, and another ebbing and flowing (but with the common courſe of the moon, aſcending or ſetting) by Dinevor (*g*) in Caermerdhinſhire. Nor think I any reaſons more difficult to be given, than thoſe which are moſt ſpecially hidden, and moſt frequently ſtrange in particular qualities of floods, wells, and ſprings; in which (before all other) nature ſeems as if ſhe had, for man's wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, ſo different, ſo remote from conceit of moſt piercing wits; and ſuch unlooked for operations both of their firſt and ſecond qualities (to uſe the ſchool phraſe of them) are in every chronographer, naturaliſt, and hiſtorian.

Yet to the ſacred fount of Winifred gives place.

At Haliwel a maratime village, near Baſingwerk, in Flint, is this Winifred's well, whoſe ſweetneſs in the moſs, wholeſomeneſs for bath, and other ſuch uſeful qualities, have been referred to her martyrdom in this place. But D. Powel upon Girald, in effect thus: Henry II. in his firſt Welſh expedition fortified the caſtle of Baſingwerk, and near by, made a cell for Templers, which continued there until their diſſolution under (*b*) Edward II. and was after converted to a neſt of lubberly monks, whoſe ſuperſtitious honouring her more than truth, cauſed this dedica-

(*a*) Ambroſe's Bury. Itinerar. 2. c. 8.
(*b*) Fairy Queen, lib. 1. Cant. 9. Stanz. 4.
(*c*) Wier. de præſtigiis Demon. 2. cap. 16. alii.
(*d*) Humf. Lhuid. deſcript.
(*e*) Powel. ad Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.
(*f*) Stradling. ap. Camd.
(*g*) Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.
(*b*) 5 Ed. 2.

tion of the fountain; ſo much to their profit (in a kind of merchandiſe then too ſhameſully in requeſt) that they had large guerdons (it belonging to the cell) of thoſe, which had there any medicine, beſide increaſing rents which accrued to them yearly, out of pardons to ſuch as come thither in ſolemn pilgrimage. This title of exaction they purchaſed of P. P. Martin the V. under Henry the V. and added more ſuch gaining pretences to themſelves in time of Henry VII. by like authority; nor, until the more clear light of the goſpel, yet continuing its comfortable beams among us, diſſipated thoſe foggy miſts of error and ſmoak ſelling impoſture, ended theſe collected revenues. The author follows the legend; but obſerve times compared, and you ſhall find no mention of this well, and the healthful operations of it, until long after the ſuppoſed time of St. Winifred's martyrdom.

That figure of the Croſs, of which it takes the name.

Depreſt among mountains this valley expreſſes the form of a Croſs, and ſo is called the Croſs vale, and in Britiſh *Lhan Oweſt.*

To whom eight leſſer kings with homage did reſort.

Upon comparing our ſtories, I find them to be Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Malcuze king of the Iſles (whom Malmeſbury gives only the name of Archpirate) Donald, Siffreth, Howel, Jago, and Inchithil, kings of Wales. All theſe, he (thus touched with imperious affection of glory) ſitting at the ſtern, compelled to row him over Dee; his greatneſs as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increaſing, cauſed multitudes of aliens to admire and viſit his court, as a place honoured above all other by this ſo mighty and worthy a prince: and, through that abundant confluence, ſuch vicious courſes followed by example; that, even now was the age, when firſt the more ſimple and frugal natures of the Engliſh grew infected with what (in ſome part) yet we languiſh. For, before his time, the Angles hither traduced, being (*i*) *homines integri*, and uſing, *naturali ſimplicitate ſua defenſare, aliena non mirari*, did now learn from the ſtranger Saxons and uncivil kind of fierceneſs, of the Flemings effeminacy, of the Danes drunkenneſs, and ſuch other; which ſo increaſed, that, for amendment of the laſt, the king was driven to conſtitute quantities in quaffing-bowls by little pins of metal, ſet at certain diſtances, beyond which, none durſt ſwallow in that provocation of good fellowſhip.

As thou the Q. of Iſles, great Britain——

Both for excellence in ſoil and air, as alſo for large continent, ſhe hath this title. And although in ancienteſt time of the Greeks (that hath any ſtory or chorography) Sardinia was accounted the (*k*) greateſt iſle, and by ſome Sicily, as the old verſes of the (*l*) Seven tells us, and that by (*m*) Ptolemy the Eaſt Indian Tapobran, now called Sumatra, had pre-eminence of quantity before this of ours; yet certainly, by compariſon of that with this, either according to the meaſure took of it by Oneſicrit (*n*) upon Alexander's commandment, or what later time teaches us, we cannot but affirm with the author here in ſubſtance, that

——————(*o*) οὐδέτις ἄλλη
Νήσοις Ὃν πάσῃσι Βρετανίσιν ἰζοφαριζει,

as long ſince, Dionyſius Afer of our Britain, which hath given cauſe to call it another world, as the attributes of it in Virgil, Horace, Claudian, and others juſtify.

And learning long with us e'er 'twas with them in uſe.

For the Druids, being in profeſſion very proportionate in many things to Cabaſtilique and Pythagorean doctrine, may well be ſuppoſed much ancienter than any that had note of learning among the Romans, who (*p*) before Livius Salinator, and Nævius, Ennius, Pacuvius, Accius, and others, not much preceding Cæſar, can ſcarce ſhew ſteps of poeſy, nor before Fabius Pictor, Valerius Antias, and ſome ſuch now left only in their names (although by pretence of Annius there be a piece of Pictor publiſhed) can produce the title of a ſtory: whereas we have (*q*) ſome that make that ſuppoſed eldeſt hiſtorian (of the Gentiles) extant, Dares Phrygius, tranſlated by Cornelius Nepos, and dedicated to Saluſt, to have lived here, but indeed upon no ſuch warrant as I dare truſt.

Our Geffrey Monmouth firſt our Brutus to deviſe.

It was ſo laid to Geffrey's charge (he was biſhop of St. Aſaph, under king Stephen) by John of Whethamſted, abbot of St. Alban's, William Petit, called William of Newborough and ſome other: but plainly (let the reſt of his ſtory, and the particulars of Brute be as they can) the name of Brute was long before him in Welſh (out of which his ſtory was partly tranſlated) and Latin

(*i*) Honeſt men by ſimplicity of nature, looking only to their own, neglecting others. Malmeſb.
(*k*) Scylax. Caryand. in περιπλ. Edit. per D. Hoeſchelium.
(*l*) Euſtath. ad Dionyſ. Afrum.
(*m*) Geograph. lib. ζ cap. 1.
(*n*) Solin. polyhiſt. cap. 66.
(*o*) No other iſle is equal to Britain.
(*p*) V. Liv. Decad. 1. lib. 6.
(*q*) Bal. centur. 1.

teſtimonies of the Britains, as I have, for the author, more largely ſpoken, to the firſt ſong. And (a little to continue my firſt juſtification, for this time) why may not we as well think that many ſtories and relations, anciently written here, have been by the Picts, Scots, Romans, Danes, Saxons, and Normans, devoured up from poſterity, which perhaps, had they been left to us, would have ended this controverſy? Shall we doubt of what Livy, Polybius, Halicarnaſſeus, Plutarch, Strabo, and many others have had out of Fabius, Antias, Chereas, Solylus, Ephorus, Theopompus, Cato, Quadrigarius, with infinite other, now loſt writers, becauſe we ſee not the ſelf authors? No, time hath ranſackt more precious things, and even thoſe ſuper-excellent books, wherein that incomparable Solomon wrote from the cedar to the hyſop, were (upon fear of the facile multitude's too much reſpecting natural cauſes in them divinely handled) by king Ezechias ſuppreſt from ſucceeding ages, if my (*r*) authority deceive not. So that the loſs in this, and all kinds, to the commonwealth of letters, hath been ſo grievous and irreparable, that we may well imagine, how error of conceit in ſome, envy in others, and hoſtile invaſion hath bereft us of many monuments moſt precious in all ſorts of literature, if we now enjoyed their inſtructing uſe: and to conclude, the antiquities of theſe original ages are like thoſe of Rome, between it built and burnt by the Gauls; (*s*) *Cum vetuſtate nimiâ obſcuræ, velut quæ* (as (*t*) Livy ſays) *magno ex intervallo loci vix cernuntur: tum quod perraræ, per eadem tempora Literæ fuêre, una cuſtodia fidelis memoriæ rerum geſtarum; & quod etiam, ſi quæ in commentariis Pontificum aliiſque publicis privatiſque erant monumentis, incenſa urbe, pleraque interiere.* But all this in effect the muſe tells you in the ſixth canto.

To letters never would their myſteries commit.

What they taught their ſcholars for matter of law, heatheniſh religion, and ſuch learning as they here were preſidents of, was delivered only by word of mouth; and, leſt memory unuſed might ſo fail, they permitted not commiſſion of their lectures and inſtructions to the cuſtody of writing, but delivered all in a multitude of verſes and Pythagorean precepts, exactly imitating the Cabaliſts; which, until of late time, wrote not, but taught and learned by mouth and diligent hearing of their Rabbins. In other matters, private and public (ſo is (*u*) Cæſar's aſſertion) they uſed Greek letters, which hath made ſome think that they wrote Greek. But be not eaſily thereto perſwaded. Perhaps they might uſe Greek characters, ſeeing that thoſe which the Greeks then had, and now uſe, were at firſt received from (*y*) ſtrangers, and as likely from the Druids as from any other, for it is ſufficiently juſtifiable out of old coins, inſcriptions, and expreſs (*z*) aſſertion, that the ancient character among the Greeks was almoſt the ſame with that which is now the Latins. But thence to collect that therefore they wrote or ſpake Greek, is as if you ſhould affirm the Syriac teſtament to be Hebrew, becauſe publiſhed in Hebrew letters; or ſome Latin treatiſes, Saxon, becauſe in that character; or that the Saxons wrote Iriſh, becauſe they uſed the (*a*) Iriſh form of writing; or that thoſe books which are publiſhed in Dutch by ſome Jews in a ſpecial kind of Hebrew letter, ſhould alſo be of the ſame tongue. Obſerve but this paſſage in Cæſar: He ſends by a Gaul (allured to this uſe againſt his country by large rewards) a letter to Q. Cicero, being then beſieged about (*b*) where now is Tourney, & (*c*) *Græcis conſcripſit literis, ne, interceptâ Epiſtolâ noſtra* (ſaith he himſelf) *ab hoſtibus conſilia cognoſcantur.* To what purpoſe did he thus, if the Gauls, or their ſtateſmen the Druids, underſtood Greek? I know what he (*d*) writes of thoſe tables of account found in the now Switzerland, but ſhall not ſoon believe that they had much more Greek in them than the character. If you object (*e*) Strabo his affirmance, that the Gauls (for as long as I ſpeak of them in general in this kind, I will include our Druids, as ſufficient reaſon is elſewhere given) were grown ſuch lovers of that tongue, (*f*) ὥστε καὶ τὰ συμβόλαια Ἑλληνιστὶ γράφειν. It is ſoon anſwered, that he ſpeaks only of thoſe about Marſeilles, which was, and is well known to all men, to have been a colony of Phocians, out of the now Natolia (which were Greeks) by appointment of fate arriving at the mouth of the Rhoſne, about the time of Tarquin the Proud; where Protis, one of their chief leaders, entertained by Nanus king of that coaſt, was choſen (according to their cuſtom) in a banquet by Gyptis the king's daughter for her huſband; hereto ſucceſs grew ſo fortunate, that honourable reſpect on

(*r*) In Zerror Hammor. apud Munſt. ad Exod. 15.

(*s*) Worn away by devouring time, and the enemies ranſacking the city, &c.

(*t*) Dec. 1. lib. 6. Of the Druids, ſee fully to the ninth ſong.

(*u*) Cæſar. de. Bell. Gallic. lib. 6.

(*y*) Varro de ling. Lat. 7.

(*z*) Plin. Hiſt. Nat. 7. cap. 58. &, ſi placet, videas Annianos illos, Archiloch. de Temporib. & Xenoph. in Æquivocis,

(*a*) Camd. in Hibernia. &, per Græcas literas in arâ Ulyſſis in confinio Rhetiæ & Germaniæ, apud Tacitum, Lipſius Characteres ſolummodò intelligit.

(*b*) Nervii. de bello Gall. 5.

(*c*) Wrote it in Greek, leſt the enemy might, by intercepting the letters, diſcover his deſign.

(*d*) De Bell. Gallic. 1.

(*e*) Geogr. 8.

(*f*) That they wrote their inſtruments of contract in Greek.

both ſides, joined with imitation of Greek civility (after this city built near their arrive) it ſeemed, as my author (*g*) ſays, as if Gaul had been turned into Greece, rather than Greece to have travelled into Gaul. Wonder not then why, about Marſeilles, Greek was ſo reſpected, nor why in the Romaunt French now ſuch Helleniſms are; here you ſee apparent original of it; yet conclude, upon the former reaſons, that the Druids and Gauls uſed a peculiar tongue, and very likely the ſame with the now Welſh, as moſt learned Camden hath even demonſtrated; although I know ſome great ſcholars there are, which ſtill ſuſpend their judgment, and make it a doubt, as ever things of ſuch antiquity will be.' But (if you will) add hereto that of the famous and great lawyer (*b*) Hotoman, who preſumes that the word *Græcis* in Cæſar's text is crept in by ignorance of tranſcribers, as he well might, ſeeing thoſe commentaries, titled with name of J. Cæſar, commonly publiſhed, and in divers MSS. with J. Celſus, are very unperfect, now and then abrupt, different in ſtile, and ſo variable in their own form, that it hath been much feared by that great (*i*) critic Lipſius, leſt ſome more impolite hand hath ſow'd many patches of baſe cloth into that more rich web, as his own metaphor expreſſes it. And if thoſe characters which are in the pillars at Y-Voellas in Denbighſhire, are of the Druids, as ſome imagine (yet ſeeming very ſtrange and uncouth) then might you more confidently concur in opinion with Hotoman. In ſome, I know that *Græcis literis* may be taken as well for the language (as in (*l*) Juſtin I remember, and elſewhere) as for the character: but here I can never think it to be underſtood in any but the laſt ſenſe, although you admit Cæſar's copy to be therein not interpolated. It is very juſtifiable which the author here implies, by ſlighting Cæſar's authority in Britiſh originals, in reſpect that he never came farther into the iſle than a little beyond Thames towards (*m*) Berkſhire; although ſome of ours idly talk of his making the Bath, and being at Cheſter, as the Scottiſh hiſtorians moſt ſenſeleſsly of their *Julis Hoff* built by him, which others refer (*n*) to Veſpaſian, ſome affirm it a temple (*o*) of the god Terminus; whereas it ſeems expreſsly to be built by Carauſius, in time of Diocleſian, if Nennius deceive us not. But, this out my way.

(*g*) Trog. Pomp. Hiſt. 43.
(*b*) Franco-Gall. cap. 2. quem v. etiam ad Cæſar. Com.
(*i*) Elect. 2. cap. 7. Epiſtolic. quæſt. 2. cap. 2.
(*l*) Hiſt. lib. 20. in extrema.
(*m*) Cæſarem ſi legas, tibi ipſi ſatisfacias, verùm & ita Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Baln.
(*n*) Veremund. ap. Hect. Boet. hiſt. 3.
(*o*) Buchanan. hiſt. 4. in Donalde.

POLY-OLBION:

THE ELEVETH SONG.

The Argument.

The Muſe, her native earth to ſee,
Returns to England over Dee;
Viſits ſtout td Cheſhire, and there ſhews
To her and hers, what England owes;
And of the nymphets ſporting there
In Wyrral, and in Delamère.
Weever, the great devotion ſings
Of the religious Saxon kings;
Thoſe riverets doth together call,
That into him and Merſey fall.
Thence bearing to the ſide of Peak,
This zealous canto off doth break.

WITH as unwearied wings, and in as high a gait
As when we firſt ſet forth, obſerving every ſtate,
The muſe from Cambria comes, with pinions ſumm'd and ſound:
And having put herſelf upon the Engliſh ground,
Firſt ſeizeth in her courſe the nobleſt Ceſtrian ſhore; [yore,
§ Of our great Engliſh bloods as careful here of
As Cambria of her Brute's now is, or could be then; [of men.
For which, our proverb calls her, Cheſhire chief
§ And of our counties, place of Palatine doth hold,
And thereto hath her high regalities inroll'd:
Beſides, in many fields ſince conquering William came,
Her people ſhe hath prov'd, to her eternal fame.
All, children of her own, the leader and the led,
The mightieſt men of bone, in her full boſom bred:
And neither of them ſuch as cold penurious need
Spurs to each raſh attempt; but ſuch as ſoundly feed,
Clad in warm Engliſh cloth; and maim'd ſhould they return
(Whom this falſe ruthleſs world elſe from their doors would ſpurn)
Have livelihood of their own, their ages to ſuſtain.
Nor did the tenant's pay the landlord's charge maintain:
But as abroad in war, he ſpent of his eſtate;
Returning to his home, his hoſpitable gate

The richer and the poor ſtood open to receive.
They, of all England, moſt to ancient cuſtoms cleave,
Their yeomanry and ſtill endeavour'd to uphold.
For rightly whilſt herſelf brave England was of old,
And our courageous kings us forth to conqueſts led,
Our armies in thoſe times (near through the world ſo dread)
Of our tall yeomen were, and foot-men for the moſt; [hoaſt,
Who (with their bills and bows) may confidently
§ Our leopards they ſo long and bravely did advance
Above the fleur-de-lis, even in the heart of France.
O! thou thrice happy ſhire, confined ſo to be
'Twixt two ſo famous floods, as Merſey is, and Dee!
Thy Dee upon the weſt from Wales doth thee divide: [ſide,
Thy Merſey on the north, from the Lancaſtrian
Thy natural ſiſter-ſhire; and liokt unto thee ſo,
That Lancaſhire along with Cheſhire ſtill doth go.
As tow'rds the Derbian Peak, and Moreland (which do draw
More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd Shutlingſlaw
And Molcop be thy mounds, with thoſe proud hills whence rove
The lovely ſiſter brooks, the ſilvery Dane and Dove;
Clear Dove, that makes to Trent; the other to the weſt.
But, in that famous town, moſt happy of the reſt,
(From which thou tak'ſt thy name) fair Cheſter, call'd of old
§ Carlegion; whilſt proud Rome her conqueſts here did hold,
Of thoſe her legions known the faithful ſtation then,
So ſtoutly held to tack by thoſe near North-wales men;
Yet by her own right name had rather called be,
§ As her the Britons term'd, the fortreſs upon Dee,
Than vainly ſhe would ſeem a miracle to ſtand,
Th' imaginary work of ſome huge giant's hand:
Which if ſuch ever were, tradition tells not who.
But back a while, my muſe: to Weever let us go,
Which (with himſelf compar'd) each Britiſh flood doth ſcorn; [born;
His fountain and his fall, both Cheſter's rightly
The country in his courſe, that clean through doth divide,
Cut in two equal ſhares upon his either ſide:
And, what the famous flood far more than that enriches,
The bracky fountains are, thoſe two renowned Wyches,
The Nant-wych, and the North; whoſe either briny well,
For ſtore and ſorts of ſalts, make Weever to excel.
Beſides their general uſe, not had by him in vain,
§ But in himſelf thereby doth holineſs retain
Above his fellow floods: whoſe healthful virtues taught, [fought
Hath of the ſea-gods oft caus'd Weever to be
For phyſick in their need: and Thetis oft hath ſeen, [been
When by their wanton ſports her Ner'ides have
So ſick, that Glaucus' ſelf hath failed in their cure:
Yet Weever, by his ſalts, recovery durſt aſſure.
And Amphitrite oft this wizard river led
Into her ſecret walks (the depths profound and dread)
Of him (ſuppos'd ſo wiſe) the hid events to know
Of things that were to come, as things done long ago.
In which he had been prov'd moſt exquiſite to be;
And bare his fame ſo far, that oft 'twixt him and Dee [ſkill.
Much ſtrife there hath aroſe in their prophetic
But to conclude his praiſe, our Weever here doth will
The muſe his ſource to ſing; as how his courſe he ſteers:
Who from his nat'ral ſpring, as from his neigh-b'ring meres
Sufficiently ſupply'd, ſhoots forth his ſilver breaſt,
As though he meant to take directly tow'rd the eaſt;
Until at length it proves he loit'reth but to play,
Till Aſhbrook and the Lee o'ertake him on the way,
Which to his journey's end him earneſtly do haſte;
Till having got to Wych, he taking there a taſte
Of her moſt ſavory ſalt, is, by the ſacred touch,
Forc'd faſter in his courſe, his motion quicken'd much [near
To North-wych: and at laſt, as he approacheth
Dane, Whelock draws, then Crock, from that black ominous mere
Accounted one of thoſe that England's wonders make;
Of neighbours, Black-mere nam'd, of ſtrangers, Brereton's-lake;
Whoſe property ſeems far from reaſon's way to ſtaod:
For, near before his death that's owner of the land,
She ſends up ſtocks of trees, that on the top do float;
By which the world her firſt did for a wonder note.
His handmaid Howty next, to Weever holds her race:
When Peever, with the help of Pickmere, makes apace
To put in with thoſe ſtreams his ſacred ſteps that tread,
Into the mighty waſte of Merſey him to lead.
Where, when the rivers meet, with all their ſtately train,
Proud Merſey is ſo great in entring of the main,
As he would make a ſhew for empery to ſtand,
And wreſt the three-forkt mace from out grim Neptune's hand;
To Cheſhire highly bound for that his watry ſtore,
As to the groſſer (*a*) loughs on the Lancaſtrian ſhore.

(*a*) Meres or ſtanding lakes.

From hence he getteth Goyt down from her Peakiſh ſpring, [bring
And Bollen, that along doth nimbler Birkin
From Maxfield's mighty wilds, of whoſe ſhagg'd Sylvans ſhe [be:
Hath in the rocks been woo'd, their paramour to
Who in the darkſome holes and caverns kept her long,
And that proud foreſt made a party to her wrong.
Yet could not all intreat the pretty brook to ſtay;
Which to her ſtream, ſweet Bollen, creeps away.
To whom, upon their road ſhe pleaſantly reports
The many mirthful jeſts, and wanton woodiſh ſports
In Maxfield they have had; as of that foreſt's fate: [ſtate
Until they come at length, where Merſey for more
Aſſuming broader banks, himſelf ſo proudly bears,
That at his ſtern approach, extended Wyrral fears,
That (what betwixt his floods of Merſey, and the Dee)
In very little time devoured he might be:
Out of the foaming ſurge till Hilbre lifts his head,
To let the fore-land ſee how richly he had ſped.
Which Merſey chears ſo much, that with a ſmiling brow
He ſawns on both thoſe floods; their amorous arms that throw
About his goodly neck, and bar'd their ſwelling breaſts:
On which whilſt lull'd with eaſe, his pleaſed cheek he reſts,
The Naiads, ſitting near upon the aged rocks,
Are buſied with their combs, to braid his verdant locks, [look:
Whilſt in their cryſtal eyes he doth for Cupids
But Delamere from them his fancy quickly took,
Who ſhews herſelf all dreſt in moſt delicious flowers; [bowers
And ſitting like a queen, ſees from her ſhady
The wanton wood-nymphs mixt with her light-footed fauns,
To lead the rural routs about the goodly lawns,
As over (*b*) holt and heath, as thorough (*c*) frith and (*d*) fell;
And oft at barly-break, and priſon-baſe, to tell
(In carrolds as they courſe) each other all the joys,
The paſſages, deceits, the ſteights, the amorous toys
The ſubtil ſea-nymphs had, their Wyrral's love to win. [gin
But Weever now again to warn them doth be-
To leave theſe trivial toys, which inly he did hate, [eſtate
That neither them beſeem'd, nor ſtood with his
(Being one that gave himſelf induſtriouſly to know
What monuments our kings erected long ago:
To which, the flood himſelf ſo wholly did apply,
As though upon his ſkill, the reſt ſhould all rely)
And bent himſelf to ſhew, that yet the Britons bold,
Whom the laborious muſe ſo highly had extoll'd,

(*b*) A wood growing on a hill or knole.
(*c*) High wood. (*d*) Low coppice.

Thoſe later Saxon kings excell'd not in their deeds'
And therefore with their praiſe thus zealouſly proceeds;

' Whilſt the celeſtial powers th' arrived time ' attend,
' When o'er this general iſle the Britons reign ' ſhould end,
' And for the ſpoiling Pict here proſp'rouſly had ' wrought, [brought,
' Into th' afflicted land which ſtrong invaſion
' And to that proud attempt, what yet his power ' might want,
' The ill-diſpoſed heavens, Bruſe's offspring to ' ſupplant,
' Their angry plagues down pour'd, inſatiate in ' their waſte
' (Needs muſt they fall, whom heaven doth to ' deſtruction haſte.)
' And that which laſtly came to conſummate ' the reſt,
' Thoſe prouder Saxon powers (which liberally ' they preſt
' Againſt th' invading Pict, of purpoſe hired in)
' From thoſe which paid them wage, the iſland ' ſoon did win; [field;
' And ſooner overſpread, being maſters of the
' Thoſe, firſt for whom they fought, too impotent ' to wield
' A land within itſelf that had ſo great a foe;
' And therefore thought it fit them wiſely to be-' ſtow: [ſhut,
' Which over Severn here they in the mountains
' And ſome upon that point of Cornwall forth ' they put.
' Yet forced were they there their ſtations to de-' ſend. [deſcend
' Nor could our men permit the Britons to
' From Jove or Mars alone; but brought their ' blood as high,
' § From Woden, by which name they ſtiled ' Mercury.
' Nor were the race of Brute, which ruled here ' before, [ſhore,
' More zealous to the Gods they brought unto this
' Than Hengiſt's noble heirs; their idols that to ' raiſe,
' § Here put their German names upon our ' weekly days.
' Theſe nohle Saxons were a nation hard and ' ſtrong, [long;
' On fundry lands and ſeas in warfare nuzzled
' Affliction throughly knew; and in proud for-' tune's ſpight,
' Even in the jaws of death had dar'd her ut-' moſt might:
' Who under Hengiſt firſt, and Horſa, their ' brave chiefs,
' From Germany (*d*) arriv'd, and with the ſtrong ' reliefs, [ſupply,
' Of th' Angles and the Jutes, them ready to
' Which anciently had been of their affinity,

(*d*) See, concerning their coming, to the 1ſt, 4th, and 8th ſongs.

' By Scythia firſt ſent out, which could not give
' them meat,
' Were forc'd to ſeek a ſoil wherein themſelves
to ſeat.
' Them at the laſt on Danſk their lingring for-
' tune drave,
' Where Holſt unto their troops ſufficient har-
' bour gave.
' Theſe with the Saxons went, and fortunately
' wan: [began
' Whoſe captain, Hengiſt, firſt a kingdom here
' In Kent; where his great heirs, e'er other
' princes roſe
' Of Saxony's deſcent, their fulneſs to oppoſe,
' With ſwelling Humber's ſide their empire did
' confine. [line,
' And of the reſt, not leaſt renowned of their
' § Good Ethelbert of Kent, th' firſt chriſtned
' Engliſh King,
' To preach the faith of Chriſt, was firſt did hi-
ther bring
' Wiſe Auguſtine the monk, from holy Gregory
' ſent [tent,
' This moſt religious king, with moſt devout in-
' That mighty fane to Paul, in London did erect,
' And privileges gave, this temple to protect.
' His equal then in zeal, came Ercombert again,
' From that firſt chriſtned king, the ſecond in
' that reign.
' The gluttony then us'd ſeverely to ſuppreſs,
' And make men fit to prayer (much hinder'd
' by exceſs)
' § That abſtinence from fleſh for forty days be-
' gan, [man.
' Which by the name of Lent is known to every
' As mighty Hengiſt here, by force of arms had
' done,
' § So Ella coming in, ſoon from the Britons won
' The countries neighb'ring Kent; which lying
' from the main
' Directly to the South, did properly obtain
' The Southern Saxons name; and not the laſt
' thereby
' Amongſt the other reigns which made the Hep-
' tarchy:
' So in the high deſcent of that South-Saxon king,
' We in the bead-roll here of our religious bring
' Wife Ethelwald: alone who Chriſtian not be-
' came, [name,
' But willing that his folk ſhould all receive the
' § Saint Wilfrid (ſent from York) into this
' realm receiv'd
' (Whom the Northumbrian folk had of his ſee
' bereav'd)
' And on the ſouth of Thames, a ſeat did him af-
' ford, [word.
' By whom that people firſt receiv'd the ſaving
' As likewiſe from the loins of Erchinwin (who
' rais'd
' Th' Eaſt-Saxons kingdom firſt) brave Sebert
' may be prais'd:
' Which, as that king of Kent, had with ſuch
' coſt and ſtate [tate)
' Built Paul's; his greatneſs ſo (this king to imi-

' Began the goodly church of Weſtminſter to rear:
' The primer Engliſh kings ſo truly zealous were.
' Then (*b*) Sebba of his ſeed, that did them all
' ſurpaſs,
' Who fitter for a ſhrine than for a ſcepter was,
' (Above the power of fleſh, his appetite to ſtarve
' That his deſired Chriſt he ſtrictly might obſerve).
' Even in his height of life, in health, in body
' ſtrong,
' Perſwaded with his queen, a lady fair and young,
' To ſeparate themſelves, and in a ſole eſtate,
' After religious ſort themſelves to dedicate.
' Whoſe nephew Uffa next, inflam'd with his
' high praiſe [raiſe).
' Enriching that proud fane his grandſire firſt did
' Abandoned the world he found ſo full of ſtrife,
' And after liv'd in Rome a ſtrict religious life.
' Nor theſe our princes here, of that pure Sax-
' on ſtrain,
' Which took unto themſelves each one their ſe-
' veral reign,
' For their ſo godly deeds deſerved greater fame,
' Than th' Angles their allies, that hither with
' them came;
' Who ſharing out themſelves a kingdom in the
' Eaſt, [inveſt,
' With th' Eaſtern Angles name their circuit did
' By Uffa in that part ſo happily begun:
' Whoſe ſucceſſors the crown for martyrdom have
' won
' From all before or ſince that ever ſuffer'd here;
' § Redwald's religious ſons: who for their Savi-
' our dear,
' By cruel heatheniſh hands unmerciſully ſlain,
' Amongſt us evermore remember'd ſhall remain,
' And in the roll of ſaints muſt have a ſpecial
' room,
' Where Derwald to all times with Erpenwald
' ſhall come.
' When in that way they went, next Sebert
' them ſucceeds,
' Scarce ſeconded again for ſanctimonious deeds:
' Who for a private life when he his rule reſign'd,
' And to his cloiſter long had ſtrictly him con-
' fin'd,
' A corſlet for his cowl was glad again to take,
' His country to defend (for his religion's ſake)
' Againſt proud Penda, com'n with all his Pagan
' power, [vour:
' Thoſe chriſtned Angles then of purpoſe to de-
' And ſuff'ring with his folk, by Penda's heathen-
' iſh pride,
' As he a ſaint had liv'd, a conſtant martyr dy'd.
' When, after it fell out, that Offa had not long
' Held that by cruel force, which Penda got by
' wrong,
' § Adopting for his heir young Edmond, brought
' him in, [win:
' Even at what time the Danes this iſland ſought to
' Who chriſt'ned ſoon became, and as religious
' grown [his throne,
' As thoſe moſt heatheniſh were who ſet him on

(*b*) Sebba, a monk in Paul's.

' Did expiate in that place his predeceſſors guilt,
' Which ſo much Chriſtian blood ſo cruelly had
' ſpilt. [try,
' For, taken by the Danes, who did all tortures
' His Saviour Jeſus Chriſt to force him to deny;
' Firſt beating him with bats, but no advantage got,
' His body full of ſhafts then cruelly they ſhot;
' The conſtant martyr'd king, a ſaint thus juſtly
' crown'd. [renown'd
' To whom even in that place, that monument
' Thoſe after-ages built to his eternal fame.
' What Engliſh hath not heard (c) St. Edmond
' Bury's name? [again,
' As of thoſe Angles here, ſo from their loins
' Whoſe hands hew'd out their way to the Weſt-
' Saxon reign, [deſcend)
' From Kenrick, or that claim from Cerdick to
' A partnerſhip in fame great Ina might pretend
' With any king ſince firſt the Saxons came to ſhore.
' Of all thoſe chriſt'ned here, who highlier did adore
' The Godhead, than that man? or more that did
' apply
' His power t' advance the church in true ſincerity?
' Great Glaſtonbury then ſo wond'rouſly decay'd,
' Whoſe old foundation firſt the ancient Britons
' laid,
' He glorioufly rebuilt, enriching it with plate,
' And many a ſumptuous cope, to uſes conſecrate:
' Ordaining godly laws for governing this land,
' Of all the Saxon kings the Solon he ſhall ſtand.
' From (d) Otta (born with him who did this
' iſle invade [made,
' And had a conqueſt firſt of the Northumbrians
' And tributary long of mightier Hengiſt held,
' Till Ida (after born) the Kentiſh power expell'd,
' And abſolutely ſet on the Dierian ſeat,
' But afterward reſign'd to Ethelfrid the Great:
' An army into Wales who for invaſion led,
' At Cheſter and in fight their forces vanquiſhed;
' Into their utter ſpoil, then public way to make,
' The long-religious houſe of goodly Bangor brake,
' § And ſlew a thouſand monks, as they devoutly
' pray'd. [made
' For which his cruel ſpoil upon the Chriſtians
' (Though with the juſt conſent of Chriſtian Sax-
' ons ſlain)
' His blood, the heatheniſh lands of Redwald did
' diſtain. [exil'd:
' That murderer's iſſue next, this kingdom were
' And Edwyn took the rule; a prince as juſt and
' mild [bring
' As th' other faithleſs were: nor could time ever
' In all the ſeven-fold rule an abſoluter king;
' And more t' advance the faith, his utmoſt power
' that lent
' § Who re-ordained York a biſhop's government;
' And ſo much lov'd the poor, that in the ways of
' trade,
' Where fountains fitly were, he iron diſhes made,
' And faſt'ned them with chains the way-farer to
' eaſe, [appeaſe.
' And the poor pilgrim's thirſt, there reſting, to

(c) In Suffolk.
(d) Otta, brother to Hengiſt.

' As Mercia, 'mongſt the reſt, ſought not the
' leaſt to raiſe [praiſe.
' The ſaving Chriſtian faith, nor merits humbler
' § Nor thoſe that from the ſtem of Saxon Creda
' came
' (The Britons who expulſt) were any whit in fame,
' For piety and zeal, behind the others beſt;
' Though heath'niſh Penda long and proudly did
' infeſt
' The chriſt'ned neighbouring kings, and forc'd
' them all to bow;
' Till Oſwy made to God a moſt religious vow,
' Of his abundant grace would he be pleas'd to
' grant, [plant,
' That he this Panim prince in battle might ſup-
' A recluſe he would give his daughter and de-
light, [bright:
' Sweet Alfled then in youth, and as the morning
' And having his requeſt, he gave as he obtain'd;
' Though his unnatural hands ſucceeding Wul-
' pher ſtain'd [mother had
' In his own childrens blood, whom their dear
' § Confirm'd in Chriſt's belief, by that moſt re-
' verend Chad:
' Yet to embrace the faith when after he began
' (For the unnatural'ſt deed that e'er was done
' by man)
' If poſſible it were to expiate his guilt,
' Here many a goodly houſe to holy uſes built:
' And ſhe (to purge his crime on her dear chil-
' dren done)
' A crowned queen, for him, became a veiled nun.
' What age a godlier prince than Etheldred
' could bring?
' Or than our Kinred here, a more religious king?
' Both taking them the cowl, th' one here his fleſh
' did tame, [became.
' The other went to Rome, and there a monk
' So, Ethelbald may well be ſet the reſt among:
' Who, though moſt vainly given when he was
' hot and young;
' Yet, by the wiſe reproof of godly biſhops, brought
' From thoſe unſtay'd delights by which his youth
' was caught,
' He all the former kings of Mercia did exceed,
' § And (through his rule) the church from taxes
' ſtrongly freed.
' Then to the eaſtern ſea, in that deep wat'ry fen
' (Which ſeem'd a thing ſo much impoſſible to
' men)
' He that great abbey built of Crowland, as
' though he [tion he.
' Would have no other's work like his founda-
' As, Offa greater far than any him before:
' Whoſe conqueſts ſcarcely were ſuffic'd with all
' the ſhore;
' But over into Wales adventurouſly he ſhot
' His Mercia's ſpacious (e) Mere, and Powſland
' to it got.
' This king, even in that place, where with rude
' heaps of ſtones
' § The Britons had interr'd their proto-martyr's
' bones,

(e) Offa's ditch.

' That goodly abbey built to Alban; as to ſhew
' How much the ſons of Brute ſhould to the Sax-
' ons owe.
' But when by powerful heaven it was decreed
' at laſt,
' That all thoſe ſeven-fold rules ſhould into one
' be caſt
' (Which quickly to a head by (*f*) Britrik's death
' was brought) [taught,
' Then Egbert, who in France had carefully been
' Returning home, was king of the Weſt-Sexians
' made, [perſuade
' Whoſe people, then moſt rich and potent, him
' (As once it was of old) to monarchiſe the land.
' Who followeth their advice, firſt with a warlike
' hand
' The Corniſh overcame; and thence, with prof-
' perous ſails, [Wales;
' O'er Severn ſet his powers into the heart of
' And with the Mercians there, a bloody battle
' wag'd: [enrag'd,
' Wherein he won their rule; and with his wounds
' Went on againſt the reſt. Which, ſadly when
' they ſaw [awe
' How thoſe had ſped before, with moſt ſubjective
' Submit them to his ſword: who proſperouſly
' alone
' Reduc'd the ſeven-fold rule to his peculiar throne,
' (§ Extirping other ſtiles) and gave it England's
' name [came.
' Of th' Angles, from whoſe race his nobler fathers
' When ſcarcely Egbert here an entire rule be-
' gan,
' But inſtantly the (*g*) Dane the iſland overran;
' A people, that their own thoſe Saxons paid again.
' For, as the Britons firſt they treacherouſly had
ſlain,
' This third upon their necks a heavier burden
' laid, [betray'd.
' Than they had upon thoſe whom falſely they
' And for each others ſtates, though oft they here
' did toil. [ſpoil,
' § A people from their firſt bent naturally to
' That cruelty with them from their beginning
' brought;
' Yet when the Chriſtian faith in them had
' throughly wrought,
' Of any in the world no ſtory ſhall us tell,
' Which did the Saxon race in pious deeds excel:
' That in theſe drowſy times ſhould I in public
' bring
' Each great peculiar act of every godly king,

(*f*) Egb rt's predeceſſ rs. (*g*) See ſong the firſt.

' The world might ſtand amaz'd in this our age
' to ſee [we
' Thoſe goodly fanes of theirs, which irreligious
' Let every day decay; and yet we only live
' By the great freedoms then thoſe kings to theſe
' did give.
' Wiſe Segbert (worthy praiſe) preparing us
' the ſeat
' § Of famous Cambridge firſt, then with endow-
' ments great
' The muſes to maintain, thoſe ſiſters thither
' brought. [taught,
' By whoſe example, next, religious Alfred
' Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned
' brood; [flood,
' And on the hallowed bank of Iſis' goodly
' Worthy the glorious arts, did gorgeous bowers
' provide.
' § He into ſeveral ſhires the kingdom did divide.
' So, valiant Edgar, firſt, moſt happily deſtroy'd
' The multitudes of wolves, that long the land
' annoy'd. [king
' And our good Edward here, the confeſſor and
' (Unto whoſe ſumptuous ſhrine our monarchs
' off 'rings bring)
' That cancred evil cur'd, bred 'twixt the throat
' and jaws,
' When phyſic could not find the remedy nor
' cauſe,
' And much it did afflict his ſickly people here,
' He of Almighty God obtain'd by earneſt pray'r,
' This tumour by a king might cured be alone:
' § Which he an heir-loom left unto the Engliſh
' throne. ' uſe,
' So, our St. Edward here, for England's general
' § Our country's common laws did faithfully
' produce,
' Both from th' old Britiſh wit, and from the
' Saxon tongue.' [throng;
Of foreſts, hills and floods, when now a mighty
For audience cry'd aloud; becauſe they late had
heard, [dar'd
That ſome high Cambrian hills the Wrekin proudly
With words that very much had ſtir'd his ranco-
rous ſpleen:
Where, though clear Severn ſet her princely ſelf
between
The Engliſh and the Welſh, yet could not make
them ceaſe:
Here, Weever, as a flood affecting goodly peace,
His place of ſpeech reſigns; and to the Muſe refers
The hearing of the cauſe, to ſtickle all theſe ſtirs.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Now are you newly out of Wales, returned into England: and for conveniency of ſituation, imitating therein the ordinary courſe of chorography, the firſt ſhire eaſtward (from Denbigh and Flint, laſt ſung by the muſe) Cheſhire is here ſurveyed,

Of our great Engliſh bloods as careful———

For, as generally in theſe northern parts of England, the gentry is from ancient time left preſerved in the continuance of name, blood, and place; ſo moſt particularly in this Cheſhire, and the adjoining Lancaſhire: which, out of their numerous families, of the ſame name, with their chief houſes and lordſhips, hath (*a*) been obſerved.

And, of our counties, place of Palatine doth hold.

We have in England three more of that title. Lancaſter, Durham, and Ely; and, until later (*b*) time, Hexamſhire in the weſtern part of Northumberland, was ſo reputed. William the Conqueror firſt created one Hugh Wolfe a Norman, Count Palatine of Cheſter, and gave the earldom to hold, *as freely as the king held his crown.* By this ſupremacy of liberty he made to himſelf Barons, which might aſſiſt him in council, and had their courts and coniſance of pleas in ſuch ſort regarding the earldom, as other barons the crown. *Ego Comes Hugo & mei barones confirmavimus iſta omnia*, is ſubſcribed to a charter, whereby he founded the monaſtery of St. Werburg there. For the name of Palatine, know, that in ancient time under the emperors of declining Rome, the title of Count Palatine was; but ſo, that it extended firſt only to him (*d*) which had care of the houſehold and imperial revenue; which is now (ſo ſaith (*e*) Weſembech; I affirm it not) as the Marſhal in other courts; but was alſo communicated by that honorary attribute of *Comitiva dignitas*, to many others, which had any thing proportionate, place or deſert, as the code teacheth us. In later times both in Germany (as you ſee in the Palſgrave of Rhine) in France, (which the earldom of Champagne ſhews long time ſince in the crown; yet keeping a diſtinct Palatine government, as Peter Pithou (*f*) hath at large publiſhed) and in this kingdom ſuch were hereditarily honoured with it, as being near the prince in the court (which they, as we, called the Palace) had by their ſtate-carriage, gained full opinion of their worth, and ability in government, by delegate power of territories to them committed, and here after titled *Countes de Palais*, as our law-annals call them. If you deſire more particulars of the power and great ſtate of this Palatine earldom, I had rather (for a ſpecial reaſon) ſend you to the marriage of Henry III. and Queen Eleanor in Matthew Paris; where John Scot, then Earl of Cheſter bare, before the king, St. Edward's ſword, called *Curtein*, which the prince at coronation of Henry IV. is recorded to have done as (*g*) Duke of Lancaſter; and wiſh you to examine the paſſages there, with what Bracton (*h*) hath of Earls, and our year (*i*) books of the High Conſtable of England, than here offer it myſelf. To add the royalties of the earldom, as courts, officers, franchiſes, forms of proceeding, even as at Weſtminſter, or the diminution of its large liberties by the ſtatute of (*k*) reſumption, were to trouble you with a harſh digreſſion.

Our Leopards they ſo long and bravely did advance.

He well calls the coat of England, Leopards. Neither can you juſtly object the common blazon of it, by name of Lions, or that aſſertion of Polydore's ignorance, telling us, that the Conqueror bare three *Fleure de lis*, and *three Lions*, as quartered for one coat, which hath been, and is as all men know, at this preſent borne in our ſovereign's arms for France and England; and ſo, that the quartering of the *Fleurs* was not at all until Edward III. to publiſh his title, and gain the Flemiſh forces (as you have it in Froiſſart) who bare the

(*a*) Camd. in Cornav. & Brigant.
(*b*) Stat. 14. Elix. c. 13.
(*d*) C. de Offic. Com. Sac. Palat. vid. Euſeb. de vit. Conſtantin. 3. & Cod. lib. 12.
(*e*) In Parat. C. 1. tit. 34.
(*f*) Livre 1. des Comtes de Champagne & Brie, Palatinorum noſtrorum nomine Sariſbur. Policrat. 6. cap. 16. & Epiſt 263.
(*g*) Archiv. in Tur. Lond. jam vero & typis commiſ. apud Crompt. Juriſdict. Cur.
(*h*) De acq. rer. dom. cap. 16. §. 3.
(*i*) 6 Hen. 8. Kelaway, & v. Brook. tit. Prerog. 31.
(*k*) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 24.

French (*l*) arms, being then *Azure semy* with *Fleurs de lis*, and were afterwards contracted to three in time of Henry V. by Charles VI. because he would bear different from the English king, who notwithstanding presently seconded the change, to this hour continuing; nor could that Italian have fallen into any error more palpable, and in a profest antiquary so ridiculous. But to prove them anciently Leopards, (*m*) *Misit ergo* (saith *Matthew Paris*) *Imperator* (that is, *Frederick* II.) *regi Anglorum tres Leopardos in signum regalis clypei, in quo tres Leopardi transeuntes figurantur.* In a MS. of J. Gower's, *Confessio Amantis*, which the printed books have not,

Ad laudem Christi, quem tu Virgo peperisti,
Sit laus RICHARDI, *quem sceptra colunt* Leopardi.

And Edward (*n*) IV. granted to Lewis of Bruges Earl of Winchester, that he should bear *d' Azure, a dix Maseles enarme d' un canton de nostre propre armes d' Engleterre, c'est assavoir, de Goules ung Leopard passant d' Or, arme d' Azure*, as the patent speaks. And likewise (*o*) Henry VI. to King's College in Cambridge, gave a coat armour, three Roses, and *Summo scuti partitum principale de Azoreo cum Francorum flore deque rubeo cum peditante Leopardo*, and calls them *Parcellæ Armorum, quæ nobis in regnis Angliæ & Franciæ jure dibentur regio.* I know it is otherwise now received, but withal, that princes being supreme judges of honour and nobility, may arbitrarily change their arms in name and nature; as was done (*p*) upon return out of the holy war in Godfrey of Bologne's time; and it seems it hath been taken indifferently, whether you call them the one or the other, both for similitude of delineaments and composture (as in the bearing of Normandy, the county of Zutphen, and such more) being blazoned in Hierom de Bara, and other French heralds, Lion-Leopards: and for that even under this Henry VI. a (*q*) great student in heraldry, and a writer of that kind, makes the accession of the lion of Guienne, to the coat of Normandy (which was by Henry II. his marriage with Queen Eleanor divorced from Louis of France) to be the first three lions, born by the English kings.

Caerlegion whilst proud Rome her conquests here did hold.

You have largely in that our most learned antiquary, the cause of this name from the tents of Roman legions, there, about Vespasian's time. I will only note, that Leland (*r*) hath long since found fault with William of (*s*) Malmesbury for affirming it so called, *quod ibi Emeriti Legionum Julianarum residere*; whereas it is plain, that Julius Cæsar never came near this territory. Perhaps, by Julius, he meant Agricola (then lieutenant here) so named, and then is the imputation laid on that best of the monks, unjust: to help it with reading *Militarium* for *Julianarum*, as the printed book pretends, I find not sufficiently warrantable, in respect that my MS. very ancient, as near Malmesbury's time as (it seems) may be, and heretofore belonging to the priory of St. Augustine's in Canterbury, evidently persuades the contrary.

———————*the fortress upon Dee.*

At this day in British she is called (*t*) *Cair Lheon at dour dwy.* i. e. *the City of Legions upon the river Dee.* Some vulgar antiquaries have referred the name of Leon to a giant, builder of it. I, nor they, know not who, or when he lived. But indeed ridiculously they took (*u*) *Leon Daur* for king Leon the great; to whom the author alludes presently.

But in himself thereby doth Holiness retain.

He compares it with Dee's title presently, which hath its reason given before to the VII. song. Wever, by reason of the Salt-pits at Northwich, Nantwich, and Middlewich, (all on his banks) hath this attribute, and that of the sea-gods suit to him, and kind entertainment for his skill in physic, and prophesy; justifiable in general, as well as to make Tryphon their surgeon, which our excellent Spenser hath done; and in particular cause, upon the most respected and divinely honoured name of salt; of which, if you observe it used in all sacrifices by express commandment of the (*x*) true God, טלחבדים (*a*) in holy writ, the religion of the salt, set first, and last taken away, as a symbol (*b*) of perpetual friendship, that in Homer (*c*) Πάονε δ' Ἁλὸς Θείοιο, the title of (*d*) Αγνίτης given it by Lycophron, and (*e*) passages of the ocean's medicinable epithets because of his saltness, you shall see apparent and apt testimony.

From Woden, by which name they stiled Mercury.

Of the Britons descent from Jove, if you remember but Æneas son to Anchises, and Venus, with her derivation of blood from Jupiter's parents, sufficient declaration will offer itself. For

(*l*) V. Stat. 14. Ed. 3.
(*m*) 19 Hen. 3.
(*n*) Pat. 12. Ed. 4. part. 1. memb. 12.
(*o*) Pat. 27 Hien. 6. num. 46.
(*p*) Pont. Heut. de vet. Belgio. 2.
(*q*) Nichol. Upton. de re militari, l. 3.
(*r*) In Deva ad Cyg. Cant.
(*s*) De Pontificib. lib. 4.
(*t*) Humf. Lhuid in Breviario.
(*u*) A great legion.
(*x*) Levit. 2. comm. 13. & Num. 18.
(*a*) Salt of the covenant.
(*b*) Cæl. Rhodigin. ant. Lect. 12. c. 1. V. Plutarch. Sympos. i. cap. 10.
(*c*) Iliad. 1. Vid. Lips. Saturnal. 1. cap. 2.
(*d*) In Cassandra.
(*e*) Cæl. Ant. Lect. 11. cap. 22.

this of Woden, see somewhat to the third song. To what you read there, I here more fitly add this: Woden, in Saxon genealogies, is ascended to, as the chief ancestor of their most royal progenies; so you may see in Nennius, Bede, Ethelwerd, Florence of Worcester, an *Anonymus de Regalia Prosapia*, Huntingdon, and Hoveden; yet in such sort, that in some of them they go beyond him, through Frithwald, Frealaf, Frithulf, Fin, Godulph, Geta, and others, to Seth; but with so much uncertainty, that I imagine many of their descents were just as true as the Theogony in Hesiod, Apollodorus, or that of Prester John's, sometimes deriving (*b*) himself very near from the loins of Salomon. Of this Woden, beside my authors named, special mention is found in Paul (*i*) Warnfred who makes Frea his wife (others call her Fricco, and by her understand Venus) and Adam (*k*) of Breme, which describe him as Mars; but in Geffrey of Monmouth, and Florilegus, in Hengist's own person, he is affirmed the same with Mercury, who by Tacitus report was their chief deity; and that also is warranted in the denomination of our *Wodensday* (according to the Duteh *Wodensdagh*) for the fourth day of the week, titled by the ancient planetary account with name of Mercury. If that allusion in the illustrations of the third song to *Merc*, allow it him not, then take the other first taught me by (*l*) Lipsius, fetching *Wodan* from *Won* or *Win*, which is to Gain, and so make his name *Wondan*, expressing in that sense the self name (*n*) Ερμῆς Κερδῶος used by the Greeks. But without this inquiry you understand the author.

Here put the German names upon the weekly days.

From their *Sunnan* for the sun, *Monan* for the moon, *Tuisco*, or *Tuisto* (of whom see to the fourth song) for *Mars*, *Woden* for *Mercury*, *Thor* for *Jupiter*, *Fre*, *Frie*, or *Frige* for *Venus*, *Sæturn* for *Saturn*, they stiled their days *Sunnan-dæg*, *Monandæg*, *Tuissons-dæg*, *Wodens-dæg*, *Thors-dæg*, *Frig-dæg*, *Sæterns-dæg*: thence came our names now used *Sunday*, *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*; which planetary account was very ancient among the (*o*) Ægyptians (having much Hebrew discipline) but so superstitious, that, being great astronomers and very observant of mysteries produced out of number and quantity, they began on the Jewish Sabbath and imposed the name of Saturn, on the next sun, then the moon, as we now reckon, omitting two planets in every nomination, as you easily conceive it. One might seek, yet miss the reasons of that form; but nothing gives satisfaction equal to that, of all-penetrating Joseph Scaliger, (*p*) whose intended reason for it is thus. In a circle describe an septagonal and equilateral figure; from whose every side shall fall equilateral triangles, and their angles respectively on the corners of the inscribed figure, which are noted with the planets after their not interrupted order. At the right side of any of the bases begin your account, from that to the oppositely noted planet, thence to his opposite, and so shall you find a continued course in that order (grounded perhaps among the ancients upon mysteries of number, and interchanged government by those superior bodies over this habitable orb) which some have sweated at, in inquiry of proportions, music distances, and referred it to planetary hours: whereas they (the very name of hour for a twenty-fourth part of a day, being unusual till about the Peloponesiaque war) had their original of later time, than this hebdomadal account, whence the hourly from the morning of every day had his breeding, and not the other from this, as pretending and vulgar astrologers receive in supposition. At last, by Constantine the Great, and Pope Silvester, the name of *Sun-day*, was turned into (*q*) *Lord's-day*; as it is stiled *Dominicus* & Κυριακή; of *Saturday*, into the *Sabbath*; and the rest not long afterward named according to their numeral order as the first, second, or third *Feria* (that is, Holiday, thereby keeping the remembrance of Easter week, the beginning of the ecclesiastic year, which was kept every day holy) for *Sunday*, *Munday*, *Tuesday*. You may note here that Cæsar (*r*) was deceived in telling us, the Germans worshipped no other gods but *quos cernunt*, & *quorum opibus aperte juvantur*, Solem, Vulcanum & Lunam, *reliquos de fama quidem accepisse*; for you see more than those thus honoured by them, as also they had (*t*) their *Gotor Monuth* for April, dedicated to some adored power of that name: but blame him not; for the discovery of the northern parts was but in weakest infancy, when he delivered it.

Good Ethelbert of Kent first christ'ned English king.

About the year six hundred Christianity was received among the Saxons; this Ethelbert (being

(*b*) Damian. a Goes de morib. Æthiopum.
(*i*) De Longobard. 1. c. 8.
(*k*) Hist. Eccleiast. lib. 4. cap. 91.
(*l*) Ad Tacit. Germ. not. 32.
(*n*) Mercury, president of Gain.
(*o*) Dion. Hist. Rom. λξ.
(*p*) De Emendat. Temp. 1. Eundem de hac re Prolegom. & lib. 7. Doctorem merito agnoscimus.
(*q*) Nicephor. Callist. Eccles. Hist. ξ cap. ξε. Polyd. Invent. Rer. 6. cap. 5.
(*r*) Comment. Gallic. 6.
(*t*) Bed. lib. de Temporibus.

firſt induced to taſte that happineſs by Berta his queen, a Chriſtian, and daughter to Hilperic (or Lothar the II.) king of France) was afterward baptized by Auguſtine a monk, ſent hither, with other workmen, for ſuch a harveſt, by Pope Gregory the Firſt, zealouſly being moved to converſion of the Engliſh nation: ſo that after the firſt coming of Hengiſt, they had lived here one hundred and fifty years by the common account without tincture of true religion: nor did the Britons, who had long before (as you ſee to the eighth ſong) received it, at all impart it by inſtruction, which Gildas imputes to them for merit of divine revenge. White of (*u*) Baſingſtoke (I muſt cite his name, you would laugh at me if I affirmed it) refers to Kent's Paganiſm, and Britiſh Chriſtianity before this converſion, the original of our vulgar bye-word *Nor in Chriſtendom Nor in Kent.*

That abſtinence of fleſh for forty days began.

Began it here, ſo underſtand him; for plainly that Faſting time was long before in other churches, as appears in the decreeing (*x*) epiſtle of Pope Teleſphorus, conſtituting that the clergy ſhould faſt from *Quinquageſima* (that is, Shrove Sunday) to Eaſter, whereas the laity, and they both were before bound but to ſix weeks, accounted, as now, from the firſt Sunday in Lent; ſo that even from the (*y*) firſt of Chriſtianity, for remembrance of our Saviour, it ſeems, it hath been obſerved, although I know it hath been referred to Teleſphorus, as firſt author. He died in the year 140 of Chriſt. But if you compare this of him with (*z*) that of Pope Melchiades (ſome 170 years after) taking away the faſt upon a Sunday and Thurſday, you will loſe therein 40 days, and the common name of *Quadrageſima*; but again find it thus. St. (*a*) Gregory (after both theſe) makes Lent to be ſo kept, that yet no faſting be upon Sundays; becauſe (among other reaſons) he would have it as the tenth of time conſecrated to God in prayer and abſtinence (and the canoniſts, (*b*) how juſtly I argue not, put it in their diviſion of perſonal tithes.) Theo, in this form, after the exception, calculates out his number. From the firſt Sunday in Lent to Eſter, are ſix weeks, that is, forty-two days, whence ſix Sundays ſubtracted, remain thirty-ſix, which (fractions avoided) is the quotient of 365, being the number of the common year divided by ten. But ſeeing that holy number (as he calls it) of forty, which our Saviour honoured with his faſting, is by this reckoning excluded, he adds, to the firſt week, the four laſt days of the *Quinquageſima*, that is *Aſhwedneſday*, *Thurſday*, *Friday*, and *Saturdry*; ſo keeping both his conceit of tithing, and alſo obſervation of that number, which we remember only (not able to imitate) in our aſſayed abſtinence. For proof of this in Erconbert, both Bede and Malmeſbury, beſide their later followers, are witneſſes. Their Saxon name near ours was (*c*) *Lengcten-fæſten*, as the other four faſts *ymbren fæſten.*

So Ella coming in, ſoon from the Britons won.

Near forty years after the Saxons firſt arrival, Ælla (of the ſame nation) with his ſons Pleucing, or Pleting, Cimen and Ciſſa landed at Cimenſhore in the now Suſſex) it is ſuppoſed (*d*) to be near the Witterings by Chicheſter) and having his forces increaſed by ſupply, after much bloodſhed betwixt him and the Britons, and long ſiege of the city Andredceaſter, now in Newenden in Kent (as learned Camden conjectures) got ſupreme dominion of thoſe ſouthern parts, with title of king of Suſſex, whoſe ſon and ſucceſſor Ciſſa's name, is yet there left in (*e*) *Lirra-cearter* for Chicheſter, and in a hill encircled with a deep trench for military defence, called Cifs-bury, by Offington. The author fitly begins with him after the Kentiſh; for he was the firſt made the number of the Saxon kings plural, by planting and here reigning over the South Saxons: and as one was always in the heptarchy which had title of firſt, or chief King of the Angles and Saxons, ſo this Ælla not only was honoured with (*f*) it, but alſo the prerogative by priority of time, in firſt enjoying it before all other princes of his nation: but his dominion afterward was for the moſt part ſtill under the Kentiſh and Weſt Saxon kings.

Saint Wilfrid ſent from York into his realm receiv'd.

This Wilfrid archbiſhop of York, expelled that ſee by Egfrid king of Northumberland, was kindly received by Edilwalch (otherways Ethelwalch, being before chriſtened through religious perſwaſion of his god-father Wulpher king of Mercland) and converted the South-Saxons to the goſpel. He endowed this Wilfrid with Selſey a cheroneſe in Suſſex, and was ſo founder of a biſhopric, afterward tranſlated, under the Norman conqueror, to Cicheſter, whoſe cathedral church in public monuments honours the name of Cedwalla (of whom ſee to the ninth ſong) king of Weſt-Sex for her firſt creator: but the reaſon of that was rather becauſe Cedwalla after death of Edilwalch (whom he ſlew) ſo honoured Wilfrid (*g*) *ut Magiſtrum & Dominum omnis Provinciæ eum præfecit, nihil in tota Provincia ſine illius aſſenſu faciendum arbi-*

(*u*) Hiſt. 7. not. 24.
(*x*) Diſt. 4. c. 4. ſtatuimus & ibid. D. Ambroſius.
(*y*) Ita etiam Baronius, ſed & vide Euſebii Chronic. in Sixto 1.
(*z*) Diſt. 4. de Conſecrat. cap. 14 Jejunium.
(*a*) In Homil. diſt. 5. de Conſecrat. cap. 16.
(*b*) Rebuff. tract. de decim. quæſt. 3. num. 31.
(*c*) Canut. leg. 16.
(*d*) Ex antiq. charta Eccleſ. Seleſenſ. ap Camden.
(*e*) So it is called in Florent. Wigorn. p. 331. kingdom of Suſſex.
(*f*) Ethelwerd. hiſt. 3. cap. 2. Bed. hiſt. 2. c. 5.
(*g*) Malmeſb. de geſt. Pontific. 3.

tratus; whereupon it was, as it ſeems, thought fit (according to courſe of yielding with the ſway of fortune) to forget Edilwalch, and acknowledge Cedwalla (then a pagan) for firſt patron of that epiſcopal dignity. It is reported, that three years before this general receipt there of Chriſt's profeſſion, continued without rain; in ſo much that famine, and her companion peſtilence, ſo vexed the province, that in multitudes of forty or fifty at a time, they uſed hand in hand, to end their miſeries in the ſwallowing waves of their neighbouring ocean: but, that all ceaſed upon Wilfrid's preaching; who taught them alſo firſt (if Henry of Huntingdon's teaching deceive me not) to catch all manner of fiſh, being before ſkilled only in taking of eels. I know, (*b*) ſome make Eadbert abbot of the monaſtry in Selſey, under king Ine, firſt biſhop there, adding, that before his time the province was ſubject to Wincheſter; but that rightly underſtood diſcords not; that is, if you refer it to inſtauration of what was diſcontinued by Wilfrid's return to his archbiſhopric.

Adopting for his heir young Edmund———

Penda king of Mercland had ſlain Sigebert (or Sebert) and Anna, kings of Eaſt-Angles, and ſo in dominion might be ſaid to have poſſeſt that kingdom; but Anna had divers ſucceſſors of his blood, of whom Ethelberth was traiterouſly ſlain in a plot diſſembled by Offa king of Mercland, and this part of the heptarchy confounded in the Mercian crown. Then did Offa adopt this St. Edmund a Saxon, into name of ſucceſſor in that kingdom: which he had not long enjoyed, but that through barbarous cruelty, chiefly of one Hingaur a Dane (Polydore will needs have his name Agner) he was with miſerable torture martyred, upon the 19th of November 870, whither his canonization directeth us for holy memory of him.

And ſlew a thouſand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.

You may add two hundred to the author's number. This Ethelfrid, or Edilfrid, king of Northumberland, aſpiring to increaſe his territories, made war againſt the bordering Britons. But as he was in the field, by Cheſter, near the onſet, he ſaw, with wonder, a multitude of monks aſſembled, in a place by, ſomewhat ſecure; demanded the cauſe, and was ſoon informed that they were there ready to aſſiſt his enemies ſwurds with their devout orizons, and had one called Brocmail, profeſſing their defence from the Engliſh forces. The king no ſooner heard this, but *Ergo* (ſaith he, being a heathen) *ſi adverſus nos, ad Dominum ſuum clamant, profecto & ipſi quamvis arma non ferant, contra nos pugnant, qui adverſis nos imprecationibus perſequuntur;* preſently commands their ſpoil: which ſo was performed by his ſoldiers, that 1200 were in their devotions put to the ſword. A ſtrange ſlaughter of religious perſons, at one time and place; but not ſo ſtrange as their whole number in this one monaſtry, which was 2100; not ſuch idle lubberly ſots as later times peſtered the world withal, truly pictured in that (*k*) deſcription of (their character) ſloth.

———With two ſlimy eyne
I muſt ſit ſaid the Segge, or elſe I muſt needs nap,
I may not ſtond ne ſtoupe, ne without mi ſtole kneele,
Were I brought a bed (but if my talende it made)
Should ne ſinging do me riſe, or I were ripe to dine.
He began Benedicite *with a helke, and his breſt knoked*
And raſkled, and rored, and rut at the laſt;
If I ſhould dye by this daie, me lyſte not to loke.
I can not perfitly my Pater noſt, *as the Prieſt it ſingeth,*
But I can rimes of Robin Hood, *and* Randal *of* Cheſter,
But of our Lord or our Lady I lerne nothing at all.
I am occupied every day, holy day and other,
With idle tales at the ale, and other while in Churches.
God's paine and his paſſion full ſelde thinke I thereon,
I viſited never ſeklemen, ne fettred folke in pittes,
I have lever here an Harlotrie, or a ſomers game,
Or leaſings to laugh at and hilye my neighbours,
Then all that ever Mark *made,* Math, John, *and* Lucas.
And vigiles and faſting daies, all theſe let I paſſe,
And lie in bed in Lent, and mi lemman in mine armes.
I have ben Prieſt *and* Parſon *paſſing thyrtie winter,*
Yet can I nether Sol fe ne ſing, ne Saints lives read,
But I can find in a field, or in a furlong an hare
Better then in Beatus Vir, *or in* Beati Omnes.

Not ſuch were thoſe Bangor monks: but they *Omnes de labore manuum ſuarum vivere ſolebant.* Obſerve here the difference betwixt the more ancient times and our corrupted neighbour ages, which have been ſo branded, and not unjuſtly, with diſſembled beſtial ſenſualities of monaſtic profeſſion, that in the univerſal viſitation under Henry VIII. every monaſtry afforded ſhameful diſcovery of Sodomites and incontinent fryers; in Canterbury priory of Benedictins, nine Sodomites; in Battel-Abbey, fifteen; and, in many other, like proportion; larger reckoning will not ſatisfy if you account their wenches, which married and ſingle (for they affect that variety) ſupplyed the wants of their counterfeited ſolitarineſs: ſo that hereupon, after an account of DC. convents of monks and friars, with mendicants, in this kingdom, when time endured them, *Je laiſſeray*, ſaith (*n*) one, *maintenant au Lecteur calculer combien pur le moins devoint eſtee de fils de putains en Angleterre, je di ſeulement fils de Moines & de Putaines.* Theſe were they who admired all for Hebrew or Greek which they underſtood not, and had at leaſt (as many of our now

(*b*) Matth. Weſtmonaſterienſis.
(*k*) Rob. de Langland, ſive Joannes Malverne Paſs. 5.
(*n*) H. Stephen en l'Entroduct. au traite de la conformite, &c. 1. chap. 21.

profeſſing formaliſts) Latin enough to make ſuch a ſpeech as Rablais hath to Gargantua for Paris bells, and call for their *Vinum Cos*; which, in one of them perſonated, receive thus from a noble (*o*) poet.

Foe extrà: nihil hoc: extrà totum ſit oportet,
Sobriè, n. juſtè atque prè potare jubet Lex.
Vinum lætificat cor hominis, præcipuè Cos.
Gratia ſit Domino, Vinum Cos, inquit, habemus.

How my reader taſtes this, I know not; therefore I willingly quit him; and add only, that William of Malmeſbury groſsly errs in affirming that this Bangor (*p*) is turned into a biſhopric; but pardon him, for he lived in his cloiſter, and perhaps was deceived by equivocation of name, there being in Caernarvon a biſhopric of the ſame title to this day, which ſome body later (*q*) hath on the other ſide ill taken for this.

Who re-ordained York a biſhop's government.

For in the Britiſh times it had a metropolitic ſee (as is noted to the ninth ſong) and now by Edwine (converted to Chriſtian diſcipline, both through means of his wife Ethelburg, daughter to Ethelbert king of Kent, and religious perſuaſion of God's miniſters) was reſtored to the former dignity, and Paulinus, in it, honoured with name of archbiſhop, being afterwards baniſht that province, and made biſhop of Rocheſter, which ſome have ignorantly made him before.

Nor thoſe that in the ſtem of Saxon Crida came.

Moſt of our chronologers begin the Mercian race royal with Penda; but Henry of Huntingdon (not without his proofs and followers) makes Crida (grandfather to Penda) firſt in that kingdom.

Confirm'd in Chriſt's belief by that moſt reverend Chad.

This Wulpher, ſon to Penda, reſtored to his father's kingdom, is (*r*) reported with his own hands to have ſlain his two ſons Wulphald and Rufin, for that they privily withdrew themſelves to that famous St. Chad, or Cedda biſhop of Litchfield, for inſtruction in the Chriſtian faith; and all this is ſuppoſed to be done where the now Stone in Staffordſhire is ſeated. Hereupon the author relies. But the credit of it is more than ſuſpicious, not only for that in claſſic authority I find his iſſue only to be Kenred, and St. Werburge (by Ermengild daughter ſo Erconbert of Kent) but withal that he was both Chriſtian, and a great benefactor to the church. For it appears by conſent of all, that Peada, Weda, or Penda (all theſe names he had) eldeſt ſon of the firſt Penda, firſt received in Middle Engle (part of Mercland) the faith, and was baptized by Finnan biſhop of (*s*) Lindisfarne: after whoſe violent death, in ſpight of Oſwy king of Northumberland, Immin, Ebba, and Edberth, gentlemen of power in Mercland, ſaluted Wulpher (brother to Peada) king of all that province, who was then, as it ſeems, (by Florence of Worceſter, and Bede's reporting of four biſhops in ſucceſſion preferred by him) of Chriſtian name; but howſoever he was at that time, it is certain that in the ſecond or third year of his reign, he was godfather to king Edilwalch of Suſſex, and beſtowed on him as a gift, in token of that ſpiritual adoption, the Iſle of Wight, with another territory in Weſt Saxony, and gave alſo to St. Cedda (made by conſent of him and king Oſwy, biſhop of Lindisfarne) fifty hides of land (a *hide*, (*t*) *a plough land*, or a *carve*, I hold clearly equivalent) towards foundation of a monaſtery. All this compared, and his life, in our monks, obſerved, hardly endures his note of perſecution; which in reſpect of his founderſhip of Peterborough abbey, Robert of Swapham a monk there reporting it, or thoſe from whom he had it, might better in ſilence have buried it, or rather not ſo ungratefully feigned it. I only find one thing notably ill of him; that he, firſt of the Engliſh kings, by ſymony made a biſhop, which was wine of London, as Malmeſbury is author.

(*And through his rule*) *the church from taxes ſtrongly freed.*

Ethelbald king of Mercland, founder of Crowland abbey in Lincolnſhire, a great, martial, and religious prince, in a ſynod held (Cuthbert then archbiſhop of Canterbury) enlarged eccleſiaſtic liberty in this form: *Donationem meam, me vivente, concedo, ut omnia Monaſteria & Eccleſiæ regni mei à publicis Vectigalibus, Operibus, & Oneribus abſolvantur, niſi Inſtructionibus Arcium vel Pontium, quæ nunquam ulli poſſunt relaxari, i. e.* he diſcharged all monaſteries and churches of all kind of taxes, works,

(*o*) Jan. Douz. Satyr. 5.

(*p*) In hiſt. & lib. 4. de Pontificib. in Dorceſtrenſibus.

(*q*) Aut lib. Academ. per Europ. edit. 1590.

(*r*) Robert. de Swapham. in Hiſt. Petroburgenſ. ap. Camd. in Stafford. & Northampton. & J. Stouæum.

(*s*) It is that now called *Holy Iſland*, by eaſt the utmoſt parts of *Northumberland*, whence the biſhopric, about DCCCCXCV, was tranſlated to *Durham*.

(*t*) Ita n. apud Matth. Paris, Huntingdon. Th. Walſingham. docemur, licet alii 100. Acris, alii aliter definiunt. Cæterum quod me maxime movet, & abſque hæſitatione in hanc ſententiam pedibus ire cogit, en tibi ex Dunſtani Charta (Ann. 963.) qua Terræ partem concedit ſeptem Aratrorum, quod Anglice dicitur ſeptem Hidas. Nec immemorem hic te vellem vocabuli illius apud Jor. Conſ. noſtros, *Hide & Taine*; quod Arvum reſtibile interpretari haut ignorat Dupendius quiſpiam,

works, and impoſts, excepting ſuch as were for building of forts and bridges; being (as it ſeems the law was then) not releaſeable. For, beſides the authority of this ſtatute of Ethelbald, it appears frequent in charters of the Saxon times, that, upon endowment and donations to churches, with largeſt words of exemption, and liberty from all ſecular charges, the concluſion of the *Habendum* was, (*v*) *exceptis iſtis tribus, expeditione, pontis, arciſve, conſtructione*, which among common notaries or ſcriveners, was ſo well known, that they called it by one general name, *Trinoda neceſſitas*, as out of Cedwalla's charter to Wilfrid, firſt biſhop of Selſey, of the manor of Pagenham (now Pagham) in Suſſex, I have ſeen tranſcribed; whereupon in a deliberative (concerning papal exactions, and ſubjection of church living) held under Hen. (*w*) III. after examination of ancient kings indulgence to the clergy, it was found, that, *Non adeo libertati dederunt hujuſmodi poſſeſſiones, quin tria ſibi reſervarent ſemper propter publicam regni utilitatem, videlicet, expeditionem, pontis & arcis reparationes, vel refectiones, ut per ea reſiſterent hoſtium incurſionibus*; although by words of a ſtatute of Ethelulph King of Weſt-ſaxons in the year 855, made by advice both of laity and ſpirituality, the church was quitted alſo of thoſe three commonwealth cauſes of ſubſidies, but enjoyed it not; for even the (*x*) canons themſelves ſubject their poſſeſſions to theſe ſervices and duties, and upon interpretation of a charter made by Henry Beauclerc, founder of the priory of St. Oſwald in Yorkſhire, containing words of immunity and liberty of tenure, as general and effectual as might be, a great lawyer (*y*) long ſince affirmed, that yet the houſe was not freed of repairing bridges and cauſeways. But all lands, as well in hands of clerks as lay, were ſubjected to particular tenures after the conqueſt: and ſo theſe kind of charges and diſcharges, being made rather feodal (as (*z*) Bracton calls them) than perſonal, uſe of them in charters conſequently ceaſed. I note here to ſtudents of antiquity, that, where the printed Ingulph ſays this was done by Ethelbald in the 3d year of his reign, they muſt with correction make it the 33d, as is, without ſcruple, apparent in the date of (*a*) the ſynod, which was the 745th of our Saviour.

The Britons had interr'd their protomartyr's bones.

In that univerſal perſecution under Diocleſian and Herculius, (*b*) this iſle gave, in St. Alban, teſtimony of Chriſtian profeſſion; even to his laſt breath drawn among tormenting enemies of the croſs. His death (being the firſt martyr, as the author here calls him, that this country had) was at Werlamceſter, (*i. e.* the old Verulam) whereby the abbey of St. Albans was afterward (*b*) erected.

(*Extirpating other ſtiles*) *and gave it England's* (*c*) *name.*

Look back to the laſt note on the firſt ſong. Thus, as you ſee, hath the muſe compendiouſly run through the heptarchy, and united it in name and empire under Egbert king of Weſt-ſaxons: after whom, none but his ſucceſſors had abſolute power in their kingdoms, as courſe of ſtory ſhews you. Likely enough I imagine, that as yet the expectation of the reader is not ſatisfied in theſe ſeven kingdoms, their beginnings, territory, and firſt Chriſtianity: therefore as a corollary receive this for the eye's more facile inſtruction.

Comprehended in		*Began in*	*Received the faith in*
I. Kent.	The now Kent.	I. Hengiſt, 456, from whoſe ſon Oiſc the ſucceeding kings were called Oiſcings.	I. Ethelbert, 597, of Auguſtine from Gregory I. (*d*)
II. South-ſex.	Suſſex. Surry.	II. In Ælla, about 491.	II. Edilwalch, 661, and the whole country converted by Wilfrid 679.
III. Weſt-ſex.	Cornwall. Devonſhire. Dorſet. Somerſet. Wilton. Southampton. Berkſhire.	III. Certic, (*d*) 519, whoſe grandfather was Gewiſe, and thence his people and poſterity were called Gewiſes.	III. Kinegils, 635, baptized by Birin, firſt biſhop of Dorcheſter in Oxfordſhire.

(*v*) V. Chartam hujuſmodi apud D. Ed. Cok. in Epiſt. ad lib. 6.

(*w*) Mat. Par. p. 838.

(*x*) Gregor. decret. tit. de Imm. Eccl. c. Perven. 2.

(*y*) Knivet. 44. Ea. 3. fol. 25. a.

(*z*) De Acquir. rer. Dom. 2. cap. 16. § 8.

(*a*) Malmeſh. lib. de geſt. Pontif. 1.

(*b*) Ann. 760, ant circiter.

(*c*) Circa ann. 800.

(*d*) I follow here the ordinary chronology of our monks.

			Began in	*Received the faith in*
Comprehended in	IV. Northumberland.	Lancaſter. York. Durham. Weſtmoreland. Northumberland, and the neighbouring territory, to Edinburgh Frith; whither, from Tine, was the name of Bernicland, and what lay on this ſide Tine, called Derland.	IV. Ida, 547, taking all Bernicland, as Ælla twelve years after began in Derland; but both kingdoms ſoon were confounded in one.	IV. Edwin, 626, chriſtened by Paulin, firſt archbiſhop of (in the Saxon times) of York.
	V. Eaſt-ſex.	Eſſex. Middleſex. Part of Hereford.	V. Sleda after ſome (others ſay in Erchwin before) about 580, both uncertain, and their ſucceſſors.	V. Sebert, 604, dipt in holy tincture by Mellitus, firſt biſhop of London.
	VI. Eaſt-angle.	Norfolk. Suffolk. Cambridgeſhire. Part of Ely.	VI. Redwald, about 600: but ſome talk of one Vuffa (whence theſe kings were called Vuffings) to be author of it near 30 years before.	VI. Eorpwald, 632, although Redwald were chriſtened, for he ſoon fell to apoſtaſy, by perſuaſion of his wife, and in the ſame chapel made one altar to Chriſt, another to the Devil.
	VII. Mercland.	Gloceſter. Hereford. Worceſter. Warwick. Leiceſter. Rutland. Northampton. Lincoln. Huntingdon. Bedford. Buckingham. Oxford. Stafford. Derby. Salop. Nottingham. Cheſter. The northern part of Hereford. But in theſe the inhabitants of them inlands were called Middle-engles, and the Mercians divided into names of their local quarters.	VII. In Penda 626. Others will in Crida, ſome forty years before.	VII. Peada, king of Middle-engle, baptized by Finna, biſhop of Lindisfarne, but enlarged the profeſſion of it in Vulpher, next king there.

Perhaps as good authority may be given againſt ſome of my propoſed chronology, as I can juſtify myſelf with. But although ſo, yet I am therefore freed of error, becauſe our old monks exceedingly in this kind corrupted, or deficient, afford nothing able to rectify. I know the Eaſt-angles, by both ancient and late authority, began above one hundred years before; but if with ſynchroniſm you examine it, it will be found moſt abſurd. For ſeeing it is affirmed expreſsly, that Redwald was

ſlain by Ethelfrid king of Northumberland, and being plain by (*n*) Bede (take his ſtory together, and rely not upon ſyllables and falſe printed copies) that it muſt needs be near 600, (for Edwin ſucceeded Ethelfrid) and that Uffa was ſome 30 years before: what calculation will caſt this into leſs than 500 years after Chriſt? Forget not (if you deſire accurate times) my admonition to the IVth ſong, of the 22 years error upon the Dionyſian account, eſpecially in the beginning of the kingdoms, becauſe they are for the moſt part reckoned in old monks from the coming of the Saxons. Where you find different names from theſe, attribute it to the miſreading old copies, by ſuch as have publiſhed Carpenwald for Eorpenwold, or Earpwald; Penda alſo perhaps for Wenda, miſtaking the Saxon *w* for our *p*, and other ſuch, variably both written and printed. How in time they ſucceſſively came under the Weſt-ſaxon rule, I muſt not tell you, unleſs I ſhould untimely put on the perſon of an hiſtorian. Our common annals manifeſt it. But know here, that although ſeven were, yet but five had any long continuance of their ſupremacies:

The Saxons tho in their power tho thii were ſo rive
Seve kingdomes made in Engelonde *and* (*o*) *ſuthe*
but vive.
The king of Northomberlond, *and of* Eaſtangle *alſo,*
Of Kent *and of* Weſtſex, *and of the* March *therto*;

as Robert of Gloceſter, according to truth of ſtory hath it, for Eſtſex and Southſex were not long after their beginnings (as it were) annexed to their ruling neighbour princes.

A nation from their firſt bent naturally to ſpoil.

Indeed ſo were univerſally the Germans (out of whom our Saxons) as Tacitus relates to us; *Nec arare terrum aut exſpectare annum tam facile perſuaderis, quam vocare hoſtes & vulnera mereri. Pigrum quinime & iners videtur ſudore acquirere quod poſſis ſanguine parare*, and more of that nature we read in him.

Of famous Cambridge firſt———

About the year 630, Sigebert (after death of Eorpwald) returning out of France, whither his father Redwald had baniſhed him, and receiving the Eaſt-angle crown, aſſiſted by Fœlix a Burgogone, and firſt biſhop of Dunwich (then called Dunmoc) in Suffolk: deſiring to imitate what he had ſeen obſervable in France, for the common good, *inſtituit ſcholam* (read it *ſcholas*, if you will, as ſome do) I ſee no conſequence of worth) *in qua pueri literis erudirentur*, as Bede writeth. Out of theſe words thus general, Cambridge being in Eaſt-Angle, hath been taken for this ſchool, and the ſchool for the univerſity. I will believe it (inſomuch as makes it then an univerſity) not much ſooner than that (I know not what) Gurguntius with Cantaber, ſome 150 years before Chriſt, founded it; or, thoſe charters of king Arthur, bulls of Pope Honorius and Sergius ſent thither; Anaximander or Anaxagoras their ſtudies there, with more ſuch pretended and abſurd unlikelihoods; unleſs every grammar ſchool be an univerſity, as this was, where children were taught by *Pædagogi & magiſtri juxta morem Cantuariorum*, as Bede hath expreſly: which ſo makes Canterbury an univerſity alſo. But neither is there any touch in authentic and ancient ſtory, which juſtifies theſe ſchools inſtituted at Cambridge, but generally ſomewhere in Eaſtangle. Reaſons of inducement are framed in multitudes on both ſides. But, for my own part, I never ſaw any ſufficiently probable, and therefore moſt of all rely upon what authorities are afforded. Among them I ever preferred the Appendix to the ſtory of Crowland, ſuppoſed done by Peter of Blois, affirming that under Henry I (he lived very near the ſame time) therefore believe him in a manner not ſubject to cauſes of hiſtorians temporiſing) Joffred Abbot of Crowland, with one Gilbert his commoigne, and three other monks, came to his manor of Cotenham, as they uſed oft-times, to read; and thence daily going to Cambridge, *Conducto, quodam horreo publico ſuas ſcientias palam profitentes, in brevi temporis excurſu, grandem diſcipulorum numerum contraxerunt. Anno vero ſecundo adventus illorum, tantum accrevit diſcipulorum numerus, tam ex tota patria, quam ex oppido, q. od quælibet domus maxima, horreum, nec ulla eccleſia ſuffic. ret eorum receptaculo*: and ſo goes on with an enſuing frequency of ſchools. If before his there were an univerſity, I imagine that in it was not profeſt Ariſtotle's Ethics, which tell us, περὶ τῆς Συνιχῆς φιλίας: for then would they not have permitted learned readers of the ſciences (whom all that hated not the muſes could not but love) to be compelled into a barn, inſtead of ſchools. Nor is it tolerable conceit, that for near five hundred years (which interceded betwixt this and Sigebert) no fitter place of profeſſion ſhould be erected. To this time others have referred the beginning of that famous ſeminary of good literature: and if room be left for me, I offer ſubſcription; but always under reformation of the moſt honoured tutoreſs's pupils, which ſhall (omitting fabulous traſh) judiciouſly inſtruct otherwiſe. But the author here out of Polydore, Leland, and others of later time relying upon conjecture, hath his warrant of better credit than Cantilup, another relater of that Arcadian original, which ſome have ſo violently patronized.

(*n*) Eccleſ. Hiſt. 2. cap. 9. ubi legendum ſexcenteſimo vice ꝟ quingenteſimo.

(*o*) Afterward.

Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood.

So it is affirmed (of that learned king, yet knowing not a letter until he was paſt twelve) by Polydore, Bale, and others; grounding themſelves upon what Alfred's beneficence and moſt deſerving care hath manifeſted in royal proviſion for that ſacred nurſe of learning. But juſtly it may be doubted, leſt they took inſtauration of what was deficient, for inſtitution: for although you grant he firſt founded Univerſity College, yet it follows not, but there might be common ſchools and colleges, as at this day in Leyden, Gieſſe, and other places of High and Low Germany. If you pleaſe, fetch hither that of Greeklade (to the third ſong) which I will not importune you to believe: but without ſcruple you cannot but credit that of a monk of (*p*) St. Dewi's (made grammar and rhetoric reader there by king Alfred) in theſe words of the year 886. *Exborta eſt peſſima ac teterrima Oxoniæ diſcordia inter Grimboldum* (this was a great and devout ſcholar, whoſe aid Alfred uſed in his diſpoſition of lectures) *doctiſſimoſque illos viros ſecum illuc adduxit, & veteres illos ſcholaſticos quos ibidem inveniſſet: qui ejus adventu, leges, modos, ac prælegendi formulas ab eodem Grimbaldo inſtitutas, omni ex parte amplecti recuſabant.* And a little after, *Quinetiam probabant & oſtendebant, idque indubitato veterum annalium teſtimonia, illius loci ordines ac inſtituta, a nonnullis piis & eruditis hominibus fuiſſe fancita, ut a Gilda (Melkino*; he was a great mathematician, and as Gildas alſo lived between 500 and 600) *Nennio* (the printed book hath falſely *Nemrio*) *Kentigerno* (he lived about 509) *& aliis, qui omnes literis illic conſenuerunt, omnia ibidem ſalici pace & concordia adminiſtrantes;* and affirmed alſo that letters had there been happily profeſt in very ancient time, with frequency of ſcholars, until irruptions of (*q*) Pagans (they meant Danes) had brought them to this lately reſtored deficiency. After this teſtimony, greater than all exception, what can be more plain than the noble worth and fame of the pillar of the muſes long before king Alfred's? Neither make I any great queſtion, but that, where in an old copy of Gildas's life (publiſhed lately by a (*r*) Frenchman) it is printed, that he ſtudied an Iren, which clearly he took for a place in this land, it ſhould be Ichen (and I confeſs, before me one hath well puliſhed the conjecture) for *Rydichin* the Welſh name of that city, expreſſing as much as Oxenford. Yet I would not willingly fall into the extremes of making it Memprikes, as ſome do; that were but vain affectation to dote on my reverend mother. But becauſe in thoſe remote ages, not only univerſities and public ſchools (being (*s*) for a time prohibited by P. P. Gregory for fear of breeding Pelagians and Arians) but divers monaſteries and cloyſters were great (*t*) auditories of learning, as appears in Theodore and Adrian's profeſſing at Canterbury, Maldulph and Aldelm at Malmeſbury (this Aldelm firſt taught the Engliſh to write (*u*) Latin proſe and verſe) Alcuin at York, Bede at Jarrow, and ſuch other more, I gueſs that hence came much obſcurity to their name, omitted or ſuppreſſed by envious monks of thoſe times, then whoſe traditions deſcending through many hands of their like, we have no credible authorities. But which ſoever of theſe two ſiſters have prerogative of primogeniture (a matter too much controverted betwixt them) none can give them leſs attribute, than to be two radiant eyes fixed in this iſland, as the beauteous face of the earth's body. To what others have by induſtrious ſearch communicated, I add concerning Oxford out of ancient (x) MS. (but ſince the Clementines) what I there read: *Apud montem Peſſulanum, Pariſios, Oxoniam, Colonias, Boloniam, generalia ſtudia ordinamus. Ad quæ Prior provintialis quilibet poſſit mittere duos fratres, qui habeant ſtudentiam libertatem;* and alſo admoniſh the reader of an impoſture thruſt into the world this laſt autumn mart in a provincial catalogue of biſhopries by a profeſt antiquary and popiſh canon of (*y*) Antwerp, telling us, that the MS. copy of it, found in St. Victor's library at Paris, was written 500 years ſince, and in the number of Canterbury province, it hath Oxford; which being written Oxonienſis, I imagined might have been miſtaken for Exonienſis (as Exonia for Oxonia ſometimes) until I ſaw Exonienſis joined alſo; by which ſtood Petroburgenſis, which bruiſed all the credit of the monument, but eſpecially of him that publiſhed it. For, who knows not that Peterborough was no biſhopric till Henry the VIII.? nor indeed was Oxford, which might eaſily be thought otherwiſe, by incidence of an ignorant eye on that vainly promiſing title. I abſtain from expatiating in matter of our muſes feats, ſo largely, and too largely treated of by others.

And into ſeveral ſhires the kingdom did divide.

To thoſe ſhires (*z*) he conſtituted Juſtices and Sheriffs, called *gereræ* and *rhyrgereras*, the office of thoſe two being before confounded in *Vice-Domini*,

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(*p*) Aſſer. Menevenſ. de geſt. Alfred.

(*q*) About Alfred's time, before his inſtauration a Grammarian was not found in his kingdom to teach him. Florenr, Wigorn. p. 309.

(*r*) Joan, a Boſco Pariſ. in Biblioth. Floriacenſ. vit. Gild. cap 6.

(*s*) Bri. Tuin. Apolog. Ox. 2. § 84.

(*t*) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Granta.

(*u*) Camd. in Wiltonia.

(*x*) Conſtitutiones Fratrum, cap. de Studiis, & Magiſt. Student.

(*y*) Aubert Miræus in Notit. Epiſcopat. edit. Pariſiis 1610.

(*z*) Hiſtor. Crowlandenſis.

i. e. Lieutenants; but ſo, that *Vicedominus*, and *Vicecomes* remained indifferent words for the name of Sheriff, as in a charter of King Edred 950. — *Ego Bingulph Vicedominus conſului* +. *Ego Alſer Vice-comes audi vi* +. I find together ſubſcribed. The Juſtices were, as I think, no other than thoſe whom they called *doldor* mannum, being the ſame with *eorles*, now earls, in whoſe diſpoſition and government upon delegation from the king (the title being officiary, not hereditary, except in ſome particular ſhire, as Leiceſter, &c.) the county was; with the biſhop of the dioceſe: the earl (*a*) ſat in the *Scyregemode* twice every year, where charge was given touching (*b*) *Godes ribberge feoruld ribde*: But by the (*c*) Conqueror, this meddling of the biſhop in Tournes was prohibited. The Sheriff had then his monthly court alſo, as the now county court inſtituted by the Saxon Edward I. as that other of the Tourn by King Edgar. The Sheriff is now immediate officer of the King's court; but it ſeems that then the earl (having always the third part of the ſhire's profits, both before and ſince the Normans) had charge upon him. For this diviſion of counties: how many he made, I know not, but Malmeſbury, under Ethelred affirms, there were thirty-two, (Robert of Gloceſter thirty-five) about which time Winchelcomb was one, (*d*) but then joined to Glouceſterſhire; thoſe thirty-two (*e*) were

Kent, Suſſex, Surrey, Hantſhire, Berkſhire, Wiltſhire, Somerſet, Dorſet, Devonſhire; theſe nine were governed by the Weſt Saxon law. Eſſex, Middleſex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hertford, Cambridge, Bedford, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Northampton, Leiceſter, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, York; theſe fifteen by the Daniſh law. Oxford, Warwick, Glouceſter, Hereford, Shropſhire, Stafford, Cheſhire, Worceſter; thoſe eight by the Mercian law.

Here was none of Cornwal, Cumberland, (ſtiled alſo Carliſleſhire) Northumberland, Lancaſter, Weſtmoreland, (which was ſince titled Appleby-ſhire) Durham, Monmouth, nor Rutland, which at this day make our number (beſides the twelve in Wales) forty. Cornwal (becauſe of the Britons there planted) until the Conqueror gave the county to his brother Robert of Moreton, continued out of the diviſion. Cumberland, Northumberland, Weſtmoreland, and Durham, being all northern, ſeem to have been then under Scottiſh or Daniſh power. But the two firſt received their diviſion, as it ſeems, before the conqueſt: for Cumberland had its particular (*f*) governors, and Northumberland (*g*) earls: Weſtmoreland perhaps began when King John gave it Robert Vipont, anceſtor to the Cliffords, holding by that patent to this day the inheritance of the ſheriffdom. Durham religiouſly was with large (*b*) immunities given to the biſhop ſince the Norman invaſion. Lancaſter, until Henry III. created his younger ſon Edmund Crookback earl of it, I think, was no county: for in one of our old year books a learned (*i*) judge affirms, that in this Henry's time, was the firſt ſheriff's tourn held there. Nor until Edward (firſt ſon to Edmund Langley Duke of York, and afterward Duke of Aumerle) created by Richard II. had Rutland any earls. I know for number and time of thoſe, all authority agrees not with me; but I conjecture only upon ſelected. As Alured divided the ſhires firſt; ſo to him is owing the conſtitution of hundreds, tithings, lathes, and wapentakes, to the end that whoſoever were not lawfully, upon credit of his Boroughs, *i. e.* pledges, admitted in ſome of them for a good ſubject, ſhould be reckoned as ſuſpicious of life and loyalty. Some ſteps thereof remain in our ancient and later law books.

Which he an heirloom left unto the Engliſh throne.

The firſt healing of the king's evil is referred to this Edward (*k*) the Confeſſor: and of a particular example in his curing a young married woman, an old (*l*) monument is left to poſterity. In France ſuch a kind of cure is attributed to their kings alſo; both of that and this, if you deſire particular inquiſition, take Dr. Tooker's *Chariſma ſanationis*.

Our country's common laws did faithfully produce.

In Lambard's Archæonomy and Roger of Hoveden's Henry II. are laws under the name of the Confeſſor and Conqueror joined and deduced for the moſt part out of their predeceſſors; but thoſe of the Confeſſor ſeem to be the ſame, if (*m*) Malmeſbury deceive not, which King Cnut collected, of whom his words are, *Omnes leges ab antiquis regibus & maxime anteceſſore ſuo Ethelredo latas, ſub interminatione regiæ multæ, perpetuis temporibus obſervari præcepit, in quarum cuſtodiam etiam nunc tempore bonorum ſub nomine regis Edwardi juratur, non quod ille ſtatuerit, ſed quod obſervaverit*; and under this name have they been humbly deſired by the ſubject, granted with qualification, and controverted, as a main and firſt part of liberty, in the next age following the Norman conqueſt.

(*a*) Edgar leg. Human. cap. 5. Edw. cap. 11. Canut. cap. 17.

(*b*) Rot. Chart. 2. Rich. 2 pro Decan. & capit. Lincoln, tranſcripſimus in Jano Anglorum, l. 2. § 14. & videas apud Fox. hiſt. eccleſ. 4.

(*c*) God's right and the world's.

(*d*) Codex Wigorn. ap. Camd. in Dobunis.

(*e*) Polychronicon lib. 1. cap. de provinciis.

(*f*) Mat. Weſt. fol. 366.

(*g*) Ingulph. hiſt. Crowland.

(*b*) Thorp. 17. Ed. 3. fol. 56. b.

(*i*) Bract. lib. 3. tract de Corona cap. 10. Quamplurimi caſus in annis Ed. 3 & 5. Jacob. apud Dom. Ed. Cok. lib. 6. fol. 77. maxime vero huc faciunt Itin. illa H. 3. & Ed. 1.

(*k*) Polydor. hiſt. 8.

(*l*) Eilred. Rhivallenſ. ap. Took. in Chariſmat. Sanat. c. 6.

(*m*) De geſt. Reg. 2. cap. 11.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWELFTH SONG.

The Argument.

The muſe, that part of Shropſhire plies
Which on the eaſt of Severn lies:
Where mighty Wrekin from his height,
In the proud Cambrian mountains ſpite,
Sings thoſe great Saxons ruling here,
Which the moſt famous warriors were.
And as ſhe in her courſe proceeds,
Relating many glorious deeds
Of Guy of Warwick's fight, doth ſtrain
With Colebrond, that renowned Dane,
And of the famous battles try'd
'Twixt Knute and Edmond Ironſide,
To the Staffordian fields doth rove,
Viſits the ſprings of Trent and Dove;
Of Moreland, Cank, and Needwood ſings;
An end which to this canto brings.

The haughty Cambrian hills enamour'd of their praiſe,
(As they who only ſought ambitiouſly to raiſe
The blood of god-like Brute) their heads do proudly bear;
And having crown'd themſelves ſole regents of the air
(Another war with heaven as though they meant to make)
Did ſeem in great diſdain the bold affront to take,
That any petty hill upon the Engliſh ſide,
Should dare, not (with a crouch) to vale unto their pride.

When Wrekin, as a hill his proper worth that knew,
And underſtood from whence their inſolency grew,
For all that they appear'd ſo terrible in ſight,
Yet would not once forego a jot that was his right.
And when they ſtar'd on him, to them the like he gave,
And anſwer'd glance for glance, and brave for brave:
That, when ſome other hills which Engliſh dwellers were,
The luſty Wrekin ſaw himſelf ſo well to bear

Againſt the Cambrian part, reſpectleſs of their power,
His eminent diſgrace expecting every hour,
Thoſe flatterers that before (with many cheerful look)
Had grac'd his goodly ſite, him utterly forſook,
And muffled them in clouds, like mourners veil'd in black, [wrack:
Which of their utmoſt hope attend the ruinous
That thoſe delicious nymphs, fair Tearn and Rodon clear [dear;
(Two brooks of him belov'd, and two that held him
He, having none but them, they having none but he,
Which to their mutual joy might either's object be)
Within their ſecret breaſts conceived ſundry fears,
And as they mixt their ſtreams, for him ſo mixt their tears:
Whom, in their coming down, when plainly he diſcerns, [yearns:
For them his nobler heart in his ſtrong boſom
But, conſtantly reſolv'd, that (dearer if they were)
The Britons ſhould not yet all from the Engliſh bear;

'Therefore, quoth he, brave flood, though forth
'by (*a*) Cambrian brought,
'Yet as fair England's friend, or mine thou
'would'ſt be thought,
'(O Severn!) let thine ear my juſt defence par-
'take:' [ſpake;
Which ſaid, in the behalf of th' Engliſh thus he
'Wiſe Weever (I ſuppoſe) ſufficiently hath ſaid
'Of thoſe our princes here, which faſted, watch'd
'and pray'd, [deeds:
'Whoſe deep devotion went for other's vent'rous
'But in this ſong of mine, he ſeriouſly that reads,
'Shall find, e'er I have done, the Briton, (ſo extold,
'Whoſe height each mountain ſtrives ſo mainly
'to uphold, [might,
'Match'd with as valiant men, and of as clean a
'As ſkilful to command, and as inur'd to fight.
'Who, when their fortune will'd that after they
'ſhould ſcorſe
'Blows with the big-bon'd Dane, exchanging
'force for force
'(When firſt he put from ſea to forage on this
'ſhore, [equal gore;
'Two hundred (*b*) years diſtain'd with either's
'Now this aloft, now that, oft did the Engliſh
'reign,
'And oftentimes again depreſſed by the Dane)
'The Saxons then, I ſay, themſelves as bravely
'ſhew'd, [beſtow'd.
'As thoſe on whom the Welſh ſuch glorious praiſe
'Nor could his angry ſword, who Egbert overthrew [ſubdue)
'(Through which he thought at once the Saxons to
'His kingly courage quell: but from his ſhort
'retire, [fire)
'His reinforced troops (now ſorg'd with ſprightly
'Before them drave the Dane, and made the Bri-
'ton run (won
'Whom he by liberal wage here to his aid had

(*a*) Out of *Plinlimon* in the confines of Cardigan and Montgomery.
(*b*) See to Song I.

'Upon their recreant backs, which both in flight
'were ſlain,
'Till their huge murthered heaps manur'd each
'neighb'ring plain.
'As Ethelwolf again, his utmoſt powers that bent
'Againſt thoſe freſh ſupplies each year from Den-
'mark ſent
'(Which prowling up and down in their rude Da-
'niſh oars,
'Here put themſelves by ſtealth upon the peſ-
'ter'd ſhores) [wan.
'In many a doubtful fight much time in England
'So did the King of Kent, courageous Athelſtan,
'Which here againſt the Dane got ſuch victorious
'days. [praiſe,
'So we the Wiltſhire men as worthily may
'That buckled with thoſe Danes, by Ceorl and
'Oſrick brought.
'And Ethelred, with them nine ſundry fields
'that fought,
'Recorded in his praiſe, the conqueſts of one year.
'You right-nam'd Engliſh then, courageous men
you were, [lord:
'When reading ye regain'd, led by that valiant
'Where Baſrig ye out-brav'd, and Halden, ſword
'to ſword; [addreſt.
'The moſt redoubted ſpirits that Denmark here
'And Alured, not much inferior to the reſt:
'Who having in his days ſo many dangers paſt,
'In ſeven brave foughten fields their champion
'Hubba chas'd,
'And ſlew him in the end, at Abington, that day,
'Whoſe like the ſun ne'er ſaw in his diurnal way:
'Where thoſe, that from the field ſore wounded
'ſadly fled,
'Were well near overwhelm'd with mountains of
the dead: [fear,
'His force and fortune made the foes ſo much to
'As they the land at laſt did utterly forſwear.
'And when proud (*c*) Rollo, next, their former
'powers repair'd [far'd)
'(Yea, when the worſt of all with the Engliſh
'Whoſe countries near at hand, his force did ſtill
'ſupply, [mandy,
'And Denmark to her drew the ſtrengths of Nor-
'This prince in many a fight their forces ſtill de-
'fy'd.
'The goodly river Lee he wiſely did divide,
'By which the Danes had then their full-fraught
'navies tew'd:
'The greatneſs of whoſe ſtream beſieged Hart-
'ford rew'd.
'This Alfred, whoſe foreſight had politic'ly found
'Betwixt them and the Thames advantage of the
'ground,
'A puiſſant hand thereto laboriouſly did put, [cut.
'§ And into leſſer ſtreams that ſpacious current
'Their ſhips thus ſet on ſhore (to fruſtrate their
'deſire) [fire.
'Thoſe Daniſh hulks became the food of Engliſh
'Great Alfred left his life: when Elflida up-
'grew,
'That far beyond the pitch of other women flew:

(*c*) See to the next ſong of *Rollo*.

'Who having in her youth of childing felt the woe,
'§ Her lord's embraces vow'd she never more
'would know:
'But differing from her sex (as, full of manly fire)
'This most courageous queen, by conquest to as-
'pire,
'The puissant Danish powers victoriously pursu'd,
'And resolutely here through their thick squad-
'rons hew'd [won,
'Her way into the north. Where Derby having
'And things beyond belief upon the enemy done,
'She sav'd besieged York; and in the Danes des-
'pight, [might,
'When most they were upheld with all the eastern
'More towns and cities built out of her wealth
'and power, [your.
'Than all their hostile flames could any way de-
'And, when the Danish here the country most
'destroy'd, [employ'd;
'Yet all our powers on them not wholly were
'But some we still reserv'd abroad for us to roam,
'To fetch in foreign spoils, to help our loss at
'home. [wan:
'And all the land, from us they never clearly
'But to his endless praise, our English Athelstan,
'In the Northnumbrian fields, with most victorious
might [flight;
'Put Alaff and his powers to more inglorious
'And more than any king of th' English him be-
'fore,
'Each way from North to South, from West to
'th' Eastern shore,
'Made all the isle his own: his seat who firmly
'fixt [twixt,
'The Caledonian hills and Caithness point be-
'§ And Constantine their king (a prisoner) hi-
'ther brought; [fought:
'Then over Severn's banks the warlike Britons
'Where he their princes forc'd from that their
'strong retreat,
'In England to appear at his imperial seat.
'But after, when the Danes, who never wea-
'ried were, [here,
'Came with intent to make a general conquest
'They brought with them a man deem'd of so
'wond'rous might,
'As was not to be match'd by any mortal wight:
'For, one could scarcely bear his ax into the field;
'Which as a little wand the Dane would lightly
'wield!
'And (to enforce that strength) of such a daunt-
'less spirit,
'A man (in their conceit) of so exceeding merit,
'That to the English oft they off'red him (in pride)
'The ending of the war by combat to decide:
'Much scandal which procur'd unto the English
'name.
'When, some out of their love, and some spurr'd
'on with shame,
'By envy some provok'd, some out of courage,
'fain [Dane.
'Would undertake the cause to combat with the
'But Athelstan the while, in settled judgment
'found [wound
'Should the defendant fail, how wide and deep a
'It likely was to leave to his defensive war.
'Thus, whilst with sundry doubts his thoughts
'perplexed are,
'It pleas'd all-powerful heaven, that Warwick's
'famous Guy
'(The knight through all the world renown'd
'for chivalry)
'Arriv'd from foreign parts, where he had held
'him long.
'His honourable arms devoutly having hung
'In a religious house, the off'rings of his praise
'To his redeemer Christ, his help at all assays
'Those arms, by whose strong proof he many a
'Christian freed, [deed)
'And bore the perfect marks of many a worthy
'Himself, a Palmer poor, in homely russet clad
'(And only in his hand his hermit's staff he had)
'Tow'rds Winchester alone (so) sadly took his
'way, [land lay;
'Where Athelstan, that time the King of Eng-
'And where the Danish camp then strongly did
'abide, [the Hide.
'Near to a goodly mead, which men there call
'The day that Gay arriv'd (when silent night
'did bring [king
'Sleep both on friend and foe) that most religious
'(Whose strong and constant heart all grievous
'cares suppress)
'His due devotion done, betook himself to rest.
'To whom it seem'd by night an angel did appear,
'Sent to him from that God whom he invok'd by
'pray'r;
'Commanding him the time not idly to foreflow,
'But rathe as he could rise, to such a gate to go,
'Whereas he should not fail to find a goodly knight
'In Palmers poor attire: though very meanly dight,
'Yet by his comely shape, and limbs exceeding
'strong,
'He eas'ly might him know the other folk among;
'And bade him not to fear, but choose him for the
'man. [fear;
'No sooner brake the day, but up rose Athel-
'And as the vision shew'd, he such a Palmer
'found, [ground:
'With others of this sort, there sitting on the
'Where, for some poor repast they only seem'd
'to stay,
'Else ready to depart each one upon his way:
'When secretly the king revealed to the knight
'His comfortable dreams that lately passed night:
'With mild and princely words bespeaking him;
'quoth he,
'Far better you are known to heaven (it seems)
'than me [command
'For this great action fit: by whose most dread
'(Before a world of men) its laid upon your hand.
'Then, stout and valiant knight, here to my court
'repair,
'Refresh you in my baths, and mollify your care
'With comfortable wines and meats what you
'will ask, 'task.
'And choose my richest arms to fit you for this
'The Palmer (gray with age) with counte-
'nance lowting low, [bow,
'His head even to the earth before the king did

' Him ſoftly anſwering thus; Dread Lord, it fits
' me ill [will:
' (A wretched man) t'oppoſe high heaven's eternal
' Yet my moſt ſovereign Liege, no more of me
' eſteem
' Than this poor habit ſhews, a Pilgrim as I ſeem;
' But yet I muſt confeſs, have ſeen in former days,
' The beſt knights of the world, and ſcuffled in
' ſome frays.
' Thoſe times are gone with me; and, being aged
' now, [my vow
' Have off 'red up my arms to heav'n, and made
' Ne'er more to bear a ſhield, nor my declining
' age ' tage)
' (Except ſome palmer's tent, or homely hermi-
' Shall ever enter roof: but if, by heaven and thee,
' This action be impos'd, great Engliſh king, on me,
' Send to the Daniſh camp, their challenge to ac-
' cept, [kept:
' In ſome convenient place proclaiming it be
' Where, by th' Almighty's power, for England
' I'll appear.
' The king, much pleas'd in mind, aſſumes his
' wonted cheer,
' And to the Daniſh power his choiceſt herald ſent.
' When, both through camp and court, this combat
' quickly went,
' Which ſuddenly divulg'd, whilſt ev'ry liſt'ning
' ear,
' As thirſting after news, deſirous was to hear,
' Who for the Engliſh ſide durſt undertake the day.
' The puiſſant kings accords, that in the middle way
' Betwixt the tent and town, to either's equal ſight,
' Within a goodly mead, moſt fit for ſuch a fight,
' The liſts ſhould be prepar'd for this material prize.
' The day prefix'd once com'n, both Dane and
' Engliſh riſe,
And to th' appointed place th' unnumber'd peo-
' ple throng: [young
' The weaker female ſex, old men, and children
' Into the windows get, and up on ſtalls, to ſee
The man on whoſe brave hand their hope that
' day muſt be.
' In noting of it well, there might a man behold
' More ſundry forms of fear than thought imagine
' could.
' One looks upon his friend with ſad and heavy
' cheer, [bear:
' Who ſeems in this diſtreſs a part with him to
' Their paſſions do expreſs much pity mix'd with
' rage, [ſuage,
' Whilſt one his wife's laments is labouring to aſ-
' His little infant near, in childiſh gibberiſh ſhews,
' What addeth to his grief who fought to calm her
' woes.
' One having climb'd ſome roof, the concourſe to
' deſcry, [eye,
' From thence upon the earth dejects his humble
' As ſince he thither came he ſuddenly had found
' Some danger them amongſt which lurk'd upon
' the ground.
' One ſtands with fixed eyes, as though he were
' aghaſt: [paſt.
' Another ſadly comes, as though his hopes were
' This heark'neth with his friend, as though with
' him to break [ſpeak,
' Off ſome intended act. Whilſt they together
' Another ſtandeth near to liſten what they ſay,
' Or what ſhould be the end of this ſo doubtful day.
' One great and general face the gathered people
' ſeem: [deem
' So that the perfect'ſt ſight beholding could not
' What looks moſt ſorrow ſhew'd; their griefs ſo
' equal were.
' Upon the heads of two, whoſe cheeks were join'd
' ſo near
' As if together grown, a third his chin doth reſt:
' Another looks o'er his: and others hardly preſt,
' Look underneath their arms. Thus, whilſt in
' crowds they throng [along;
' (Led by the king himſelf) the champion comes
' A man well ſtrook in years, in homely Palmer's
' gray, [ſtay,
' And in his hand his ſtaff, his reverend ſteps to
' Holding a comely pace: which at his paſſing by,
' In every cenſuring tongue, as every ſerious eye,
' Compaſſion mixt with fear, diſtruſt and courage
' bred.
' Then Colebrond for the Danes came forth in
' ireful red;
' Before him (from the camp) an enſign firſt diſ-
' play'd [array'd
' Amidſt a guard of gleaves: then ſumptuouſly
' Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike
' ſound [bound,
' Of Daniſh brazen drums, with many a lofty
' Come with their country's march, as they to
' Mars ſhould dance.
' Thus, forward to the fight, both champions
' them advance:
' And each without reſpect doth reſolutely chooſe
' The weapon that he brought, nor doth his foe's
' refuſe. [feel,
' The Dane prepares his ax, that pond'rous was to
' Whoſe ſquares were laid with plates, and riveted
' with ſteel,
' And armed down along with pikes; whoſe hard-
' 'ned points
' (Forc'd with the weapon's weight) had power
' to tear the joints
' Of cuiraſs or of mail, or whatſoe'er they took,
' Which caus'd him at the knight diſdainfully to
' look.
' When our ſtout palmer ſoon (unknown for
' valiant Guy) [untie,
' The cord from his ſtraight lines doth preſently
' Puts off his palmer's weed, unto his truſs, which
' bore [before
' The ſtains of ancient arms, but ſhew'd it had
' Been coſtly cloth of gold; and off his hood he
' threw: [drew
' Out of his hermit's ſtaff his two-hand ſword he
' (The unſuſpected ſheath which long to it had
' been) [ſeen,
' Which till that inſtant time the people had not
' A ſword ſo often try'd. Then to himſelf, quoth
' he, [free;
" Arms, let me crave your aid, to ſet my country

" And never ſhall my heart your help again re-
" quire,
" But only to my God to lift you up in pray'r."
' Here, Colebrond forward made, and ſoon the
' Chriſtian knight
' Encounters him again with equal power and
' ſpight:
' Whereas, betwixt them two, might eas'ly have
' been ſeen
' Such blows, in public throngs as uſed had they
' been,
' Of many there the leaſt might many men have
' ſlain:
' Which none but they could ſtrike, nor none but
' they ſuſtain;
' The moſt relentleſs eye that had the power to
awe, [ſaw,
' And ſo great wonder bred in thoſe the fight that
' As verily they thought, that nature until then
' Had purpoſely reſerv'd the utmoſt power of men,
' Where ſtrength ſtill anſwer'd ſtrength, on cou-
' rage courage grew.
' Look how two lions fierce, both hungry, both
' purſue
' One ſweet and ſelf-ſame prey, at one another flie,
' And with their armed paws ingrappled dread-
' fully,
' The thunder of their rage, and hoiſt'rous ſtrug-
' gling, make
' The neighbouring foreſts round affrightedly to
' quake:
' Their ſad encounter ſuch. The mighty Cole-
' brond ſtruck
' A cruel blow at Guy: which though he finely
' broke,
' Yet (with the weapon's weight) his ancient
' hilt it ſplit,
' And (thereby leſſened much) the champion
' lightly hit
' Upon the reverend brow: immediately from
' whence
' The blood dropt ſoftly down, as if the wound
' had ſenſe
' Of their much inward woe, that it with grief
' ſhould ſee.
' The Danes, a deadly blow ſuppoſing it to be,
' Sent ſuch an echoing ſhout, that rent the troubled
' air.
' The Engliſh, at the noiſe, wax'd all ſo wan
' with fear,
' As though they loſt the blood their aged cham-
' pion ſhed:
' Yet were not theſe ſo pale, but th' other were
' as red:
' As though the blood that fell, upon their cheeks
' had ſtaid
' Here Guy, his better ſpirits recalling to his
' aid,
' Came freſh upon his foe; when mighty Cole-
' brond makes
' Another deſperate ſtroke: which Guy of War-
' wick takes
' Undauntedly aloft; and followed with a blow
' Upon his ſhorter ribs; that the exceſſive flow
' Stream'd up unto his hilts: the wound ſo gap'd
' withal,
' As though it meant to ſay, Behold your cham-
' pion's fall
' By this proud palmer's hand. Such claps again
' and cries
' The joyful Engliſh gave, as cleft the very ſkies.
' Which coming on along from theſe that were
' without,
' When thoſe within the town receiv'd this cheer-
' ful ſhout,
' They anſwer'd them with like; as thoſe their
' joy that knew.
' Then with ſuch eager blows each other they
' purſue,
' As every offer made ſhould threaten imminent
' death;
' Until, through heat and toil both hardly draw-
' ing breath,
' They deſperately do cloſe. Look how two
' boars being ſet
' Together ſide to ſide, their threat'ning tuſks do
' whet,
' And with their gnaſhing teeth their angry foam
' do bite,
' Whilſt ſtill they ſhould'ring ſeek, each other
' where to ſmite:
' Thus ſtood thoſe ireful knights; till flying back,
' at length [ſtrength,
' The palmer, of the two the firſt recovering
' Upon the left arm lent great Colebrond ſuch a
' wound,
' That whilſt his weapon's point fell well-near to
' the ground,
' And ſlowly he it rais'd, the valiant Guy again
' Sent through his cloven ſcalp his blade into his
' brain.
' When downward went his head, and up his
' heels he threw;
' As wanting hands to bid his countrymen adieu.
' The Engliſh part, which thought an end he
' would have made,
' And ſeeming as they much would in his praiſe
' have ſaid,
' He bid them yet forbear, whilſt he purſu'd his
' fame, [came;
' That to this paſſed king next in ſucceſſion
' That great and puiſſant knight (in whoſe victo-
' rious days
' Thoſe knight-like deeds were done, no leſs de-
' ſerving praiſe)
' Brave Edmond, Edward's ſon, that Stafford ha-
' ving ta'en,
' With as ſucceſsful ſpeed won Derby from the
' Dane.
' From Lie'ſter then again, and Lincoln at the
' length,
' Drave out the Dacian powers by his reſiſtleſs
' ſtrength:
' And this his England clear'd beyond that raging
' (*d*) flood,
' Which that proud King of Huns once chriſt'ned
' with his blood.

(*d*) *Humber.*

'By which, great Edmond's power apparently
'was ſhewn,
'The land from Humber ſouth recovering for his
'That Edgar after him ſo much diſdain'd the
'Dane
'Unworthy of a war that ſhould diſturb his reign,
'As generally he ſeem'd regardleſs of their hate.
'And ſtudying every way magnificence in ſtate,
'At Cheſter whilſt he liv'd at more than kingly
'charge,
'Eight tributary (*e*) kings there row'd him in his
'barge:
'His ſhores from pirates ſack the king that ſtrong-
'ly kept:
'§ A Neptune, whoſe proud ſails the Britiſh ocean
'ſwept.
'But after his deceaſe, when his more hopeful
'ſon,
'§ By cruel ſtepdame's hate to death was laſtly
'done,
'To ſet his rightful crown upon a wrongful head
'(When by thy fatal curſe, licentious Etheldred,
'Through diſſoluteneſs, ſloth, and thy abhorred
'life,
'As grievous were thy ſins, ſo were thy ſorrows
'The Dane, poſſeſſing all, the Engliſh forc'd to
'bear
'A heavier yoke than firſt thoſe heathen ſlaveries
'Subjected, bought, and ſold, in that moſt wretch-
'ed plight,
'As even their thraldom ſeem'd their neighbours
'to affright.
'Yet could not all their plagues the Engliſh
'height abate:
'But even in their low'ſt ebb, and miſerableſt
'Courageouſly themſelves they into action put,
'§ And in one night, the throats of all the Daniſh
'cut.
'And when in their revenge, the moſt infatiate
'Dane
'Unſhipt them on our ſhores, under their puiſſant
'Swane:
'And ſwoln with hate and ire, their huge unwiel-
'dy force
'Came cluſt'ring like the Greeks out of the wood-
'en-horſe:
'And the Norfolcian towns, the near'ſt unto the
'With ſacrilege and rape did terribleſt infeſt;
'Thoſe Danes yet from the ſhores we with ſuch
'violence drave,
'That from our ſwords their ſhips could them but
'hardly ſave.
'And to renew the war, that year enſuing,
'With fit ſupplies for ſpoil they landed here agen,
'And all the ſouthern ſhores from Kent to Corn-
'wal ſpred,
'With thoſe diſorder'd troops by Alaph hither led,
'In ſeconding their Swane, which cry'd to them
'for aid;
'Their multitudes ſo much ſad Ethelred diſmay'd,
'As from his country forc'd the wretched king to
'fly.
'An Engliſh yet there was, when England ſeem'd
'to ly
'Under the heavieſt yoke that ever kingdom bore,
'Who waſht his ſecret knife in Swane's relentleſs
'gore,
'Whilſt (ſwelling in exceſs) his laviſh cups he ply'd.
'Such mean's t' redeem themſelves th' afflicted
'nation try'd.
'And when courageous Knute, th' late murther'd
'Swanus ſon,
'Came in t' revenge that act on his great father
'He found ſo rare a ſpirit that here againſt him
'roſe,
'As though ordain'd by heaven his greatneſs to
'Who with him foot to foot, and face to face
'durſt ſtand.
'When Knute, which here alone affected the
'The crown upon his head at fair Southampton
'ſet:
'And Edmond, loth to loſe what Knute deſir'd to
'At London caus'd himſelf inaugurate to be.
'King Knute would conquer all, King Edmond
'would be free
'The kingdom is the prize for which they
'both are preſt:
'And with their equal powers both meeting in
'the weſt,
'The green Dorſetian fields a deep vermilion dy'd:
'Where Gillingham gave way to their great hoſts
'(in pride)
'Abundantly their blood that each on other ſpent.
'But Edmond, on whoſe ſide that day the better
'went
'(And with like fortune thought the remnant to
'ſuppreſs
'That Sarum them beſieg'd, which was in great
'With his victorious troops to Saliſbury retires:
'When with freſh bleeding wounds, Knute, as
'with freſh deſires,
'Whoſe might though ſomewhat maim'd, his
'mind yet unſubdu'd,
'His lately conquering foe courageouſly purſu'd:
'And finding out a way, ſent to his friends with
'ſpeed,
'Who him ſupply'd with aid: and being helpt at
'Tempts Edmond ſtill to fight, ſtill hoping for a
'day.
'Towards Wor'ſterſhire their powers both well
'upon their way
'There, falling to the field, in a continual fight,
'Two days the angry hoſts ſtill parted were by
'night:
'Where twice the riſing ſun, and twice the ſet-
'ting, ſaw
'Them with their equal wounds their wearied
'breath to draw.
'Great London to ſurpriſe, then (next) Canu-
'tus makes:
'And thitherward as faſt king Edmond Ironſide
'Whilſt Knute ſet down his ſiege before the eaſ-
'tern gate,
'King Edmond through the weſt paſt in trium-
'phal ſtate.
'But this courageous king, that ſcorned, in his
'pride,
'A town ſhould be beſieg'd wherein he did abide,

(*e*) See to Song X.

' Into the fields again the valiant Edmond goes.
' Canutus, yet that hopes to win what he did loſe,
' Provokes him ſtill to fight: and falling back
' where they
' Might field-roomth find at large, their enſigns
' to diſplay, [blood
' Together flew again; that Brentford, with the
' Of Danes and Engliſh mixt, diſcolour'd long
' time ſtood.
' Yet Edmond, as before, went victor ſtill away.
' When ſoon that valiant Knute, whom nothing
' could diſmay,
' Recall'd his ſcatter'd troops, and into Eſſex hies,
' Where (as ill fortune would) the Dane with
' freſh ſupplies
' Was lately come a-land, to whom brave Ironſide
' makes; [takes:
' But Knute to him again as ſoon freſh courage
' And fortune (as herſelf) determining to ſhow
' That ſhe could bring an ebb on valiant Ed-
' mond's flow,
' And eas'ly caſt him down from off the top of
' chance,
' By turning of her wheel, Canutus doth advance.
' Where ſhe beheld that prince which ſhe had fa-
' vour'd long
' (Even in her proud deſpight) his murther'd
' troops among
' With ſweat and blood beſmear'd (dukes, earls,
' and biſhops ſlain,
' In that moſt dreadful day, when all went to the
' Dane)
Through worlds of dangers wade; and with
' his ſword and ſhield, [field
' Such wonders there to act, as made her in the
' Aſhamed of herſelf, ſo brave a ſpirit as he
' By her unconſtant hand ſhould ſo much wrong-
' ed be.
' But, having loſt the day, to Gloceſter he draws,
' To raiſe a ſecond power in his ſlain ſoldiers cauſe.
' When late-encourag'd Knute, whilſt fortune
' yet doth laſt,
' Who oft from Ironſide fled, now followed him
' as faſt.
' Whilſt thus in civil arms continually they toil,
' And what th' one ſtrives to make, the other
' ſeeks to ſpoil,
' With threat'ning ſwords ſtill drawn; and with
' obnoxious hands
' Attending their revenge, whilſt either enemy
' ſtands, [breaks,
' One man amongſt the reſt from this confuſion
' And to the ireful kings with courage boldly
' ſpeaks;
' Yet cannot all this blood your ravenous out-
rage fill?
' Is there no law, no bound, to your ambitious will,
' But what your ſwords admit? as nature did or-
' dain
' Our lives for nothing elſe, but only to maintain
' Your murders, ſack, and ſpoil? If by this waſte-
' ful war
' The land unpeopled ly, ſome nation ſhall from
far,
' By ruin of you both, into the iſle be brought,
' Obtaining that for which you twain ſo long
' have fought.
' Unleſs then through your thirſt of empery you
mean [clean,
' Both nations in theſe broils ſhall be extinguiſht
' Select you champions fit, by them to prove your
' right,
' Or try it man to man yourſelves in ſingle fight.
' When as thoſe warlike kings, provok'd with
' courage high,
' It willingly accept in perſon by and by.
' And whilſt they them prepare, the ſhapeleſs con-
' courſe grows
' In little time ſo great, that their unuſual flows
' Surrounded Severn's banks, whoſe ſtream amazed
' flood,
' Her Birlich to behold, iniſted with her flood,
' That with refulgent arms then flamed; whilſt
' the kings,
' Whoſe rage out of the hate of either's empire
' ſprings,
' Both armed cap-a-pie, upon their barred horſe
' Together fiercely flew; that in their violent
' courſe
' (Like thunder when it ſpeaks moſt horribly
' and loud.
' Tearing the full-ſtuft paunch of ſome congeal-
' ed cloud)
' Their ſtrong hoofs ſtruck the earth: and with
' the tearful ſhock, [unlock.
' Their ſpears in ſplinters flew, their bevers both
' Canutus, of the two that fartheſt was from
' hope, cope,
' Who found with what a foe his fortune was to
' Cries, noble Edmond, hold; let us the land divide.
' Here th' Engliſh and the Danes, from either
' equal ſide
' Were echoes to his words, and all aloud do cry
' Courageous kings, divide; 'twere pity ſuch
' ſhould die.'
When now the neighbouring floods will'd
Wrekin to ſuppreſs
His ſtyle, or they were like to ſurfeit with exceſs.
And time had brought about, that now they all
began
To liſten to a long-told propheey, which ran
Of Moreland, that ſhe might live proſperouſly
to ſee
A river born of her, who well might reckon'd be
The third of this large iſle: which ſaw did firſt ariſe
From Arden, in thoſe days delivering prophecies.
The Druids (as ſome ſay) by her inſtructed
were. [here.
In many ſecret ſkills ſhe had been conn'd her
The ledden of the birds moſt perfectly ſhe knew;
And alſo from their flight ſtrange auguries ſhe
drew;
Supremeſt in her place: whoſe circuit was extent
From Avon to the banks of Severn, and to Trent:
Where empreſs like ſhe ſate with nature's boun-
ties bleſt,
And ſerv'd by many a nymph; but two, of all
the reſt,

That Staffordſhire calls hers, there both of high account.
The eld'ſt of which is Cank: though Needwood her ſurmount
In excellence of ſoil, by being richly plac'd
'Twixt Trent and batning Dove; and equally imbrac'd
By their abounding banks, participates their ſtore;
Of Britain's foreſts all (from th' leſs unto the more)
For fineneſs of her turf ſurpaſſing; and doth bear
Her curled head ſo high, that foreſts far and near
Oft grutch at her eſtate; her flouriſhing to ſee,
Of all their ſtately tyers diſrobed when they be.
But (as the world goes now) ſo woful Cank the while,
As brave a wood-nymph once as any of this iſle;
Great Arden's eldeſt child: which, in her mother's ground
Before fair Feck'nham's ſelf, her old age might have crown'd;
When as thoſe fallow deer, and huge hauncht ſtags that graz'd
Upon her ſhaggy heaths, the paſſenger amaz'd
To ſee their mighty herds, with high palm'd heads to threat
The woods of o'ergrown oaks; as though they meant to ſet
Their horns to th' other's heights. But now, both thoſe and theſe
Are by vile gain devour'd: ſo abject are our days!
She now, unlike herſelf, a neat herd's life doth live,
And her dejected mind to country cares doth give.
But muſe, thou ſeem'ſt to leave the Morelands too too long: [among)
Of whom report may ſpeak (our mighty waſtes
She from her chilly ſite, as from her barren ſeed,
For body, horn, and hair, as fair a breaſt doth breed
As ſcarcely this great iſle can equal: then of her,
Why ſhould'ſt thou all this while the prophecy defer? [grew,
Who bearing many ſprings, which pretty rivers
She could not be content, until ſhe fully knew
Which child it was of hers (born under ſuch a fate)
As ſhould in time be rais'd unto that high eſtate.
(I fain would have you think, that this was long ago,
When many a river, now that furiouſly doth flow,
Had ſcarcely learn'd to creep) and therefore ſhe doth will
Wiſe Arden, from the depth of her abundant ſkill,
To tell her which of theſe her rills it was ſhe meant.
To ſatisfy her will, the wizard anſwers; Trent.
For, as a ſkilful ſeer, the aged foreſt wiſt,
A more than uſual power did in that name conſiſt,
Which thirty doth import; by which ſhe thus divin'd,
There ſhould be found in her, of fiſhes thirty kind;
And thirty abbeys great, in places fat and rank,
Should in ſucceeding time be builded on her bank;
And thirty ſeveral ſtreams from many a ſundry way,
Unto her greatneſs ſhould their watry tribute pay.
This, Moreland greatly lik'd: yet in that tender love,
Which ſhe had ever born unto her darling Dove,
She could have wiſht it his: becauſe the dainty graſs
That grows upon his bank, all other doth ſurpaſs.
But, ſubject he muſt be: as Sow, which from her ſpring [bring
At Stafford meeteth Penk, which ſhe along doth
To Trent by Tixal grac'd, the Aſtons ancient ſeat;
Which oft the Muſe hath found her ſafe and ſweet retreat.
The noble owners now of which beloved place,
Good fortunes them and theirs with honour'd titles grace:
May heaven ſtill bleſs that houſe, till happy floods you ſee
Yourſelves more grac'd by it, than it by you can be.
Whoſe bounty, ſtill my Muſe ſo freely ſhall confeſs, [expreſs.
As when ſhe ſhall want words, her ſigns ſhall it
So Blyth bears eas'ly down tow'rds her dear ſovereign Trent: [content
But nothing in the world gives Moreland ſuch
As her own darling Dove his confluence to behold
Of floods in ſundry ſtrains: as, crankling Manyfold,
The firſt that lends him force: of whoſe meandred ways, [ſtrays)
And labyrinth like turns (as in the mores ſhe
She firſt receiv'd her name, by growing ſtrangely mad, [lad,
O'ergone with love of Hanſe, a dapper Moreland
Who near their cryſtal ſprings as in thoſe waſtes they play'd,
Bewitcht the wanton heart of that delicious maid:
Which inſtantly was turn'd ſo much from being coy, [boy.
That ſhe might ſeem to doat upon the moriſh
Who cloſely ſtole away (perceiving her intent)
With his dear lord the Dove, in queſt of princely Trent,
With many other floods (as, Churnet, in his train
That draweth Dunſmore on, with Yendon, then clear Tain,
That comes alone to Dove) of which, Hanſe one would be.
And for himſelf he fain of Manyfold would free
(Thinking this amorous nymph by ſome means to beguile)
He cloſely under earth conveys his head a while.
But, when the river fears ſome policy of his,
And her beloved Hanſe immediately doth miſs,
Diſtracted in her courſe, inprovidently raſh,
She oft againſt the cleefs her cryſtal front doth daſh:
Now forward, then again ſhe backward ſeems to hear; [there.
As, like to loſe herſelf by ſtraggling here and
Hanſe, that this while ſuppos'd him quite out of her ſight,
No ſooner thruſts his head into the cheerful light,

But Manyfold that ſtill the run-way doth watch,
Him (e'er he was aware) about the neck doth catch:
And, as the angry Hanſe would fain her hold remove,
They ſtruggling tumble down into their Lord, the Dove.
Thus though th' induſtrious muſe hath been employ'd ſo long,
Yet is ſhe loth to do poor little Smeſtal wrong,
That from her Wilfrune's ſpring near Hampton plies, to pour [Stowr.
The wealth ſhe there receives, into her friendly
Nor ſhall the little Bourn have cauſe the muſe to blame, [the Tame:
From theſe Staffordian heaths that ſtrives to catch
Whom ſhe in her next ſong ſhall greet with mirthful cheer,
So happily arriv'd now in her native ſhire.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

TAKING her progreſs into the land, the muſe comes ſouthward from Cheſhire into adjoining Stafford, and that part of Shropſhire which lies in the Engliſh ſide eaſt from Severn.

And into leſſer ſtreams the ſpacious current cut.

In that raging devaſtation over this kingdom by the Danes, they had gotten divers of their ſhips fraught with proviſion out of Thames into the river Ley, (which divides Middleſex and Eſſex) ſome twenty miles from London; Alfred holding his tents near that territory, eſpecially to prevent their ſpoil of the inſtant harveſt, obſerved that by dividing the river, then navigable between them and Thames, their ſhips would be grounded, and themſelves hereft of what confidence their navy had promiſed them. He thought it, and did it, by parting the water into three channels. The Danes betook themſelves to flight, their ſhips left as a prey to the Londoners.

Her Lord's embraces vow'd ſhe never more would know.

This Alured left his ſon Edward ſucceſſor, and, among other children, this Elfled, or Ethelfled his daughter, married to Ethelred Earl of Mercland. Of Alfred's worth and troublous reign, becauſe here the author leaves him. I offer you theſe of an ancient Engliſh wit:

Nobilitas innata tibi probitatis honorem
Armipotens Alfrede *dedit, probitaſque laborem*
Perpetuumque labor nomen. Cui mixta dolori
Gaudia ſemper erant, ſpes ſemper mixta timori.
Si modo victor eras, ad craſtina bella pavebas:
Si modo victus eras, ad craſtina bella parabas.
Cui veſtes ſudore jugi, cui ſicca cruore
Tincta jugi, quantum ſit onus regnare probarunt.

Huntingdon cites theſe as his own; and if he deal plainly with us (I doubted it becauſe his MS. epigrams, which make in ſome copies the eleven and twelve of his hiſtory, are of moſt different ſtrain, and ſeem made when Apollo was either angry, or had not leiſure to overlook them) he ſhews his muſe (as alſo in another written by him upon Edgar, beginning *Auctor opum, vindex ſcelerum, largitor honorum, &c.*) in that ſtill declining time of learning's ſtate, worthy of much precedence. Of Ethelfled in William of Malmeſbury, is the Latin of this Engliſh: "She was the love of the ſubject, fear "of the enemy, a woman of a mighty heart; "having once endured the grievous pains of "childbirth, ever afterward denied her huſband "thoſe ſweeter deſires; proteſting, that yielding "indulgence towards a pleaſure, having ſo much "conſequent pain, was unſeemly in a king's "daughter." She was buried at St. Peter's in Glocester; her name loaden by monks with numbers of her excellencies.

For Conſtantine their king, an hoſtage hither brought.

After he had taken Wales and Scotland) as our Hiſtorians ſay) from Howel, Malmeſbury calls him Ludwal, and Conſtantine; he reſtored preſently their kingdoms, affirming, that it was more for his Majeſty to make a king than be one. The Scottiſh (*a*) ſtories are not agreeing, here, with ours; againſt whom Buchanan ſtorms, for af-

(*a*) Hector Boeth. lib. 11. & Buchanan.

firming what I ſee not how he is ſo well able to conſute, as they to juſtify. And for matter of that nature, I rather ſend you to the collections in Edward the Firſt, by Thomas of Walſingham, and thence for the ſame and other to Edward Hall's Henry VIII.

A Neptune, whoſe proud ſails the Britiſh Ocean ſwept.

That flower and delight of the Engliſh world, in whoſe birth-time St. Dunſtan (as is ſaid) at Glaſtenbury heard this angelical voice;

To holy Church, and to the Lord pays his yborz and blis
By thulke Child's time, that nouthe ybore is.

(among his other innumerable benefits, and royal cares) had a navy of (*c*) 3600 ſail; which by tripartite diviſion in the eaſt, weſt, and northern coaſts, both defended what was ſubject to pirates rapine, and ſo made ſtrong his own nation againſt the enemies invaſion.

By civil ſtepdame's hate to death was laſtly done.

Edgar had by one woman (his greateſt ſtains ſhewed themſelves in this variety and unlawful obtaining of luſtful ſenſuality, as ſtories will tell you, in that of Earl Ethelwald, the nun Wulfrith, and the young laſs of Andover) called Egelfled, ſurnamed Ened, daughter to Odmer a great nobleman, Edward; and by Queen Elfrith, daughter to Orgar Earl of Devonſhire, Ethelred of ſome ſeven years age at his death. That, Egelfled was a profeſt (*d*) Nun, ſome have argued, and ſo make Ethelred the only legitimate heir to the crown: nor do I think that, except Alfrith, he was married to any of the ladies, on whom he got children. Edward was anointed king (for in thoſe days was that uſe of anointing among the Saxon princes, and began in King Alfred) but not without diſliking grudges of his ſtepmother's faction, which had nevertheleſs in ſubſtance, what his vain name only of king pretended: but her bloody hate, bred out of womaniſh ambition, ſtraining to every point of ſovereignty, not thus ſatisfied, compelled in her this cruelty. King Edward not ſuſpecting her diſſembled purpoſes, with ſimple kindneſs of an open nature, wearied after the chace in Purbeck Iſle in Dorſetſhire, without guard or attendance, viſits her at Corſe Caſtle; ſhe under ſweet words and ſaluting kiſſes, palliating her helliſh deſign, entertains him: but while he being very hot and thirſty (without imagination of treaſon) was in pledging her, ſhe, (*e*) or one of her appointed ſervants, ſtabbed the innocent king. His corps, within a little ſpace expiring its laſt breath, was buried at Wareham, thence afterward by Alſer Earl of Mercland tranſlated into Shaftſbury, which (is to the ſecond ſong I note) was hereby for a time called (*f*) St. Edward's. Thus did his brother-in-law Ethelred (according to wicked Elfrith's cruel and traitorous project) ſucceed him. As, of Conſtantine Copronymus, the Greeks, ſo, of this Ethelred, is affirmed, that in his holy tincture he abuſed the font with natural excrements, which made St. Dunſtan, then chriſtening him, angrily exclaim, *Per Deum & Matrem ejus, ignavus homo erit.* Some ten years of age was he, when his brother Edward was ſlain, and, out of childiſh affection, wept for him bitterly; which his mother extremely diſliking, being author of the murther only for his ſake, moſt cruelly beat him herſelf with (*g*) a handful of wax

——————Candlen long and towe
(*b*) *Neo ne bileved noght ar he lay at hir* (*i*) *vet yſwowe;*
War thow this child afterward ſuch hey mon as he was
Was the worſe man he (*k*) *yſey Candſen nor this cas.*

But I have (*l*) read it affirmed, that Ethelred never would endure any wax candles, becauſe he had ſeen his mother unmercifully with them whip the good St. Edward. Its not worth one of the candles, which be the truer; I incline to the firſt. To expiate all, ſhe afterward built two nunneries, one at Werwel, the other at Ambreſbury; and by all means of penitence and ſatisfaction (as the doctrine then directed) endeavoured her freedom out of this horrible offence.

And in one night the throats of all the Daniſh cut.

Hiſtory, not this place, muſt inform the reader of more particulars of the Danes; and let him ſee to the firſt ſong. But, for this ſlaughter, I thus eaſe his inquiſition. Ethelred (after multitudes of miſeries, long continued through their exactions and devaſtations, being ſo large, that ſixteen ſhires had endured their cruel and even conquering (ſpoils) in the twenty-third year of his reign, ſtrengthened with provoking hopes, grounded on alliance, which, by marriage with Emma, daughter of Richard I. Duke of Normandy, he had with his neighbour potentate, ſent privy letters into every place of note, where the Danes by truce peaceably reſided, to the Engliſh, commanding them, all as one, on the ſelf-ſame day and hour appointed (the day was St. Brictius, that is, the thirteenth of November) ſuddenly to put them, as reſpective occaſion beſt fitted, to fire or ſword; which was performed.

(*b*) Rob. Gloceſtrenſ. Hiſt. 6. reg. 85.
(*c*) Some ſay CIↃ. CIↃ. CIↃ. CIↃ.
(*d*) Ex Oſberno in Vita Durſtan. Fox. Eccleſ. hiſt. 4.
(*e*) Vide Malmeſb. lib. 2. cap. 9. & Huntingdon hiſt. 5.
(*f*) Malmeſb. lib. de Pontific. 2.
(*g*) Rob. Gloceſtrenſis.
(*b*) Shee.
(*i*) Feet in woe.
(*k*) Saw.
(*l*) Vit. St. Edwardi apud Ranulph, Ceſt. lib. 6.

A CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER AND DESCENT OF THE KINGS

HERE INCLUDED IN WREKIN'S SONG.

Year of Chriſt.

800. Egbert ſon to Inegild (others call him Alhmund) grandchild to King Ine. After (*m*) him ſcarce any, none long, had the name of king in the iſle, but governors or earls; the common titles being Duces, Comites, Conſules, and ſuch like; which in ſome writers after the conqueſt were indifferent names, and William the I. is often called Earl of Normandy.

836. Ethelulph ſon to Egbert.

855. Ethelbald and Ethelbert, ſons to Ethelulph, dividing their kingdom, according to their father's teſtament.

860. Ethelbert alone, after Ethelbald's death.

866. Ethelred, third ſon of Ethelulph.

871. Alfred, youngeſt ſon to Ethelulph, brought up at Rome; and there, in Ethelred's lifetime, anointed by Pope Leo the IV. as in ominous hope of his future kingdom.

901. Edward the I. furnamed in ſtory, Senior, ſon to Alfred.

924. Athelſtan, eldeſt ſon to Edward, by Egwine a ſhepherd's daughter; but, to whom beauty and noble ſpirit denied, what baſe parentage required. She, before the king lay with her, dreamed (you remember that of Olympus, as many ſuch like) that out of her womb did ſhine a moon, enlightening all England, which in her birth (Athelſtan) proved true.

940. Edmund the I. ſon of (*n*) Edward by his Queen Edgive.

946. Edred, brother to Edmund.

955. Edwy, firſt ſon of Edmund.

Year of Chriſt.

959. Edgar, (ſecond ſon of Edmund) *Honor ac Deliciæ Anglorum.*

975. Edward the II. ſon to Edgar by Egelfled, murthered by his ſtepmother Alfrith, and thence called St. Edward.

979. Ethelred the II. ſon to Edgar, by Queen Alfrith, daughter to Orgar Earl of Devonſhire.

1016. Edmund the II. ſon to Ethelred by his firſt wife Elfgive, furnamed Ironſide.

Between him and Cnut (or Canutus) the Dane, ſon to Swane, was that intended ſingle combat; ſo by their own particular fortunes to end the miſeries, which the Engliſh ſoil bore recorded in very great characters, written with ſtreams of her childrens blood. It properly here breaks off; for (the compoſition being, that Edmund ſhould have his part Weſtſex, Eſtſex, Eſtangle, Middleſex, Surrey, Kent, and Suſſex; and the Dane (who durſt not fight it out, but firſt moved for a treaty) Mercland and the northern territories. Edmund died the ſame year (ſome report was, that traitorous Edrique Streona Earl of Mercland poiſoned him) leaving ſons Edmund and Edward: but they were by Daniſh ambition, and traitorous perjury of the unnatural Engliſh ſtate, diſinherited and all the kingdom caſt under Cnut. After him reigned his ſon Harold I. Lightfoot, a ſhoemaker's (*o*) ſon (but diſſembled, as begotten by him on his Queen Alſgive:) then, with Harold, Hardcnut, whom he had by his wife Emma, King Ethelred's dowager. So that from Edmund, of Saxon blood (to whoſe glory Wrekin hath dedicated his endeavour· and therefore ſhould tranſcend his purpoſe, if he exceeded their empire) until Edward the Confeſſor, following Hardcnut, ſon to Ethelred, by the ſame Queen Emma, the kingdom continued under Daniſh princes.

(*m*) Sea to the laſt ſong before. Becauſe in Weſtſex all the reſt were at laſt confounded. Theſe are moſt commonly written kings of Weſtſex, although in Seigniory (as it were) or, as the Civilians call it, Direct Property, all the other Provinces (except ſome Northern, and what the Danes unjuſtly poſſeſt) were theirs.

(*n*) Male enim & inepte Veremundi ſequax Hector ille Boeth. lib. 11. qui Ed. & Edredum Æthelſtano ſcribit prognatos.

(*o*) Marian. Scot. & Florent. Wigorn.

POLY-OLBION:

THE THIRTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

This ſong our ſhire of Warwick ſounds;
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.
Through many ſhapes the Muſe here roves;
Now ſporting in thoſe ſhady groves,
The tunes of birds oft ſtays to hear:
Then finding herds of luſty deer,
She huntreſs-like the hart purſues;
And like a hermit walks, to chooſe
The ſimples every where that grow;
Comes Ancor's glory next to ſhew;
Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds;
To th' vale of Red-horſe then proceeds,
To play her part the reſt among;
There ſhutteth up her thirteenth ſong.

Upon the mid-lands now th' induſtrious muſe doth fall;
That ſhire which we the (*a*) heart of England well may call,
As ſhe herſelf extends (the midſt which is decreed)
Betwixt St. Michael's mount, and Berwick bord-'ring Tweed,
Brave Warwick; that abroad ſo long advanc'd her (*b*) bear,
§ By her illuſtrious earls renowned every where;
Above her neighbouring ſhires which always bore her head.
My native country then, which ſo brave ſpirits haſt bred,
If there be virtues yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'ſt into my birth,
Accept it as thine own, whilſt now I ſing of thee;
Of all thy later brood th' unworthieſt though I be.
Muſe, firſt of Arden tell, whoſe footſteps (*c*) yet are found
In her rough woodlands more than any other ground,

(*a*) Warwickſhire is the middle ſhire of England.
(*b*) The ancient coat of that earldom.
(*c*) Divers towns expreſſing her name; as Henly in Arden, Hampton in Arden, &c.

§ That mighty Arden held even in her height of pride;
Her one hand touching Trent, the other, Severn's side.
The very ſound of theſe, the wood-nymphs doth awake:
When thus of her own ſelf the ancient foreſt ſpake;
'My many goodly ſites when firſt I came to ſhew,
'Here opened I the way to mine own overthrow:
'For when the world found out the fitneſs of my ſoil,
'The gripple wretch began immediately to ſpoil
'My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds inclоſe:
By which, in little time my bounds I came to loſe.
'When Britain firſt her fields with villages had fill'd,
'Her people wexing ſtill, and wanting where to build,
'They oft diſlodg'd the hart, and ſet their houſes, where
'He in the broom and brakes had long time made his leyre.
'Of all the foreſts here within this mighty iſle,
'If thoſe old Britons then me ſovereign did inſtile,
'I needs muſt be the great'ſt; for greatneſs 'tis alone
'That gives our kind the place: elſe were there many a one
'For pleaſantneſs of ſhade that far doth me excel.
'But of our foreſt's kind the quality to tell,
'We equally partake with wood-land as with plain,
'Alike with hill and dale; and every day maintain
'The ſundry kinds of beaſts upon our copious waſtes,
'That men for profit breed, as well as thoſe of chaſe.'
Here Arden of herſelf ceas'd any more to ſhew;
And with her ſylvan joys the muſe along doth go.
When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No ſooner doth the earth her flowery boſom brave,
At ſuch time as the year brings on the pleaſant ſpring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feath'red ſylvans ſing:
And in the lower grove, as on the riſing knole,
Upon the higheſt ſpray of every mounting pole.
Thoſe quiriſters are perch't with many a ſpeckled breaſt,
Then from her burniſht gate the goodly glitt'ring eaſt
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Beſpangled had with pearl, to pleaſe the morning's ſight:
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn ſo ſtrain their warbling notes,
That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all compos'd of ſounds, about them every where.
The throſtel, with ſhrill ſharps; as purpoſely he ſong
T'awake the luſtleſs ſun; or chiding, that ſo long
He was in coming forth, that ſhould the thickets thrill;
The wooſel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had markt of purpoſe, t' let us ſee
That from all other birds his tunes ſhould different be:
For, with their vocal ſounds, they ſing to pleaſant May;
Upon his (*d*) dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard-by,
In ſuch lamenting ſtrains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds ſhe to her tunes would draw
And, but that nature (by her all-conſtraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this ſeaſon doth invite,
They elſe, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to uſe their ears) their voices ſure would ſpare,
That moduleth her tunes ſo admirably rare,
As man to ſet in parts at firſt had learn'd of her.
To philomel the next, the linet we preſer;
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we then,
The red-ſparrow, the nope, the red-breaſt, and the wren.
The yellow-pate; which though ſhe hurt the blooming tree,
Yet ſcarce hath any bird a finer pipe than ſhe.
And of theſe chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath ſo many ſorts deſcending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,
The ſofter with the ſhrill (ſome hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, ſome in the lower greaves)
Thus ſing away the morn, until the mounting ſun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twiſted tops of our cloſe covert creeps
To kiſs the gentle ſhade, this while that ſweetly ſleeps.
And near to theſe our thicks, the wild and frightful herds,
Not hearing other noiſe but this of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lawns; both ſorts of ſeaſon'd deer:
Here walk the ſtately red, the freckled fallow there:
The bucks and luſty ſtags amongſt the raſcals ſtrew'd,
As ſometime gallant ſpirits amongſt the multitude.
Of all the beaſts which we for our (*e*) venerial name,
The hart among the reſt, the hunter's nobleſt game:
Of which moſt princely chaſe ſith none did e'er report,
Or by deſcription touch, t' expreſs that wondrous ſport
(Yet might have well beſeem'd th' ancients nobler ſongs)
To our old Arden here, moſt fitly it belongs:

(*d*) Of all birds, only the blackbird whiſtleth.
(*e*) Of hunting, or chaſe.

Yet ſhall ſhe not invoke the muſes to her aid;
But thee, Diana bright, a goddeſs and a maid:
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a ſhady grove,
Which oft haſt borne thy bow (great huntreſs; us'd to rove)
At many a cruel beaſt, and with thy darts to pierce [fierce;
The lyon, panther, ounce, the bear, and tyger
And following thy fleet game, chaſte mighty foreſts queen, [green,
With thy diſhevel'd nymphs attir'd in youthful
About the lawns haſt ſcowr'd, and waſtes both far and near,
Brave huntreſs; but no beaſt ſhall prove thy quarries here;
Save thoſe the beſt of chaſe, the tall and luſty red,
The ſtag for goodly ſhape, and ſtatelineſs of head;
Is fitt'ſt to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds
The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds
Where harbour'd is the hart; there often from his feed [heed,
The dogs of him do find; or thorough ſkilful
The huntſman by his (*f*) ſlot, or breaking earth, perceives,
Or ent'ring of the thick by preſſing of the greaves,
Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth hear
The often-bellowing hounds to vent his ſecret leir;
He rouſing ruſheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,
As though up by the roots the buſhes he would rive. [makes,
And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he
He with his branched head the tender ſaplings ſhakes,
That ſprinkling their moiſt pearl do ſeem for him to weep; [deep.
When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and
That all the foreſt rings, and every neighbouring place:
And there is not a hound but falleth to the chace.
(*g*) Rechating with his horn, which then the hunter chears, bears,
Whilſt ſtill the luſty ſtag his high-palm'd head up-
His body ſhowing ſtate, with unbent knees upright, [flight.
Expreſſing from all beaſts, his courage in his
But when th'approaching foes ſtill following he perceives, [leaves:
That be his ſpeed muſt truſt, his uſual walk he
And o'er the champain flies: which when th' aſſembly find, [wind.
Each follows, as his horſe were footed with the
But being then imboſt, the noble ſtately deer
When he hath gotten ground (the kennel caſt arrear) [ing ſoil:
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for ſweet refreſh-
That ſerving not, then proves if he his ſcent can foil,
And makes amongſt the herds, and flocks of ſhag-wool'd ſheep,
Them frighting from the guard of thoſe who had their keep.
But when as all his ſhifts his ſafety ſtill denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries.
Whom when the plougman meets, his team he letteth ſtand [hand,
T' aſſail him with his goad: ſo with his hook in
The ſhepherd him purſues, and to his dog doth halow!
When, with tempeſtuous ſpeed, the hounds and huntſmen follow;
Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of ſtrength, [length,
His long and ſinewy legs then failing him at
The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way
To any thing he meets now at his ſad decay.
The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near; [fear,
This nobleſt beaſt of chaſe, that vainly doth huc
Some bank or quick-ſet finds: to which his haunch oppos'd,
He turns upon his foes, that ſoon have him inclos'd.
The churliſh-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
And as their cruel fangs on his harſh ſkin they lay,
With his ſharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds. [hounds.
The hunter, coming in to help his wearied
He deſperately aſſails; until oppreſt by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corſe,
Upon the ruthleſs earth his (*h*) precious tears lets fall
To foreſts that belongs; but yet this is not all:
With ſolitude what ſorts, that here's not wond'rous rife?
Whereas the hermit leads a ſweet retired life,
From villages repleat with ragg'd and ſweating clowns,
And from the lothſome airs of ſmoky-citied towns.
Suppoſe 'twixt noon and night, the ſun his halfway wrought [brought)
(The ſhadows to be large, by his deſcending
Who with a fervent eye looks through the twyring glades,
And his diſperſed rays commixeth with the ſhades,
Exhaling the milch dew, which there had tarried long, [hung:
And on the ranker graſs till paſt the noon-ſted
When as the hermit comes out of his homely (*i*) cell, [dwell:
Where from all rude reſort he happily doth
Who in the ſtrength of youth, a man at arms hath been; [ſeen,
Or one who of this world the vileneſs having
Retires him from it quite; and with a conſtant mind [kind,
Man's beaſtlineſs ſo loathes, that flying human

(*f*) The track of the foot.
(*g*) One of the meaſures in winding the horn.

(*h*) The hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine.
(*i*) Hermits have oft had their abodes by ways that lie through foreſts.

The black and darkſome nights, the bright and gladſome days
Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that ſtays.
Each little village yields his ſhort and homely fare:
To gather wind-fall'n ſticks, his great'ſt and only care;
Which every aged tree ſtill yieldeth to his fire.
This man, that is alone a king in his deſire,
By no proud ignorant lord is baſely over-aw'd,
Nor his falſe praiſe affects, who groſsly being claw'd,
Stands like an itchy moil; nor of a pin he weighs
What fools, abuſed kings, and humorous ladies raiſe. [grace
His free and noble thought, ne'er envies at the
That often-times is given unto a bawd moſt baſe,
Nor ſtirs it him to think on the impoſtor vile,
Who ſeeming what he's not, doth ſenſually beguile
The ſottiſh purblind world; but abſolutely free,
His happy time he ſpends the works of God to ſee, [grow:
In thoſe ſo ſundry herbs which there in plenty
Whoſe ſundry ſtrange effects he only ſeeks to know.
And in a little maund, being made of oziers ſmall,
Which ſerveth him to do full many a thing withall,
He very choicely ſorts his ſimples got abroad.
Here finds he on an oak rheum-purging polypode;
And in ſome open place that to the ſun doth lie,
He fumitory gets, and eye-bright for the eye;
The yarrow, wherewithall he ſtops the wound-made gore;
The healing tutſan then, and plantane for a ſore;
And hard by them again he holy vervain finds,
Which he about his head that hath the megrim binds.
The wonder-working dill he gets not far from theſe,
Which curious women uſe in many a nice diſeaſe.
For them that are with newts, or ſnakes, or adders ſtung,
He ſeeketh out an herb that's called adders-tongue,
As nature it ordain'd, its own like hurt to cure,
And ſportive did herſelf to niceties inure.
Valerian then he crops, and purpoſely doth ſtamp,
T' apply unto the place that's haled with the cramp;
As centory, to cloſe the wideneſs of a wound;
The belly hurt by birth, by mugwort to make ſound. [doth riſe:
His chickweed cures the heat that in the face
For phyſic, ſome again he inwardly applies.
For comforting the ſpleen and liver, gets for juice
Pale hore-hound, which he holds of moſt eſpecial uſe.
So ſaxifrage is good, and harts-tongue for the ſtone,
With agrimony, and that herb we call St. John.
To him that hath a flux, of ſhepherds-purſe he gives,
And mouſe-ear unto him whom ſome ſharp rupture grieves.
And for the laboring wretch that's troubled with a cough,
Or ſtopping of the breath, by phlegm that's hard and tough,
Campana here he crops, approved wondrous good:
As comfrey unto him that's bruiſed, ſpitting blood;
And from the falling-ill, by five-leaf doth reſtore,
And melancholy cures by ſoveraign hellebore.
Of theſe moſt helpful herbs yet tell we but a few, [grew.
To thoſe unnumbred ſorts of ſimples here that
Which juſtly to ſet down, even (*k*) Dodon ſhort doth fall; [all.
Nor ſkilful (*k*) Gerard, yet, ſhall ever find them
But from our hermit here the muſe we muſt enforce,
And zealouſly proceed in our intended courſe:
How Arden of her rills and riverets doth diſpoſe;
By Alceſter how Aln to Arro eas'ly flows;
And mildly being mixt, to Avon hold their way:
And likewiſe tow'rd the north, how lively tripping Rhea,
T' attend the luſtier Tame, is from her fountain ſent:
So little Cole and Blyth go on with him to Trent.
His Tamworth at the laſt, he in his way doth win:
There playing him a while, till Ancor ſhould come in,
Which trifleth twixt her banks, obſerving ſtate, ſo ſlow,
As though into his arms ſhe ſcorn'd herſelf to throw:
Yet Arden will'd her Tame to ſerve (*l*) her on his knee;
For by that nymph alone, they both ſhould honour'd be. [ſore,
The foreſt, ſo much fall'n from what ſhe was be-
That to her former height fate could her not reſtore;
Though oft in her behalf, the genius of the land
Importun'd the heavens with an auſpicious hand.
Yet granted at the laſt (the aged nymph to grace)
They by a lady's birth would more renown that place,
Than if her woods their heads above the hills ſhould ſeat;
And for that purpoſe, firſt made Coventry ſo great [all,
(A poor thatcht village then, or ſcarcely none at
That could not once have dream'd of her now ſtately wall)
§ And thither wiſely brought that goodly virgin band, [mand,
Th' eleven thouſand maids, chaſte Urſula's com-
Whom then the Britain kings gave her full power to preſs,
For matches to their friends in Britany the leſs.
At whoſe departure thence, each by her juſt bequeſt
Some ſpecial virtue gave, ordaining it to reſt.

(*k*) The authors of two famous herbals,
(*l*) *Ancor.*

With one of their own ſex, that there her birth
ſhould have, [ſave
Till fulneſs of the time which fate did choicely
Until the Saxons reign, when Coventry at length,
From her ſmall, mean regard, recovered ſtate and
ſtrength,
§ By Leofrick her lord yet in baſe bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage who ex-
pell'd: [leaſe,
Whoſe ducheſs, which deſir'd this tribute to re-
Their freedom often begg'd. The duke, to
make her ceaſe,
Told her, that if ſhe would his loſs ſo far inforce,
His will was, ſhe ſhould ride ſtark nak't upon a
horſe
By day-light through the ſtreet: which certain-
ly he thought, [wrought,
In her heroick breaſt ſo deeply would have
That in her former ſute ſhe would have left to
deal.
But that moſt princely dame, as one devour'd
with zeal,
Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.
The firſt part of whoſe name, Godiva, doth
fore-reed [found;
Th' firſt ſyllable of hers, and Goodere half doth
For by agreeing words, great matters have been
found.
But farther than this place the myſtery extends.
What Arden had begun, in Ancor laſtly ends:
For in the Britiſh tongue, the Britons could not
find,
Wherefore to her that name of Ancor was aſſign'd:
Nor yet the Saxons ſince, nor times to come had
known, [ſhown,
But that her being here was by this name fore-
As prophecying her. For, as the firſt did tell
Her ſir-name, ſo again doth Ancor lively ſpell
Her chriſt'ned title Anne. And as thoſe virgins
there
Did ſanctify that place: ſo holy Edith here
A recluſe long time liv'd, in that fair abbey
plac'd, [grac'd.
Which Alured enricht, and Powlſworth highly
A princeſs being born, and abbeſs, with thoſe
maids,
All noble like herſelf, in bidding of their beads
Their holineſs bequeathed upon her to deſcend
Which there ſhould after live; in whoſe dear ſelf
ſhould end [creed,
Th' intent of Ancor's name, her coming that de-
As hers (her place of birth) fair Coventry that
freed.
But whilſt about this tale ſmooth Ancor trif-
ling ſtays,
Unto the luſtier Tame as loth to come her ways,
The flood intreats her thus; 'Dear brook, why
'doſt thou wrong [long
'Our mutual love ſo much, and tediouſly pro-
'Our mirthful marriage-hour, for which I ſtill
'prepare? [care.
'Haſte to my broader banks, my joy and only
'For as of all my floods thou art the firſt in fame;
'When frankly thou ſhalt yield thine honour to
'my name,
'I will protect thy ſtate; then do not wrong thy
'kind.
'What pleaſure hath the world, that here thou
'may'ſt not find?'
Hence, muſe, divert thy courſe to Dunſmore,
by that (*m*) croſs
Where thoſe two mighty (*n*) ways, the Watling
and the Foſs,
Our center ſeem to cut. (The firſt doth hold
her way,
From Dover, to the ſarth'ſt of fruitful Angleſey:
The ſecond ſouth and north, from Michael's ut-
moſt mount, [account.)
To Cathneſs, which the ſarth'ſt of Scotland we
And then proceed to ſhow, how Avon from her
ſpring,
By (*o*) Newnham's fount is bleſt; and how ſhe,
blandiſhing,
By Dunſmore drives along. Whom Sow doth
firſt aſſiſt,
Which taketh Shirburn in, with Cune, a great
while miſs'd;
Though (*p*) Coventry from thence her name at
firſt did raiſe,
Now flouriſhing with fanes, and proud piramides;
Her walls in good repair, her ports ſo bravely
built,
Her halls in good eſtate, her croſs ſo richly gilt,
As ſcorning all the towns that ſtand within her
view:
Yet muſt ſhe not be griev'd, that Cune ſhould
claim her due.
Tow'rds Warwick with this train as Avon
trips along,
To Guy-cliff being come, her nymphs thus brave-
ly ſong; [owe,
'To thee, renowned knight, continual praiſe we
'And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits ſhew;
'Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to ad-
vance,
'Left'ſt Warwick's wealthy ſeat; and ſailing
'into France,
'At tilt, from his proud ſteed, Duke Otton threw'ſt
'to ground:
'And with th' invalued prize of Blanch the
beauteous crown'd
'(The Almain emperor's heir) high acts didſt
'there atchieve:
'As Lovain thou again didſt valiantly relieve.
'Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy ſword
'imbru'dſt;
'And then in ſingle fight, great Amerant ſub-
'du'dſt. [ſtroy'd
''Twas thy Herculian hand, which happily de-
'That dragon, which ſo long Northumberland
'annoy'd;
'And ſlew that cruel boar, which waſte our
'wood-lands laid,
'Whoſe tuſks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in
'meadows made:

(*m*) The highcroſs, ſuppoſed to be the midſt of England.
(*n*) See to the xvi. ſong.
(*o*) Newnham Wells.
(*p*) Otherwiſe, Cune tre; that is, the town upon Cune.

Whose [illegible] blade remains at Coventry till
'now;
'And, at our humble sute, did quell that mon-
'strous cow [fright.
'The passengers that us'd from Dunsmore to af-
'Of all our English (yet) ô most renowned knight,
'That Colebrond overcam'st; at whose amazing
'fall
'The Danes remov'd their camp from Winches-
'ter's sieg'd wall.
'Thy statute Guy-cliff keeps, the gazer's eye to
'please;
'Warwick, thy mighty arms (thou English Her-
'cules)
'Thy strong and massy sword, that never was
'controll'd;
'Which, as her ancient right, her castle still shall
'hold.'
Scarce ended they their song, but Avon's
winding stream, [Leam:
By Warwick, entertains the high-complection'd
And as she thence along to Stratford on doth
strain,
Receiveth little Heil the next into her train:
Then taketh in the Stour, the brook, of all the
rest [best;
Which that most goodly vale of Red-horse loveth
A valley that enjoys a very great estate,
Yet not so famous held as smaller, by her fate:
Now, for report had been too partial in her
praise, [wrays;
Her just-conceived grief, fair Red-horse thus be-
'Shall every vale be heard to boast her wealth?
'and I, [supply
'The needy countries near that with my corn
'As bravely as the best, shall only I endure
'The dull and beastly world my glories to ob-
'scure;
'Near wayless Arden's side, sith my retir'd abode
'Stood quite out of the way from every common
'road?
'Great Eusham's fertile glebe, what tongue hath
'not extoll'd? [gold.
'As though to her alone belong'd the (q) garb of
'Of Bever's bateful earth, men seem as though
'to fain,
'Reporting in what store she multiplies her grain:
'And folk such wondrous things of Aylsbury will
'tell,
'As though abundance strove her burden'd womb
'to swell.
'Her room amongst the rest, so White-horse is
'decreed: [steed
'She wants no setting forth; her brave Pegasian
'(The wonder of the west) exalted to the skies:
'My Red-horse of you all contemned only lies.
'The fault is not in me, but in the wretched
'time:
'On whom, upon good cause, I well may lay the
'crime
'Which as all noble things, so me it doth neglect.
'But when th' industrious muse shall purchase me
'respect
'Of countries near my site, and win me foreign fame
'(The Eden of you all deservedly that am)
'I shall as much be prais'd for delicacy then,
'As now in small account with vile and barba-
'rous men. [doth lie,
'For, from the lofty (r) Edge that on my side
'Upon my spacious earth who casts a curious eye,
'As many goodly seats shall in my compass see.
'As many sweet delights and rarities in me
'As in the greatest vale; from where my head I
'couch [heels I touch
'At Cotswold's country's (s) foot, till with my
'The Northamptonian fields, and fatt'ning pas-
'tures; where
'I ravish every eye with my inticing chear.
'As still the year grows on, that Ceres once doth
'load
'The full earth with her store; my plenteous
'bosom strow'd [flank
'With all abundant sweets; my firm and lusty
'Her bravery then displays, with meadows huge-
'ly rank.
'The thick and well-grown fog doth mat my
'smoother slades,
'And on the lower leas, as on the higher hades
'The dainty clover grows (of grass the only silk)
'That makes each udder strut abundantly with
'milk.
'As an unletter'd man, at the desired sight
'Of some rare beauty mov'd with infinite delight,
'Not out of his own spirit, but by that power
'divine, [doth shine,
Which through a sparkling eye perspicuously
'Feels his hard temper yield, that he in passion
breaks,
'And things beyond his height, transported
'strangely speaks: [toil,
'So those that dwell in me, and live by frugal
'When they in my defence are reasoning of my
'soil, [ed grow,
'As rapted with my wealth and beauties, learn-
'And in well-fitting terms, and noble language
'shew [remains
'The lordships in my lands, from Rolright (which
'§ A witness of that day we won upon the
Danes) [use to tell
'To Tawcester well-near; 'twixt which they
'Of places which they say do Rumney's self excel.
'Of (t) Dasset they dare boast, and give
'(t) Wormlington prize,
'As of that fertile flat by (t) Bishopton that lies.
'For showing of my bounds, if men may righ-
'ly guess [press,
'By my continued form which best doth me ex-
'On either of my sides, and by the rising grounds,
'Which in one fashion hold, as my most certain
'mounds,
'In length near thirty miles I am discern'd to be.'
Thus Red-horse ends her tale; and I there-
with agree [ask,
To finish here my song; the muse some ease doth
As wearied with the toil in this her serious task.'

(q) The Sheaf.

(r) Edge hill.
(s) The bounds of the vale of Red-horse.
(t) Wondrous fruitful places in the vale.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTO the heart of England and Wales the muſe here is entered, that is, Warwickſhire her native country; whoſe territory you might call Middle-Eagle (for here was that part of Mercland, ſpoken of in ſtory) for equality of diſtance from the inatming ocean.

By her illuſtrious earls renowned every where.

Permit to yourſelf credit of thoſe, loaden with antique fables, as Guy (of whom the author in the XII Song, and here preſently) Morind and ſuch like, and no more teſtimony might be given, to exceed. But, more ſure juſtification hereof is, in thoſe great Princes Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, and *Præcomes Angliæ* (as the record calls him) under (*a*) Henry VI. and Richard Nevill making it (as it were) his gain to crown and depoſe kings in that bloody diſſenſion 'twixt the white and red roſes.

That mighty Arden held——

What is now the Woodland in Warwickſhire, was heretofore part of a larger wild or foreſt called Arden. The relics of whoſe name in Dene of Monmouthſhire, and that *Arduenna* or *La Foreſt d' Ardenne*, by Henault and Luxemburg, ſhews likelihood of interpretation of the yet-uſed Engliſh name of Woodland. And, whereas, in old inſcriptions, (*b*) *Diana Nemorenſis*, with other additions, hath been found among the Latins, the like ſeems to be expreſt in an old marble, now in Italy, (*c*) graven under Domitian, in part thus:

DIS MANIBVS.
Q. CAESIVS. Q. F. CLAVD.
ATILIANVS. SACERDOS.
DEANAE. ARDVINNAE.

That comprehenſive largeneſs which this Arden once extended (before rum of her woods) makes the author thus limit her with Severn and Trent. By reaſon of this her greatneſs joined with antiquity, he alſo made choice of this place for deſcription of the chaſe, the Engliſh ſimples, and hermit, as you read in him.

And thither wiſely brought that goodly Virgin band.

Sufficient juſtification of making a poem, may be from tradition, which the author here uſes; ſee to the VIII. Song, where you have this incredible number of virgins ſhipped at London; nor ſkills it much on which you beſtow your faith, or if neither. Their requeſt (as the Genius's prayer) are the author's own fictions, to come to expreſs the worth of his native ſoil's city.

By Leofrique her lord, yet in baſe bondage held.

The enſuing ſtory of this Leofrique and Godiva, was under the Confeſſor. I find it reported in Matthew of Weſtminſter, that *Nudus, equum aſcendans, crines capitis & tricas diſſolvens, corpus ſuum totum, præter crura candidiſſima, inde velavit.* This Leofrique (buried at Coventry) was Earl of Leiceſter, not Cheſter (as ſome ill took it by turning Legeceſtra, being indeed ſometimes for Cheſter of old called *urbs legionum*, as to the XI. Song already) which is without ſcruple ſhewed in a (*d*) charter of the manner of Spalding in Lincolnſhire, made to Wulgat abbot of Crowland, beginning thus: *Ego Theraldus de* Buckenhale *coram nobiliſſimo domino meo* Leofrico comite Leiceſtriæ, *& nobiliſſimæ comitiſſa ſua domina Godiva ſorore mea, & cum conſenſu & bona voluntate domini & cognati mei* Comitis Algari *primogeniti & hæredis eorum, donavi, &c.* This Algar ſucceeded him; and, as a ſpecial title, government, and honour, this earldom was therein among the Saxons ſo ſingular, that it was hereditary with a very long pedigree, till the conqueſt, from King Ethelbald's time, above 300 years. In Malmeſbury, he is ſtiled Earl of Hereford; and indeed, as it ſeems, had large dominion over moſt part of Mercland, and was a great protector of good King Edward, from ambitious Godwin's faction. You may note in him, what power the earls of thoſe times had for granting, releaſing, or impoſing liberties and exactions, which ſince only the crown hath as inſeparably annexed to it. Nay, ſince the Normans, I find that (*e*) William Fitz-Oſbern Earl of Hereford, made a law in his county, *ut nullus miles pro qualicunque commiſſo plus ſeptem ſolidis ſolvat*, which was obſerved without

(*a*) Parl. ret. 23. Hen. 6. ap. Cam.
(*b*) Hubert. Goltz. Theſaur. in Aris.
(*c*) Jul. Jacabon. ap. Paul. Merul. Coſmog. part 2. lib. 3. cap. 11.
(*d*) Ingulphus Hiſt. fol. 519.
(*e*) Malmeſb. de geſt. reg. 3.

controverſy in Malmeſbury's time; and I have ſeen original letters of protection (a perfect and uncommunicable power royal) by that great prince Richard Earl of Poiters and Cornwall, brother to Henry III. ſent to the ſheriff of Rutland, for and in behalf of a nunnery about Stanford: and it is well known, that his ſucceſſor Edmund left no ſmall tokens of ſuch ſupremacy in conſtitutions, liberties, and impoſed ſubſidies in the ſtannaries of Cornwall; with more ſuch like extant in monuments. But whatſoever their power heretofore was, I think it ceaſed with that (*f*) cuſtom of their having the third part of the king's profit in the county, which was alſo in the Saxon times uſual, as appears in that; (*g*) *In* Ipſwich *regina Edeva duas partes habuit & comes* Guert *tertiam*; Norwich *reddebat XX. libras regi, & comiti X. libras:* of the borough of Lewes, its profits *erant duas partes regis, tertia comitis*; & Oxford *reddebat regi XX. libras, & ſex ſextarios mellis, comiti vero* Algaro *X libras.* And under King John, Geffrey Fitz-Peter Earl of Eſſex, and William le Marſhall Earl of Strigill, (*b*) *Adminiſtrationem ſuorum comitatuum habebant*, ſaith Hoveden. But time hath, with other parts of government, altered all this to what we now uſe.

A witneſs of that day we won upon the Danes.

He means Rollritch-ſtones in the confines of Warwick and Oxfordſhire, of which the vulgar there have a fabulous tradition, that they are an army of men, and I know not what great general amongſt them, converted into ſtones: a tale not having his ſuperior in the rank of untruths. But (upon the conceit of a moſt learned man) the muſe refers it to ſome battle of the Danes, about the time of Rollo's piracy and incurſion, and for her country takes the better ſide (as juſtifiable as the contrary) in affirming the day to the Engliſh. But, to ſuppoſe this a monument of that battle fought at Hochnorton, ſeems to me in matter of certainty not very probable: I mean, being drawn from Rollo's name, of whoſe ſtory, both for a paſſage in the laſt Song and here, permit a ſhort examination. The Norman (*i*) tradition is, that he, with divers other Danes tranſplanting themſelves, as well for diſſenſion betwixt him and his king, as for new ſeat of habitation, arrived here, had ſome ſkirmiſhes with the Engliſh, defending their territories; and ſoon afterward being admoniſhed in a dream, aided and adviſed by King Athelſtan, entered Seine in France, waſted and won part of it about Paris, Baieux, elſewhere; returned upon requeſt by embaſſage to aſſiſt the Engliſh king againſt rebels; and afterward in the year 911 or 12, received his dukedom of Normandy, and Chriſtianity, his name of Robert, with Ægidia or Gilla (for wife) daughter to Charles, ſurnamed the Simple; as to the IV. Song I have, according to the credit of the ſtory, touched it. But how came ſuch habitude betwixt Athelſtan and him, before this 912, when, as it is plain, that Athelſtan was not king till 924, or near that point? Neither is my concordance betwixt Athelſtan and this Charles, whoſe kingdom was taken from him by Rodulph Duke of Burgundy, two years before our King Edward I. (of the Saxons) died. In the 9th year of whoſe reign, falling under 906, was that battle of Hochnorton; ſo that unleſs the name of Athelſtan be miſtook for this Edward, or be wanting to the dominical year of thoſe 22 of the Dionyſian calculation (whereof to the IV. Song) I ſee no means to make this ſtory ſtand with itſelf, nor our monks; in whom (moſt of them writing about the Norman times) more mention would have been made of Rollo, anceſtor to the Conqueror, and his acts here, had they known any certainty of his name or wars: which I rather gueſs to have been in our maritime parts, than inlands, (unleſs when (if that were at all) he aſſiſted King Athelſtan. Read Frodoard, and the old annals of France, written nearer the ſuppoſed times, and you will ſcarce find him to have been, or elſe there under (*k*) ſome other name; as Godfrey, which ſome have conjectured to be the ſame with Rollo. You may ſee in Æmilius what uncertainties, if not contrarieties, were in Norman traditions of this matter; and I make no queſtion, but of that unknown nation no ſuch miſtaking hath been of names and times, that ſcarce any undoubted truth therein now can juſtify itſelf. For obſerve but what is here delivered, and compare it with (*l*) them which ſay in 898 Rollo was overthrown at Chartres by Richard Duke of Burgundy, and Ebal Earl of Poitiers, aſſiſting Walzelm biſhop of that city; and, my queſtion is, Where have you hope of reconciliation? except only in equivocation of name; for plainly Haſtings, Godfrey, Hroruc, and others, (if none of theſe were the ſame) all Danes, had to do, and that with dominion in France, about this age; wherein it is further reported, that (*m*) Robert Earl of Paris, and in ſome ſort a king betwixt Charles and Rodulph, gave to certain Normans that had entered the land at Loire (they firſt (*n*) entered there in 853) all Little Bretagne and Nants; and this in 922.

(*f*) Lib. vetuſt. Monaſt. de Bello ap. Camd.

(*g*) Lib. *Domeſday* in Scaccario.

(*b*) Job. Carnotenſ. Epiſt. 263. Nichol. Viceconiiti Eſſexiæ.

(*i*) Guil. Gemeticenſ. de Ducib. Norm. 2. cap. 4. & ſeq. Tho. de Walſingham in Hypodig. Neuſt. ſecundum quos, in quantum ad Chronologicam rationem ſpectat, plerique alii,

(*k*) Ita quidam apud P. Emil. hiſt. Franc. 3 quem de hac re vide, & Polydor. ejuſdem ſequacem hiſt. 5.

(*l*) Floren. Wigorn. p. 335. & Roger. Hoveden. part 1. fol. 241.

(*m*) Frodoard. Preſbyt. Annal. Franc.

(*n*) Reicherſpergenſ.

which agrees with that gift of the ſame tract to Rollo by Charles, little better than harſheſt diſcords. And ſo doth that of Rollo's being aided by the Engliſh king, and in league with him againſt the French, with another received truth: which is, that Charles was (by marriage with (*o*) Edgith of the Engliſh king's loins) ſon-in-law to Edward, and brother-in-law to Athelſtan, in whoſe (*p*) protection here Lewis (afterward the IV) was, while Rodulph of Burguody held the crown. For that unmannerly homage alſo, ſpoken of to the IV. Song by one of Rollo's knights, it is reported by Malmeſbury and others, to be done by Rollo himſelf; and touching that Egidia wife to Rollo, the judicious French Hiſtoriographer, P. Emilius (from whom the Italian Polydore had many odd pieces of his beſt context) tells clearly, that ſhe was daughter to Lothar King of Romans, and given by his couſin Charles the Groſs, to Godfrey King of the Normans, with *Weſtrich* (that is, Neuſtria) about 886, and imagines that the Norman hiſtorians were deceived by equivocation of name, miſtaking Charles the Simple for Charles the Groſs, living near one time; as alſo, that they finding Egidia a king's daughter (being indeed Lothar's) ſuppoſed her Charles the Simple's. This makes me think alſo that of Godfrey and Rollo hath been like confuſion of name. But both times, reigns, and perſons, are ſo diſturbed in the ſtories, that being inſufficient to rectify the contrarieties, I leave you to the liberty of common report.

(*o*) Oginia dicta P. Æmilio.
(*p*) Membran. vetuſt. Cœnob. Floriacenſ. edit. a P. Pithœo.

POLY-OLBION:

THE FOURTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

Her ſundry ſtrains the muſe to prove,
Now ſings of homely country love;
What moan th' old herdſman Clent doth make,
For his coy wood nymph Feckn'ham's ſake;
And, how the nymphs each other greet,
When Avon and brave Severn meet.
The vale of Euſham then doth tell,
How far the vales do hills excel.
Aſcending, next, fair Cotſwold's plains,
She revels with the ſhepherd ſwains;
And ſends the dainty nymphs away,
'Gainſt Tame and Iſis' wedding day.

At length, attain'd thoſe lands that ſouth of Severn lie,
As to the varying earth the muſe doth her apply,
Poor ſheep hook and plain goad, ſhe many times doth found: [bound.
Then in a buſkin'd ſtream, ſhe inſtantly doth
Smooth as the lowly ſtream ſhe ſoftly now doth glide:
And with the mountains ſtraight contendeth in her pride. [take,
Now back again I turn, the land with me to
From the Staffordian heaths as (*a*) Stour her courſe doth make.
Which Clent, from his proud top, contentedly doth view:
But yet the aged hill, immoderately doth rew
His loved Feck'nham's fall, and doth her ſtate bemoan;
To pleaſe his amorous eye, whoſe like the world had none.
For, from her very youth, he (then an aged hill)
Had to that foreſt nymph a ſpecial liking ſtill:
The leaſt regard of him who never ſeems to take,
But ſuff'reth in herſelf for Salwarp's only ſake;
And on that river doats, as much as Clent on her.
Now when the hill perceiv'd the flood ſhe would prefer,
All pleaſure he forſakes; that at the full-bagg'd cow, [low,
Or at the curl-fac'd bull, when venting he doth
Or at th' unhappy wags which let their cattle ſtray,
At nine-holes on the heath whilſt they together play,

(*a*) Running by Stourbridge in Worſterſhire, towards Severn.

He never ſeems to ſmile; nor ever taketh keep
To hear the harmleſs ſwain pipe to his grazing ſheep:
Nor to the carter's tune in whiſtling to his team:
Nor lends his liſt'ning ear (once) to the ambling ſtream,
That in the evening calm againſt the ſtones doth ruſh [huſh
With ſuch a murmuring noiſe, as it would ſeem to
The ſilent meads aſleep; but, void of all delight,
Remedileſsly drown'd in ſorrow day and night,
Nor Licky his ally and neighbour doth reſpect:
And therewith being charg'd, thus anſwereth in effect:
'That (*b*) Lickey to his height ſeem'd ſlowly but 'to riſe,
And that in length and breadth he all extended 'lies,
'Nor doth like other hills to ſudden ſharpneſs 'mount, [account;
'That of their kingly kind they ſcarce can him
'Tho' by his ſwelling ſoil ſet in ſo high a place,
'That Malvern's mighty ſelf he ſeemeth to out-'face.'
Whilſt Clent and Licky, thus, do both expreſs 'their pride,
As Salwarpe ſlips along by Feck'nham's ſhady ſide,
That foreſt him affects in wand'ring to the (*b*) Wych:
But he, himſelf by ſalts there ſeeking to enrich,
His Feck'nham quite forgets; from all affection free. [to be,
But ſhe, that to the flood moſt conſtant means
More prodigally gives her woods to thoſe ſtrong fires
Which boil the ſource to ſalts. Which Clent ſo much admires,
That love, and her diſdain, to madneſs him provoke:
When to the wood nymph thus the jealous mountain ſpoke:
'Fond nymph, thy twiſted curls, on which 'were all my care, [bare
'Thou lett'ſt the furnace waſte; that miſerably
'I hope to ſee thee leſt, which ſo doſt me deſpiſe;
'Whoſe beauties many a morn have bleſt my 'longing eyes:
'And, till the weary ſun ſunk down unto the 'weſt, [beſt.
'Thou ſtill my object waſt, thou once my only
'The time ſhall quickly come, thy groves and 'pleaſant ſprings,
'Where to the mirthful merle the warbling ma-'vis ſings,
'The painful labourer's hand ſhall ſtock the 'roots, to burn;
'The branch and body ſpent, yet could not ſerve 'his turn.
'Which when, moſt wilful nymph, thy chance 'ſhall be to ſee, [me.'
'Too late thou ſhalt repent thy ſmall regard for
But Saltwarpe down from Wych his nimbler feet doth ply,
Great Severn to attend along to Teukſbury,

(*b*) The ſalt fountain of Worceſterſhire.

With others to partake the joy that there is ſeen,
When beauteous Avon comes unto her ſovereign (*c*) queen.
Here down from Euſham's vale, their greatneſs to attend,
Comes Swilliat ſweeping in, which Cotſwold down doth ſend:
And Garran there arrives, the great recourſe to ſee. [glee,
Where thus together met, with moſt delightful
The chearful nymphs that haunt the valley rank and low [flow,
(Where full Pomona ſeems moſt plenteouſly to
And with her fruitery ſwells by Perſhore, in her pride)
Amongſt the batful meads on Severn's either ſide,
To theſe their confluent floods, full bowls of perry brought:
Where, to each other's health paſt many a deep-fetch'd draught,
And many a ſound carouſe from friend to friend doth go.
Thus whilſt the mellowed earth with her own juice doth flow,
Inflamed with exceſs the luſty pamper'd vale,
In praiſe of her great ſelf, thus frames her glorious tale;
'I doubt not but ſome vale enough for us hath 'ſaid,
'To anſwer them that moſt with baſeneſs us upbraid;
'Thoſe high preſumptuous hills, which bend 'their utmoſt might,
'Us only to deject, in their inveterate ſpite:
'But I would have them think, that I (which am 'the queen
'Of all the Britiſh vales, and ſo have ever been
'Since Gomer's giant brood inhabited this iſle,
'And that of all the reſt, myſelf may ſo enſtile)
'Againſt the higheſt hill dare put myſelf for place,
'That ever threat'ned heaven with the auſtereſt 'face.
'And for our praiſe, then thus; What fountain 'ſend they forth
'(That finds a river's name, though of the ſmal 'leſt worth)
'But it invales itſelf, and on its either ſide
'Doth make thoſe fruitful meads, which with 'their painted pride
'Imbroider his proud bank? whilſt in laſcivious 'gyres
'He ſwiftly fallieth out, and ſuddenly retires
'In ſundry works and trials, now ſhallow, and 'then deep,
'Searching the ſpacious ſhores, as though it 'meant to ſweep
'Their ſweets with it away, with which they 'are repleat.
'And men, firſt building towns, themſelves did 'wiſely ſeat
'Still in the bounteous vale: whoſe burden'd paſ-'ture bears
'The moſt abundant ſwathe, whoſe glebe ſuch 'goodly ears,

(*c*) Severn.

' As to the weighty ſheaf with ſcythe or ſickle cut,
' When as his hardened hand the labourer comes
' to put,
' Sinks him in his own ſweat, which it but hard-
' ly wields:
' And on the corn-ſtrew'd lands, then in the ſtub-
' ble fields,
' There feed the herds of neat, by them the
' flocks of ſheep,
' Seeking the ſcatt'red corn upon the ridges ſteep:
' And in the furrow by (where Ceres lies much
' ſpill'd)
' Th' unwieldy larding ſwine his maw then hav-
' ing fill'd,
' Lies wallowing in the mire, thence able ſcarce
' to riſe.
' When as thoſe monſtrous hills ſo much that
' us deſpiſe
' (The mountain, which forſooth the lowly val-
' ley mocks)
' Have nothing in the world upon their barren
' rocks,
' But greedy clamb'ring goats, and conies, ba-
' niſh'd quite
' From every fertile place; as raſcals, that delight
' In baſe and barren plots, and at good earth re-
' pine. [cline,
' And though in winter we to moiſture much in-
' Yet thoſe that be our own, and dwell upon our
' land,
' When 'twixt their burly ſtacks and full-ſtuft
' barns they ſtand,
' Into the ſofter clay as eas'ly they do ſink,
' Pluck up their heavy feet, with lighter ſpirits,
' to think
' That autumn ſhall produce, to recompence
' their toil,
' A rich and goodly crop from that unpleaſant ſoil.
' And from that envious foe which ſeeks us to
' deprave,
' Though much againſt his will this good we
' clearly have,
' We ſtill are highly prais'd, and honour'd by
' his height, [ſight
' For, who will us ſurvey, their clear and judging
' May ſee us thence at full: which elſe the
' ſearching'ſt eye,
' By reaſon that ſo flat and levelled we lie,
' Could never throughly view ourſelves, nor
' could we ſhew. [owe,
' Yet more; what lofty hills to humble vallies
' And what high grace they have which near to
' us are plac'd,
' In (*d*) Breedon may be ſeen, being amorouſly
' embrac'd [vaunt
' In cincture of my arms. Who though he do not
' His head like thoſe that look as they would
' heaven ſupplant:
' Yet let them wiſely note, in what exceſſive pride
' He in my boſom ſits; while him on every ſide
' With my delicious ſweets and delicates I trim.
' And when great Malvern looks moſt terrible
' and grim,
' He with a pleaſed brow continually doth ſmile.'
Here Breedon, having heard his praiſes all the while,
Grew inſolently proud; and doth upon him take
Such ſtate, as he would ſeem but ſmall account to make
Of Malvern, or of Mein. So that the wiſer vale
To his inſtruction turns the proceſs of her tale.
' T' avoid the greater's wrath, and ſhun the
' meaner's hate,
' Quoth ſhe, take my advice, abandon idle ſtate;
' And by that way I go, do thou thy courſe con-
' trive: [thrive.
' Give others leave to vaunt, and let us cloſely
' Whilſt idly but for place the lofty mountains
' toil, [ſoil.
' Let us have ſtore of grain, and quantity of
' To what end ſerve their tops (that ſeem to
' threat the ſky)
' But to be rent with ſtorms? whilſt we in ſafe-
' ty lie.
' Their rocks but barren be, and they which
' raſhly climb,
' Stand moſt in envy's ſight, the faireſt prey
' for time.
' And when the lowly vales are clad in ſummer's
' green, [ſeen.
' The griſled winter's ſnow upon their heads is
' Of all the hills I know, let Mein thy pattern be:
' Who though his ſite be ſuch as ſeems to equal
' thee,
' And deſtitute of nought that Arden him can
' yield,
' Nor of th' eſpecial grace of many a goodly field;
' Nor of dear Clifford's ſeat (the place of health
' and ſport) [port;
' Which many a time hath been the muſes quiet
' Yet brags not he of that, nor of himſelf eſteems
' The more for his fair ſite; but richer than he
' ſeems,
' Clad in a gown of graſs, ſo ſoft and wondrous
' warm, [harm.
' As him the ſummer's heat, nor winter's cold can
' Of whom I well may ſay, as I may ſpeak of thee;
' From either of your tops, that who beholdeth me,
' To paradiſe may think a ſecond he had found,
' If any like the reſt were ever on the ground.'
Her long and zealous ſpeech thus Euſham doth conclude: [ſu'd
When ſtraight the active muſe induſtriouſly pur-
This noble country's praiſe, as matter ſtill did riſe.
For Glo'ſter in times paſt herſelf did highly prize,
When in her pride of ſtrength ſhe nouriſh'd goodly vines,
§ And oft her cares repreſt with her delicious wines.
But now, th' all-chearing ſun the colder ſoil deceives,
§ And us (here towards the pole) ſtill falling ſouthward leaves:
So that the ſullen earth th' effect thereof doth prove;
According to their books, who hold that he doth move

(*d*) A hill invironed on every ſide with the vale of Euſham.

From his firſt zenith's point; the cauſe we feel his want.
But of her vines depriv'd, now Glo'ſter learns to plant
The pear tree every where: whoſe fruit ſhe produce
That her pur'ſt perry is, which firſt ſhe did
From Wor'ſterſhire, and there is common as the fields;
Which naturally that ſoil in moſt abundance yields.
But the laborious muſe, which ſtill new work aſſays,
Here ſallieth through the ſlades, where beauteous Severn plays
Until that river gets her Glo'ſter's wiſhed ſight:
Where ſhe her ſtream divides, that with the more delight
She might behold the town, of which ſhe's wond'rous proud:
Then takes ſhe in the Frome, then Cam, and next the Strowd,
As thence upon her courſe ſhe wantonly doth ſtrain.
Suppoſing then herſelf a ſea god by her train,
She Neptune like doth float upon the bracky marſh;
Where, leſt ſhe ſhould become too cumberſome and harſh,
Fair Micklewood (a nymph, long honour'd for a chaſe,
Contending to have ſtood the high'ſt in Severn's grace,
Of any of the Dryads there bord'ring on her ſhore)
With her cool amorous ſhades, and all her ſylvan ſtore,
To pleaſe the goodly flood imploys her utmoſt powers,
Suppoſing the proud nymph might like her woody bowers.
But Severn (on her way) ſo large and head-ſtrong grew,
That ſhe the wood nymph ſcorns, and Avon doth purſue;
A river with no leſs than goodly King's-wood crown'd,
A foreſt and a flood by either's fame renown'd;
And each with other's pride and beauty much bewitch'd; [rich'd.
Beſides, with Briſtol's ſtate both wond'rouſly en-
Which ſoon to Severn ſent th' report of that fair (g) road
(So burdened ſtill with barks, as it would overload
Great Neptune with the weight) whoſe fame ſo far doth ring; [ing
When as that mighty flood, moſt bravely flouriſh-
Like Thetis' goodly ſelf majeſtically glides;
Upon her ſpacious breaſt toſſing the ſurgeful tides,
To have the river ſee the ſtate to which ſhe grows,
And how much to her queen the beauteous Avon owes.
But, noble muſe, proceed immediately to tell
How Euſham's fertile vale at firſt in liking fell
With Cotſwold, that great king of ſhepherds: whoſe proud ſite
When that fair vale firſt ſaw, ſo nouriſh'd her delight,
That him ſhe only lov'd: for wiſely ſhe beheld
The beauties clean throughout that on his ſurface dwell'd':
Of juſt and equal height two banks ariſing, which
Grew poor (as it ſhould ſeem) to make ſome valley rich:
Betwixt them thruſting out an elbow of ſuch height,
As ſhrowds the lower ſoil; which ſhadowed from the light,
Shoots forth a little grove, that in the ſummer's day, [ſtray.
Invites the flocks, for ſhade that to the covert
A hill there holds his head, as though it told a tale,
Or ſtooped to look down, or whiſper with a vale;
Where little purling winds like wantons ſeem to dally,
And ſkip from bank to bank, from valley trip to valley, [viſe,
Such ſundry ſhapes of ſoil where nature doth de-
That ſhe may rather ſeem fantaſtical, than wiſe.
T' whom Sarum's plain gives place: though famous for her flocks, [locks.
Yet hardly doth ſhe tythe our Cotſwold's wealthy
Though Lemſter him exceed for fineneſs of her ore,
Yet quite he puts her down for his abundant ſtore.
A match ſo fit as he, contenting to her mind,
Few vales (as I ſuppoſe) like Euſham hapt to find:
Nor any other wold, like Cotſwold ever ſped,
So fair and rich a vale by fortuning to wed.
He hath the goodly wool, and ſhe the wealthy grain:
Through which they wiſely ſeem their houſhold to maintain.
He hath pure wholeſome air, and dainty cryſtal ſprings.
To thoſe delights of his, ſhe daily profit brings:
As to his large expence, ſhe multiplies her heaps:
Nor can his flocks devour th' abundance that ſhe reaps;
As th' one with what it hath, the other ſtrove to grace.
And now, that every thing may in the proper place [bred
Moſt aptly be contriv'd, the ſheep our wold doth
(The ſimpleſt though it ſeem) ſhall our deſcription need,
And ſhepherd like, the muſe thus of that kind doth ſpeak:
No brown, nor ſullied black the face or legs doth ſtreak,
Like thoſe of Moreland, Cank, or of the Cambrian hills,
That lightly laden are: but Cotſwold wiſely fills
Her with the whiteſt kind: whoſe brows ſo woolly be,
As men in her fair ſheep no emptineſs ſhould ſee.
The ſtaple deep and thick, through to the very grain,
Moſt ſtrongly keepeth out the violenteſt rain:
A body long and large, the buttocks equal broad;
As fit to undergo the full and weighty load.
And of the fleecy face, the flank doth nothing lack,
But every where is ſtor'd; the belly, as the back.

(g) King's road.

The fair and goodly flock, the shepherd's only pride,
As white as winter's snow, when from the river's side
He drives his new wash'd sheep; or on the shearing day,
When as the lusty ram, with those rich spoils of May
His crooked horns hath crown'd; the bell wedder so brave,
As none in all the flock they like themselves would have.
But, muse, return to tell how there the shepherd's king,
Whose flock hath chanc'd that year the earliest lamb to bring,
In his gay bauldric sits at his low grassy board,
With flawns, curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stor'd:
And whilst the bagpipe plays, each lusty jocund swain
Quaffs sillabubs in cans, to all upon the plain,
And to their country girls, whose nosegays they do wear.
Some roundelays do sing: the rest, the burden bear.
But Cotswold, be this spoke to th' only praise of thee, [be,
That thou of all the rest the chosen soil should'st
Fair Isis to bring forth (the mother of great Tames)
With those delicious brooks, by whose immortal streams
Her greatness is begun: so that our rivers king,
When he his long descent shall from his bell sires bring,
Must needs (great pasture's prince!) derive his stem by thee,
From kingly Cotswold's self, sprung of the third degree:
As th' old world's heroes wont, that in the times of yore,
On Neptune, Jove, and Mars, themselves so highly bore.
But eas'ly from her source as Isis gently dades;
Unto her present aid, down through the deeper glades,
The limbler footed Churn, by Cisseter doth glide;
And first at Greeklade gets pre-eminence to guide
Queen Isis on her way, e'er she receive her train,
Clear Coln, and lively Leech, so down from Cotswold's plain
At Leechlade linking hands, come likewise to support
The mother of great Tames. When, seeing the resort,
From Cotswold Windrush scours, and with herself doth cast
The train to overtake, and therefore hies her fast
Through the Oxfordian fields; when (as the last of all
Those floods, that into Tames out of our Cotswold fall,
And farth'st unto the north) bright Enload forth doth bear.
For, though it had been long, at length she came to hear
That Isis was to Tame in wedlock to be ty'd:
And therefore she prepar'd t' attend upon the bride;
Expecting, at the feast, past ordinary grace.
And being near of kin to that most springful place,
Where out of Blockley's banks so many fountains flow,
That clean throughout his soil proud Cotswold cannot shew
The like: as though from far, his long and many hills
There emptied all their veins, wherewith those founts he fills,
Which in the greatest drought so brimful still do float,
Sent through the rifted rocks with such an open throat,
As though the cleves consum'd in humour; they alone,
So crystalline and cold, as hard'neth stick to stone.
But whilst this while we talk, the far divulged fame
Of this great bridal tower'd, in Phœbus' mighty name
Doth bid the muse make haste, and to the bride house speed
Of her attendance there lest they should stand in need.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

SOMEWHAT returning now near the way you deſcended from the northern parts, them uſe leads you through that part of Worceſterſhire, which is on this ſide Severn, and the neighbouring Staffordſhire, viewing alſo Cotteſwold, and ſo Gloceſter. The fictions of this ſong are not ſo couvert, nor the alluſions ſo difficult, but that I preſume your conceit, for the moſt part, willingly diſcharges my labour.

And of her cares repreſt with her delicious wines.

In this tract of Gloceſterſhire (where to this day many places are ſtiled Vine-yards was of ancient time among other fruits of a fertile ſoil, great ſtore of vines, and more than in any other place of the kingdom. Now in many parts of this realm we have ſome: but what comes of them in the preſs is ſcarce worth reſpect. Long ſince the emperor (*a*) Probus *Et Gallis omnibus & Hiſpanus ac Britannis permiſit ut vites haberent vinumque conficerent.* But (*b*) Tacitus, before that, ſpeaking of this iſland, commends it with *Solum præter oleam vitemque & cætera callidioribus terris oriri ſueta, pætiens frugum, fœcundum.* Long ſince Probus, England had its vineyards alſo and ſome ſtore of wine, as appears by that in *Domeſday*, *Unus & Parcus & VI. Arpenni Vineæ* (that is, between five and ſix acres; *Arpent* in French ſignifying a content of ground of a hundred rods ſquare, every rod eighteen foot) *& reddit XX. modios vini, ſi bene procedit*, being recorded of a place (*c*) by Raleigh in Eſſex. This was under William I: and ſince him in time of Hen. I. (*d*) much wine was made here in Gloceſterſhire. That now the iſle enjoys not frequency of this benefit, as in old time, whether it be through the ſoil's old age, and ſo like a woman growing ſterile (as (*e*) in another kind Tremellius many hundred years ſince thought) or by reaſon of the earth's change of place, as upon difference in aſtronomical obſervations Stadius gueſſed, or that ſome part of ſingular influence, whereon aſtrology hangs moſt, of inferior qualities, is altered by that ſlow courſe (yet of great power in alteration of heaven's ſyſtem) of the eighth ſphere (or præceſſion of the Æquinoctial) or by reaſon of induſtry wanting in the huſbandman, I leave it to others examination.

——— ſtill falling ſouthward leaves.

He alludes to the difference of the zodiac's obliquity from what it was of old. For, in Ptolemy's time, about fourteen hundred and ſixty years ſince the utmoſt declination of the ſun in the firſt of Cancer (where ſhe is neareſt to our vertical point) was 23 gr. and about 52 minut. ſince that Albategni (about Charlemaine's time) obſerved it ſome 15 ſcruples leſs: after him near 1000 year off Chriſt) Arzachel found it 23 gr. 34 ſcr., and in this later age John of Coningſburg and (*f*) Copernicus brought it to 23 gr. 28 ſcrup. which concords alſo with the Prutenique account, and as many as thence traduce their Ephemerides. So that (by this calculation) about 24 minutes the ſun comes not ſo near our zenith, as it did in Ptolemy's time. But in truth (for in theſe things I account that truth, which is warranted by moſt accurate obſervation; and thoſe learned mathematicians, by omitting of parallax and refractions, deceived themſelves and poſterity) the declination in this age is 23 gr. 31½. ſcrup. as that noble Dane, and moſt honoured reſtorer of aſtronomical motions, Tycho Brahe, had taught us: which, although it be greater than that of Copernicus and his followers, yet is much leſs than what is in Ptolemy, and by two ſcruples different from Arzachel's, ſo juſtifying the author's conceit, ſuppoſing the cauſe of our climate's not now producing wines, to be the ſun's declination from us, which for every ſcruple anſwers in earth, about one of our miles; but a far more large diſtance in the celeſtial globe. I can as well maintain this high-fetcht cauſe, being upon difference of ſo few minutes in one of the ſloweſt motions (and we ſee that greateſt effects are always attributed to them, as upon the old conceit of the Platonic year, abridged into near his half by Copernicus, thoſe conſequents foretold upon the change of (*g*) Eccentrics out of one ſign into another, the equinoctial præceſſion, and ſuch

(*a*) Flav. Vopiſcus in ejuſd. vita.
(*b*) In Jul. Agricola.
(*c*) Camd. in Trinobantibus.
(*d*) Malmeſb. de Pontificum geſtis 4.
(*e*) Ap. Columell, de re Ruſtic. 2. cap. 1.
(*f*) Copernic. Re. 3. cap. 3.
(*g*) Cardan. ad 2. Tetrabibl. & de Varietat. Rer. 2. qui prophane nimium, a motibus octavæ Sphæræ, iis ſcilicet, quos circa CIↃ NCC. contrario velut fieri modo ſupponit ſacroſanctæ Religionis mutationem inepte ſimul & impie prædixit, & hujus generis ſexcenta.

like; as others may their converſion of a planet's ſtate into Fortunate, Oppreſt or Combuſt, by meaſuring or miſſing their 16 ſcruples of Cazimi, their *Orbes moities*, and ſuch curioſities. Neither can you ſalve the effect of this declination, by the ſun's much nearer approach to the earth, upon that decreaſe of his Eccentricity which Copernicus and his followers have publiſhed. For, admitting that were true, yet judicial aſtrology relies more upon aſpect and beams falling on us with angles (which are much altered by this change of obliquity in the zodiac) than diſtance of every ſingular ſtar from the earth. But indeed, upon miſtaking the pole's altitude, and other error in obſervation, (*b*) Copernicus was deceived, and in this preſent age the ſun's eccentricity (in Ptolemy, being the 24th of the eccentric's ſemidiameter, divided into 60.) hath been (*i*) found between the 27 and 28 P. which is far greater than that in Copernicus, erroneouſly making it but near the 31. But this is too heavenly a language for the common reader; and perhaps too late I leave it.

(*b*) Cui, hec nomine, graviter minitatus eſt Jol. Scalig. exercitet. 90. ſect. 2.

(*i*) Tycho Brahe in Progymnaſm.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FIFTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The gueſts here to the bride-houſe hie:
The goodly vale of Aylſbury
Sets her ſon (Tame) forth, brave as May,
Upon the joyful wedding day:
Who, deckt up, tow'rds his bride is gone.
So lovely Iſis coming on,
At Oxford all the muſes meet her,
And with a Prothalamion greet her.
The nymphs are in the bridal bow'rs,
Some ſtrowing ſweets, ſome ſorting flow'rs;
Where luſty Charwel himſelf raiſes,
And ſings of rivers, and their praiſes.
Then Tames his way tow'rd Windſor tends.
Thus, with the ſong, the marriage ends.

Now fame had through this iſle divulg'd in every ear,
The long-expected day of marriage to be near,
That Iſis, Cotſwold's heir, long woo'd was laſtly won,
And inſtantly ſhould wed with (*a*) Tame, old Chiltern's ſon.
And now that wood-man's wife, the mother of the flood,
The rich and goodly vale of Aylſbury, that ſtood
So much upon her Tame, was buſied in her bowers,
Preparing for her ſon as many ſuits of flowers,
As Cotſwold for the bride, his Iſis lately made;
Who for the lovely Tame, her bridegroom only ſtaid.
Whilſt every cryſtal flood is to this buſineſs preſt,
The cauſe of their great ſpeed and many thus requeſt;
O! whither go ye, floods? what ſudden wind doth blow,
Than other of your kind, that you ſo faſt ſhould flow,

(*a*) Tame ariſes in the vale of Aylſbury, at the foot of the Chiltern.

What buſineſs in hand, that ſpurs you thus away?
Fair Windruſh, let me hear; I pray thee, Charwel ſay. [ſee
They ſuddenly reply, 'What lets you ſhould not
'That for this nuptial feaſt we all prepared be?
'Therefore this idle chat our ears doth but offend:
'Our leiſure ſerves not now theſe trifles to attend.'
But whilſt things are in hand, old Chiltern (for his life)
From prodigal expence can noway keep his wife;
Who feeds her Tame with marle, in cordial-wiſe prepar'd,
And thinks all idly ſpent, that now ſhe only ſpar'd,
In ſetting forth her ſon: nor can ſhe think it well,
Unleſs her laviſh charge do Cotſwolds far excel.
For, Aylſbury's a vale that walloweth in her wealth,
And (by her wholeſome air continually in health)
Is luſty, firm, and fat, and holds her youthful ſtrength.
Beſides her fruitful earth, her mighty breadth and length,
Doth Chiltern fitly match; which mountainouſly high,
And being very long, ſo likewiſe ſhe doth lie
From the Bedfordian fields, where firſt ſhe doth begin, [doth win
To faſhion like a vale, to th' place where Tame
His Iſis' wiſhed bed; her ſoil throughout ſo ſure,
For goodneſs of her glebe, and for her paſture pure, [breed,
That as her grain and graſs, ſo ſhe her ſheep doth
For burthen and for bone all other that exceed:
And ſhe, which thus in wealth abundantly doth flow, [beſtow:
Now cares not on her child what coſt ſhe do
Which when wiſe Chiltern ſaw (the world who long had try'd,
And now at laſt had laid all gariſh pomp aſide;
Whoſe hoar and chalky head deſcry'd him to be old, [cold)
His beechen woods bereſt, that kept him from the
Would fain perſuade the vale to hold a ſteady rate; [bate:
And with his curious wife, thus wiſely doth de-
'Quoth he, you might allow what needeth, to the moſt:
'But whereas leſs will ſerve, what means this 'idle coſt?
'Too much, a ſurfeit breeds, and may our child 'annoy:
'Theſe fat and luſcious meats do but our ſto-'machs cloy. [wife
'The modeſt comely mean, in all things likes the
'Apparel often ſhews us womaniſh preciſe.
'And what will Cotſwold think when he ſhall 'hear of this?
'He'll rather blame your waſte, than praiſe your 'coſt, I wiſs.' [have;
'But women wilful be, and ſhe her will muſt
Nor cares how Chiltern chides, ſo that her Tame be brave.

Alone which tow'rds his love ſhe eas'ly doth convey:
For the Oxonian (*b*) Ouze was lately ſent away
From Buckingham, where firſt he finds his nimbler feet;
Tow'rds Whittlewood then takes; where, paſt the nobleſt † ſtreet,
He to the foreſt gives his farewell, and doth keep
His courſe directly down into the German deep,
To publiſh that great day in mighty Neptune's hall,
That all the ſea-gods there might keep it feſtival.
As we have told how Tame holds on his even courſe,
Return we to report, how Iſis from her ſource
Comes tripping with delight down from her daintier ſprings; [brings
And in her princely train, t' attend her marriage,
Clear (*c*) Churnet, (*c*) Coln, and (*c*) Leech, which firſt ſhe did retain,
With (*c*) Windruſh; and with her (all outrage to reſtrain
Which well might off'red be to Iſis as ſhe went)
Came Yenlood with a guard of ſatyrs which were ſent
From (*c*) Whichwood, to await the bright and god-like dame. [Tame,
So, (*c*) Bernwood did bequeath his ſatyrs to the
For ſticklers in thoſe ſtirs that at the feaſt ſhould be. [to ſee,
Theſe preparations great, when Charwell comes
To Oxford got before, to entertain the flood,
Apollo's aid he begs, with all his ſacred brood,
To that moſt learned place to welcome her repair. [fair,
Who in her coming on, was wax'd ſo wondrous
That meeting, ſtrife aroſe betwixt them, whether they [(*d*) bay.
Her beauty ſhould extol, or ſhe admire their
On whom their ſeveral gifts (to amplify her dow'r) [pow'r
The muſes there beſtow; which ever have the
Immortal her to make. And as ſhe paſt along,
Thoſe modeſt (*e*) Theſpian maids thus to their Iſis ſung;
'Ye daughters of the hills, come down from 'every ſide,
'And due attendance give upon the lovely bride:
'Go, ſtrew the paths with flowers, by which ſhe 'is to paſs.
'For be ye thus aſſur'd, in Albion never was
'A beauty (yet) like her's: where have you ever 'ſeen
'So abſolute a nymph in all things, for a queen?
'Give inſtantly in charge the day be wond'rous 'fair,
'That no diſorder'd blaſt attempt her braided hair.
'Go, ſee her ſtate prepar'd, and every thing be fit.
'The bride-chamber adorn'd with all beſeeming it.

(*b*) Ariſing near Brackley, running into the German ſea.
† Watling.
(*c*) Rivers ariſing in Cotſwold, ſpoke of in the former Song.
(*d*) Laurel for learning.
(*e*) The muſes.

'And for the princely groom, who ever yet could
'name
'A ſtond that is ſo fit for Iſis as the Tame?
'Ye both ſo lovely are, that knowledge ſcarce
'can tell,
'For feature whether he, or beauty ſhe excel:
'That raviſhed with joy each other to behold,
'When as your cryſtal waiſts you cloſely do en-
'fold, [ſon,
'Betwixt your beauteous ſelves you ſhall beget a
'That when your lives ſhall end, in him ſhall be
'begun. [delight;
'The pleaſant Surryan ſhores ſhall in that flood
'And Kent eſteem herſelf moſt happy in his ſight.
'The ſhire that London loves, ſhall only him
'prefer,
'And give full many a gift to hold him near to her.
'The (f) Scheldt, the goodly Meuſe, the rich
'and viny Rhine,
'Shall come to meet the Thames in Neptune's
'wat'ry plain,
'And all the Belgian ſtreams and neighbouring
'floods of Gaul,
'Of him ſhall ſtand in awe, his tributaries all.'

As of fair Iſis thus the learned virgins ſpake,
A ſhrill and ſudden bruit this Prothalamion brake; [ally,
That White-horſe, for the love ſhe bare to her
And honoured ſiſter vale, the bounteous Ailſbury,
Sent preſents to the Tame by Ock her only flood,
Which for his mother vale ſo much on greatneſs ſtood.

From Oxford, Iſis haſtes more ſpeedily, to ſee
That river like his birth might entertained be:
For that ambitious vale, ſtill ſtriving to command,
And uſing for her place continually to ſtand,
Proud White-horſe to perſuade, much buſineſs there hath been
T' acknowledge that great vale of Euſham for her queen
And but that Euſham is ſo opulent and great,
That thereby ſhe herſelf holds in the ſovereign ſeat,
This White-horſe all the vales of Britain would o'erbear,
And abſolutely ſit in the imperial chair;
And boaſts as goodly herbs, and numerous flocks to feed,
To have as ſoft a glebe, as good increaſe of feed;
As pure and freſh an air upon her face to flow,
As Euſham for her life; and from her ſteed doth ſhow,
Her luſty riſing downs, as fair a proſpect take
As that imperious (g) Wold; which her great queen doth make
So wond'rouſly admir'd, and her ſo far extend,
But to the marriage hence, induſtrious muſe, deſcend.

The Naiads and the nymphs extremely over-joy'd,
And in the winding banks all buſily employ'd,
Upon this joyful day, ſome dainty chaplets twine:
Some others choſen out, with fingers neat and fine, [do bind:
Brave (b) anadems do make: ſome bauldricks up
Some, garlands; and to ſome the noſegays were aſſign'd;
As beſt their ſkill did ſerve. But for that Tame ſhould be [he
Still man-like as himſelf, therefore they will that
Should not be dreſt with flowers to gardens that belong
(His bride that better fit) but only ſuch as ſprung
From the repleniſh'd meads, and fruitful paſtures near.
To ſort which flowers, ſome ſit; ſome making garlands were; [ſpring
The primroſe placing firſt, becauſe that in the
It is the firſt appears, then only flouriſhing;
The azur'd hare-bell next, with them they neatly mix'd:
T' allay whoſe luſcious ſmell, they woodbind plac'd betwixt.
Amongſt thoſe things of ſcent, there prick they in the lilly:
And near to that again, her ſiſter daffadilly.
To ſort theſe flowers of ſhow, with th' other that were ſweet, [her meet:
The cowſlip then they couch, and th' oxſlip, for
The columbine amongſt they ſparingly do ſet,
The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious fret,
And now and then among, of eglantine a ſpray,
By which again a courſe of lady-ſmocks they lay:
The crow-flower, and thereby the clover-flow'r they ſtick,
The daiſy, over all thoſe ſundry ſweets ſo thick,
As nature doth herſelf; to imitate her right;
Who ſeems in that her (i) pearl ſo greatly to delight, [hold:
That every plain therewith ſhe powd'reth to be-
The crimſon darnel flower, the blue-bottle, and gold;
Which though eſteem'd but weeds; yet for their dainty hues, [chuſe.
And for their ſcent not ill, they for this purpoſe

Thus having told you how the bridegroom Tame was dreſt,
I'll ſhew you how the bride, fair Iſis, they inveſt;
Sitting to be attir'd under her bower of ſtate,
Which ſcorns a meaner ſort, than fits a princely rate.
In anadems for whom they curiouſly diſpoſe
The red, the dainty white, the goodly damaſk roſe,
For the rich ruby, pearl, and amethyſt, men place
In kings imperial crowns, the circle that inchaſe.
The brave carnation then, with ſweet and ſovereign power
(So of his colour call'd, although a July-flower)
With th' other of his kind, the ſpeckled and the pale: [gale
Then th' odoriferous pink, that ſends forth ſuch a

(f) The all three, rivers of greateſt note in Lower Germany, diſcharge themſelves into the ocean, in the coaſt oppoſite to the mouth of Thames.
(g) Cotſwold.
(b) Crowns of flowers.
(i) Margarita is both a pearl and a daiſy.

Of sweetness; yet in scents as various as in sorts.
The purple violet then, the pansie there supports:
The marygold above t' adorn the arched bar:
The double daisy, thrift, the button batchelor,
Sweet-william, sops-in-wine, the campion: and to these
Some lavender they put, with rosemary and bays:
Sweet marjoram, with her like, sweet basil rare for smell,
With many a flower, whose name were now too long to tell:
And rarely with the rest, the goodly flour-de-lis.
Thus for the nuptial hour, all fitted poin-de-vice,
Whilst some still busied are in decking of the bride,
Some others were again as seriously employ'd
In strewing of those herbs, at bridals us'd that be;
Which every where they throw with bounteous hands and free.
The healthful balm and mint, from their full laps do fly,
The scentful camomile, the vet'rous costmary;
They hot muscado oil with milder maudlin cast;
Strong tansey, fennel cool, they prodigally waste:
Clear hyssop, and therewith the comfortable thyme,
Germander with the rest, each thing then in her prime;
As well of wholesome herbs, as every pleasant flower,
Which nature here produc'd, to fit this happy hour.
Amoogst these strewing kinds, some other wild that grow,
As burnet, all abroad, and meadow-wort they throw.
Thus all things falling out to every one's desire,
The ceremonies done that marriage doth require,
The bride and bridegroom set, and serv'd with sundry cates,
And every other plac'd, as fitted their estates;
Amongst this confluence great, wise Charwell here was thought
The fitt'st to cheer the guests; who throughly had been taught
In all that could pertain to courtship, long agon,
As coming from his sire, the fruitful (*k*) Heli-don,
He travelleth to Tames; where passing by those towns
Of that rich country near, whereas the mirthful clowns,
With tabor and the pipe, on holidays do use;
Upon the may-pole green, to trample out their shoes:
And having in his ears the deep and (*l*) solemn rings,
Which sound him all the way, unto the (*o*) learned meet,
Where he, his sovereign Ouze most happily doth greet
And him, the thrice-three maids, Apollo's off-spring, greet
With all their sacred gifts; thus, expert being grown
In music; and besides, a curious maker known;

This Charwell (as I said) the first these floods among,
For silence having call'd, thus to th' assembly sung:
'Stand fast, ye higher hills; low vallies easily lie;
'And forests, that to both you equally apply
'(But for the greater part, both wild and barren be)
'Retire ye to your wastes; and rivers, only we,
'Oft meeting let us mix: and with delightful grace,
'Let every beauteous nymph her best-lov'd flood embrace,
'An alien be he born, or near to her own spring,
'So from his native fount he bravely flourishing,
'Along the flow'ry fields licentiously do strain,
'Greeting each curled grove, and circling every plain;
'Or hasting to his fall, his shoaly gravel scow'rs,
'And with his crystal front then courts the climbing tow'rs.
'Let all the world be judge, what mountain hath a name,
'Like that from whose proud foot there springs some flood of fame:
'And in the earth's survey, what feat like that is set,
'Whose streets some ample stream abundantly doth wet?
'Where is there haven found, or harbour, like that road,
'Into which some goodly flood his burden doth unload?
'By whose rank swelling stream the far-fecht foreign fraught
'May up to inland-towns conveniently be brought.
'Of any part of earth, we be the most renown'd;
'That countries very oft, nay, empires oft we bound.
'As Rubicon, much fam'd both for his fount and fall,
'The ancient limit held 'twixt Italy and (*p*) Gaul.
'Europe and Asia keep on Tanais' either side.
'Such honour have we floods, the world (even) to divide.
'Nay, kingdoms thus we prove are christened oft by us;
'Iberia takes her name of crystal Iberus.
'Such reverence to our kind the wiser ancients gave,
'As they suppos'd each flood a deity to have.
'But with our fame at home return we to proceed.
'In Britain here we find, our Severn, and our Tweed,
'The tripartited isle do generally divide,
'To England, Scotland, Wales, as each doth keep her side.
'Trent cuts the land in two so equally, as tho'
'Nature it pointed-out, to our great Brute to shew
'How to his mighty sons the island he might share
'A thousand of this kind, and nearer, I will spare
'Where, if the state of floods at large I list to shew,
'I proudly could report how Pactolus doth borrow

(*k*) A hill betwixt Northamptonshire and Warwick.
(*l*) Famous rings of bells in Oxfordshire called, the Crosring.
(*o*) Oxford.
(*p*) That which was called Gallia Cisalpina, is Lombardy, Romagnia and the western part of [illegible]

'Up grains of perfect gold; and of great Ganges tell,
'Which when full India's showers enforceth him 'to swell,
'Gilds with his glistering sands the over-pam-'per'd shore:
'How wealthy Tagus first, by tumbling down his ore,
'The rude and slothful Moors of old Iberia 'taught
'To search into those hills, from which such 'wealth he brought.
'Beyond these if I pleas'd I to your praise could 'bring,
'In sacred Tempe, how (about the hoof-plough'd 'spring)
'The Heliconian maids, upon that hallowed 'ground,
'Recounting heavenly hymns eternally are 'crown'd. [nourish;
'And as the earth doth us in her own bowels
'So every thing that grows by us, doth thrive and 'flourish.
'To godly virtuous men, we wisely liken'd are:
'To be so in themselves, that do not only care;
'But by a sacred power, which goodness doth 'await,
'Do make those virtuous too, that them associate.'
By this, the wedding ends, and brake up all the shew: [flow
And Tames, got, born, and bred, immediately doth
To Windsor-ward amain (that with a wond'ring eye,
The forest might behold his awful empery)
And soon becometh great, with waters wext so rank,
That with his wealth he seems to retch his wid'ned bank:
Till happily attain'd his grandsire Chiltern's grounds, [crowns.
Who with his beechen wreaths this king of rivers
Amongst his holts and hills, as on his way he makes,
At Reading once arriv'd, clear Kennet overtakes
Her lord the stately Tames, which that great flood again
With many signs of joy doth kindly entertain.
Then Loddon next comes in, contributing her store;
As still we see, the much runs ever to the more.
Set out with all this pomp, when this imperial stream
Himself establisht sees amidst his watry realm,
His much-lov'd Henly leaves, and prouder doth pursue
His wood-nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site to view. [sees,
Whose most delightful face when once the river
Which shews herself attir'd in tall and stately trees,
He in such earnest love with amorous gestures woes,
That looking still at her, his way was like to lose;
And wand'ring in and out, so wildly seems to go,
As headlong he himself into her lap would throw. [brace,
Him with the like desire the forest doth em-
And with her presence strives her Tames as much to grace.
No forest, of them all, so fit as she doth stand,
When princes, for their sports, her pleasures will command;
No wood-nymph as herself such troops hath ever seen, [been;
Nor can such quarries boast as have in Windsor
Nor any ever had so many solemn days,
So brave assemblies view'd, nor took so rich (7) assays.
Then, hand in hand, her Tames the forest softly brings
To that supremest place of the great English kings, [vance
§ The Garter's royal seat, from him who did ad-
That princely order first, our first that conquer'd France; [knights,
The temple of St. George, whereas his honour'd
Upon his hallowed day, observe their ancient rites: [brood,
Where Eaton is at hand to nurse that learned
To keep the muses still near, to this princely flood;
That nothing there may want, to beautify that seat,
With every pleasure stor'd: and here my song complete.

(7) Breaking up of deer brought into the quarry.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I Shall here be shorter than in the last before. The muse is so full-in herself, employ'd wholly about the nuptials of Tame and Isis. In the garlands of Tame are wreathed most of our English field-flowers: in them of Isis, our more sweet and those of the garden; yet upon that,

The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance.

I cannot but remember the inſtitution, (toucht to the fourth ſong) of his moſt honourable order dedicated to St. George (in 24 Ed. III.) it is yearly at this place celebrated by that noble company of 26. Whether the cauſe were upon the word of Garter given in the French wars among the Engliſh, or upon the queen's, or counteſs of Saliſbury's garter fallen from her leg, or upon different and more ancient original whatſoever, know clearly (without unlimited affectation of our country's glory) that it exceeds in majeſty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world; and (excepting thoſe of Templars, St. James, Calatrava, Alcantara, and ſuch like other, which were more religious than military) hath no precedence of antiquity before the eldeſt rank of honour, of that kind any where eſtabliſhed. The annunciada (*a*) inſtituted by Amades VI. Earl of Savoy, about 1409, although others have it by Amades IV. and ſo create it before this of the Garter) and that of the Golden Fleece, by Philip Duke of Burgundy 1429, of St. Michael by Lewis XI. Della Banda, by Alphonſo of Spain, and ſuch like, enſued it, as imitating inſtitutions, after a regard of the far extended fame, worth, and glory of St. Georg's knights.

(*a*) V. Aubert Mir. Orig. Equeſt. 2. cap. 4. & Sanſovin. Orig. de Cavalieri.

POLY-OLBION:

THE SIXTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

Old Ver, near to St. Alban's, brings
Watling to talk of ancient things;
What Ver'lam was before ſhe fell,
And many more ſad ruins tell.
Of the four old imperial ways,
The courſe they held, and to what ſeas;
Of thoſe ſeven Saxon kingdoms here,
Their ſites, and how they bounded were,
Then Pure-vale vaunts her rich eſtate:
And Lea bewrays her wretched fate.
The muſe, led on with much delight,
Deliver's London's happy ſite;
Shews this looſe age's lewd abuſe
And for this time there ſtays the muſe.

The bridal of our Tame and princely Iſis paſt:
And Tameſis their ſon, begot, and waxing faſt,
Inviteth cryſtal (*a*) Coln his wealth on him to lay,
Whoſe beauties had entic'd his ſovereign Tames to ſtay,
Had he not been enforc'd, by his unruly train.
For Brent, a pretty brook, allures him on again,
Great London to ſalute, whoſe high-rear'd turrets throng
To gaze upon the flood, as he doth paſs along,
Now as the Tames is great, ſo moſt tranſparent Coln [ſwoln,
Feels, with exceſſive joy, her amorous boſom
That Ver of long eſteem'd a famous ancient flood
(Upon whoſe aged bank old Ver'lamcheſter ſtood,
Before the Roman rule) here glorify'd of yore,
Unto her clearer banks contributed his ſtore;
Enlarging both her ſtream, and ſtrength'ning his renown,
Where the delicious meads her through her courſe do crown. [brook,
This (*b*) Ver (as I have ſaid) Coln's tributary
'On Ver'lam's ruin'd walls as ſadly he doth look.
Near holy Alban's town, where his rich ſhrine was ſet,
Old Watling in his way the flood doth over-get.

(*a*) The river running by Uxbridge and Colnbrook.

(*b*) The little clear river by St. Alban's.

Where after reverence done, ' Ver, quoth the an-
cieot ſtreet, [meet.'
' 'Tis long ſince thou and I firſt in this place did
' And ſo it is, quoth Ver, and we have liv'd to ſee
' Things in far better ſtate than at this time they be:
' But he that made, amend: for much there goes
' amiſs.' [it is:
' Quoth Watling, gentle flood, yea, ſo in truth
' And ſith of this thou ſpeak'ſt; the very ſooth to
' ſay, [way,
' Since Great Mulmutius firſt made me the nobleſt
' The ſoil is alter'd much: the cauſe I pray thee
' ſhew.
' The time that thou haſt liv'd, hath taught thee
' much to know.
' I fain would underſtand, why this delightful
' place [grace
' In former time that ſtood ſo high in nature's
' (Which bare ſuch ſtore of grain, and ſo that
' wond'rous great,
' That all the neighbouring coaſt was call'd the
' (c) ſoil of wheat)
' Of later time is turn'd a hot and hungry ſand,
' Which ſcarce repays the ſeed firſt caſt into the
' land.'
At which the ſilent brook ſhrunk in his ſilver
head, [fled;
And feign'd as he away would inſtantly have
Suſpecting, preſent ſpeech might paſſed grief re-
new.
Whom Watling thus again doth ſeriouſly purſue;
' I pray thee be not coy, but anſwer my demand:
' The cauſe of this (dear flood!) I fain would
' underſtand.
' § Thou ſaw'ſt when Ver'lam once her head
' aloft did bear
' (Which in her cinders now lies ſadly buried here)
' With alabaſter, tuch, and porphry adorn'd,
' When (well-near) in her pride Troynovant ſhe
' ſcorn'd.
' § Thou ſaw'ſt great-burden'd ſhips through
' theſe thy vallies paſs,
' Where now the ſharp'd ſcythe ſheers up the
' ſpiring graſs: [play,
' That where the ugly ſeale and porpoiſe us'd to
' Tho' graſhopper and ant now lord it all the day:
' Where now St. Alban's ſtands, was called Holm-
' hurſt then; [again,
' Whoſe ſumptuous fane we ſee neglected now
' This rich and goodly fane which ruin'd thou
' doſt ſee, [me.
' Quoth Ver, the motive is that thou importun'ſt
' But to another thing thou cunningly doſt flie,
' And reaſon ſeem'ſt to urge of her ſterility.'
With that he fetch'd a ſigh, and ground his teeth
' in rage; [age.
' Quoth Ver, even for the ſin of this accurſed
' Behold that goodly fane, which ruin'd now doth
' ſtand, [land;
' To holy (d) Albion built, firſt martyr of the
' Who in the faith of Chriſt from Rome to Britain
' came, [name.
' And dying in this place, reſign'd his glori us
' In memory of whom, (as more than half divine)
' Our Engliſh Offa rear'd a rich and ſumptuous
' ſhrine [kings
' And monaſtery here: which our ſucceeding
' From time to time endow'd with many goodly
' things. [before
' And many a Chriſtian knight was buried here,
' The Norman ſet his foot upon this conquer'd
' ſhore; [flow'rs,
' And after thoſe brave ſpirits in all thoſe baleful
' That with Duke (e) Robert went againſt the
' Pagan powers,
' And in their country's right at Creſſy thoſe that
' ſtood,
' And that at Poictiers bath'd their bilbows in
' French blood;
' Their valiant nephews next at Agincourt that
' fought,
' Whereas rebellious France upon her knees was
' brought:
' In this religious houſe at ſome of their returns,
' When nature claim'd her due, here plac'd their
' hallow'd urns: [waſte,
' Which now devouring time, in his ſo mighty
' Demoliſhing thoſe walls, hath utterly defac'd.
' So that the earth to feel the ruinous heaps of
' ſtones,
' That with the burd'nous weight now preſs their
' ſacred bones, [ſed;
' Forbids this wicked brood ſhould by her fruits be
' As loathing her own womb, that ſuch looſe
' children bred. [ſell:
Herewith tranſported quite, to theſe exclaims he
' Lives no man, that this world her grievous
' crimes dare tell?
' Where be thoſe noble ſpirits for ancient things
' that ſtood? [flood;
' When in my prime of youth I was a gallant
' In thoſe free golden days, it was the ſatyrs uſe
' To tax the guilty times, and rail upon abuſe:
' But ſoothers find the way preferment moſt to
' win;
' Who ſerving great mens turns, become the
' bawds to ſin.'
When Watling in his words that took but
ſmall delight,
Hearing the angry brook ſo cruelly to bite;
As one that fain would drive theſe fancies from
his mind,
' Quoth he, I'll tell thee things that ſute thy gent-
' ler kiod.
' My ſong is of myſelf, and my three ſiſter ſtreets,
' Which way each of us run, where each her ſel-
' low meets,
' Since us, his kingly ways, Mulmutius firſt began,
' From ſea again to ſea, that through the iſland
' ran
' Which that in mind to keep poſterity might have,
' Appointing firſt our courſe; this privilege he gave,
' That no man might arreſt, or debtors goods
' might ſeize
' In any of us four his military ways.

(c) Wherein ſtanded.
(d) Look before to the eleventh ſong.
(e) Was the eldeſt ſon of the Conqueror in the Holy Land.

'And though the Fosse in length exceed me many
'a mile, [the isle,
'That holds from shore to shore the length of all
'From where rich Cornwal points to the Iberian
'seas,
'Till colder Cathness tells the scattered Orcades,
'I measuring but the breadth, that is not half his
'gaet; [state,
'Yet, for that I am grac'd with goodly London's
'And Tames and Severn both since in my course
'I cross,
'And in much greater trade, am (*f*) worthier
'far than Fosse.
'But ô unhappy chance! through time's disast-
'rous lot,
'Our other fellow streets lie utterly forgot: [east,
'As Icning, that set out from Yarmouth in the
'By the Iceni then being generally possest,
'Was of that people first term'd Icning in her
'race, [embrace:
'Upon the (*g*) Chiltern here that did my course
'Into the dropping south and bearing then out-
'right,
'Upon the Solent sea stopt on the Isle of Wight.
'And Ricknield, forth that raught from Cam-
'bria's farther shore,
'Where South Wales now shoots forth St. Da-
'vid's promontore;
'And, on his mid-way near, did me in England
'meet; [street
'Then in his oblique course the lusty straggling
'Soon overtook the Fosse; and toward the fall of
'Tine,
'Into the German sea dissolv'd at his decline.'
Here Watling would have ceas'd, his tale as
having told:
But now this flood, that fain the street in talk
would hold,
Those ancient things to hear, which well Watling
knew, [drew.
With these enticing words, her fairly forward
'Right noble street, quoth he, thou hast liv'd
'long, gone far, [war;
'Much traffic had in peace, much travailed in
'And in thy larger course survey'st as sundry
'grounds
'(Where I poor flood am lockt within these nar-
'rower bounds,
'And like my ruin'd self these ruins only see,
'And there remains not one to pity them or me)
'On with thy former speech: I pray thee some-
'what say.
'For, Watling, as thou art a military,
'Thy story of old streets likes me so wond'rous
'well, [tell.'
'That of the ancient folk I fain would hear thee
'With these persuasive words smouth Ver the
'Watling wan: [began;
Stroking her dusty face, when thus the street
'When once their sevenfold rule the Saxons came
'to rear,
'And yet with half this isle sufficed scarcely were,

'Though from the inland part the Britons they
'had chac'd,
'Then understand how there themselves the Sax-
'ons plac'd.
'Where in Great Britain's state four people of her
'own [known
'Were by the several names of their abodes well
'(As, in that horn which juts into the sea so far,
'Wherein our Devonshire now, and farthest Corn-
'wal are,
'The old Danmonii dwelt: so hard again at hand,
'The Durotriges sat on the Dorsetian sand:
'And where from sea to sea the Belgæ forth were
'let, [and Somerset,
'Even from Southampton's shore, through Wilt
'The Attrebates in Bark unto the bank of Tames,
'Betwixt the Celtic sleeve and the Sabrinian streams)
'The Saxons there set down one kingdom, which
'install'd, [dom call'd.
'And being west, they it their (*g*) western king-
'So eastward where by Tames the Trinobants
'were set,
'To Trinovant their town, for that their name
'in debt, [possess,
'That London now we term, the Saxons did
'And their east kingdom call'd, as (*b*) Essex
'doth express;
'The greatest part thereof, and still their name
'doth bear;
'Through Middlesex therein, and part of Hert-
'ford were;
'From Coln upon the west, upon the east to *
'Stour,
'Where mighty Tames himself doth into Nep-
'tune pour.
'As to our farthest rise, where forth those fore-
'lands lean [man main,
'Which bear their chalky brows into the Ger-
'The Angles which arose out of the Saxon
'race,
'Allured with delights and fitness of that place,
'Where the Iceni liv'd did set their kingdom
'down,
'From where the wallowing seas those quenchy
'washes drown
'That Ely do inisle, to martyr'd Edmond's ditch,
'Till those Norfolcian shores vast Neptune doth
'enrich:
'Which (farthest to the east of this divided isle)
'Th' East-Angles kingdom, then, those English
'did instile.
'And Sussex seemeth still, as with an open
'mouth, [south
'Those Saxons rule to shew, that of the utmost
'The name to them assum'd, who rigorously
'expell'd
'The Kentish Britons thence, and those rough
'woodlands held
'From where the goodly Tames the Surryan
'grounds doth sweep,
'Until the smiling downs salute the Celtic deep.

(*f*) Watling, chiefest of the four great ways.
(*g*) Not far from Dunstable.

(*g*) For a more plain division of the English kingdoms, see to the XI song.
(*b*) So called, of the East Saxons.
* A river upon the confines of Suffolk and Essex.

'Where the Dobuni dwelt, their neighbouring
'Cateuclani,
'Cornavii more remote, and where the Coritani,
'Where Dee and Merſey ſhoot into the Iriſh ſea;
'(Which well-near o'er this part, now called
'England lay, [plain,
'From Severn to the ditch that cuts Newmarket
'And from the banks of Tames to Humber, which
'contain
'So many goodly ſhires of Merſey, Mercia hight)
'Their mightier empire, there, the middle Engliſh
'pight.
'Which fartheſt though it raught, yet there it did
'not end:
'But Offa, king thereof, it after did extend
'Beyond the bank of Dee; and by a ditch he cut
'Through Wales from north to ſouth, into wide
'Mercia put
'Well near the half thereof, and from three peo-
'ples there,
'To whom three ſpecial parts divided juſtly were
'(The Ordovices, now which North Wales peo-
'ple be,
'From Cheſhire which of old divided was by Dee:
And from our Marchers now, that were Demetæ
'then; [men)
'And thoſe Silures call'd, by us the South Wales
'Beyond the Severn, much the Engliſh Offa took,
'To ſhut the Britons up within a little nook.
'From whence, by Merſey's banks, the reſt a
'kingdom made: [ſway'd;
'Where in the Britons rule (before) the Brigants
'The powerful Engliſh there eſtabliſht were to
'ſtand: [Northumberland;
'Which, north from Humber ſet, they term'd
'Two kingdoms which had been with ſeveral
'thrones inſtall'd.
'Bernitia hight the one; Diera th' other call'd.
'The firſt from Humber ſtreteht unto the bank
'of Tine:
'Which river and the Frith the other did confine.
'Diera beareth through the ſpacious Yorkiſh
'bounds, [(k) ſounds,
'From Durham down along to the Lancaſtrian
'With Merſey and clear Tine continuing to their
'fall, [wall,
'To England-ward within the Picts renowned
'And did the greater part of (l) Cumberland
'contain: [remain;
'With whom the Britons names for ever ſhall
'Who there amongſt the rocks and mountains
'lived long,
'When they Loegria left, inforc'd through pow-
'erful wrong.
'Bernitia over Tine into Albania lay, [ſea.'
'To where the (m) Frith falls out into the German
This ſaid, the aged ſtreet ſagg'd ſadly on alone:
And Ver upon his courſe, now haſted to be gone
T' accompany his Coln: which as ſhe gently glides,
Doth kindly him embrace: whom ſoon this hap betides;

As Coln come on along, and chanc'd to caſt her eye [ſo high,
Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow ſtands
She (n) Peryvale perceiv'd prank'd up with wreaths of wheat, [feat;
And with exulting terms thus glorying in her
'Why ſhould not I be coy, and of my beauties
'nice, [price?
'Since this my goodly grain is held of greateſt
'No manchet can ſo well the courtly palote pleaſe,
'As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fer-
'tile leaze. [wheat,
'Their fineſt of that kind, compared with my
'For whiteneſs of the bread doth look like com-
'mon cheat.
'What barley is there found, whoſe fair and
'bearded ear [beer?
'Makes ſtouter Engliſh ale, or ſtronger Engliſh
'The oat, the bean, and peaſe, with me but pulſes
'are; [and tare.
'The coarſe and browner rye, no more than fitch
'What feed doth any ſoil in England bring, that I
'Beyond her moſt increaſe yet cannot multiply?
'Beſides, my ſure abode next goodly London is,
'To vent my fruitful ſtore, that me doth never miſs.
'And thoſe poor baſer things, they cannot put away,
'Howe'er I ſet my price, ne'er on my chapmen ſtay.'
When preſently the hill that maketh her a vale,
With things he had in hand did interrupt her tale,
With Hampſtead being fall'n and Highgate at debate; [ſtate,
As one before them both that would advance his
From either for his height to bear away the praiſe,
Beſides that he alone rich Peryvale ſurveys.
But Hampſted pleads, himſelf in ſimples to have ſkill,
And therefore by deſert to be the nobleſt hill;
As one, that on his worth and knowledge doth rely
In learned phyſic's uſe, and ſkilful forgery;
And challengeth, from them, the worthieſt place her own, [known.
Since that old Watling once, o'er him to paſs was
Then Highgate boaſts his way; which men do moſt frequent; [deſcent;
His long-continued fame, his high and great
Appointed for a gate of London to have been,
When firſt the mighty Brute that city did begin.
And that he is the hill, next Endfield which hath place,
A foreſt for her pride, though titled but a chace.
Her purlieus, and her parks, her circuit full as large, [charge
As ſome (perhaps) whoſe ſtate requires a greater
Whoſe (m) holts that view the eaſt, do wiſtly ſtand to look
Upon the windingcourſe of Lee's delightful brook.
Where Mimer coming in, invites her ſiſter Bean,
Amongſt the chalky banks t' increaſe their miſtreſs' train;
Whom by the dainty hand obſequiouſly they lead
(By Hartford gliding on, through many a pleaſant mead

(k) Sea-depths near the ſhores.
(l) The Cymbries land.
(m) A river running by Edinborough into the ſea.
(n) Peryvale, or Pur-vale, yieldeth the fineſt meal of England.
(n) High woody banks.

And coming in her courſe to croſs the common fare,
For kindneſs ſhe doth kiſs that hoſpitable Ware.)
Yet ſcarcely comfort Lee (alas!) ſo woe begun,
Complaining in her courſe, thus to herſelf alone;
'How ſhould my beauty now give Waltham ſuch
'delight, [ſight?
'Or I, poor ſilly brook, take pleaſure in her
'Antiquity (for that it ſtands ſo far from view,
'And would her doating dreams ſhould be be-
'liev'd for true
'Dare loudly lie for Coln, that ſometimes ſhips
'did paſs, [was;
'To Ver'lam by her ſtream, when Ver'lam famous
'But, by the later times, ſuſpected but to feign,
'She planks and anchors ſhews, her error to main-
'tain;
'Which were, indeed, of boats, for pleaſure there
'to row [ſhew,
'Upon her (then a lake) the Roman pomp to
'When Rome her forces here did every year
'ſupply,
'And at old Ver'lam kept a warlike colony.
'But I, diſtreſſed Lee, whoſe courſe doth plainly
'tell, [refell,
'That what of Coln is ſaid, of me none could
'Whom (n) Alfred but too wiſe (poor river!)
'I may ſay
'When he the cruel Danes did cunningly betray,
'Which Hartford then beſieg'd, whoſe navy there
'abode;
'And on my ſpacious breaſt before the caſtle rode)
'By 'vantage of my ſoil, he did divide my ſtream;
'That they might ne'er return to Neptune's
wat'ry realm.
'And, ſince, diſtreſſed Lee, I have been left forlorn,
'A bye-word to each brook, and to the world a
'ſcorn.'
When Sturt, a nymph of her's, (whoſe faith
ſhe oft had prov'd, [lov'd.
And whom, of all her train, Lee moſt entirely
Leſt ſo exceſſive grief her miſtreſs might invade,
Thus (by fair gentle ſpeech) to patience doth per-
ſuade:
'Though you be not ſo great to others as be-
'fore,
'Yet not a jot for that diſlike yourſelf the more.
'Your caſe is not alone, nor is (at all) ſo ſtrange;
'Sith every thing on earth ſubjects itſelf to change.
'Where rivers ſometime ran, is firm and certain
'ground!
'And where before were hills, now ſtanding lakes
'are found.
'And that which moſt you urge, your beauty to
'deſpoil, [ſoil,
'Doth recompence your bank with quantity of
'Beſet with ranks of ſwans; that, in their wonted
'pride, [ſide.
'Do prune their ſnowy plumes upon your pleaſant
'And Waltham woos you ſtill, and ſmiles with
'wonted cheer;
'And Tames, as at the firſt, ſo ſtill doth hold you
'dear.

(n) See to the 12th Song.

To much-beloved Lee this ſcarcely Sturt had
ſpoke, [broke:
But goodly London's ſight their farther purpoſe
When Tames his either banks adorn'd with build-
ings fair,
The city to ſalute doth bid the muſe prepare.
Whoſe turrets, fanes, and ſpires, when wiſtly ſhe
beholds,
Her wonder at the ſite thus ſtrangely ſhe unfolds:
'At thy great builder's wit, who's he but wonder
'may? [ſay;
'Nay, of his wiſdom thus enſuing times ſhall
'O more than mortal man, that did this town
'begin! [in.
'Whoſe knowledge found the plot, ſo fit to ſet it
'What God, or heavenly power was harbour'd in
'thy breaſt,
'From whom with ſuch ſucceſs thy labours ſhould
'be bleſt?
'Built on a riſing bank, within a vale to ſtand,
'And for thy healthful ſoil, choſe gravel mix'd
'with ſand.
'And where fair Tames his courſe into a creſcent
'caſts
'That, forced by his tides, as ſtill by her he haſtes,
'He might his ſurging waves into her boſom ſend)
'Becauſe too far in length his town ſhould not
'extend. [reach,
'And to the north and ſouth, upon an equal
'Two hills their even banks do ſomewhat ſeem to
'ſtretch,
'Thoſe two extremer winds from hurting it to let;
'And only level lies upon the riſe and ſet.
'Of all this goodly iſle, where breathes moſt
'cheerful air,
'And every way thereto the ways moſt ſmooth
'and fair:
'As in the fitteſt place by man that could be
'thought, [brought.
'To which by land, or ſea, proviſion might be
'And ſuch a road for ſhips ſcarce all the world
'commands,
'As is the goodly Tames, near where Brute's
'city ſtands.
'Nor any haven lies to which is more reſort,
'Commodities to bring, as alſo to tranſport
'Our kingdom that enrich'd (through which we
'flouriſh'd long)
'E'er idle gentry up in ſuch abundance ſprung,
'Now peſt'ring all this iſle: whoſe diſproportion
'draws
'The public wealth ſo dry, and only is the cauſe
'Our gold goes out ſo faſt, for fooliſh foreign
'things, [brings;
'Which upſtart gentry ſtill into our country
'Who their inſatiate pride ſeek chiefly to maintain
'By that, which only ſerves to uſes vile and vain:
'Which our plain fathers erſt would have account-
'ed ſin, [in;
'Before the coſtly coach, and ſilken ſtock came
'Before that Indian weed (o) ſo ſtrongly was
'embrac'd,
'Wherein ſuch mighty ſums we prodigally waſte;

(o) Tobacco.

‘ That merchants long train'd up in gain's deceit-
‘ ful ſchool,
‘ And ſubtly having learn'd to ſooth the humorous
‘ Preſent their painted toys unto this frantic gull,
‘ Diſparaging our tin, our leather, corn, and wool;
‘ When foreigners, with our's them warmly clothe
‘ and feed,
‘ Tranſporting traſh to us, of which we ne'er had need.

But whilſt the angry muſe, thus on the time exclaims,
Sith every thing therein conſiſteth in extremes;
Leſt ſhe inforc'd with wrongs, her limits ſhould tranſcend,
Here of this preſent ſong ſhe briefly makes an end.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

In wandering paſſage the muſe returns from the wedding, ſomewhat into the land, and firſt to Hartfurd; whence, after matter of deſcription, to London.

Thou ſaw'ſt when Ver'lam once her head aloft did bear.

For, under Nero, the Britons intolerably loaden with weight of the Roman government, and eſpecially the Icens (now Norfolk and Suffolk men) provoked by that cruel ſervitude, into which not themſelves only, but the wife alſo and poſterity of their King Praſutagus were, even beyond right of victory, conſtrained, at length breathing for liberty (and in a farther continuance of war, having for their general R. Boudicea, Bunduica, or as the difference of her name is) rebelled againſt their foreign conqueror, and in martial oppoſition committing a ſlaughter of no leſs than 80,000 (as Dio hath, although Tacitus miſs 10,000 of this number) ranſacked and ſpoiled Maldon (then Camalodunum) and alſo this Verulam near St Alban's) which were the two (*a*) chief towns of the iſle; the firſt a colony (whereof the 8th Song) this (*b*) a municipal city, called expreſsly in a catalogue at the end of Nennius, Cær-Municip. Out of ‖ Agellius I thus note to you its nature. *Municipes ſunt cives Romani ex municipiis ſuo jure & legibus ſuis utentes, muneres tantum cum pop. Rom. honorari participes, a quo munere capeſſendo appellati videntur; nullis aliis neceſſitatibus neque ulla top. Rom. lege aſtricti, quum nunquam pop. Rom. eorum fundus factus eſſet.* It differed from a colony, moſt of all in that a colony was a progeny of the city, and this of ſuch as were received into ſtate-favour and friendſhip by the Roman. Perſonating the Genus of Ver'lam, that ever-famous (*c*) Spenſer ſung:

I was that city, which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own aſhes, as ye ſee:
Ver'lam I was; what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and waſteful graſs?

As under the Romans, ſo in the Saxon times afterward it endured a ſecond ruin; and, out of its corruption, after the abbey erected by King Offa, was generated that of St. Alban's; whither, (*e*) in later times moſt of the ſtone-works, and whatſoever fit for building was by the abbots tranſlated. So that,

———(*f*) *Now remains no memory,*
Nor any little monument to ſee,
By which the traveller that fares that way,
This once was ſhe, may warned be to ſay.

The name hath been thought from the river there running called Ver, and Humphrey (*g*) Lhuid makes it, as if it were *Her-lhan, i. e.* a church upon Ver.

Thou ſaw'ſt great burden'd ſhips through theſe thy vallies paſs.

Lay not here unlikelihoods to the author's charge; he tells you more judicially towards the end of the ſong. But the cauſe why ſome have thought ſo, is for that, (*h*) Gildas, ſpeaking of St. Alban's martyrdom, and his miraculous paſſing through the river at Verlamceſtre, calls it *iter ignotum trans Thameſis fluvii alveum*: ſo by collection they gueſt that Thames had then his full courſe

(*a*) Suet. lib. 6. cap. 39.
(*b*) Municipium Tacit. Annal. 14.
‖ Noct. Attic. 16. cap. 13.
(*c*) In his ruins of time.
(*e*) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant.
(*f*) Spenſ. ubi ſupra.
(*g*) In Brev. Brit.
(*h*) In Epiſt. de Excid. Britan.

this way, being thereto farther moved by anchors and ſuch like are digged up. This conjecture hath been followed by that (*i*) noble muſe thus in the perſon of Verlam;

And where the cryſtal Thamis wont to ſlide
In ſilver channel down along the Lee,
About whoſe flow'ry bunks on either ſide,
A thouſand nymphs, with mirthful jollity,
Were wont to play from all annoyance free:
There now no river's courſe is to be ſeen,
But mooriſh fens, and marſhes ever green.

There alſo where the winged ſhips were ſeen,
In liquid waves to cut their foamy way;
A thouſand fiſhers number'd to have been
In that wide lake looking for plenteous prey
Of fiſh, with baits which they us'd to betray,
Is now no lake, nor any fiſher's ſtore,
Nor ever ſhip ſhall ſail there any more.

But, for this matter of the Thames, thoſe two grand antiquaries, Leland and Camden, have joined in judgment againſt it: and for the anchors, they may be ſuppoſed of fiſh-boats in large pools, which have here been; and yet are left relics of their name.

Since us his kingly ways Mulmutius firſt began.

Near 500 years before our Saviour, this king Molmutius (take it upon credit of the Britiſh ſtory) conſtituted divers laws; eſpecially that churches, ploughs, and highways ſhould have liberties of ſanctuary, by no authority violable. That churches ſhould be free and enjoy liberty for refuge, conſenting allowance of moſt nations have tolerated, and in this kingdom (it being affirmed alſo by conſtitution of (*k*) King Lucius (a chriſtian) every church-yard was a ſanctuary, until by act of (*l*) parliament under Henry VIII. that licence, for protection of offences, being too much abuſed, was taken away; but, whether now reſtored in the laſt (*m*) parliament, wherein all ſtatutes concerning abjuration or ſanctuary made before 35th Eliz. are repealed, I examine not. The plough and huſbandmen have by our (*n*) ſtatutes, and eſpecially by (*o*) civil and (*p*) Perſian law, great freedoms. Highways being without exception neceſſary, as well for peace as war, have been defended in the (*q*) Roman laws, and are taken in ours, to be in that reſpect (as they are by implication of the name) the king's highways, and (*r*) *res ſacræ*: *& qui aliquid inde occupaverit excedendo fines & terminos terræ ſuæ, dicitur feciſſe purpreſturam ſuper ipſum regem.* According to this privelege of Mulmutius in the ſtatute of Marlbridge (*s*) it is enacted, that none ſhould diſtrain in the king's highway, or the common ſtreet, but the king and his miniſters, *ſpecialem authoritatem ad hoc habentibus*; which I particularly tranſcribe, becauſe the printed books are therein ſo generally corrupted by addition of this here cited in Latin: you ſee it alters the law much, and we have divers judgments, that in behalf of the king by common bailiffs, without ſpecial authority, *Diſtreſs* may be (*t*) taken, as for an amerciament in the ſheriff's torn or leet, or for parliament knights fees. But the old rolls of the ſtatute (as I have ſeen in a fair MS. examined by the exemplification, for the record itſelf is with many other loſt) had not thoſe words, as the (*u*) regiſter alſo ſpecially admoniſhes, nor is any part of that chapter in ſome MSS. which I marvel at, ſeeing we have a formal writ grounded upon it. Not much amiſs were it here to remember a worſe fault, but continually received, in the charter of the foreſt, article VIII where you read *Nullus foreſtarius, &c. aliquam collectam faciat niſi per viſum & ſacramentum XII. regardatorum quando faciunt regardum. Tot foreſtarii, &c.* the truth of the beſt copies (and ſo was the record) being in this digeſtion *Nullus foreſtarius, &c. aliquam collectam faciat. Et per viſum ſacramentum XII. Regardatorum, quando faciunt regardum, tot foreſtarii ponantur, &c.* as, beſide authentic MSS. it is expreſsly in the like charter, almoſt word for word, given firſt by King John, and printed in Matthew Paris; betwixt which, and that of ours commonly read, he may be made a time-deſerving compariſon. Were it not for digreſſion, I would ſpeak of the ſenſeleſs making of Boniface, archbiſhop of Canterbury witneſs to the grand charter in 9th Henry III. When as it is plain that he was not archbiſhop until the 25th. The beſt copy that ever I ſaw had Simon archbiſhop of Canterbury; which indeed was worſe, there being no ſuch prelate of that ſee in thoſe times; but the miſtake was by the tranſcriber's turning the ſingle S. (according to the form of writing in that age) into Simon for Stephen, who was (Stephen of Langton) archbiſhop at that time. But I forget myſelf in following matter of my more particular ſtudy, and return to Mulmutius. His conſtitution being general for liberty of highways, controverſy grew about the courſe and limits of them; whereupon

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(*i*) Spenſer.
(*k*) Florilegus.
(*l*) 22 Hen. 8. cap. 14.
(*m*) Jacob. Seſſ. 1. c. 25.
(*n*) Weſtm. 2. c. 20 & 21. Ed. 1. Diſtrict. Scaccarii.
(*o*) C. Quæ res pignori oblig. l. 7. Executores & alibi.
(*p*) Xenoph. Cyropæd. 8.
(*q*) ff. de via public.
(*r*) Bract. lib. 4. tract. Aſſiſ. Nov. diſs. c. 16. § 8.
(*s*) 52 Hen. 3 cap. 16. & V. Art. Cler. cap. 9. Statutum Marlbridge ſibi reſtitutum
(*t*) 34. Ed. 1. *Avoury* 232. 8. Rich. 2. ibid. 194. 11. Hen. 4. fol. 1. 19. Ed. 2. *Avoury*, 221 & 225. alibi.
(*u*) Original. fol. 97. b. Charta de Foreſta ad MS. emendat.

his ſon King Belin, to quit the ſubject of that doubt, cauſed more eſpecially theſe four, here preſently ſpoken of, to be made, which might be for interrupted paſſage, both in war and peace; and hence by the author they are called Military (a name given by the Romans to ſuch highways, as were for their marching armies) and indeed by more polite conceit (*x*) and judicious authority theſe our ways have been thought a work of the Romans alſo. But their courſes are differently reported, and in ſome part their names alſo. The author calls them Watling-ſtreet, the Foſſe, Ikinild, and Rickeneld. This name of Rickeneld is in Randal of Cheſter, and by him derived from St. Dewy's in Pembroke into Hertford, and ſo through Worceſter, Warwick, Derby, and Yorkſhires to Tinmouth, which (upon the author's credit reporting it to me) is alſo juſtifiable by a very ancient deed of lands, bounded near Birmingham in Warwickſhire by Rickeneld. To endeavour certainty in them, were but to obtrude unwarrantable conjecture, and abuſe time and you. Of Watling (who is here perſonated, and ſo much the more proper, becauſe Verlam was called alſo by the Engliſh, (*y*) Watlingcheſter) if is ſaid that it went from Dover in Kent, and ſo by weſt of London (yet part of the name ſeems to this day left in the middle of the city) to this place, and thence in a crooked line through Shropſhire by Wrekin hill into (*z*) Cardigan; but (*a*) others ſay from Verlam to Cheſter; and where all is referred to Belin by Geffrey ap Arthur, and Polychronicon, another (*b*) tells you that the ſons of (I know not what) king Wethle made, and denominated it. The Foſſe is derived, by one conſent out of Cornwall into Devonſhire, through Somerſet, over Cotefwold by Teukeſbury, along near Coventry, to Leiceſter, through Lincoln to Berwick, and thence to Caithneſs the utmoſt of Scotland. Of reſtitution of the other you may be deſperate; Rickeneld I have told you of; in Henry of Huntingdon, no ſuch name is found, but with the firſt two, Ickenild and Ermingſtreet. Ickenild, ſaith he, goes from eaſt to weſt: Erming-ſtreet, from ſouth to north: another tells me, that Erming-ſtreet begins at St. Dewys, and conveys itſelf to Southampton; which the author hath attributed to Ichning, begun upon the words community with Iceni) in the eaſtern parts. It is not in my power to reconcile all theſe, or elect the beſt; I only add, that Erming-ſtreet, which being of Engliſh idiom, ſeems to have had its name from *Irmunſull* in that ſignification whereby it (*c*) interprets an univerſal pillar worſhipped for Mercury, preſident of ways, is like enough (if Huntingdon be in the right, making it from ſouth to north) to have left its part in Stan-ſtreet in Surrey, where a way made with ſtones and gravel in a ſoil on both ſides very different continues near a mile; and thence towards the eaſtern ſhore in Suſſex are ſome places ſeeming as other relics of it. But I here determine nothing.

(*x*) V. Camden. Roman.
(*y*) Lhuid. Breviar. Brit.
(*z*) Polychron. lib. 1. cap. de Plat. reg.
(*a*) Henric. Huntingd. hiſt. 1.
(*b*) Roger. Hoveden, part 1. fol. 248.
(*c*) Adam. Bremenſ. hiſt. Eccleſ. cap. 5. and ſee to the 3d ſong.

POLY-OLBION:

THE SEVENTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

To Medway, Tames a ſuter goes;
But fancies Mole, as forth he flows.
Her mother, Homeſdale, holds her in:
She digs through earth, the Tames to win.
Great Tames, as king of rivers, ſings
The catalogue of th' Engliſh kings.
Thence the light muſe, to th' ſouthward ſoars,
The Surrian and Suſſexian ſhores;
The foreſts and the downs ſurveys,
With rillets running to thoſe ſeas;
This ſong of hers then cutteth ſhort,
For things to come, of much import.

At length it came to paſs, that Iſis and her Tame
Of Medway underſtood, a nymph of wondrous fame;
And much deſirous were, their princely Tames ſhould prove
If (as a wooer) he could win her maiden love;
That of ſo great deſcent, and of ſo large a dower,
Might well ally their houſe, and much increaſe his power:
And ſtriving to prefer their ſon, the beſt they may,
Set forth the luſty flood in rich and brave array,
Bankt with imbroider'd meads, of ſundry ſuits of flowers,
His breaſt adorn'd with ſwans, oft waſht with ſilver ſhowers;
A train of gallant floods, at ſuch a coſtly rate
As might beſeem their care, and fitting his eſtate.
Attended and attir'd magnificently thus,
They ſend him to the court of great Oceanus,
The world's huge wealth to ſee; yet with a full intent,
To woo the lovely nymph, fair Medway, as he went.
Who to his dame and ſire his duty ſcarce had done,
And whilſt they ſadly wept at parting of their ſon,
See what the Tames befel, when 'twas ſuſpected leaſt.
As ſtill his goodly train yet every hour increaſt,
And from the Surrian ſhores clear Wey came down to meet
His greatneſs, whom the Tames ſo graciouſly doth greet,

That with the (*a*) fern crown'd flood he minion-
like doth play:
Yet is not this the brook, enticeth him to ſtay.
But as they thus, in pomp, came ſporting on the
ſhole,
'Gainſt Hampton-court he meets the ſoft and gen-
tle Mole.
Whoſe eyes ſo pierc'd his breaſt, that ſeeming to
foreflow
The way which he ſo long intended was to go,
With trifling up and down, he wand'reth here
and there;
And that he in her ſight tranſparent might appear,
Applies himſelf to fords, and ſetteth his delight
On that which moſt might make him gracious in
her ſight.
Then Iſis and the Tame from their conjoined
bed, [ſped
Deſirous ſtill to learn how Tames their ſon had
(For greatly they had hop'd, his time had ſo been
ſpent,
That he e'er this had won the goodly heir of Kent)
And ſending to inquire, had news return'd again
(By ſuch as they employ'd, on purpoſe in his train)
How this their only heir, the Iſle's imperial flood,
Had loitered thus in love, neglectful of his good.
No marvail (at the news) though (*b*) Ouſe and
Tame were ſad,
More comfort of their ſon expecting to have had.
Nor blame them, in their looks much ſorrow
though they ſhow'd:
Who fearing leſt he might thus meanly be be-
ſtow'd,
And knowing danger ſtill increaſed by delay,
Employ their utmoſt power to haſten him away.
But Tames would hardly on: oft turning back,
to ſhow
From his much loved Mole how loth he was to go.
The mother of the Mole, old (*c*) Homefdale,
likewiſe bears
Th' affection of her child, as ill as they do theirs;
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have been
content
T' have matcht her with a flood of far more mean
deſcent,
But Mole reſpects her words as vain and idle
dreams,
Compar'd with that high joy to be belov'd of
Tames:
And headlong holds her courſe, his company to
win. [in;
But Homefdale raiſed hills, to keep the ſtraggler
That of her daughter's ſtay ſhe need no more to
doubt: [out.)
(Yet never was there help, but love could find it
§ Mole digs herſelf a path, by working day and
night
(According to her name, to ſhew her nature right)
And underneath the earth for three miles ſpace
doth creep:
Till gotten out of ſight, quite from her mother's
keep,

Her fore intended courſe the wanton nymph
doth run;
As longing to embrace old Tame and Iſis' ſon.
When Tames now underſtood what pains the
Mole did take,
How far the loving nymph adventur'd for his ſake,
Although with Medway matcht, yet never could
remove
The often quick'ning ſparks of his more ancient
love.
So that it comes to paſs, when by great nature's
guide
The ocean doth return, and thruſteth in the tide;
Up tow'rds the place, where firſt his much lov'd
Mole was ſeen,
§ He ever ſince doth flow beyond delightful
Shene (*d*).
Then Wandal cometh in, the Mole's beloved
mate,
So amiable, fair, ſo pure, ſo delicate,
So plump, ſo full, ſo freſh, her eyes ſo wondrous
clear: [pear,
And firſt unto her Lord, at Wandſworth doth ap-
That in the goodly court of their great ſoveraign
Tames,
There might no other ſpeech be had amongſt
the ſtreams,
But only of this nymph, ſweet Wandal, what ſhe
wore; [bore.
Of her complection, grace, and how herſelf ſhe
But now this mighty flood, upon his voyage preſt
(That found how with his ſtrength, his beauties
ſtill increaſt,
From where brave Windſor ſtood on tiptoe to
behold
The fair and goodly Tames, ſo far as e'er he could,
With kingly houſes crown'd, of more than earth-
ly pride,
Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderful delight doth his long courſe
purſue,
Where Otlands, Hampton Court, and Richmond
he doth view,
Then Weſtminſter the next great Tames doth en-
tertain;
That vaunts her palace large, and her moſt ſump-
tuous fane:
The land's tribunal ſeat that challengeth for her's,
The crowning of our kings, their famous ſepul-
chres.
Then goes he on along by that more beauteous
ſtrand, [land.
Expreſſing both the wealth and bravery of the
(So many ſumptuous bowers, within ſo little ſpace,
The all-beholding ſun ſcarce ſees in all his race.)
And on by London leads, which like a creſcent
lies,
Whoſe windows ſeem to mock the ſtar-befreck-
led ſkies;
Beſides her riſing ſpires, ſo thick themſelves
that ſhow, [grow,
As do the briſtling reeds within his banks that

(*a*) Coming by Fernham, ſo called of fern there growing.
(*b*) Iſis. (*c*) A very woody vale in Surry.
(*d*) Tames ebbs and flows beyond Richmond.

There sees his crowded wharfs and people-pest'red shores, [oars:
His bosom overspread with shoals of labouring
With that most costly bridge that doth him most renown,
By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.
Thus furnished with all that appertain'd to state,
Desired by the floods (his greatness which await)
That as the rest before, so somewhat he would sing,
Both worthy of their praise, and of himself their king,
A catalogue of those, the sceptre here that sway'd,
The princely Tames recites, and thus his song he laid:
' As bastard William first, by conquest hither
' came, [name:
' And brought the Norman rule upon the English
' So with a tedious war, and almost endless toils,
' Throughout his troubled reign, here held his
' hard-got spoils.
' Decreasing at the last, through his unsettled state,
' § Left (with his ill-got crown) unnatural debate.
' For, dying at his home, his eldest son abroad
' (Who in the holy war his person then bestow'd)
' His second, Rufus, next usurp'd the wronged
' reign:
' And by a fatal dart in his new forest slain,
' Whilst in his proper right religious Robert slept,
' Through craft into the throne, the younger
' Beauclerk crept.
' From whom his sceptre, then, whilst Robert
' strove to wrest,
' The other (of his power that amply was possest)
' With him in battle join'd: and in that dreadful
' day
' (Where Fortune shew'd herself all human pow-
' er to sway)
' Duke Robert went to wreck; and taken in the
' flight,
' § Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight,
' And in close prison put; where miserably he
' dy'd:
' But Henry's whole intent was by just heav'n
' deny'd.
' For, as of light and life he that sad lord bereft;
' So his, to whom the land he purpos'd to have
' left,
' The (*b*) raging seas devour'd, as hithetward
' they sail'd.
' When in this line direct, the conqueror's is-
' sue fail'd,
' 'Twixt Henry's daughter Mauld, the Almain
' emperor's bride
' (Which after to the earl of Anjou was affy'd)
' And Stephen Earl of Blois, the Conqueror's sis-
' ter's son,
' A fierce and cruel war immediately begun;
' Who with their several powers arrived here
' from France,
' By force of hostile arms their titles to advance.

' But Stephen, what by coin, and what by so-
' reign strength,
' Through worlds of danger gain'd the glorious
' goal at length.
' But, left without an heir, the empress' issue
' next,
' No title else on foot; upon so fair pretext,
' The second Henry soon upon the throne was
' set,
' (Which Mauld to Jeffrey bare) the first Plan-
' tagenet.
' Who held strong wars with Wales, that his sub-
' jection spurn'd:
' Which often times he beat, and, beaten oft, re-
' turn'd:
' With his stern children vex'd: who (whilst he
' strove t' advance
' His right within this isle) rals'd war on him in
' France.
' With his high fame in fight, what cold breast
' was not fir'd?
' Through all the western world, for wisdom
most admir'd.
' Then Richard got the rule, his most renown-
' ed son, [won.
' Whose courage, him the name of *Cœur de Lion*
' With those first earthly gods had this brave
' prince been born,
' His daring hand had from Alcides' shoulders torn
' The Nemean lion's hide: who in the Holy
' Land
' So dreadful was, as though from Jove and Nep-
' tune's hand,
' The thund'ring three-fork'd fire, and trident he
' had rest; [left:
' And him to rule their charge they only then had
' Him John again succeeds; who having put
' away
' Young Arthur (Richard's son) the sceptre took
' to sway.
' Who, of the commonwealth first havoc having
' made,
' § His sacrilegious hands upon the churches laid,
' In cruelty and rape continuing out his reign;
' That his outrageous lust and courses to restrain,
' The baronage were forc'd defensive arms to
' raise,
' Their daughters to redeem, that he by force
' would seize,
' Which the first civil war in England here begun.
' And for his sake such hate his son young Henry
' won,
' That to depose their prince, th' revengeful peo-
' ple thought;
' And from the line of France young Lewis to
' have brought
' To take on him our rule: but, Henry got the
' throne,
' By his more forceful friends: who, wise and
' puissant grown,
' § The general charter seiz'd: that into slave-
' ry drew
' The freest born English blood. Of which such
' discord grew,

(*b*) See the last note of the 4th song.

'And in the barons breasts so rough combustions
'rais'd [appeas'd,
'With much expence of blood as long was not
'By strong and tedious gusts held up on either side,
'Betwixt the prince and peers, with equal power
'and pride.
'He knew the worst of war, match'd with the ba-
'rons strong; [long.
'Yet victor liv'd, and reign'd both happily and
'This long-liv'd prince expir'd: the next suc-
'ceeded; he,
'Of us, that for a good might well related be.
'Our Longshanks, Scotland's scourge: who to the
'Orcads raught
'His sceptre, and with him from wild Alöania
'brought
'The relics of her crown (by him first placed here)
'§ The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.
'He tam'd the desperate Welsh, that out so long
'had stood,
'And made them take a (k) prince, sprung of the
'English blood.
'This isle from sea to sea, he generally controul'd,
'And made the other parts of England both to hold.
'This Edward, first of ours, a second then en-
'sues; [abuse:
'Who both his name and birth, by looseness did
'Fair Ganimedes and fools who rais'd to princely
'places; [faces.
'And chose not men for wit, but only for their
'In parasites and knaves, as he repos'd his trust
'Who sooth'd him in his ways apparently unjust;
'For that preposterous sin wherein he did offend,
'In his posterior parts had his preposterous end.
'A third then of that name, amends for this
'did make: [take.
'Who from his idle fire seem'd nought at all to
'But as his grandsire did his empire's verge ad-
'vance: [France.
'So led he forth his powers into the heart of
'And fast'ning on that right he by his mother had,
'Against the Salique law, which utterly forbad
'Their women to inherit; to propagate his cause,
'At Cressey with his sword first cancelled those
'laws:
'Then like a furious storm, through troubled
'France he ran; [wan
'And by the hopeful hand of brave Black Edward
'Proud Poictiers, where King John he valiantly
'subdu'd, [hew'd;
'The miserable French and there in mammocks
'Then with his battering rams made earthquakes
'in their towers,
'Till trampled in the dust herself she yielded ours.
'As mighty Edward's heir, to a second Richard
'then [of men,
'(Son to that famous Prince Black Edward, man
'Untimely that before his conquering father dy'd)
'Too soon the kingdom fell: who his vain youth
'apply'd
'To wantonness and spoil, and did to favour draw
'Unworthy ignorant sots, with whose dull eyes he
'saw:

'Who plac'd their like in court, and made them
'great in state
'(Which wise and virtuous men, beyond all
'plagues, might hate.)
'To whom he blindly gave: who blindly spent
'again,
'And oft oppress his land, their riot to maintain.
'He hated his allies, and the deserving starv'd;
'His minions and his will, the gods he only serv'd:
'And finally, depos'd, as he was ever friend
'To ribaulds, so again by villains had his end.
'Henry the son of Gaunt, supplanting Richard
'then
'Ascended to the throne: when discontented men,
'Desirous first of change, which to that height
'him brought,
'Deceived of their ends, into his actions sought;
'And as they set him up, assay'd to pluck him
'down [crown;
'For whom he hardly held his ill-atchieved
'That treasons to suppress which oft he did disclose,
'And raising public arms against his powerful foes,
'His usurpation still being troubled to maintain,
'His short disquiet days scarce raught a peaceful
'reign. [got
'A fifth succeeds the fourth: but how his father
'The crown, by right or wrong, the son respect-
'eth not.
'Nor farther hopes for that e'er leaveth to pursue;
'But doth his claim to France courageously renew;
'Upon her wealthy shores unlades his warlike
'fraught;
'And shewing us the fields where our brave fa-
'thers fought, [light,
'First drew his sun-bright sword, reflecting such a
'As put sad guilty France into so great a fright,
'That her pale genius sunk; which trembling
'seem'd to stand,
'When first he set his foot on her rebellious land.
'That all his grandsire's deeds did over, and there-
'to [not do:
Those high atchievements add the former could
'At Agincourt's proud fight, that quite put Poic-
'tiers down; [renown.
'Of all, that time who liv'd, the king of most
'Whose too untimely end the Fates too soon did
'haste:
'Whose nine years noble acts, nine worlds deserve
to last.
'A sixth in name succeeds, born great, the
'mighty son [had won.
'Of him, in England's right that spacious France
'Who coming young to reign, protected by the
'peers
'Until his non-age out: and grown to riper years,
'Prov'd upright, soft, and meek, in no wise loving
'war;
'But fitter for a cowl, than for a crown by far.
'Whose mildness over-much did his destruction
'bring:
'A wond'rous godly man, but not so good a king.
'Like whom yet never man try'd fortune's change
'so oft;
'So many times thrown down, so many times aloft

(k) See Song ninth.

'(When with the utmoſt power their friends
'could them afford,
'The Yorkiſts put their right upon the dint of
'ſword)
'As ſtill he loſt and won, in that long bloody war,
'§ From thoſe two factious ſtil'd, of York and
'Lancaſter. [power,
'But by his foes inforc'd to yield him to their
'His wretched reign and life both ended in the
'Tower.
'Of th' Edward's name the fourth put on the
'regal wreath:
'Whom furious bloody war (that ſeem'd a while
'to breath,
'Not utterly forſook. For Henry's queen and heir
'Their once-poſſeſſed reign ſtill ſeeking to repair)
'Put forward with their friends their title to
'maintain. [diſtain,
'Whoſe blood did Barnet's ſtreets and Teukſbury's
'Till no man left to ſtir. The title then at reſt,
'The old Lancaſtrian line being utterly ſuppreſt,
'Himſelf the wanton king to amorous pleaſures
'gave; [grave.
'§ Yet jealous of his right, deſcended to his
'His ſon an infant left: who had he liv'd to
'reign,
'Edward the fifth had been. But juſtly ſee again,
'As he a king and prince before had caus'd to die
'(The father in the Tower, the ſon at Teukſbury)
'So were his children young, being left to be pro-
'tected [pected.
'By Richard: who nor God, nor human laws reſ-
'This viper, this moſt vile devourer of his kind
'(Whom his ambitious ends had ſtruck ſo groſsly
'blind)
'From their dear mother's lap them ſeizing for a
'prey, [away)
'Himſelf in right the next, could they be made
'Moſt wrongfully uſurp'd, and them in priſon
'kept;
'Whom cruelly at laſt he ſmothered as they ſlept.
'As his unnatural hands were in their blood im-
'bru'd:
'So (guilty in himſelf) with murder he purſu'd
'Such, on his heinous acts as look'd not fair and
'right; [might
'Yea, ſuch as were not his expreſsly, and had
'T' oppoſe him in his courſe; 'till (as a monſter
'loath'd, [betroth'd)
'The man, to hell and death himſelf that had
'They brought another in, to thruſt that tyrant
'down;
'In battle who at laſt reſign'd both life and crown.
'A ſeventh Henry, then, the imperial ſeat at-
'tain'd, [main'd,
'In baniſhment who' long in Britain had re-
'What time the Yorkiſts fought his life to have
'bereſt,
'Of the Lancaſtrian houſe then only being left
'(Deriv'd from John of Gaunt) whom Richmond
'did beget,
'§ Upon a daughter born to John of Somerſet.
'Elizabeth of York this noble prince affy'd,
'To make his title ſtrong thereby on either ſide.
'And grafting of the white and red roſe firm to-
'gether, [of Tether.
'Was firſt, that to the throne advanc'd the name
'In Boſworth's fatal field, who having Richard
'ſlain, [reign,
'Then in that proſperous peace of his ſucceſsful
'Of all that ever rul'd, was moſt preciſe in ſtate.
'And in his life and death a king moſt fortunate,
'This ſeventh that was of ours, the eighth ſuc-
'ceeds in name: [came
'Who by Prince Arthur's death (his elder brother)
'Unto a land with wealth abundantly that flow'd:
'Abundantly again ſo he the ſame beſtow'd,
'In banquets, maſks, and tilts, all pleaſures prone
'to try,
'Beſides his ſecret 'ſcapes who lov'd polygamy.
'The abbeys he ſuppreſt; a thouſand ling'ring
'year, [to reap.
'Which with revennes large the world had fought
'And through his awful might, for temporal
'ends did ſave,
'To other uſes erſt what frank devotion gave;
'And here the papal power, firſt utterly deny'd,
'*Defender of the Faith* that was inſtil'd, and dy'd:
'His ſon the empire had, our Edward ſixth
'that made;
'Untimely as he ſprang, untimely who did fade.
'A Proteſtant being bred; and in his infant reign,
'Th' religion then receiv'd, here ſtoutly did
'maintain: [reft,
'But e'er he raught to man, from his ſad people
'His ſceptre he again unto his ſiſters left.
'Of which the eldeſt of two, Queen Mary,
'mounts the chair:
'The ruin'd Roman ſtate who ſtriving to repair,
'With perſecuting hands the Proteſtants purſu'd;
'Whoſe martyr'd aſhes oft the wond'ring ſtreets
'beſtrew'd.
'She match'd herſelf with Spain, and brought
'King Philip hither, [together:
'Which with an equal hand, the ſceptre ſway'd
'But iſſueleſs ſhe dy'd: and under ſix years reign,
'To her wiſe ſiſter gave the kingdom up again.
'Elizabeth, the next, this falling ſceptre hent;
'Digreſſing from her ſex, with manlike govern-
'ment [extend
'This iſland kept in awe, and did her power
'Afflicted France to aid, her own as to defend;
'Againſt th' Iberian rule, the Flemings ſure de-
'fence:
'Rude Ireland's deadly ſcourge; who ſent her
'navies hence
'Unto the either Inde, and to that ſhore ſo green,
'Virginia which we call of her, a virgin queen:
'In Portugal 'gainſt Spain, her Engliſh enſigns
'ſpread; [fled.
'Took Cales, when from her aid the brav'd Iberia
'Moſt flouriſhing in ſtate: that, all our kings
'among [ſo long.
'Scarce any rul'd ſo well: but (*l*) two, that reign'd
Here ſuddenly he ſtaid: and with his kingly ſong,
'Whilſt yet on every ſide the city loudly rung,
He with the eddy turn'd, a ſpace to look about:
The tide, retiring ſoon, did ſtrongly thruſt him out.

(*l*) Hen. III. & Ed. III.

And ſoon the pliant muſe, doth her brave wing advance,
Tow'rds thoſe ſea-bord'ring ſhores of ours, that point at France;
The harder Surreyan heath, and the Suſſexian down [not crown,
Which with ſo great increaſe though nature do
As many other ſhires of this environ'd iſle,
Yet on the (*l*) weather's head, when as the ſun doth ſmile, [blow,
Nurſt by the ſouthern winds, that ſoft and gently
Here doth the luſty ſap as ſoon begin to flow;
The earth as ſoon puts on her gaudy ſummer's ſute; [with fruit.
The woods are ſoon in green, and orchards great
To ſeaward, from the ſeat where firſt our ſong begun,
Exhaled to the ſouth by the aſcending ſun,
Four ſtately wood-nymphs ſtand on the Suſſexian ground,
Great (*m*) Andredſweld's ſometime: who, when ſhe did abound
In circuit and in growth, all other quite ſuppreſt:
But in her waoe of pride, as ſhe in ſtrength decreaſt, [delight.
Her nymphs aſſum'd the names, each one to her
As, Water-down, ſo call'd of her depreſſed ſite:
And Aſh-down, of thoſe trees that moſt in her do grow,
Set higher to the downs, as th' other ſtandeth low.
St. Leonard's, of the ſeat by which ſhe next is plac'd, [grac'd.
And Whord, that with the like delighteth to be
Theſe foreſts, as I ſay, the daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavy breaſts had long their grief conceal'd)
Foreſeeing their decay each hour ſo faſt come on,
Under the ax's ſtroke fetcht many a grievous groan,
When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dreadful ſound,
Even rent the hollow woods, and ſhook the queachy ground,
So that the trembling nymphs, oppreſt through ghaſtly fear, [hair.
Ran madding to the downs, with looſe diſhevell'd
The Sylvans that about the neighbouring woods did dwell,
Both in the tuſty frith and in the moſſy fell,
Forſook their gloomy bow'rs, and wand'red far abroad,
Expell'd their quiet ſeats, and place of their abode,
When labouring carts they ſaw to hold their daily trade, [ſhade.
Where they in ſummer wont to ſport them in the
'Could we, ſay they, ſuppoſe, that any would us 'cheriſh, [periſh?
'Which ſuffer (every day) the holieſt things to
'Or to our daily want to miniſter ſupply?
'Theſe iron times breed none that mind poſterity.
'Tis but in vain to tell, what we before have been,
'Or changes of the world, that we in time have 'ſeen;
'When, now deviſing how to ſpend our wealth 'with waſte,
'We to the ſavage ſwine let fall our larding maſt,
'But now, alas! ourſelves we have not to ſuſtain,
'Nor can our tops ſuffice to ſhield our roots from 'rain.
'Jove's oak, the warlike aſh, vein'd elm, the ſofter 'beech, [wych,
'Short hazel, maple plain, light aſp, the bending
'Tough holly, and ſmooth birch, muſt altogether 'burn: [ger's turn;
'What ſhould the builder ſerve, ſupplies the for-
'When under public good, baſe private gain takes 'hold,
'And we poor woful woods to ruin laſtly ſold.'
This uttered they with grief: and more they would have ſpoke, [broke;
But that the envious downs, in t' open laughter
As joying in thoſe wants, which nature them had given,
Sith to as great diſtreſs the foreſts ſhould be driven.
Like him that long time hath another's ſtate envy'd,
And ſees a following ebb, unto his former tide;
The more he is depreſt, and bruis'd with fortune's might,
The larger rein his foe doth give to his deſpight;
So did the envious downs; but that again the floods
(Their fountains that derive from theſe unpitied woods,
And ſo much grace thy downs, as through their dales they creep,
Their glories to convey unto the Celtic deep)
It very hardly took, much murmuring at their pride. [ſide
Clear Lavant, that doth keep the Southamptonian
(Dividing it well near from the Suſſexian lands
That Selſey doth ſurvey, and Solent's troubled ſands)
To Chicheſter their wrongs impatiently doth tell:
§ And Arun (which doth name the beauteous Arundel)
As on her courſe ſhe came, it to her foreſt told.
Which, nettled with the news, had not the power to hold:
But breaking into rage, wiſht tempeſts them might rive;
And on their barren ſcalps, ſtill flint and chalk might thrive,
The brave and nobler woods which baſely thus upbraid.
§ And Adur coming on, to Shoreham ſoftly ſaid,
"The downs did very ill, poor woods ſo to de-"baſe."
But now, the Ouſe, a nymph of very ſcornful grace,
So touchy waxt therewith, and was ſo ſqueamiſh grown,
That her old name ſhe ſcorn'd ſhould publicly be known.
Whoſe haven out of mind when as it almoſt grew,
The lately-paſſed times denominate the new.
So Cuemer with the reſt, put to her utmoſt might;
As Aſhburn undertakes to do the foreſts right

(*l*) The ſun in Aries.
(*m*) A foreſt, containing moſt part of Kent, and Surrey.

(At Pemsey, where she pours her soft and gentler flood)
And Asten, once distain'd with native English blood
(Whose soil, when yet but wet with any little rain,
§ Doth blush; as put in mind of those there sadly slain,
When Hastings harbour gave unto the Norman powers,
Whose name and honours now are denizen'd for [ours)
That boding ominous brook, it through the forests rung:
Which echoing it again the mighty Weald along,
Great stir was like to grow; but that the muse did charm
Their furies, and herself for nobler things did arm.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

After your travels (thus led by the muse) through the inlands, out of the Welsh coast maritime, here are you carried into Surrey and Sussex, the southern shires from London to the ocean: and Thames, as king of all our rivers, summarily sings the kings of England, from Norman William to yesterday's age.

Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night.

The Mole runs into the earth, about a mile from Darking in Surrey, and after some two miles sees the light again, which to be certain hath been affirmed by inhabitants thereabout reporting trial made of it. Of the river Deveril near Warminster in Wiltshire is said as much; and more of Alpheus running out of Elis (a part of the now Morea, anciently Peloponnesus in Greece) through the vast Ocean to Arethusa in a little isle (close by Syracuse of Sicily) called Ortygia, and thither thus coming unmixt with the sea, which hath been both tried by a (*a*) cup, lost in Elis, and other stuff of the Olympian sacrifices there cast up, and is justified also by express assertion of an old (*b*) oracle to Archias, a Corinthian, advising him he should hither deduce a colony.

——————— Ἵν Ὀλφεὺς στόμα βλύζει,
Μισγόμενον πηγαῖς Εὐριπείης Ἀρεθούσης.

Like this, (*c*) Pausanias reckons more; (*d*) Erasin in Greece, Lucus (*e*) that runs into Meander, (*f*) Tiger, and divers others, some remember for such quality. And Guadiana (the ancient limit of Portugal and the Bætique Spain) is specially famous for this form of subterranean course: which although hath been thought fabulous, yet by some learned and judicidus of that (*g*) country, is put for an unfeigned truth.

He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Sheene.

Mole's fall into Thames is near the utmost of the flood, which from the German Ocean, is about sixty miles, scarce equalled (I think) by any other river in Europe; whereto you may attribute its continuing so long a course, unless to the diurnal motion of the heavens, or moon, from east to west (which hardly in any other river of note falling into so great a sea, will be found so agreeable, as to this, flowing the same way) and to the easiness of the channel being not over creeky, I cannot guess. I incline to this of the heavens, because such (*h*) testimony is of the ocean's perpetual motion in that kind; and whether it be for frequency of a winding, and thereby more resisting shore, or for any other reason judicially not yet discovered, it is certain, that our coasts are most famous for the greatest differences by ebbs and floods, before all other whatsoever.

Left with his ill-got crown unnatural debate.

See what the matter of descent to the fourth song tells you of his title; yet even out of his own mouth, as part of his last will and testament, these words are reported; (*i*) "I constitute no heir of "the crown of England: but to the universal "creator, whose I am, and in whose hand are all "things, I recommend it. For I had it not by

(*a*) Strab. Geograph. ς.
(*b*) Pausan. Eliac. ι.
(*c*) There Alpheus springeth again, embracing fair Arethusa.
(*d*) Herodot. hist. ς.
(*e*) Idem. ζ Palibym.
(*f*) Justin. hist. 42.
(*g*) Ludov. Nonius in Fluv. Hispa.
(*h*) Scalig. de subtilit. exercitat. 52.
(*i*) Guil. Pictavens. in hist. Cadomens.

" inheritance, but with direful conflict, and much " effusion of blood I took it from that perjured " Harold, and by death of his favourites, have I " subdued it to my empire." And somewhat after: " Therefore I dare not bequeath the sceptre " of this kingdom to any but to God alone, lest " after my death worse troubles happen in it by " my occasion. For my son William (always, as " it became him, obedient to me) I wish that " God may give him his graces, and that, if so " it please the Almighty, he may reign after me." This William the Second (called Rufus) was his second son, Robert his eldest having upon discontent (taken because the Dukedom of Normandy, then, as it were, by birthright, nearly like the principality of Wales anciently, or duchy of Cornwal at this day, belonging to our kings heirs apparent, was denied him) revolted unnaturally, and moved war against him, aided by Philip First of France, which caused his merited disinheritance. Betwixt this William and Robert, as also betwixt him and Henry I. all brothers (and sons to the Conqueror) were divers oppositions for the kingdom and dukedom, which here the author alludes to. Our stories in every hand inform you: and will discover also the Conqueror's adoption by the Confessor, Harold's oath to him, and such institutions of his lawful title enforced by a case (*k*) reported of one English, who, deriving his right from Seisin before the conquest, recovered by judgment of King William I. the manor of Sharbon in Norfolk against one Warren a Norman, to whom the king had before granted it: which had been unjust, if he had by right of war only gotten the kingdom; for then had (*l*) all titles of subjects before, been utterly extinct. But, (admit this case as you please, or any cause of right beside his sword) it is plain that his will and imperious affection (moved by their rebellions which had stood for the sworn Harold) disposed all things as a conqueror. Upon observation of his subjection of all lands to tenures, his change of laws, disinheriting the English, and such other reported (which could be but where the profitable dominion, as civilians call it, was universally acquired into the prince's hand) and in reading the disgraceful account then made of the English name, it will be manifest.

Who by a fatal dart in vast New Forest slain.

His death by an unfortunate loosing at a deer out of one Walter Tirrel's hand in New Forest, his brother Richard being blasted there with infection, and Richard, Duke Robert's son, having his neck broken there in a bough's twill catching him from his horse, have been thought as divine revenges on William I. who destroy'd in Hantshire 36 parish churches to make dens for wild beasts; although it is probable enough, that it was for security of landing new forces there, if the wheel of fortune, or change of Mars, should have dispossest him of the English crown. Our stories will of these things better instruct you; but if you seek Matthew Paris for it, amend the absurdity of both the London and Figurin prints in an. 1086, and for *Rex magnificus & bonæ indolis adolescens*, read *Rich. magnificus, &c.* for Richard brother to this Red William

Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight.

Thus did the conqueror's posterity unquietly possess their father's inheritance. William had much to do with his brother Robert, justly grudging at his usurping the crown from right of primogeniture: but so much the less, in that Robert with divers other German and French princes left all private respects for the holy war, which after the cross undertaken (as those times used) had most fortunate success in recovery of Palestine. Robert had no more but the duchy of Normandy, nor that without swords often drawn, before his holy expedition; about which (having first offer of, but refusing the kingdom of Jerusalem) after he had some five years been absent, he returned into England, finding his younger brother (Henry I.) exalted into his hereditary throne. For, although it were undoubtedly agreed that Robert was eldest son of the Conqueror; yet the pretence which gave Henry the crown (beside the means of his working favourites) was, that he was the only issue born after his father was a king; upon which point a great question is disputed among (*o*) civilians. Robert was no sooner returned into Normandy, but presently (first animated by Randal bishop of Durham, a great disturber of the common peace betwixt the prince and subject by intolerable exactions and unlimited injustice under William II. whose (*p*) chief justice it seems he was, newly escaped out of prison (whither for those state misdemeanors he was committed by Henry) he dispatches and interchanges intelligence with most of the barenage, claiming his primogeniture right, and thereby the kingdom. Having thus gain'd to him most of the English nobility, he lands with forces at Portsmouth, thence marching towards Winchester: but before any encounter the two brothers were persuaded to a peace; covenant was made and confirmed by oath of 12 barons, on both parts, that Henry should pay him yearly 2000 pounds of silver, and that the survivor of them should inherit, the other dying without issue. This peace, upon denial of payment (which had the better colour, because, at request of Queen Maud, the Duke prodigally released his 2000 pounds the next year after the covenant) was soon broken. The king (to prevent what mischief might follow a second arrival of his bro-

(*k*) Antiq. Sched. in Scen. Camd.

(*l*) Atqui ad hanc rem enucleatius dilucidandam, Jure & Gentium & Anglicano, videndi sunt Hottoman. Illust. quæst. 3. Alberic. Gentil. de Jure Belli 3 cap. 5. & cas. Calv. in D. Coke l. 7.

(*o*) Hottom. Illust. quæst. 2.

(*p*) Placitator & Exactor totius regni, Flor. Wig. & Monachorum turba.

ther) assisted by the greatest favours of Normandy and Anjou, besieged Duke Robert in one of his castles, took him, brought him home captive, and at length using that course (next secure to death) so often read of in Choniates, Cantucozen, and other oriental stories, put out his eyes, being all this time imprisoned in Cardiff Castle in Glamorgan, where he miserably breathed his last. It is by Polydore added, out of some authority, that King Henry after a few years imprisoment released him, and commanded that within 40 days and 12 hours (these hours have in them time of two floods, or a flood and an ebb) he should, abjuring England and Normandy, pass the seas as in perpetual exile, and that in the mean time, upon new treasons attempted by him, he was secondly committed, and endured his punishment and death, as the common monks relate. I find no warrantable authority that makes me believe it: Yet, because it gives some kind of example of our obsolete law of abjuration (which it seems had its beginning from one of the statutes published under name of the Confessor) a word or two of the time prescribed here for his passage: which being examined upon Bracton's credit, makes the report therein faulty. For he seems confident that the forty days in abjuration, were afterward induced upon the statute of (q) Clarendon, which gave the accused of felony or treason, although quitted by the Ordel (that is, judgment by water or fire, but the statute published, speaks only of water, being the common trial of meaner (r) persons) forty days to pass out of the realm with his substance, which to other felons taking sanctuary and confessing to the coroner, he affirms not grantable; although John le Breton is against him, giving this liberty of time, accounted after the abjuration to be spent in the sanctuary, for provision of their voyage necessaries, after which complete, no man, on pain of life and member, is to supply any of their wants. I know it a point very intricate to determine, observing these opposite authors and no express resolution. Since them, the oath of abjuration published among our manual statutes nearly agrees with this of Duke Robert, but with neither of those old lawyers. In it, after the felon confesses, and abjures, and hath his port appointed; *I will* (proceeds the oath) *diligently endeavour to pass over at that port, and will not delay time there above a flood and an ebb, if I may have passage in that space, if not, I will every day go into the sea up to the knees, assaying to go over, and unless I may do this within forty continual days, I will return to the sanctuary, as a felon of our lord the king; so God me help, &c.* So here the 40 days are to be spent about the passage, and not in the sanctuary; compare this with other (s) authorities, and you shall find all so dissonant, that reconciliation is impossible, resolution very difficult. I only offer to their consideration, which can here judge, why Hubert de Burch (Earl of Kent, and Chief Justice of England under Henry III.) having incurred the king's high displeasure, and grievously persecuted by great enemies, taking sanctuary, was, after his being violently drawn out, restored; yet that the sheriffs of Hereford and Essex were commanded to ward him there, and prevent all sustenance to be brought him, which they did, *decernentes (t) ibi X... dierum excubiis observare*: And whether also the same reason (now unknown to us) bred this forty days for expectation of embarkment out of the kingdom, which gave it in another kind for return? as in case of *disseisin*, the law hath (u) been that the disseisor could not re-enter without action, unless he had as it were made a present and continual claim, yet if he had been out of the kingdom in single pilgrimage (that is, not in general voyages to the holy land) or in the king's service in France, or so, he had allowance of 40 days, two floods, and one ebb, to come home in, and 15 days, and four days, after his return; and if the tenant had been so beyond sea, he might have been essoigned *de ultra Mare*, and for a year and a day, after which he had 40 days, one flood, and one ebb (which is easily understood as the other for two floods) to come into England. This is certain, that the space of 40 days (as a year and a day) hath had with us divers applications, as in what before, the assize of Freshforce in cities and boroughs, and the widow's quarentine, which seems to have had beginning either of a deliberative time granted to her, to think of her conveniency in taking letters of administration, as in another (x) country the reason of the like is given; or else from the 40 days in the essoign of child-birth allowed by the Norman customs. But you mislike the digression. It is reported, that when William the Conqueror in his death-bed left Normandy to Robert, and England to William the Red, this Henry asked him what he would give him? 100. *pounds of silver* (saith he) *and be contented, my son; for, in time, thou shalt have all which I possess, and be greater than either of thy brethren.*

His sacrilegious hands upon the Churches laid.

The great controversy about electing the archbishop of Canterbury (the king, as his right bade him, commanding that John Bishop of Norwich should have the prelacy, the Pope, being Innocent III. for his own gain, aided with some disloyal monks of Canterbury, desiring, and at last consecrating Stephen of Langton a cardinal) was first

(q) Hen. 2. ap. Rog. Hoved fol. 314.

(r) Glanvil. lib. 14. cap. 1. cæterum, si placet, adeas Janum nostrum lib. 2. §. 67.

(s) Itin. North. 3 Ed. 3. Coron. 313. Lectur. ap. Br. tit. Coron. 181. V. Stamfordum lib. 2. cap. 40. qui de his graviter & modeste, se εφεκτικῶς.

(t) Math. Par. pag. 507.

(u) Bract. lib. 4. tract. assis. Nov. Diss. cap. 5. & lib. 5. tract. de Esson, cap. 3. Vid. de Consuetudine in Oxoniâ 21. Ed. 3. fol. 46. b.

(x) Cust. Generaulx. de Artois art 164.

cauſe of it. For king John would by no means endure this Stephen, nor permit him the dignity after his unjuſt election at Rome, but baniſhed the monks, and ſtoutly menaces the Pope. He preſently makes delegation to William Biſhop of London, Euſtace of Ely, and Malgere of Worceſter, that they ſhould, with monitory advice, offer perſuaſion to the king of conformity to the Romiſh beheſt; if he perſiſted in conſtancy, they ſhould denounce England under an interdict. The biſhops tell king John as much, who ſuddenly, mov'd with imperious affection and ſcorn of papal uſurpation, ſwears, *by God's tooth, if they or any other, with unadviſed attempt, ſubject his kingdom to an interdict, he would preſently drive every prelate and prieſt of England to the pope, and confiſcate all their ſubſtance, and of all the Romans amongst them, he would firſt pull out their eyes, and cut off their noſes, and then ſend them all packing*, with other like threatening terms, which notwithſtanding were not able to cauſe them to deſiſt; but within little time following in public denunciation they performed their authority: and the king, in ſome ſort, his threatnings; committing all abbeys and priories to laymens cuſtody, and compelling every prieſt's concubine to a grievous fine. Thus for a while continued the realm without divine ſarraments or exerciſe, excepted only confeſſion, extream unction, and baptiſm; the king being alſo excommunicated, and burials allowed only in highways and ditches without eccleſiaſtic ceremony, and (but only by indulgence procur'd by Archbiſhop Langton, who purchas'd favour that in all the monaſteries, excepting of White-friers, might be divine ſervice once a week) had no change for ſome four or five years, when the Pope in a ſolemn council of cardinals, according to his pretended plenary power, depos'd king John, and immediately by his legate Pandulph offered to Philip II. of France the kingdom of England. This, with ſuſpicion of the ſubjects hearts at home, and another cauſe then more eſteem'd than either of theſe, that is, the prophecy of one Peter an hermit in Yorkſhire, foretelling to his face *that before holy Thurſday following he ſhould be no king*, altered his ſtiff, and reſolute, but too diſturbed affections; and perſuaded him by oath of himſelf and 16 more of his barons, to make ſubmiſſion to the Church of Rome, and condeſcended to give for ſatisfaction, Ioo. clo. clo. clo. pounds Sterling (that name of Sterling (*y*) began, as I am inſtructed, in time of Henry II. and had its original of name from ſome eſterling, making that kind of money, which hath its eſſence in particular weight and fineneſs, not of the ſtarling bird, as ſome, nor of Sterling in Scotland under Edward I. as others abſurdly; for in (*z*) records much more ancient the expreſs name *Sterlingorum* I have read) to the clergy, and ſubject (*a*) all his dominions to the Pope; and ſo had abſolution, and after more than four years, releaſe of the interdict (*b*). I was the willinger to inſert it all, becauſe you might ſee what injurious oppoſition, by papal uſurpation, he endured, and then conjecture that his violent dealings againſt the church were not without intolerable provocation, which maded rather then amended his troubled ſpirits. Eaſily you ſhall not find a prince more beneficial to the holy cauſe than he, if you take his former part of reign, before this ambitious Stephen of Langton's election exaſperated deſire of revenge. Moſt kind habitude then was betwixt him and the Pope, and for alms toward Jeruſalem's aid he gave the fortieth part of his revenue, and cauſed his baronage to ſecond his example. Although therefore he be noways excuſable of many of thoſe faults, both in government and religion which are laid on him, yet it much extenuates the ill of his action, that he was ſo beſieged with continual and undigeſtable incentives of the clergy with traiterous confidence ſtriking at his crown, and in ſuch ſort, as humanity muſt have exceeded itſelf, to have endured it with any mixture of patience. Nor ever ſhall I impute that his wicked attempt of ſending ambaſſadors, Thomas Hardington, Ralph Fitz-Nicholas, and Robert of London, to Amiramully, king of Morocco, for the Mahometan religion, ſo much to his own will and nature, as to the perſecuting bulls, interdicts, excommunications, depoſings, and ſuch like, publiſhed and acted by them, which counterfeiting the vain name of paſtors, ſhearing, and not feeding their ſheep, made this poor king (for they brought him ſo poor, that he was call'd (*c*) *Johannes ſine terra*) even as a phrenetique, commit what poſterity receives now among the worſt actions (and in themſelves they are ſo) of princes.

His Baronage were forc'd defenſive arms to raiſe.

No ſooner had Pandulph tranſacted with the king and Stephen of Langton was quietly poſſeſt of his archbiſhoprick, but he preſently, in a council of both orders at Paul's ſtirs up the hearts of the barons againſt John, by producing the old charter of liberties granted by Henry I. comprehending an inſtauration of St Edward's laws, as they were amended by the conqueror, and provoking them to challenge obſervation thereof as an abſolute duty to ſubjects of free ſtate. He was eaſily heard, and his thoughts ſeconded with rebellious deſigns; and after denials of this purpos'd requeſt, armies were muſtered to extort theſe liberties. But at length by treaty in Runingmede near Stanes, he gave them two charters;

(*y*) Jo. Stou. in Notit. Londini pag. 52. Vid. Camd. in Scot. Buchan. alios.

(*z*) Polydor. hiſt. 16.

(*a*) Norff. 6. Rich. 1. fin. rot. 13. & in alibi eiſdem Archivis V.

(*b*) Ante alios de his conſulendus ſit Matth. Paris.

(*c*) John Hadland.

the one, of liberties general, the other of the forest; both which were not very different from our Grand Charter and that of the Forest. The Pope at his request confirmed all; but the same year, discontentment (through too much favour and respect given by the king to divers strangers, whom since the composition with the legate, he had too frequently, and in too high esteem entertained) renewing among the barons, ambassadors were sent to advertise the Pope what injury the see of Rome had by this late exaction of such liberties out of a kingdom, in which it had such great interest (for king John had been very prodigal to it, of his best and most majestical titles) and with what commotion the barons had rebelled against him, soon obtain'd a bull cursing in thunder all such as stood for any longer maintenance of those granted charters: This (as how could it be otherwise?) bred new, but almost incurable broils in the state betwixt king and subject: but in whom more, than in the Pope and his Archbishop, was cause of this dissention? Both, as wicked bouteseus, applying themselves to both parts; sometimes animating the subject by censorious exauthorizing the prince, then assisting and moving forward his proneness to faithless abrogation, by pretence of an interceding universal authority.

The general charter seiz'd———

The last note somewhat instructs you in what you are to remember, that is, the grand charters granted and (as matter of fact was) repealed by King John; his son Henry III. of some nine years age (under protection first of William Marshal Earl of Pembroke, after the earl's death, Peter de Roches Bishop of Winchester) in the ninth year of his reign, in a parliament held at Westminster desired of the baronage (by mouth of Hubert de Burch proposing it) a fifteenth: whereto upon deliberation, they gave answer, *quod legis petitionibus gratanter adquiescerent, si illis diu petitas Libertates concedere voluisset.* The king agreed to the condition, and presently under the great seal delivered charters of them into every county of England, speaking as those of king John (saith Paris) *ita quod Chartæ utriorúmque Regum in nulla inveniuntur dissimiles.* Yet those, which we have, published want of that which is in king John's, wherein you have a special chapter that, if a Jew's debtor die, and leave his heir within age subject to payment, the usury during the nonage should cease, which explains the meaning of the statute of Merton chap V. otherwise but ill interpreted in some of our year (*f*) books: after this, follows further, that no aid, except to redeem the king's person out of captivity (example of that was in Richard I. whose ransom out of the hands of Leopold Duke of Austria, was near 100000. pounds of silver, collected from the subject) make his eldest son knight, or marry his eldest daughter, should be levied of the subject, but by Parliament. Yet, reason why these are omitted in Henry III. his charter, it seems, easily may be given; seeing ten years before time of Edward Longshank's exemplification (which is that whereon we now rely, and only have) all Jews were banished the kingdom: and among the petitions and grievances of the commons at time of his instauration of this charter to them, one was thus consented to (*g*) *Nullum tallagium vel auxilium, per nos vel heredes nostros de cætero in regno nostro imponatur seu levetur sine voluntate & consensu communi Archiepiscoporum, Episcoporum, Abbatum & aliorum Prælatorum, Comitum, Baronum, Militum, Burgensium, & aliorum liberorum hominum*; which although compar'd with that of aids by tenure, be no law, yet I conjecture that upon this article was that chapter of aids omitted. But I return to Henry; he, within some three years, summons a parliament to Oxford, and declares his full age, refusing any longer Peter de Roches his Protection; but taking all upon his personal government, by pretence of past nonage, caused all the charters of the forest to be cancell'd, and repeal'd the rest, (for so I take it, although my author speak chiefly of that of the forest) and made the subject with price of great sums, rated by his chief Justice Hugh de Burch, renew their liberties, affirming that his grant of them was in his minority, and therefore so defeasible: which, with its like (in disinheriting and seizing on his subjects possessions, without judicial course, beginning with those two great potentates Richard Earl of Cornwal his brother, and William le Marshal Earl of Pembroke) bred most intestine trouble betwixt him and his barons, although sometime discontinued, yet not extinguish'd even till his declining days of enthroned felicity. Observe among this, that where our historians and chronologers, talk of a desire by the baronage, to have the constitutions of Oxford restored, you must understand those charters cancelled at Oxford; where after many rebellious, but provoked oppositions, the king at last, by oath of himself and his son Edward, in full parliament (*h*) (having nevertheless oft times before made show of as much) granted again their desired freedom: which in his spacious reign was not so much impeach'd by himself, as through ill counsel of alien caterpillars crawing about him, being as scourges then sent over into this kingdom. But Robert of Gloucester shall summarily tell you this, and give your palate variety.

The mesle wo that here vel li king Henry's day
In this lond, ichelle beginne to tell yuf ich may.
He adde (i) thre brethren that is modre's sons were,

(*f*) 35 Hen. 6. fol. 61. & 3. Eliz. Plowd. 1 fol. 236. atqui vid, Bract. lib. 2. cap. 26. § 2.

(*g*) Thom. de Walsingham in 26. Ed. 1. Polyd. hist. 17.

(*h*) 42. Hen. 3.

(*i*) Guy of Lusignan, William of Valence, and Athelmar, his half brothers, sons of Isabel king John's dowager, daughter to Aimar Earl of Engolisme, married to Hugh Brown Earl of March in Poiters.

And the (k) king of Almaine the verthe that to heie
them here.
At Sir William de Valance and Sir (l) Eimer
thereto.
Glit of Wincetre and Sir Guy de Liſewi alſo
Thoru hom and thoru the (m) quene was ſo much
Frenſs folt ibrought
That of Engliſtmen me told as right nought,
And the king hom let her will that each was as king
And nome poure men God, and ne paiede nothing.
To eni of this brethren yuf ther pleinide eny wight
Hii ſede, yuf we doth ou wrong, wo ſhall ou do right:
As we ſeith we beth kings, ur wille we mowe do,
And many Engliſh alas hulde mid hom alſo.
So that tharou Godes grace the erls at laſt,
And the biſhops of the lond, and barons beſpeake vaſte,
That the kind Engliſmen of Londe hii wolde out caſte,
And that long bring adoun, yuf her poer laſte.
Thereof (n) hii nome conſeil, and to the king hii ſend,
To (o) abbe pite of his lond and ſuiche manners
amend.
So ther at laſte hii brought him thereto
To make a purveiance amendment to do,
And made it was at Oxenford, that lond wor to ſepte,
Twelf hundred as in yer of grace and fifty and
eyghte,
Right aboute miſſomer fourtene night it laſte
The erles and the barons were well ſtude (p) vaſte
Nor to amendi that lond as the erle of Gloucetre,
Sir Richard, and Sir Simond erle of Leicetre.
And Sir John le Fiz-Geffry *and other barons inowe,*
So that at laſt the king thereto hii drowe,
To remue the Frenſs *men to (q) libbe beyonde ſe*
Bi hor lonls her and ther and ne come noght (r) age.
And to granti (s) god lawes *and the* Old Charter
alſo
That ſo ofte was igranted er, and ſo ofte undo.
Hereof was the chartre imade and eſeled vaſt there
Of the king and of other heye men that there were,
Tho nome (t) tende tapers the biſhops in hor hond
And the king himſelf and other heye men of the lond,
The biſhops (u) amanſed all that there agon were
And ever eft undude the lawes that loked were there,
Mid berninge taperes; and ſuch as laſte,
The king and others ſeid Amen and the tapers adoun
caſte.

If particulars of the ſtory, with precedents and conſequents be deſired, above all I ſend you to Matthew Paris, and William Riſhanger, and end in adding, that theſe ſo controverted charters had not their ſettled ſurety until Ed. I. ſince whom they have been more than thirty times in parliament confirmed.

The ſeat on which her kings inaugurated were.

Which is the chair and ſtone at Weſtminſter, whereon our ſovereigns are inaugurated. The (w) Scottiſh ſtories (on whoſe credit, in the firſt part hereof I importune you not to rely) affirm that the ſtone was firſt in Gallicia of Spain at Brigantia (whether that he Compoſtella, as Francis Tarapha wills, or Cornnna, as Florian del Campo conjectures, or Betanſos, according to Mariana, I cannot determine) where Gathel, king of Scots there ſat on it as his throne: Thence was it brought into Ireland by Simon Breck, 1ſt king of Scots, tranſplanted into that iſle about 700 years before Chriſt; out of Ireland, king Ferguze (in him, by ſome, is the beginning of the now continuing Scottiſh reign) about 300 years afterwards, brought it into Scotland; king Kenneth, ſome 850 of the incarnation, placed it at the abbey of Scone (in the ſheriffdom of Perth) where the coronation of his ſucceſſors was uſual, as of our monarchs now at Weſtminſter, and in the Saxon times at Kingſton upon Thames. This Kenneth, ſome ſay, cauſed that diſtich to be engraven on it.

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Inwenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

—(Whereupon it is called *fatule marmor* in Hect. Boetius) and incloſed it in a wooden chair. It is now at Weſtminſter, and on it are the coronations of our ſovereigns; thither firſt † brought (as the author here ſpeaks) among infinite other ſpoils, by Edward Longſhanks after his wars and victories againſt king John Balliol.

Their women to inherit———

So they commonly affirm: but that denial of ſovereignty to their women coſt the lives of many thouſands of their men, both under this victorious Edward, and his ſon the Black Prince, and others of his ſucceſſors. His caſe ſtood briefly thus: Philip IV. furnamed the Fair, had iſſue three ſons, Lewis the (x) Contentious, Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair, (all theſe ſucceſſively reigned after him, and died without iſſue inheritable:) he had likewiſe a daughter Iſabel (I purpoſely omit the other, being out of the preſent matter,) married to Edward II. and ſo was mother to Edward III. The iſſue male of Philip the Fair thus failing, Philip ſon and heir of Charles earl of Valois, Beaumont, Alenſon, &c. (which was brother to Philip the Fair,) challenged the crown of France

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(k) Richard Earl of Cornwal, ſon to king John.
(l) Athelmarus.
(m) Elinor daughter to Raymund Earl of Provence.
(n) They took.
(o) Have.
(p) Stedfaſt.
(q) Live.
(r) Again.
(s) Good.
(t) Kindled tapers.
(u) Curſed.
(w) Hector Boeth. hiſt. 1. 10. & 14. Buchan. rer. Scotic. 6. & 8.
† 1297. 24 Ed. I.
(x) Hunting.

as next heir male againſt this Edward, who anſwered to the objections of the Salique law, that (admitting it as their aſſertion was, yet) he was heir male, although deſcended of a daughter: and in a public aſſembly of the ſtates firſt about protectorſhip of the womb, (for queen Joan dowager of the Fair Charles, was left with child, but afterward delivered of a daughter, Blanch, afterwards ducheſs of Orleans) was this had in a ſolemn diſputation by lawyers on both ſides, and applied at length alſo to the direct point of inheriting the crown. What followed upon judgment given againſt his right, the valiant and famous deeds of him and his Engliſh, recorded in Walſingham, Froiſſart, Æmilius, and the multitude of later collected ſtories make manifeſt. But for the law itſelf, every mouth ſpeaks of it; few, I think, underſtand at all why they name it. The opinions are, that it being part of the ancient laws made among the Salians (the ſame with Franks) under king Pharamond, about 1200 years ſince, hath thence denomination; and Goropius (that fetches all out of Dutch, and more tolerably perhaps this than many other of his etymologies) deriving the Salians name from *Sal*, which in contraction he makes from *Sadel* (*y*) *(inventors whereof the Franks, ſaith he, were) interprets them as it were horſemen, a name fitly applied to the warlike and moſt noble of any nation, as (*z*) *chivalers* in French, and *equites* in Latin alſuws likewiſe. So that, upon collection, the Salique law by him is as much as a chivalrous law, and Salique land, *quæ ad equeſtris ordinis dignitatem & in capite ſummo, & in cæteris membris conſervandum pertinebat*: which very well agrees with a (*a*) ſentence given in the parliament at Bourdeaux upon an ancient teſtament deviſing all the teſtator's Salique lands, which was, in point of judgment interpreted (*b*) Fief. And who knows not that Fiefs were originally military gifts. But then, if ſo, how comes Salique to extend to the crown, which is merely without tenure? Therefore (*c*) *Ego ſcio* (ſaith a later lawyer) *legem privato ſalicam agere de patrimonio tantum.* It was compoſed (not this alone, but with others, as they ſay) by Wiſogaſt, Bodogaſt, Salogaſt, and Windogaſt, wiſe counſellors about that Pharamond's reign. The text of it in this part is offered us by Claude de Seiſſell biſhop of Marſilles, Bodin, and divers others of the French, as it were as ancient as the origin of the name, and in theſe words, *De terra ſalica nulla portio hæreditatis mulieri veniat, ſed ad virilem ſexum tota terræ hereditas perveniat;* and in ſubſtance, as referred to the perſon of the king's heir female; ſo much is remembered by that great civilian (*d*) Baldus, and divers others, but rather as cuſtom than any particular law, as one (*f*) of that kingdom alſo hath expreſsly and newly written; *Ce n'eſt point une loy ecritte, mais nee avec nous, que nous n'avons point inventee, mais l'avons puiſſe de la nature meme, qui le nous a ainſi apris & donne cet inſtinct*: But why the ſame author dares affirm that king Edward yielded upon this point to the French Philip de Valois, I wonder, ſeeing all ſtory and carriage of ſtate in thoſe times is ſo manifeſtly oppoſite. Becanus undertakes a conjecture of the firſt cauſe, which excluded Gynæcocracy among them, gueſſing it to be upon their obſervation of the misfortune in war, which their neighbours the Bructerans (a people about the now Over-Yſſel in the Netherlands, from near whom he, as many other, firſt derive the Franks) endured in time of Veſpaſian, under the conduct and empire of one (*g*) Velleda, a lady even of divine eſteem amongſt them. But howſoever the law be in truth, or interpretable, (for it might ill beſeem me to offer determination in matter of this kind) it is certain, that to this day, they have an uſe of ancient (*b*) time which commits to the care of ſome of the greateſt peers, that they, when the queen is in childbirth, be preſent, and warily obſerve leſt the ladies privily ſhould counterfeit the inheritable ſex, by ſuppoſing ſome other made when the true birth is female, or, by any ſuch means, wrong their ancient cuſtom royal, as of the birth of this preſent Lewis the XIII. on the laſt of September in 1601, is after other ſuch remembered.

Of theſe two factions ſtil'd, of York and Lancaſter.

Briefly their beginning was thus: Edward the III. had ſeven ſons, Edward the Black Prince, † William of Hatfield, Lionel Duke of Clarence, John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaſter, Edmund of Langley Duke of York, Thomas of Woodſtock, and William of Windſor; in prerogative of birth as I name them. The Black Prince died in life of his father, leaving Richard of Boutdeaux (afterward the II.) William of Hatfield died without iſſue; Henry Duke of Lancaſter (ſon to John of Gaunt the fourth brother) depoſed Richard the II. and to the Vth and VIth of his name left the kingdom, deſcending in right line of the family of Lancaſter. On the other ſide Lionel Duke of Clarence, the 3d brother, had only iſſue Philip a daughter, married to Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, (who upon this title was deſigned heir apparent to Richard II.) Edmund, by her had Roger; to Roger was iſſue two ſons and two daughters; but all died without poſterity, excepting

(*y*) Francic. lib. 2.
* As our word ſaddle.
(*z*) Knights.
(*a*) Bodin. de Repub. 6. cap. 5. vid. Barth. Chaſſan. Conſ. Burgund. Rubric. 3. § 5. num. 70
(*b*) Knights fees, or lands held.
(*c*) Paul. Merul. Coſmog. part 2. l. 3. cap. 17.
(*d*) Ad l. ff. de Senatorib.
(*f*) Hierome Bignon. de l'excel. des Roies, Livre 3.
(*g*) V. Tacit. hiſt. 4.
(*b*) Rodulph. Boter. Commentar. 8.
† Ex Archiv. Parl. 1. Ed. 4. in lucem edit. 9. Ed. 4. fol. 9.

Anne; through her, married to Richard Earl of Cambridge, ſon to Edmund of Langley, was conveyed (to their iſſue Richard Duke of York, father to king Edward IV.) that right which Lionel (whoſe heir ſhe was) had before the reſt of that royal ſtem. So that Lancaſter derived itſelf from the fourth brother; York from the blood of the third and fifth united. And in time of the ſixth Henry was this fatal and enduring miſery over England, about determination of theſe titles, firſt conceived in the 30th year of his reign, by Richard Duke of York, whoſe ſon Edward IV. depoſed Henry ſome nine years after; and having reigned near like ſpace, was alſo, by re-adoption of Henry, deprived for a time, but reſtored, and died of it poſſeſt, in whoſe family it continued until after death of Richard III. Henry Earl of Richmond, and heir of Lancaſter, marrying Elizabeth the heir of York, made that happy union. Some have referred the utmoſt (*i*) root of the Lancaſtrian title to Edmund, indeed eldeſt ſon to Henry III. but that by reaſon of his unfit deformity, his younger brother Edward had the ſucceſſion, which is abſurd and falſe. For one whom I believe before moſt of our monks, and the king's chronologer of thoſe times, Matthew Paris, tells expreſsly the days and years of both their births, and makes Edward four years elder than Crookback. All theſe had that moſt honoured ſurname (*k*) Plantagenet; which hath been extinct among us ever ſince Margaret Counteſs of Saliſbury, (daughter to George Plantagenet Duke of Clarence) was beheaded in the tower. By reaſon of John of Gaunt's device being a red roſe, and Edmund of Langley's a white roſe, theſe two factions afterward, as for cognifances of their deſcent and inclinations, were by the ſame flowers diſtinguiſhed.

Yet jealous of his right, deſcended to his grave.

So jealous, that towards them of the Lancaſtrian faction, nought but death (as, there, reaſon of ſtate was enough) was his kindneſs. Towards ſtrangers, whoſe ſlipping words were in wreſted ſenſe, ſeeming interpretable to his hurt, how he carried himſelf, the relations of Sir John Markham, his chief juſtice, Thomas Burdet an eſquire of Warwickſhire, and ſome citizens, for idle ſpeeches are teſtimony. How to his own blood in that miſerable end of his brother George Duke of Clarence, is ſhewed: Whoſe death hath divers reported cauſes, as our late chroniclers tell you. One is ſuppoſed upon a prophecy forefpeaking that Edward's ſucceſſor's name ſhould begin with G; which made him ſuſpect this George (a kind of ſuperſtition not exampled, as I remember, among our princes; but in proportion very frequent in the oriental empire, as paſſages of the names in Alexius, Manuel, and others, diſcover in Nicetas Choniates) and many more ſerious, yet inſufficient faults (taſting of Richard Duke of Gloceſter's practices) are laid to his charge. Let Polydore, Hall, and the reſt, diſcloſe them. But of his death, I cannot omit what I have newly ſeen. You know it is commonly affirmed, that he was drowned in a hogſhead of malmſey at the Tower. One (*l*) that very lately would needs diſſuade men from drinking healths to their princes, friends, and miſtreſſes, as the faſhion is, a bachelor of divinity, and profeſſor of hiſtory and Greek at Cologn, in his diviſion of drunken natures, makes one part of them, *Qui in balænas mutari cuperent, dummodo mare in generoſiſſimum vinum transformaretur*: and for want of another example, dares deliver, that *ſuch a one was George* (*m*) *Earl of Clarence, who, when for ſuſpicion of treaſon he was judged to die by his brother Edward IV. and had election of his form of death given him, made choice to be drowned in malmſey.* Firſt, why he calls him Earl of Clarence, I believe not all his profeſt hiſtory can juſtify; neither indeed was ever among us any ſuch honour. Earls of (*n*) Clare long ſince were: but the title of Clarence began when that earldom was converted into a dukedom by creation of Lionel (who married with the heir of the Clares) Duke of Clarence, third ſon to Edward III. ſince whom never have been other than dukes of that dignity. But unto what I ſhould impute this inexcuſcable injury to the dead prince, unleſs to Icarius's ſhadow dazzling the writer's eyes, or Bacchus his revengeful cauſing him to ſlip in matter of his own profeſſion, I know not. Our ſtories make the death little better than a tyrannous murder, privily committed without any ſuch election. If he have other authority for it, I would his margin had been ſo kind as to have imparted it.

Upon a daughter born to John of Somerſet.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, had iſſue by Catharine Swinford, John of Beaufort Earl of Somerſet, and Marquis Dorſet: To him ſucceeded his ſecond ſon, John (Henry the eldeſt dead) and was created firſt Duke of Somerſet by Henry V. Of this John's loins was Margaret, mother to Henry VII. His father was Edmund of Hadam (made Earl Richmond by Henry VI.) ſon to Owen Tyddour (deriving himſelf from the Britiſh Cadwallader) by his wife queen Catharine, dowager to Henry V. and hence came that royally ennobled name of Tyddour, which in the late queen of happy memory ended.

Defender of the faith.——

When amongſt thoſe turbulent commotions of Lutherans and Romaniſts under Charles V. ſuch oppoſitions increaſed, that the Pope's three crowns

(*i*) Ap. Polyd. hiſt. 16.

(*k*) 33 Hen. 8. J. Stow. p. 717.

(*l*) Franciſc. Mateneſ. de ritu bibend. 1. cap. 1. edit. ſuperioribus Nnndinis.

(*m*) Comes Clarentiæ. Cæterum ævo Normanico indiſcriminatim Comes & Dux uſurpantur, & Will. Conqueſtor ſæpius dictus Comes Norm.

(*n*) From Clare in Suffolk, V. Polydor. hiſt. 19. & Camd. in Icenis.

even tottered at ſuch arguments as were publiſhed againſt his pardons, maſs, monaſtic profeſſion, and the reſt of ſuch doctrine; this king Henry (that Luther might want no ſurt of antagoniſts) wrote particularly againſt him in defence of pardons, the papacy, and of their ſeven ſacraments: of which is yet remaining the original in the (*o*) Vatican at Rome, and with the king's own hand thus inſcribed.

Anglorum Rex, HENRICUS, LEONI X. mittit hoc opus, & fidei teſtem & amicitiæ.

Hereupon, this Leo ſent him the title of (*p*) *Defender of the Faith*: which was as ominous to what enſued. For towards the 25th year of his reign he began ſo to examine their traditions, doctrine, lives, and the numerous faults of the corrupted time, that he was indeed founder of reformation for inducement of the true ancient faith: which by his ſon Edward VI. Queen Elizabeth, and our preſent ſovereign, hath been to this piouſly eſtabliſhed and defended.

To eaſe your conceit of theſe kings here ſung, I add this chronology of them:

1066. William I. conquered England.
1087. William the Red (Rufus) ſecond ſon of the Conqueror.
1100. Henry I. ſurnamed Beauclerc, third ſon to the firſt William.
1135. Stephen Earl of Moreton and Bologne, ſon to Stephen Earl of Blois by Adela daughter to the Conqueror. In both the priots of Math. Paris, (anno 1086) you muſt mend Beccenſis Comitis, and read Bleſenſis Comitis; and howſoever it comes to paſs, he is, in the ſame author, made ſon to Tedbald Earl of Blois, which indeed was his brother.
1154. Henry II. ſon to Geffery Plantageneſt Earl of Anjou, and Maude the empreſs, daughter to Henry Beauclerc.
1189. Richard I. *Caur de Lion*, ſon to Henry II.
1199. John, brother to *Caur de Lion*.
1216. Henry III. ſon to King John.
1273. Edward I. Longſhanks, ſon to Henry III.
1308. Edward II. of Caernarvan, ſon to Edward I. depoſed by his wife and ſon.
1326. Edward III. ſon to Edward II.
1387. Richard II. of Bourdeaux (ſon to Edward the Black Prince, ſon to Edward III.) depoſed by Henry Duke of Lancaſter.
1399. Henry IV. of Bolingbroke; ſon to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaſter, 4th ſon to Edward III.
1413. Henry V. of Monmouth, ſon to Henry IV.
1422. Henry VI. of Windſor, ſon to Henry V. depoſed by Edward Earl of March, ſon and heir to Richard Duke of York, deriving title from Lionel Duke of Clarence, and Edmund of Langley, 3d and 5th ſons of Edward III.
1460. Edward IV. of Roan, ſon and heir of York. In the 10th of his reign Henry VI. got again the crown, but ſoon loſt both it and life.
1483. Edward V. ſon to the IV. of that name, murdered with his brother Richard Duke of York, by his uncle Richard Duke of Gloceſter.
1483. Richard III. brother to Edward IV. ſlain at Boſworth-field, by Henry Earl of Richmond. In him ended the name of Plantagenet in our kings.
1485. Henry VII. heir to the Lancaſtrian family, married with Elizabeth, heir to the Houſe of York. In him the name of Tyddour, began in the crown.
1509. Henry VIII. of Greenwich, ſon to Henry VII.
1546. Edward VI. of Hampton-court, ſon to Henry VIII.
1553. Mary, ſiſter to Edward VI.
1558. Elizabeth, daughter to Henry VIII.

Great Andredſwadel ſometime———

All that maritime tract comprehending Suſſex, and part of Kent, (ſo much as was not mountains, now called the Downs, which in (*q*) Britiſh, old Gauliſh, Low Dutch, and our Engliſh, ſignifies but hills) being all woody, was called Andredſweald, *i.e.* (*r*) Andred's wood, often mentioned in our ſtories, and Newenden in Kent by it Andredcheſter (as moſt learned Camden upon good reaſon gueſſes) whence perhaps the wood had his name. To this day we call thoſe woody lands, by north the Downs, the Weald: and the channel of the river that comes out of thoſe parts, and diſcontinues the Downs about Bramber, is yet known in Shoreham-ferry, by the name of Weald-ditch; and, in another Saxon word equivalent to it, are many of the pariſhes terminations on this ſide the Downs, that is, Herſt, or Hurſt, that is, a wood.

(*o*) Franciſc. Swert. in Delic. orbis Chriſt.
(*p*) Defenſor. Eccleſiæ l. Sleidano Comment. 3.
(*q*) Dunum uti ex Clitophonte apud Plut. habet Camd. & *Suynem* Belgis dicuntur tumuli Arenarii, & Q. Curt. Oceano objecti Gorop. Gallic. 1. alii.
(*r*) We yet call a deſert, a wilderneſs from this root.

It is called by Ethelwerd expreſsly *Immanis ſylva, quæ vulgo Andredſuuda nuncupatur*, and was (*s*) 120 miles long, and 30 broad. The author's conceit of theſe foreſts being nymphs of this great Andredſuuda, and their complaint for loſs of woods in Suſſex, ſo decayed, is plain enough to every reader.

As Arun which doth name the beauteous Arundel.

So it is conjectured, and is without controverſy juſtifiable, if that be the name of the river. Some fable it from Arundel, the name of Bevis' horſe: it were ſo as tolerable as (*t*) Bucephalon, from Alexander's horſe, (*u*) Tymenna in Lycia from a goat of that name, and ſuch like, if time would endure it: But Bevis was about the Conqueſt, and this town is by name of Erundele, known in time of King Alfred, (*w*) who gave it with others to his nephew Athelm. Of all men (*x*) Goropius had ſomewhat a violent conjecture, when he derived Harondell, from a people called Charudes (in Ptolomey, towards the utmoſt of the now Jutland) port of whom he imagines (about the Saxon and Daniſh irruptions) planted themſelves here, and by difference of dialect, left this as a branch ſprung of their country title.

And Adur coming on to Shoreham.

This river, that here falls into the ocean, might well be underſtood in that (*y*) port of Adur, about this coaſt, the reliques whereof, learned Camden takes to be Edrington, or Adrington, a little from Shoreham. And the author here ſo calls it Adur.

Doth bluſh, as put in mind of thoſe there ſadly ſlain.

In the plain near Haſtings, where the Norman William after his victory found King Harold ſlain, he built Battle-abbey, which at laſt (as divers other monaſteries) grew to a town enough populous. Thereabout is a place which after rain always looks red, which ſome (*z*) have (by that authority the muſe alſo) attributed to a very bloody ſweat of the earth, as crying to heaven for revenge of ſo great a ſlaughter.

(*s*) Hen. Huntingd. hiſt. 5. in Alfredo.
(*t*) Plutarch in Alex. & Q. Curt. lib. 9.
(*u*) Steph. περὶ πολ.
(*w*) Teſtament Alfred. ubi etiam. Ritheramſeild, Diccalingum, Armeringum, Feltham, & aliæ in hoc agro villæ legantur Oſfertho ejuſdem cognat.
(*x*) Gothodanic. lib. 7.
(*y*) Portus Adurni innotit. provinc.
(*z*) Guil. Parvus hiſt. 1. cap. 1.

POLY-OLBION:

THE EIGHTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Rother through the Weald doth rove,
Till he with Oxney fall in Love:
Rumney, would with her wealth beguile,
And win the river from the isle.
Medway, with her attending streams,
Goes forth to meet her Lord great Thames:
And where in breadth she her dispersés,
Our famous captains she rehearses,
With many of their valiant deeds,
Then with Kent's praise the muse proceeds,
And tells when Albion o'er sea rode,
How he his daughter-isles bestow'd;
And how grim Goodwin foams and frets:
Where to this Song an end she sets.

Our Argus scarcely yet delivered of her son,
When as the river down, through Andredsweald doth run:
Nor can the aged hill have comfort of her child.
For, living in the woods, her Rother waxed wild;
His banks with aged oaks, and bushes overgrown,
That from the Sylvans kind he hardly could be known:
Yea, many a time the nymphs, which hapt this flood to see,
Fled from him, whom they sure a satyr thought to be;
As satyr-like he held all pleasures in disdain,
And would not once vouchsafe, to look upon a plain;
Till chancing in his course to view a goodly plot,
Which Albion in his youth upon a sea-nymph got,
For Oxney's love he pines: who being wildly chaste, [brac'd.
And never woo'd before, was coy'd to be em-
But, what obdurate heart was ever so perverse,
Whom yet a lover's plaints, with patience could not pierce?
For, in this conflict she being lastly overthrown,
In isled in his arms, he clips her for his own.
Who being gross and black, she lik'd the river well.
Of Rother's happy match, when Rumney marsh heard tell,
Whilst in his youthful course himself he doth apply,
And falleth in her sight into the sea at Rye,
She thinketh with herself how she a way might find
To put the homely isle quite out of Rother's mind;

Appearing to the flood, moſt bravely like a queen,
Clad all from head to foot, in gaudy ſummer's green;
Her mantle richly wrought, with ſundry flowers and weeds;
Her moiſtful temples bound, with wreaths of quivering reeds:
Which looſely flowing down, upon her luſty thighs, [eyes.
Moſt ſtrongly ſeem to tempt the river's amorous
And on her loins a frock, with many a ſwelling plait,
Imboſs'd with well-ſpread horſe, large ſheep, and full-fed neat.
Some wallowing in the graſs, there lie a while to batten; [fatten;
Some ſent away to kill; ſome thither brought to
With villages amongſt, oft powthered here and there; [appear)
And (that the ſame more like to landſkip ſhould
With lakes and leſſer fords, to mitigate the heat
(In ſummer when the fly doth prick the gadding neat,
Forc'd from the brakes, where late they brouz'd the velvet buds)
In which, they lick their hides, and chew their ſavoury cuds.
Of theſe her amorous toys, when Oxney came to know,
Suſpecting leſt in time her rival ſhe might grow,
Th' allurements of the marſh the jealous iſle doth move, [love:
That to a conſtant courſe, ſhe thus perſuades her
'With Rumney though for dower I ſtand in no 'degree;
'In this, to be belov'd yet liker far than ſhe:
'Though I be brown, in me there doth no ſavour 'lack, [black.
'The foul is ſaid deform'd: and ſhe, extremely
'And though her rich attire, ſo curious be and 'rare, [air:
'From her there yet proceeds unwholeſome putrid
'Where my complexion more ſuits with the high-'er ground,
'Upon the luſty Weald, where ſtrength doth ſtill 'abound.
'The wood-gods I refus'd, that ſu'd to me for 'grace,
'Me in thy wat'ry arms, thee ſuff'ring to embrace;
'Where, to great Neptune ſhe may one day be a 'prey:
'The ſea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day.
'And what, though of her ſtrength ſhe ſeem to 'make no doubt? [out.'
'Yet put unto the proof ſhe'll hardly hold him
With this perſuaſive ſpeech which Oxney lately us'd;
With ſtrange and ſundry doubts, whilſt Rother ſtood confus'd,
Old (*a*) Andredſweald at length doth take her time to tell
The changes of the world, that ſince her youth befel,

(*a*) See Song 17.

When yet upon her ſoil, ſcarce human foot had trod;
A place where only then the Sylvans made abode.
Where, fearleſs of the hunt, the hart ſecurely ſtood,
And every where walk'd free, a burgeſs of the wood;
Until thoſe Daniſh routs, whom hunger-ſtarv'd at home, [roam.
(Like wolves purſuing prey) about the world did
And ſtemming the rude ſtream dividing us from France,
Into the ſpacious mouth of Rother fell (by chance)
§ That Lymen then was nam'd, when (with moſt irkſome care)
The heavy Daniſh yoke, the ſervile Engliſh bare.
And when at laſt ſhe found, there was no way to leave [receive;
Thoſe, whom ſhe had at firſt been forced to
And by her great reſort, ſhe was through very need,
Conſtrained to provide her peopled towns to feed.
She learn'd the churliſh ax and rwybill to prepare,
The ſteel the coulter's edge, and ſharp the furrowing ſhare:
And more induſtrious ſtill, and only hating ſloth,
A houſewife ſhe became, moſt ſkill'd in making cloth.
That now the draper comes from London every year,
And of the Kentiſh ſorts makes his proviſion there,
Whoſe ſkirts ('tis ſaid) at firſt that fifty furlongs went, [Kent.
Have loſt their ancient bounds, now (*b*) limited in
Which ſtrongly to improve, ſhe Medway forth did bring, [ſpring
From Suſſex who ('tis known) receives her ſilver
Who tow'rds the lordly Thames, as ſhe along doth ſtrain,
Where Teiſe, clear Beule, and Len bear up her limber train
As ſhe removes in ſtate: ſo for her more renown,
Her only name ſhe leaves, t' her only (*c*) chriſt'ned town;
And Rocheſter doth reach, in ent'ring to the bower [ramour.
Of that moſt matchleſs Thames, her princely pa-
Whoſe boſom doth ſo pleaſe her ſovereign (with her pride)
Whereas the royal fleet continually doth ride,
That where ſhe told her Thames, ſhe did intend to ſing
What to the Engliſh name immortal praiſe ſhould bring;
To grace his goodly queen, Thames preſently proclaims, [names,
That all the Kentiſh floods, reſigning him their
Should preſently repair unto his mighty hall,
And by the poſting tides, towards London ſends to call
Clear Ravenſburn (though ſmall, remembered them among) [along,
At Deptford ent'ring. Whence as down ſhe comes

(*b*) The Weald of Kent.
(*c*) Maidſtone, *i. e.* Medway's town.

She Darent thither warns: who calls her ſiſter Cray,
Which haſten to the court with all the ſpeed they may.
And but that Medway then of Thames obtain'd ſuch grace,
Except her country nymphs, that none ſhould be in place,
More rivers from each part, had inſtantly been there,
Than at their marriage, firſt, by (*d*) Spenſer numb'red were.
This Medway ſtill had nurs'd thoſe navies in her road,
Our armies that had oft to conqueſt borne abroad;
And not a man of ours, for arms hath famous been,
Whom ſhe not going out, or coming in hath ſeen:
Or by ſome paſſing ſhip, hath news to her been brought,
What brave exploits they did; as where, and how they fought.
Wherefore, for audience now, ſhe to th' aſſembly calls,
The captains to recite when ſeriouſly ſhe falls.
'Of noble warriors now, ſaith ſhe, ſhall be my 'ſong; [ſprung.
'Of thoſe renowned ſpirits, that from the conqueſt
'Of th' Engliſh Norman blood: which, matchleſs 'for their might,
'Have with their flaming ſwords, in many a 'dreadful fight,
'Illuſtrated this iſle, and bore her fame ſo far;
'Our heroes, which the firſt wan, in that holy war,
'Such fear from every foe, and made the eaſt 'more red,
'With ſplendour of their arms, than when from 'Tithon's bed
'The bluſhing dawn doth break; towards which 'our fame begun,
'By Robert (Curt-hoſe call'd) the Conqueror's 'eldeſt ſon,
'Who with great Godfrey and that holy hermit 'went
'The ſepulchre to free, with moſt devout intent.
'And to that title which the Norman William got,
'When in our conqueſt here, he ſtrove t' include 'the Scot,
'The general of out power, that ſtout and war- 'like earl, [merle;
'Who Engliſh being born, was ſtil'd of Aube-
'Thoſe Lacyes then no leſs courageous, which 'had there [were.
'The leading of the day, all brave commanders
'Sir Walter Eſpeck, matcht with Peverel, 'which as far [war,
'Adventur'd for our fame: who in that biſhops
'Immortal honour got to Stephen's troubled reign:
'That day ten thouſand Scots upon the field were 'ſlain.
'The Earl of Strigule then our Strongbow, firſt 'that won
'Wild Ireland with the ſword (which, to the glo- 'rious ſun,
'Lifts up his nobler name) amongſt the reſt may 'ſtand.
'In Cœur de Lyon's charge unto the holy land,
'Our Earl of Le'ſter, next, to rank with them we 'bring:
'And Turnham, he that took th' impoſt'rous Cy- 'prian king.
'Strong Tuchet choſe to wield the Engliſh ſtan- 'dard there;
'Pole, Gourney, Nevil, Gray, Lyle, Ferres, Mor- 'timer:
'And more, for want of pens whoſe deeds not 'brought to light, [right.
'It grieves my zealous ſoul, I cannot do them
'The noble Pembroke then, who, Strongbow 'did ſucceed,
'Like his brave grandſire, made th' revolting 'Iriſh bleed,
'When yielding oft, they oft their due ſubjection 'broke; [liſh yoke,
'And when the Britons ſcorn'd to bear the Eng-
'Lewellin Prince of Wales in battle overthrew,
'Nine thouſand valiant Welſh and either took or 'ſlew.
'Earl Richard, his brave ſon, of Strongbow's 'matchleſs ſtrain,
'As he a Marſhal was, did in himſelf retain
'The nature of that word, being martial, like his 'name:
'Who, as his valiant ſire, the Iriſh oft did tame.
'With him we may compare Mariſco (king of 'men [then
'That Lord Chief Juſtice was of Ireland, whereas
'Thoſe two brave Burrowes, John, and Richard, 'had their place,
'Which through the bloodied bogs, thoſe Iriſh 'oft did chaſe;
'Whoſe deeds may with the reſt deſervedly be read.
'As thoſe two Lacyes then, our Engliſh powers 'that led:
'Which twenty thouſand, there, did in one battle 'quell,
'Amongſt whom (trodden down) the King of 'Conaught fell.
'Then Richard, that lov'd Earl of Cornwal, 'here we ſet:
'Who, rightly of the race of Great Plantagenet,
'Our Engliſh armies ſhipt, to gain that hallowed 'ground,
'With Long-ſword the brave ſon of beauteous 'Roſamond:
'The Pagans through the beaſts, like thunder- 'bolts that ſhot;
'And in the utmoſt eaſt ſuch admiration got,
'That the ſhril-founding blaſt, and terror of our 'fame [came:
'Hath often conquered, where our ſwords yet never
'As Gifford, not forgot, their ſtout aſſociate there.
'So in the wars with Wales, of ours as famous here,
'Guy Beauchamp, that great Earl of Warwick, 'place ſhall have:
'From whom the Cambrian hills the Welchmen 'could not ſave;

(*d*) In the Fairy Queen.

' Whom he, their general plague, impetuouſly
' purſu'd, [imbru'd.
' And in the Britiſh gore his ſlaughtering ſword
' In order as they riſe (next Beauchamp) we
' prefer [Mortimer;
The Lord John Gifford, match'd with Edmond
' Men rightly moulded up, for high advent'rous
' deeds.
' In this renowned rank of warriors then ſuc-
' ceeds [guide;
' Walwin, who with ſuch ſkill our armies oft did
' In many a dangerous ſtraight, that had his
' knowledge try'd,
' And in that fierce aſſault, which caus'd the fatal
flight, [right,
' Where the diſtreſſed Welſh reſign'd their ancient
' Stout Frampton: by whoſe hand, their Prince
' Lewellin fell.
' Then followeth (as the firſt who have deſerv'd
' as well)
' Great St. John; from the French, which twice
' recovered Guyn: [ſhine,
' And he, all him before that clearly did out-
' Warren, the puiſſant Earl of Surrey, which led
' forth
' Our Engliſh armies oft into our utmoſt north;
' And oft of his approach made Scotland quake to
' hear,
' When Tweed hath ſunk down flat, within her
' banks for fear.
' On him there ſhall attend, that moſt adventu-
' rous Twhing, [bring
' That at Scambekin fight, the Engliſh off did
' Before the furious Scot, that elſe were like to fall.
' As Baſſet, laſt of theſe, yet not the leaſt of all
' Thoſe moſt renowned ſpirits that Fowkerk
' bravely fought; [brought.
' Where Longſhanks, to our lore, Albania laſtly
' As, when our Edward firſt his title did ad-
' vance, [France,
' And led his Engliſh hence, to win his right in
' That moſt deſerving Earl of Derby we prefer,
' Henry's third valiant ſon, the Earl of Lancaſter,
' That only Mars of men; who (as a general
' ſcourge,
' Sent by juſt-judging heaven, outrageous France
' to purge)
' At Cagant plagu'd the power of Flemings that
' ſhe rais'd, [ſeas'd,
' Againſt the Engliſh force: which as a handfell
' Into her very heart he marcht in warlike wiſe;
' Took Bergera, Langobeck, Mountdurant, and
' Mountguyſe;
' Leau, Poudra, and Punach, Mount-Segre, Forſa
' won;
' Mountpeſans, and Beaumont, the Ryal, Aiguil-
' lon,
' Rochmillon, Mauleon, Franch, and Angoliſme
' ſurpris'd;
' With caſtles, cities, forts, nor provinces ſuffic'd.
' Then took the Earl of Leyle: to conduct whom
' there came
' Nine viſcounts, lords, and earls, aſtoniſh'd at his
' name.

' To Gaſcoyne then he goes (to plague her, being
' preſt)
' And manfully himſelf of Mirabel poſſeſt;
' Surgeres, and Alnoy, Benoon, and Mortain
' ſtruck:
' And with a fearful ſiege, he Taleburg laſtly took;
' With proſperous ſucceſs, in leſſer time did win
' Maximien, Luſingham, Mount-ſorrel, and Bo-
' vin; [treaſure hold;
' Sackt Poictiers: which did, then, that country's
' That not a man of ours would touch what was
' not gold.
' With whom our (e) Maney here deſervedly
' doth ſtand,
' Which firſt inventor was of that courageous
' band, [freed,
Who clos'd their left eyes up; as, never to be
' Till there they had atchiev'd ſome high adven-
' t'rous deed.
' He firſt into the preſs at Cagant conflict flew;
' And from amidſt a grove of gleaves, and hal-
' berds drew
' Great Derby beaten down; t' amaze the men of
' war, [Lancaſter:
' When he for England cry'd, St. George, and
' And as mine author tells (in his high courage
' proud)
' Before his going forth, unto his miſtreſs vow'd,
' He would begin the war: and, to make good the
' ſame,
' Then ſetting foot in France, there firſt with ho-
' ſtile flame
' Forc'd Mortain, from her towers, the neigh-
' bouring towns to light;
' That ſuddenly they caught a fever with the
' fright. [made;
' Thin caſtle (near the town of Cambray) ours he
' And when the Spaniſh powers came (f) Britain
' to invade,
' Both of their aids and ſpoils, them utterly bereft.
' This Engliſh Lion, there, the Spaniards never left,
' Till from all air of France, he made their Lewis
' fly.
' And fame herſelf, to him, ſo amply did apply,
' That when the moſt unjuſt Calicians had fore-
' thought,
' Into that town (then ours) the Frenchmen to
' have brought,
' The (g) king of England's ſelf, and his renown-
' ſon [done)
' By thoſe perfidious French to ſee what would be
' Under his guydon march, as private ſoldiers
' there. [were;
' So had we ſtill of ours, in France that famous
' Warwick, of England then high-conſtable that
' was,
' As other of that race, here well I cannot paſs;
' That brave and godlike brood of Beauchamps,
' which ſo long
' Them Earls of Warwick held; ſo hardy, great,
' and ſtrong,

(e) Sir Walter Maney.
(f) Little Britain in France.
(g) Edward III. and the Black Prince.

'That after of that name it to an adage grew,
'If any man himſelf advent'rous hapt to ſhew,
'(*b*) Bold Beauchamp men him term'd, if none
'ſo bold as he.
'With thoſe our Beauchamps, may our Bour-
'chers reck'ned be,
'Of which, that valiant lord, moſt famous in
'thoſe days,
'That hazarded in France ſo many dangerous
'frays:
'Whoſe blade in all the fights betwixt the French
'and us,
'Like to a blazing ſtar was ever ominous;
'A man, as if by Mars upon Bellona got.
'Next him, ſtout Cobham comes, that with as
'proſp'rous lot
'Th' Engliſhmen hath led; by whoſe auſpicious
'hand,
'We often have been known the Frenchmen to
'command.
'And Harcourt, though by birth an alien; yet,
'ours woo,
'By England after held her dear adopted ſon:
'Which oft upon our part was bravely prov'd to
'do,
'Who with the hard'ſt attempts fame earneſtly
'did woo:
'To Paris-ward, that when the Amyens fled by
'ſtealth
'(Within her mighty walls to have inclos'd their
'wealth)
'Before her bulwark'd gates the burgeſſes he
'took;
'Whilſt the Pariſians, thence that ſadly ſtood to
'look,
'And ſaw their faithful friends ſo woefully be-
'ſtead,
'Not once durſt iſſue out to help them, for their
'head.
'And our John Copland; here courageouſly
'at home
'(Whilſt every where in France, thoſe far abroad
'do roam)
'That at Newcaſtle fight (the battle of the queen,
'Where moſt the Engliſh hearts were to their ſo-
'vereign ſeen)
'Took David king of Scots, his priſoner in the
'fight,
'Nor could theſe wars employ our only men of
'might:
'But as the queen by theſe did mighty things
'atchieve;
'So thoſe, to Britain ſent the counteſs to relieve,
'As any yet of ours, two knights as much that
'dar'd,
'Stout Danghorn, and with him ſtrong Hartwel
'honour ſhar'd;
'The dreaded Charles de Bloys, that at Rochdar-
'ren beat,
'And on the royal ſeat, the counteſs Mountfort
'ſet.
'In each place where they came ſo fortunate
'were ours,
'Then, Audly, moſt renowned amongſt thoſe
'valiant powers,
'That with the Prince of Wales at conquer'd
'Poictiers fought;
'Such wonders that in arms before both armies
'wrought;

(*b*) Bold Beauchamp; a proverb.

'The firſt that charg'd the French; and, all tha
'dreadful day,
'Through ſtill renewing worlds of danger made
'his way;
'The man that ſcorn'd to take a priſoner (through
'his pride)
'But by plain down-right death the title to de-
'cide.
'And after the retreat that famous battle done,
'Wherein rich ſpacious France was by the Engliſh
'won,
'Five hundred marks in fee, that nobleſt prince
'beſtow'd
'For his ſo brave attempts, through his high
'courage ſhow'd.
'Which to his four Eſquires (*i*) he freely gave,
'who there
'Vy'd valour with their lord; and in deſpight
'of fear,
'Oft fetcht that day from death, where wounds
'gap'd wide as hell;
'And cries, and parting groans, whereas the
'Frenchmen fell,
'Even made the victors grieve, ſo horrible they
were,
'Our Dabridgcourt the next ſhall be remem-
'bred here,
'At Poictiers who brake in upon the Alman
horſe,
'Through his too forward ſpeed: but, taken by
'their force,
'And after, by the turn of that ſo doubtful fight,
'Being reſcu'd by his friends in Poictiers' fearful
'fight,
'Then like a lion rang'd about th' enemy's hoſt:
'And where he might ſuppoſe the danger to be
moſt,
'Like lightning entred there, to his French foes
diſmay,
'To gratify his friends which reſcued him that
'day.
'Then Chandos: whoſe great deeds found
'fame ſo much to do,
'That ſhe was laſtly forc'd, him for her eaſe to
'woo;
'That minion of dread Mars, which almoſt over-
ſhone
'All thoſe before him were, and for him none
'ſcarce known,
'At Cambray's ſcaled wall his credit firſt that
won;
'And by the high exploits in France by him were
'done,
'Had all ſo over-aw'd, that by his very name
'He could remove a ſiege; and cities where he
'came
'Would at his ſummons yield. That man, the
'moſt belov'd,
'In all the ways of war ſo ſkilful and approv'd,
'The (*k*) Prince at Poictiers choſe his perſon to
'aſſiſt.
'This ſtout Herculean ſtem, this noble martialiſt,
'In battle 'twixt brave Bloys and noble Mount-
'fort, try'd
'At Array, then the right of Britain to decide,
'Rag'd like a furious ſtorm beyond the power of
'man,
'Where valiant Charles was ſlain, and the ſtern
Engliſh wan

(*i*) The honourable bounty of the Lord Audley.
(*k*) The Black Prince.

'The royal Britiſh rule to Mountfort's nobler
'name.
'He took ſtrong Tarryers in, and Anjou oft did
'tame.
'Gavaches he regain'd, and us Rochmador got.
'Where-ever lay'd he ſiege that he inveſted not?
'As this brave warrior was, ſo no leſs dear to
'us,
'The rival in his fame, his only æmulus,
'Renown'd Sir Robert Knowles, that in his glo-
'ries ſhar'd,
'His chivalry and oft in preſent perils dar'd;
'As nature ſhould with time, at once by theſe
'conſent [ſpent.
'To ſhow, that all their ſtore they idly had not
'He Vermandoiſe o'er-ran with ſkill and courage
'high;
'Notoriouſly he plagu'd revolting Picardy:
'That up to Paris walls did all before him win,
'And dar'd her at her gates (the king that time
'within)
'A man that all his deeds did dedicate to fame.
'Then thoſe ſtout Percyes, John, and Thomas,
'men of name.
'The valiant Gourney, next, deſervedly we grace,
'And Howet, that with him aſſumes as high a
'place.
'Strong Trivet, all whoſe ends at great adven-
'tures ſhot: [lot,
'That conqur'd us Mount Pin, and caſtle Carci-
'As famous in the French, as in the Belgic war;
'Who took the Lord Brimewe; and with the
'great Navarre,
'In Papaloon, attain'd an everlaſting praiſe.
'Couregeous Carill next, than whom thoſe glo-
'rious days
'Produc'd not any ſpirit that through more dan-
'gers ſwam.
'That princely Thomas next, the Earl of Buck-
'ingham,
'To Brittany through France that our ſtout En-
'gliſh brought,
'Which under his command with ſuch high for-
'tune fought
'As put the world in fear Rome from her cin-
'ders roſe,
'And of this earth again meant only to diſpoſe.
'Thrice valiant Hackwood then, out-ſhining all
'the reſt,
'From London at the firſt a poor mean ſoldier
preſt
'(That time but very young) to thoſe great wars
'in France,
'By his brave ſervice there himſelf did ſo ad-
'vance, [done
'That afterward, the heat of thoſe great battles
'(In which he to his name immortal glory won)
'Leading ſix thouſand horſe, let his brave guy-
'don fly.
'So, paſſing through eaſt France, and ent'ring
Lombardy,
'By th' greatneſs of his fame, attain'd ſo high
'command,
'That to his charge he got the white Italian
band,
'With (*l*) Mountferato then in all his wars he
'went:
'Whoſe clear report abroad by fames ſhrill trum-
'pet ſent,
'Wrought, that with rich rewards him Milan
'after won, [gun;
'To aid her, in her wars with Mantua then be-
'By (*m*) Barnaby, there made the Milaneſes'
'guide:
'His daughter, who, to him, fair Domina, affy'd.
'For Gregory then the twelfth, he dangerous
'battles ſtroke,
'And with a noble ſiege revolted Pavia took.
'And there, as fortune roſe, or as ſhe did decline,
'Now with the Piſan ſerv'd, then with the Flo-
'rentine:
'The uſe of th' Engliſh bows to Italy that
'brought;
'By which he, in thoſe wars, ſeem'd wonders to
'have wrought.
'Our Henry Hotſpur next, for high atchieve-
'ment meet,
'Who with the thundring noiſe of his ſwift
'courſers feet,
'Aſtun'd the earth, that day, that he in Holm-
'don's ſtrife
'Took Douglas, with the Earls of Angus, and of
'Fyfe.
'And whilſt thoſe hardy Scots, upon the firm
'earth bled,
'With his revengeful ſword ſwicht after them
'that fled.
'Then Calverly, which keeps us Calais with
'ſuch ſkill, [fill:
'His honour'd room ſhall have our catalogue to
'Who, when th' rebellious French, their liberty
'to gain,
'From us our ancient right unjuſtly did detain
'(T' let Bullen underſtand our juſt conceived ire)
'Her ſuburbs, and her ſhips, ſent up to heaven in
'fire *e*
'Eſtaples then toke in that day ſhe held her fair,
'Whoſe merchandiſe he let his ſoldiers freely
'ſhare;
'And got us back Saint Marks, which looſely we
'had loſt. [moſt,
'Amongſt theſe famons men, of us deſerving
'In theſe of great'ſt report, we glorioufly prefer,
'For that his naval fight, John Duke of Exeter;
'The puiſſant fleet of Jean (which France to her
'did call)
'Who mercileſsly ſunk, and ſlew her admiral.
'And one, for ſingle fight, amongſt our mar-
'tial men,
'Deſerves remembrance here as worthily again;
'Our Clifford, that brave, young, and moſt cou-
'rageous ſquire:
'Who thoroughly provok'd, and in a great deſire
'Unto the Engliſh name a high report to win,
'Slew Bockmel hand to hand at caſtle Jocelin,
'Suppos'd the nobleſt ſpirit that France could
'then produce. [muſe,
'Now, forward to thy taſk proceed, induſtrious

(*l*) The Marquiſe of Montferato.
(*m*) Brother to Galeazo, Viſcount of Milan.

'To him, above them all, our power that did ad-
'vance;
'John Duke of Bedford, ſtyl'd the fire-brand to
'ſad France: [ſent,
'Who to remove the foe from ſieged Harflew,
'Affrighted them like death; and as at ſea he
'went,
'The huge French navy fir'd, when horrid Nep-
'tune roar'd,
'The whilſt thoſe mighty ſhips out of their ſcup-
'pers pour'd [face.
'Their trayterous cluttred gore upon his wrinkled
'He took ſtrong Ivery in: and like his kingly
'race,
'There down before Vernoyle the Engliſh ſtand-
'ard ſtuck: [luck,
'And having on his helm his conquering brother's
'Alanzon on the field and doughty Douglaſs laid,
'Which brought the Scottiſh power unto the
'Dauphin's aid;
'And with his fatal ſword, gave France her fill
'of death,
'Till wearied with her wounds, ſhe gaſping lay
'for breath. [abet,
'Then, as if powerful heaven our part did there
'Still did one noble ſpirit, a noble ſpirit beget.
'So, Saliſbury aroſe; from whom, as from a
'ſource [force.
'All valour ſeem'd to flow, and to maintain her
'From whom not all their forts could hold our
'treacherous foes. [loſe.
'Pontmelance he regain'd, which ours before did
'Againſt the envious French, at Cravant then
'came on;
'As ſometime at the ſiege of high-rear'd Ilion,
'The gods deſcending, mix'd with mortals in the
'fight: [might,
'And in his leading, ſhow'd ſuch valour and ſuch
'As though his hand had held a more than earth-
'ly power;
'Took Stuart in the field, and general Vantadour,
'The French and Scottiſh force that day, which
'bravely led; [fled.
'Where few at all eſcap'd, and yet the wounded
'Mount Aguilon, and Mouns, great Saliſbury
'ſurpris'd:
'§ What time (I think in hell) that (p) inſtru-
'ment deviſ'd,
'The firſt appeared in France, as a prodigious
'birth
'To plague the wretched world, ſent from the
'envious earth;
'Whoſe very roaring ſeem'd the mighty round
'to ſhake,
'As though of all again it would a chaos make.
'This famous general then got Gwerland to our
'uſe,
'And Malicorne made our's, with Loupland, and
'La Suiſe, [Lyle,
'St. Bernard's Fort, St. Kales, St. Suſan, Mayon,
'The Hermitage, Mountſeure, Baugency, and
'Yanvile.

'Then he (in all her ſhapes that dreadful war
'had ſeen,
'And that with danger oft ſo converſant had been,
'As for her threats at laſt he ſeem'd not once to
'care,
'And fortune to her face advent'rouſly durſt dare)
'The Earl of Suffolk, Poole, the marſhal that
'great day
'At Agincourt, where France before us proſtrate
'lay
'(Our battles every where that Hector-like ſup-
'ply'd,
'And march'd o'er murder'd piles of French-
'men as they dy'd)
'Inveſted Aubemerle, rich Cowcy making our's,
'And at the Biſhop's Park o'erthrew the dau-
'phin's powers.
'Through whoſe long time in war, his credit ſo
'increas'd,
'That he ſupply'd the room of Saliſbury deceas'd.
'In this our warlike rank, the two ſtout Af-
'tons then,
'Sir Richard and Sir John, ſo truly valiant men,
'That ages yet to come ſhall hardly over-top 'em,
'Umfrevil, Peachy, Franch, Montgomery, Felton,
'Popham.
'All men of great command, and highly that de-
'ſerv'd:
'Courageous Ramſton next, ſo faithfully that
'ſerv'd
'At Paris, and St. James de Beneon, where we
'gave,
'The French thoſe deadly foils, that ages ſince
'deprave
'The credit of thoſe times, with theſe ſo won-
'd'rous things,
'The memory of which, great Warwick for-
'ward brings.
'Who (as though in his blood he conqueſt did
'inherit,
'Or in the very name there were ſome ſecret ſpirit)
'Being choſen for theſe wars in our great re-
'gent's place
'(A deadly foe to France, like his brave Ro-
'man race)
'The caſtilets of Loyre, of Maiet, and of Lund,
'Mountdublian, and the ſtrong Pountorſon beat
'to ground.
'Then he, above them all, himſelf that fought
'to raiſe,
'Upon ſome mountain top, like a Piramides;
'Our Talbot, to the French ſo terrible in war,
'That with his very name their babes they us'd
'to ſcar,
'Took in the ſtrong Lavall, and Main all over ran,
'As the betrayed Mons he from the marſhal wan,
'And from the treacherous foe our valiant Suf-
'folk freed.
'His ſharp and dreadful ſword made France ſo
'oft to bleed,
'Till fainting with her wounds, ſhe on her wreck
'did fall;
'Took Ioing, where he hung her traitors on the
'wall;

(p) Great ordnance.

And with as fair ſucceſs won Beaumant upon
' Oyſe,
' The new town in Eſmoy, and Criſpin in Valloyes:
' Creile, with St. Maxine's-Bridge; and at Au-
' ranche's aid,
' Before whoſe batter'd walls the foe was ſtrong-
' ly laid,
' March'd in, as of the ſiege at all he had not
' known;
' And happily reliev'd the hardly-gotten Roan:
' Who at the very hint came with auſpicious feet,
' Whereas the traiterous French he miſerably beat.
' And having overſpread all Picardy with war,
' Proud Burgaine to the field he laſtly ſent to dare,
' Which with his Engliſh friends ſo oft his faith
' had broke:
' Whoſe countries he made mourn in clouds of
' ſmouldring ſmoak:
' Then Guyſors he again, then did St. Denis raze:
' His parallel, with him, the valiant Scales we
' praiſe;
' Which oft put ſword to ſword, and foot to foot
' did ſet:
' And that the firſt alone the garland might not get,
' With him hath hand in hand leap'd into dan-
' ger's jaws;
' And oft would forward put, where Talbot ſtood
' to pauſe;
' Equality in fame, which with an equal lot,
' Both at St. Denis' ſiege, and batter'd Guyſors got.
' Before Pont-Orſon's walls, who, when great
' Warwick lay
' (And he with ſoldiers ſent a foraging for prey)
' Six thouſand French o'erthrew with half their
' numbred powers,
' And abſolutely made both Main and Anjou ours.
' To Willoughby the next, the place by turn
' doth fall; [all:
' Whoſe courage likely was to bear it from them
' With admiration oft on whom they ſtood to
' look,
' St. Vallery's proud gates that off the hinges
' ſhook:
' In Burgundy that forc'd the recreant French to
' fly, [dy:
' And beat the rebels down diſordering Norman-
' That Amiens near laid waſte (whoſe ſtrengths
' her could not ſave)
' And the perfidious French out of the country
' drave.
' With theſe, another troop of noble ſpirits
' there ſprung,
' That with the foremoſt preſt into the warlike
' throng.
' The firſt of whom we place that ſtout Sir Phi-
' lip Hall,
' So famous in the fight againſt the Count St. Paul,
' That Crotoy us regain'd: and in the conflict
' 'twixt
' The Engliſh and the French, that with the Scot
' were mix'd,
' On proud Charles Clermont won that admira-
' ble day.
' Strong Faſtolph with this man compare we
' juſt'ly may,
' By Saliſbury who oft being ſeriouſly employ'd
' In many a brave attempt, the general foe an-
' noy'd:
' With excellent ſucceſs in Main and Anjou fought:
' And many a bulwark there into our keeping
' brought;
' And choſen to go forth with Vadamont in war,
' Moſt reſolutely took proud Renate duke of Barre.
' The valiant Draytons then, Sir Richard and
' Sir John,
' By any Engliſh ſpirits yet hardly overgone;
' The ſame they got in France, with coſtly wounds
' that bought: [fought.
' In Gaſcony and Guyne, who oft and ſtoutly
' Then, valiant Matthew Gough: for whom
' the Engliſh were
' Much bound to noble Wales in all our battles
' there,
' Or ſieging or beſieg'd that never fail'd our force,
' Oft hazarding his blood in many a deſperate
' courſe.
' He beat the Baſtard Balme with his ſelected band,
' And at his caſtle-gate ſurpriz'd him hand to
' hand,
' And ſpight of all his power away him priſoner
' bare.
' Our hardy Burdet then with him we will
' compare,
' Beſieg'd within St. James de Beneon, iſſuing out,
' Crying Saliſbury, St. George, with ſuch a horrid
' ſhout,
' That cleft the wand'ring clouds; and with his
' valiant crew
' Upon the envied French like hungry lions flew,
' And Arthur Earl of Eure and Richmont took
' in fight:
' Then following them (in heat) the army put
' to flight:
' The Briton, French, and Scot, receiv'd a gene-
' ral ſack,
' As, flying, one fell ſtill upon another's back;
' Where our ſix hundred ſlew ſo many thouſands
' more.
' At our ſo good ſucceſs, that once a Frenchman
' ſwore [ſide,
' That God was wholly turn'd unto the Engliſh
' And to aſſiſt the French the Devil had deny'd.
' Then here our Kerril claims his room amongſt
' the reſt, [beſt.
' Who juſtly, if compar'd, might match our very
' He in our wars in France with our great Tal-
' bot oft,
' With Willoughby and Scales, now down, and
' then aloft,
' Endur'd the ſundry turns of often varying fate;
' At Clermont ſeiz'd the earl before his city gate,
' Eight hundred faithleſs French who took or put
' to ſword;
' And, by his valour, twice to Artois us reſtor'd.
' In this our ſervice then great Arondel doth
' enſue,
' The marſhal Bouſack who in Beuvoys overthrew;
' And in deſpight of France and all her power,
' did win [lin;
' The caſtles Darle, Nellay, St. Lawrence, Bome-

'Took Silly, and Count Lore at Sellerin ſubdu'd,
'Where with her owner's blood, her buildings he
'imbru'd:
'Revolted Loveers fack'd, and manfully ſuppreſt
'Thoſe rebels that ſo oft did Normandy moleſt.
'As Poynings, ſuch high praiſe in Guelder-
'land that got,
'On the Savoyan ſide, that with our Engliſh ſhot
'Struck warlike Aiſk, and Straule, when Flanders
'ſhook with fear.
'As Howard, by whoſe hand we ſo renowned
'were;
'Whoſe great ſucceſs at ſea, much fam'd our
'Engliſh fleet:
'That in a naval fight the Scottiſh Barton beat;
'And ſetting foot in France, her horribly did
'fright:
'(As if great Chandos' ghoſt, or feared Talbot's
'ſp'rit
'Had come to be their ſcourge, their fame again
'to earn)
'Who having ſtoutly fack'd both Narbin and De-
'verne,
'The caſtles of De Boyes, of Fringes, took us there,
'Of Columburge, of Rew, of Dorlans, and Da-
'veere;
'In Scotland, and again the marches eaſt to weſt,
'Did with invaſive war moſt terribly infeſt.
'A nobler of that name, the Earl of Surry then,
'That famous heroe fit both for the ſpear and pen
'(From Flodden's doubtful fight, that forward
'Scottiſh king
'In his victorious troop who home with him
'did bring)
'Rebellious Ireland ſcourg'd, in Britany and wan
'Us Morles. Happy time that breed'ſt ſo brave
'a man!
'To Cobham, next, the place deſervedly doth
'fall: [miral,
'In France who then employed with our great ad-
'In his ſucceſsful road blew Sellois up in fire,
'Took Bottingham and Bruce, with Samkerke
'and Manſier.
'Our Peachy, nor our Carre, nor Thomas, ſhall
'be hid,
'That at the field of Spurres by Tirwyn ſtoutly
'did.
'Sands, Guyldſard, Palmer, Lyle, Fitzwilliams
'and with them,
'Brave Dacres, Muſgrave, Bray, Coe, Wharton,
'Jerningham,
'Great martialiſts, and men that were renowed far
'At ſea; ſome in the French, ſome in the Scot-
'tiſh war.
'Courageous Randolph then, that ſerv'd with
great command,
'Before Newhaven firſt, and then in Ireland.
'The long-renown'd Lord Gray, whoſe ſpirit we
'oft did try;
'A man that with dread Mars ſtood in account
'moſt high.
'Sir Thomas Morgan then, much fame to us
'that wan, [gan:
'When in our maiden reign the Belgic war be-
'Who with our friends the Dutch, for England
'ſtoutly ſtood,
'When Netherland firſt learn'd to laviſh gold
'and blood.
'Sir Roger Williams next (of both which Wales
'might vaunt)
'His martial compeer then, and brave commili-
'tant:
'Whoſe conflicts, with the French and Spaniſh
'manly fought,
'Much honour to their names, and to the Britons
'brought.
'Th' Lord Willoughby may well be reckon'd
'with the reſt,
'Inferior not a whit to any of our beſt;
'A man ſo made for war, as though from Pal-
'las ſprung.
'Sir Richard Bingham then our valiant men among,
'Himſelf in Belgia well, and Ireland, who did
'bear;
'Our only ſchools of war this later time that were.
'As Stanly, whoſe brave act at Zurphen's ſervice
'done, [won.
'Much glory to the day, and him his knighthood
'Our nobleſt Norris next, whoſe fame ſhall ne-
'ver die [tany:
'Whilſt Belgia ſhall be known; or there's a Bri-
'In whoſe brave height of ſpirit, time ſeem'd as
'to reſtore
'Thoſe, who to th' Engliſh name ſuch honour
'gain'd of yore.
'Great Eſſex of our peers the laſt that e'er we
'knew; [new;
'Th' old world's heroes lives who likeli'ſt did re-
'The ſoldier's only hope, who ſtoutly ſerv'd in
'France; [vance
'And on the towers of Cales as proudly did ad-
'Our Engliſh enſigns then, and made Iberia quake.
'When as our warlike fleet rode on the ſurging
'lake,
'T' receive that city's ſpoil, which ſet her bat-
'ter'd gate
'Wide ope, t' affrighted Spain to ſee her wretch-
'ed ſtate.
'Next, Charles, Lord Mountjoy, ſent to Ire-
'land to ſuppreſs
'The envious rebel there; by whoſe moſt fair
'ſucceſs,
'The trowzed Iriſh led by their unjuſt Tyrone,
'And the proud Spaniſh force were juſtly over-
'thrown.
'That ſtill Kingſale ſhall keep and faithful record
'bear,
'What by the Engliſh proweſs was executed there.
'Then liv'd thoſe valiant Veres, both men of
'great command
'In our employments long: whoſe either martial
'hand
'Reach'd at the higheſt wreath, it from the top
'to get. [ſet.
'Which on the proudeſt head, fame yet had ever
'Our Dokwray, Morgan next, Sir Samuel Bag-
'nall, then [pen;
'Stout Lambert, ſuch as well deſerve a living

'True martialists, and knights, of noble spirit
'and wit.
'The valiant Cecil last, for great employment
'Deservedly in war the lat'st of ours that rose:
'Whose honour every hour, and fame still great-
'er grows.'
When now the Kentish nymphs do interrupt
By letting Medway know she tarried had too long
Upon this warlike troop, and all upon them laid,
Yet for their nobler Kent she nought or little said.
When as the pliant muse, straight turning her about,
And coming to the land as Medway goeth out,
Saluting the dear soil, 'O famous Kent, quoth she,
'What country hath this isle that can compare
'with thee,
'Which hast within thyself as much as thou canst
'Thy conies, ven'son, fruit, thy sorts of fowl and
'fish:
'As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy
'corn, thy wood:
'Nor any thing doth want, that any where is good.
'Where Thames-ward to the shore, which shoots
'upon the rise,
'Rich Tenham undertakes thy closets to suffice
'With cherries, which we say, the summer in
'doth bring,
'Where with Pomona crowns the plump and
'lustful spring;
'From whose deep ruddy cheek, sweet Zephyr
'kisses steals,
'With their delicious touch his love-sick heart
'that heals.
'Whose golden gardens seem th' Hesperides to
'mock:
'Nor there the damson wants, nor dainty apri-
'Nor pippin, which we hold of kernel-fruits the
'king,
'The apple-orange; then the savoury russettan:
'The pear-main, which to France long e'er to us
'was known,
'Which careful fruit'rers now have denizen'd our
'The renat: which though first it from the pip-
'pin came,
'Grown through his pureness nice, assumes that
'curious name,
'Upon the pippin stock, the pippin being set;
'As on the gentle, when the gentle doth beget
'(Both by the sire and dame being anciently de-
'scended
'The issue born of them, his blood hath much
'The sweeting, for whose sake the plowboys oft
'make war:
'The wilding, costard, then the well-known pom-
'And sundry other fruits, of good, yet several
'taste,
'That have their sundry names in sundry coun-
'tries plac'd:
'Unto whose dear increase the gardner spends
'his life,
'With piercer, wimble, saw; his mallet, and his
'knife;
'Oft covereth, oft doth bare the dry and moist'ned
'As faintly they mislike, or as they kindly sute:
'And their selected plants doth workman-like
'bestow,
'That in true order they conveniently may grow.
'And kills the slimy snail, the worm, and labour-
'ing ant,
'Which many times annoy the graft and tender
'Or else maintains the plot much starved with
'the wet,
'Wherein his daintiest fruits in kernels he doth set:
'Or scrapeth off the mos, the trees that oft annoy.'
But with these trifling things why idly do I toy,
Who any way the time intend not to prolong?
To those Thamisian isles now nimbly turns my
song,
Fair Shepey and the Greane sufficiently supply'd,
To beautify the place where Medway shews her
pride.
But Greane seems most of all the Medway to
adore,
And Tenet standing forth to the (q) Rhutupian
shore,
By mighty Albion plac'd till his return again
From Gaul; where after he by Hercules was slain.
For earth-born Albion then, then Great Neptune's
eldest son,
Ambitious of the fame by stern Alcides won,
Would over (needs) to Gaul, with him to hazard
fight,
Twelve labours which before accomplish'd by his
His daughters then but young (on whom was all
his care)
Which Doris, Thetis' nymph, unto the giant bare:
With whom those isles he left; and will'd her for
his sake,
That in their grandsire's court she much of them
would make:
But Tenet, th' eld'st of three, when Albion was
to go,
Which lov'd her father best, and loth to leave
him so,
There at the giant raught: which was perceiv'd
by chance:
This loving isle would else have followed him to
To make the channel wide that then he forced
was,
§ Whereas (some say) before he us'd on foot to
Thus Tenet being stay'd, and surely settled
there,
Who nothing less than want and idleness could
Doth only give herself to tillage of the ground.
With sundry sorts of grain whilst thus she doth
abound,
She falls in love with Stour, which coming down
'by Wye,
And towards the goodly isle, his feet doth nimbly
To Canterbury then as kindly he resorts,
His famous country thus he gloriously reports;
'O noble Kent, quoth he, this praise doth thee
'belong,
'The hard'st to be controul'd, impatientest of
'Who, when the Norman first with pride and
'horror sway'd,
'Threw'st off the servile yoke upon the English

(q) Near Sandwich.

'And with a high reſolve, moſt bravely didſt
'reſtore
'That liberty ſo long enjoy'd by thee before.
'§ Not ſuff'ring foreign laws ſhould thy free cuſ-
'toms bind, [kind.
'Then only ſhew'd'ſt thyſelf of th' ancient Saxon
'Of all th' Engliſh ſhires be thou ſurnam'd the
'Free,
'§ And foremoſt ever plac'd, when they ſhall
'reck'ned be.
'And let this town, which chief of thy rich coun-
'try is,
'Of all the Britiſh ſees be ſtill Metropolis.'
Which having ſaid, the Stour to Tenet him doth hie,
Her in his loving arms embracing by and by,
Into the mouth of Thames one arm that forth doth lay,
The other thruſting out into the Celtic ſea.
§ Grim Goodwin all this while ſeems grievouſly to lowre,
Nor cares he of a ſtraw for Tenet, nor her Stour;
Still bearing in his mind a mortal hate to France
Since mighty Albion's fall by war's uncertain chance.
Who, ſince his wiſh'd revenge not all this while is had,
'Twixt very grief and rage is fall'n extremely mad;
That when the rolling tide doth ſtir him with her waves,
Straight foaming at the mouth, impatiently he raves,
And ſtrives to ſwallow up the ſea-marks in his deep, [keep.
That warn the wand'ring ſhips out of his jaws to
The ſurgeons of the ſea do all their ſkill apply,
If poſſibly, to cure his grievous malady:
As Amphitrite's nymphs their very utmoſt prove,
By all the means they could, his madneſs to remove.
From Greenwich to theſe ſands, ſome ſcurvy-graſs do bring, [thing.
That inwardly apply'd's a wond'rous ſovereign
From Shepey, ſea-moſs ſome, to cool his boiling blood;
Some, his ill-ſeaſon'd mouth that wiſely underſtood,
Rob Dover's neighbouring cleeves of ſampyre, to excite
His dull and ſickly taſte, and ſtir up appetite.
Now, Shepey, when ſhe found ſhe could no farther wade
After her mighty ſire, betakes her to his trade,
With ſheep-hook in her hand, her goodly flocks to heed,
And cheriſheth the kind of thoſe choice Kentiſh breed.
Of villages ſhe holds as huſbandly a port,
As any Britiſh iſle that neighboureth Neptune's court.
But Greane, as much as ſhe her father that did love [move)
(And, then the inner land, no farther could re-
In ſuch continual grief for Albion doth abide,
That almoſt underſtood ſhe weepeth every tide.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Out of Suſſex, into its eaſtern neighbour, Kent, this canto leads you. It begins with Rother, whoſe running through the woods, in iniſling Oxney, and ſuch like, poetically here deſcribed is plain enough to any apprehending conceit; and upon Medway's ſong of our martial and heroic ſpirits, becauſe a large volume might be written to explain their glory in particular action, and in leſs comprehenſion, without wrong to many worthies it is not performable, I have omitted all illuſtration of that kind, and left you to the muſe herſelf.

That Limen *then was named.*———

So the author conjectures; that Rother's mouth was the place called Limen, at which the Danes in the time of King Alfred made irruption; which he muſt (I think) maintain by adding likelihood that Rother then fell into the ocean about Hith; where (as the relics of the name in Lime, and the diſtance from Canterbury in Antoninus, making (*a*) Portus Lemanis, which is miſprinted in Surata's edition, Pontem Lemanis, ſixteen miles off) it ſeems Limen, then alſo, there was it diſcharged out of the land. But for the author's words read this; *Equeſtris Paganorum exercitus cum ſuis equis CCL. navibus Cantiam tranſvectus in Oſtio* Amnis Limen *qui de ſylva magna* Andred *nominata decurrit, applicuit, à cujus oſtio IIII. milliariis in eandem ſylvam naves ſuas ſurſum traxit, ubi quandam arcem ſemiſtructam, quam pauci inhabitabant villani, diruerunt, aliamque ſibi firmiorem in loco qui dicitur* Apultrea *conſtruxerunt*, which are the ſyllables of *Florence* of *Worceſter*; and with him in ſubſtance fully agrees Matthew of Weſtminſter; nor can I think but

(*v*) Lemanis in notit. utr. provinc.

that they imagined Rye (where now Rother hath its mouth) to be this port of Limen, as the muſe here; if you reſpect her direct terms. Henry of Huntingdom names no river at all, but lands them *ad portum Limene cum 250 navibus qui portus eſt in Orientalie parte Cnet juxta magnum nemus Andredſlaige.* How Rother's mouth can be properly ſaid in the eaſt (but rather in the ſouth part) of Kent, I conceive not, and am of the adverſe part, thinking clearly that Hith muſt be Portus Lemanis, which is that coaſt, as alſo learned Camden teaches, whoſe authority cited out of Huntingdon, being near the ſame time with Florence might be perhaps thought but as of equal credit; therefore I call another witneſs that (*b*) lived not much paſt L. years after his arrival) in theſe words: *In Limneo portu conſtituunt puppes, Apoldre,* (ſo I read, for the print is corrupted) *loco condicto Orientali Cantiæ parte, deſtruuntque ibi priſco opere caſtrum propter quod ruſtica manus exigua quippe intrinſecus erat, illicque biberna caſtra confirmant.* Out of which you note both that no river, but a port only, is ſpoken of, and that the ſhips were left in the ſhore at the haven, and thence the Danes conveyed their companies to Appledore. The words of this Ethelred I reſpect much more than the later ſtories, and I would adviſe my reader to incline ſo with me.

What time I think in hell that inſtrument deviſed.

He means a gun; wherewith that moſt noble and right martial Thomas Montague Earl of Salisbury at the ſiege of Orleans in the time of Henry VI. was ſlain. The firſt inventor of them (I gueſs you diſlike not the addition) was one (*c*) Berthold Swartz (others ſay Conſtantius Anklitzen a Dutch monk and chymiſt) who having in a mortar, ſulphurous powder for medicine, covered with a ſtone, a ſpark of fire by chance falling into it, fired it, and the flame removed the ſtone; which he obſerving, made uſe afterwards of the like in little pipes of iron, and ſhewed the uſe to the Venetians in their war with the Genoeſe at Chioggia about 1380. Thus is the common aſſertion: but I ſee as good (*d*) authority, that it was uſed above twenty years before in the Daniſh ſeas. I will not diſpute the conveniency of it in the world, compare it with Salmoneus's imitation of thunder, Archimedes's engines, and ſuch like; nor tell you that the Chineſe had it, and printing, ſo many ages before us, as Mendoza Maffy and others deliver; but not with perſuading credit to all their readers.

Whereas ſome ſay before he uſed on foot to paſs.

The alluſion is to Britain's being heretofore joined to Gaul in this ſtraight betwixt Dover and Calais (ſome thirty miles over) as ſome moderns have conjectured. That learned antiquary I. Twine is very confident in it, and derives the name from *Brith*, ſignifying (as he ſays) as much as *Duith*, i. e. a ſeparation in Welſh, whence the (*e*) Iſle of Wight was ſo called; Guith and Wight being ſoon made of each other. Of this opinion is the late Verſtegan, as you may read in him; and for examination of it, our great light of antiquity Camden hath propoſed divers conſiderations, in which, experience of particulars muſt direct. Howſoever this was in truth, it is as likely, for ought I ſee, as that Cyprus was once joined to Syria, Eubœa (now Negropont) to Bœotia, Atalante to Eubœa, Belbicum to Bithynia, Leucoſia to Thrace, as is (*f*) affirmed; and Sicily (whoſe like our iſland is) was certainly broken off from the continent of Italy, as both Virgil expreſsly, Strabo and Pliny deliver; and alſo the names of Rhegium, (*g*) ῥήγνυσθαι τὸ Ῥηγνυσθαι, and of the ſelf Sicily; which rather than from *Secare*, I derive from (*h*) *Sicilire*, which is of the ſame ſignification and nearer in analogy: Claudian calls the iſle

——— *Diducta Britannia Mundo;*

and Virgil hath

——— *Toto diviſos orbe Britannos.*

Where Servius is of opinion, that, for this purpoſe, the learned poet uſed that phraſe. And it deſerves inquiſition, how beaſts of rapine, as foxes and ſuch like, came firſt into this iſland, (for England and Wales, as now Scotland and Ireland, had ſtore of wolves, until ſome three hundred years ſince) if it were not joined to a firm land, that either by like conjunction, or narrow paſſage of ſwimming, might receive them from that continent where the ark reſted, which is Armenia. That men deſired to tranſport them, is not likely; and a learned (*i*) Jeſuit hath conjectured, that the Weſt-Indies are therefore, or have been, joined with firm land, becauſe they have lions, wolves, panthers, and ſuch like, which in the Bremudas, Cuba, Hiſpaniola, St. Domingo, and other remote iſles, are not found. But no place here to diſpute the queſtion.

Not ſuffering foreign laws ſhould thy free cuſtoms bind.

To explain it, I thus Engliſh you a fragment of an old (*k*) monk: "When the Norman Con-
"queror had the day, he came to Dover caſtle,
"that he might with the ſame ſubdue Kent alſo;
"wherefore, Stigand archbiſhop, and Egelſin ab-

(*b*) Ethelwerd. lib. 4. cap. 4.
(*c*) v. Polyd. de Invent. rer. 7. cap. 3. & Salmuth. ad G. Panciroll. 2. tit. 18.
(*d*) Achilles Gaſſar. ap. Munſt. Coſmog. 3.
(*e*) Sam. Beulan. ad. Nennium.
(*f*) Plin. hiſt. Nat. 2. cap. 88.
(*g*) From breaking off. Trog. hiſt. 4. & Strab. 2.
(*h*) Varr. de re ruſtic 1. cap. 49.
(*i*) Joſeph. Acoſt. de natur. novi orbis 1. cap 20 & 21.
(*k*) Tho. Spotus ap. Lamb. in explic. verb.

" bot, as the chief of that ſhire, obſerving that " now whereas heretofore no villains" (*the Latin is, nullus fuerat ſervus, and applying it to our law-phraſe, I tranſlate it*) " had been in England, they " ſhould be now all in bondage to the Nor- " mans, they aſſembled all the county, and ſhew- " ed the imminent dangers, the inſolence of the " Normans, and the hard condition of Villainage: " They, reſolving all rather to die than loſe their " freedom, purpoſe to encounter with the duke " for their country's liberty. Their captains are " the archbiſhop and abbot. Upon an appointed " day they meet all at Swaneſcomb, and harbour- " ing themſelves in the woods, with boughs in " every man's hand, they incompaſs his way. " The next day, the duke coming by Swaneſcomb, " ſeemed to ſee with amazement, as it were, a " wood approaching towards him; the Kentiſh " men, at the ſound of a trumpet, take themſelves " to arms, when preſently the archbiſhop and ab- " bot were ſent to the duke, and ſaluted him with " theſe words: Behold, ſir duke, the Kentiſh " men come to meet you, willing to receive you " as their liege lord, upon that condition, that " they may for ever enjoy their ancient liberties " and laws uſed among their anceſtors; other- " wiſe preſently offering war; being ready rather " to die, than undergo a yoke of bondage, and " loſe their ancient laws. The Norman in this " narrow pinch, not ſo willingly, as wiſely, granted " the deſire; and hoſtages given on both ſides, the " Kentiſh men direct the Normans to Rocheſter, " and deliver them the county and the caſtle of " Dover." Hither is commonly referred the re-taining of ancient liberties in Kent. Indeed it is certain, that ſpecial cuſtoms they have in their Gavelkind (although now many of their gentle-men's poſſeſſions (*l*) are altered in that part) *ſuf-fering for felony, without forfeiture* of eſtate, and ſuch like, as in particular, with many other dili-gent traditions you have in Lambard's peramb-ulation; yet the report of Thomas Spot, is not, methinks, of clear credit, as well by reaſon that no warrant of the hiſtorians about the conqueſt affirms it (and this monk lived under Ed. I.) as alſo for his commixture of a fauxete about vil-lainage, ſaying it was not in England before that time, which is apparently falſe by divers teſti-monies. (*m*) *Gif weow* (ſays King Ines's laws) *wyrce* on Sunnan *dæg. be his Hlaſordes bæſt ſy befreo*; and, under Edward the Confeſſor, *Thorold* of *Beau-chenale* grants to the abbey of Crowland his man-nor of Spalding, with all the apurtenances, *ſcilicet Colgrinum præpoſitum meum, & totam ſequelam ſuam, cum omnibus bonis & catallis, quæ habet in dicta villa, &c. Item Hardingum fabrum & totam ſequelam ſuam*; and the young wench of Andover, that Edgar was in love with, was a Nief. But for Kent, perhaps it might be true, that no villains were in it, ſeeing ſince that time it hath been adjudged in our (*n*) law, that one born there could not, with-out coniſans of record, be a villain.

And foremoſt ever plac'd when they ſhall reckon'd be,

For this honour of the Kentiſh, hear one (*o*) that wrote it about Henry II. *Enudus* (as ſome copies are, but others, Cinidus; and perhaps it ſhould be ſo, or rather Cnudus, for King Cnut; or elſe I cannot conjecture what) *quantâ virtute Anglorum, Dacos Daneſque fregerit motuſque compeſcue-rit Noricorum, vel ex eo perſpicuum eſt, quod ob egregiæ virtutis meritum quam ibidem potentur & patentèr ex-ercuit*, Cantia noſtra, primæ cohortis honorem & primus congreſſus *boſtium uſque in hodiernum diem in omnibus præliis obtinet. Provincia quoque Severiana, quæ moderno uſu & nomine ab incolis Wilteſira vocatur, eadem jure ſibi vendicat Cohortem ſubſidiariam, adjectâ ſibi Devoniâ & Cernubiâ.* Briefly, it had the firſt Engliſh king, in it was the firſt Chriſtianity a-mong the Engliſh, and Canterbury then honour-ed with the metropolitic ſee; all which give note of honourable prerogative.

Grim Goodwin but the while ſeems grievouſly to lowre.

That is, Goodwin ſands, which is reported to have been the patrimony (*p*) of that Goodwin Earl of Kent, under Edward the Confeſſor, fwal-lowed into the ocean by a ſtrange tempeſt ſome-what after the conqueſt, and is now as a floating iſle or quickſand, very dangerous to ſailors, ſome-times as fixt, ſometimes moving, as the muſe deſcribes.

(*l*) Stat. 31. Hen. 8. cap. 3.

(*m*) If a villain work on Sunday by his Lord's command, he ſhall be free.

(*n*) Itin. Cornub. 30. Ed. 1. *Dillenage* 46.

& Mich. 5. Ed. 2. MS. in Bibliothec. Int. Templ. caſ. John de Garton.

(*o*) Joh. Sariſbur. de Nugis curial. 6. cap. 18.

(*p*) Hect. Boeth. hiſt. Scotic. 12. & Jo. Twin, Albionic. 1.

POLY-OLBION:

THE NINETEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The muſe, now over Thames makes forth,
Upon her progreſs to the north,
From Cauney with a full carrer,
She up againſt the ſtream doth bear;
Where Waltham Foreſt's pride expreſt,
She points directly to the Eaſt.
And ſhews how all thoſe rivers ſtrain
Through Eſſex to the German main;
When Stour, with Orwel's aid preſers,
Our Britiſh brave ſea-voyagers;
Half Suffolk in with them ſhe takes,
Where of this ſong an end ſhe makes,

BEAR bravely up my muſe, the way thou went'ſt before, [ſhore,
And croſs the kingly Thames to the Eſſexian
Stem up his tideful ſtream, upon that ſide to riſe,
Where (*a*) Cauney, Albion's child in-iſled richly lies,
Which, though her lower ſcite doth make her ſeem but mean,
Of him as dearly lov'd as Shepey is or Greane,
And him as dearly lov'd; for when he would depart,
With Hercules to fight, ſhe took it ſo to heart,
That falling low and flat, her blubber'd face to hide,
By Thames ſhe well near is ſurrounded every tide,
And ſince of wordly ſtate, ſhe never taketh keep:
But only gives herſelf, to tend and milk her ſheep.
But muſe, from her ſo low, divert thy high-fet ſong [along
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with thee
The foreſts, and the floods, and moſt exactly ſhow,
How theſe in order ſtand, how thoſe directly flow;
For in that happy ſoil, doth pleaſure ever won,
Through foreſts, where clear rills in wild meanders run;

(*a*) An iſland lying in the Thames, on Eſſex ſide.

Where dainty ſummer bowers, and arborets are made,
Cut out of buſhy thicks, for coolneſs of the ſhade.
Fools gaze at painted courts, to th' country let me go,
To climb the eaſy hill, then walk the valley low;
No gold-emboſſed roofs, to me are like the woods;
No bed like to the graſs, no liquor like the ſfloods:
A city's but a ſink, gay houſes gawdy graves,
The muſes have free leave, to ſtarve or live in caves.
But (*b*) Waltham foreſt ſtill in proſperous eſtate,
As ſtanding to this day (ſo ſtrangely fortunate)
Above her neighhour nymphs, and holds her head aloſt;
A turf beyond them all, ſo ſleke and wondrous ſoft,
Upon her ſetting ſide, by goodly London grac'd,
Upon the north by Lea, her ſouth by Thames embrac'd.
Upon her riſing point, ſhe chanced to eſpy,
A dainty foreſt nymph of her ſociety.
Fair (*c*) Hatfield, which in height all other did ſurmount,
And of the Dryades held in very high account;
Yet in reſpect of her ſtood far out of the way,
Who doubting of herſelf, by others late decay,
Her ſiſter's glory view'd with an aſtoniſh'd eye,
Whom Waltham wiſely thus reproveth by and by.

'Dear ſiſter reſt content, nor our declining rue,
'What thing is in this world, that we can ſay is 'new;
'The ridge and furrow ſhews, that once the 'crooked plough,
'Turn'd up the graſſy turf, where oaks are rooted now:
'And at this hour we ſee, the ſhare and coulter tear
'The full corn-bearing glebe, where ſometimes 'foreſts were;
'And thoſe but caitiffs are, which moſt do ſeek 'our ſpoil,
'Who having ſold our woods, do laſtly ſell our ſoil;
'Tis virtue to give place to theſe ungodly times,
'When as the foſtred ill proceeds from others 'crimes;
'Gainſt lunatics, and fools, what wiſe folk ſpend 'their force;
'For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the courſe:
'And when God gives men up, to ways abhor'd 'and vile,
'Of underſtanding he deprives them quite, the while
'They into error run, confounded in their ſin,
'As ſimple fowls in lime, or in the fowler's gin.
'And for thoſe pretty birds, that wont in us to 'ſing,
'They ſhall at laſt forbear to welcome in the ſpring,
'When wanting where to perch, they ſit upon 'the ground,
'And curſe them in their notes, who firſt did 'woods confound.

'Dear ſiſter Hatfield, then hold up thy drooping 'head,
'We feel no ſuch decay, nor is all ſuccour fled:
'For Eſſex is our dower, which greatly doth 'abound
'With every ſimple good, that in the iſle is found;
'And though we go to wreck in this ſo general 'waſte,
'This hope to us remains, we yet may may be 'the laſt.'

When Hatfield taking heart, where late ſhe ſadly ſtood,
Sends little Roding forth, her beſt beloved flood;
Which from her chryſtal font, as to enlarge her fame,
To many a village lends her clear and noble name,
Which as ſhe wandreth on, through Waltham holds her way,
With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her wond'rous gay;
But making at the laſt into the watry marſh,
Where though the blady graſs unwholeſome be and harſh,
Thoſe wreaths away ſhe caſts, which bounteous Waltham gave,
With bulruſh, flags, and reed, to make her wond'rous brave,
And herſelf's ſtrength divides, to ſundry leſſer ſtreams,
So wantoning ſhe falls into her ſovereign Thames.
From whoſe vaſt beechy banks a rumour ſtraight reſounds,
Which quickly ran itſelf through the Eſſexian grounds,
That Crouch amongſt the reſt, a river's name ſhould ſeek,
As ſcorning any more the nickname of a creek,
Well furniſh'd with a ſtream, that from the fill to fall,
Wants nothing that a flood ſhould be adorn'd withal.
On (*d*) Benge's batful ſide, and at her going out,
With Walnot, Foulneſſe ſhir, near watred round about.
Two iſles for greater ſtate to ſtay her up that ſtand
Thruſt far into the ſea, yet fixed to the land;
As nature in that ſort them purpoſely had plac'd,
That ſhe by ſea and land, ſhould every way be grac'd.
Some ſea-nymphs and beſides, her part, (there were) that took,
As angry that their Crouch ſhould not be call'd a brook; wrong.
And bade her to complain to Neptune of her
But whilſt theſe grievous ſtirs thus hap'ned them among,
Choice Chelmer comes along, a nymph moſt neatly clear,
Which well near through the midſt doth cut the wealthy ſhire,
By Dunmow gliding down to Chelmsford holds her chaſe,
To which ſhe gives the name, which as ſhe doth embrace

(*b*) The ſituation of Waltham foreſt.
(*c*) Hatfield foreſt lying lower towards the eaſt, betweea Stortford and Dunmow.
(*d*) The fruitfulleſt hundred of Eſſex.

Clear Can comes tripping in, and doth with Chelmer close:
With whose supply (though small as yet) she greater grows. [by,
She for old Maldon makes, where in her passing
She to remembrance calls that Roman colony,
And all those ominous signs her fall that did forego, [throw;
As that which most express'd their fatal over-
Crown'd victory revers'd, fell down whereas she stood, [blood.
And the vast greenish sea, discolour'd like to
Shrieks heard like people's cries, that see their deaths at hand,
The pourtraitures of men imprinted in the sand.
When Chelmer scarce arrives in her most wished bay,
But Blackwater comes in, through many a crooked way [exil'd,
Which Pant was call'd of yore; but that, by time
She Frosnell after hight, then Blackwater instil'd,
But few such titles have the British floods among.
When Northey near at hand, and th' isle of Ousey rung [arrive,
With shouts the sea-nymphs gave, for joy of their
As either of those isles in courtesy do strive,
To Tethis' darlings, which should greatest honour do
And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.
But Colne, which frankly lends fair Colchester her name, [fame)
(On all th' Essexian shore, the town of greatest
Perceiving how they still in courtship did contend,
Quoth she, 'Wherefore the time thus idly do you spend? [worth,
'What is there nothing here, that you esteem of
'That our big-bellied sea, or our rich land brings
'forth? [praise?
'Think you our oysters here, unworthy of your
'Pure (*e*) Walfleet, which do still the daintiest
'palates please,
'As excellent as those, which are esteemed most.
'(*f*) Cyzic shells, or those on the Lucrinian
'coast; [sends;
'Or cheese, which our fat soil to every quarter
'Whose tack the hungry clown, and ploughman
'so commends. [ground,
'If you esteem not these, as things above the
'Look under, where the urns of ancient times
'are found; [dust,
'The Roman emp'rors coins, oft dig'd out of the
'And warlike weapons, now consum'd with
'cankering rust; [ful men,
'The huge and massy (*g*) bones, of mighty fear-
'To tell the world's full strength, what creatures
'lived then; [earth
'When in her height of youth, the lusty fruitful
'Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, even giants
'in their birth.'

Thus spoke she, when from sea they suddenly do hear
A strong and horrid noise, which struck the land with fear;
For with their crooked trumps, his Tritons Neptune sent, [nent
To warn the wanton nymphs, that they incontinent
Should straight repair to Stour, in Orwell's pleasant road;
For it had been divulg'd the ocean all abroad,
That Orwell and this Stour, by meeting in one bay,
Two, that each other's good, intended every way,
Prepar'd to sing a song, that should precisely shew,
That (*h*) Medway for her life, their skill could not out-go;
For Stour, a dainty flood, that duly doth divide
Fair Suffolk from this shire, upon her other side;
By Clare first coming in, to Sudbury doth shew,
The even course she keeps; when far she doth not flow, [brings;
But Breton a bright nymph, fresh succour to her
Yet is she not so proud of her superfluous springs,
But Orwell coming in from Ipswich thinks that she,
Should stand for it with Stour, and lastly they agree,
That since the Britons hence their first discoveries made, [trade.
And that into the east they first were taught to
Besides, of all the roads, and havens of the east,
This harbour where they meet, is reckoned for the best.
Our voyages by sea, and brave discoveries known,
Their argument they make, and thus they sing their own;
In (*i*) Severn's late tun'd lay, that empress of the west, [press'd;
In which great Arthur's acts are to the life ex-
His conquests to the North, who Norway did invade,
Who Greenland, Iceland next, then Lapland lastly made [among,
His awful empire's bounds, the Britons acts
This god-like hero's deeds exactly have been sung;
His valiant people then, who to those countries brought,
Which many an age since that, our great'st discoveries thought.
This worthiest then of ours, our (*k*) Argonauts shall lead.
Next Malgo, who again that conqueror's steps to tread,
Succeeding him in reign, in conquests so no less,
Plough'd up the frozen sea, and with as fair success.
By that great conqueror's claim, first Orkney over-ran;
Proud Denmark then subdu'd, and spacious Norway won,

(*e*) Walfleet oysters.
(*f*) Cyzicum is a city of Bythinia. Lucrinia is a city of Apulia upon the Adriatic sea; the oysters of which places were reckoned for great delicates with the Romans
(*g*) The bones of giant-like people found in those parts.

(*h*) Medway in the 18th song, recited the catalogue of the English warriors.
(*i*) See the 4th song.
(*k*) Sea voyages.

Seiz'd Iceland for his own, and Guthland to each shore,
Where Arthur's full-sail'd fleet had ever touch'd before.
And when the Britons reign came after to decline,
And to the Cambrian hills their fate did them confine,
The Saxon swaying all, in Alfred's powerful reign,
Our English Ocher put a fleet to sea again,
Of th' huge Norwegian hills, and news did hither bring,
Whose tops are hardly wrought in twelve days travelling.
But leaving Norway then a starboard, forward kept,
And with our English sails that mighty ocean swept,
Where those stern people won, whom hope of gain doth call,
In hulks with grappling hooks, to hunt the dreadful whale;
And great (*l*) Duina down from her first spring-ing place,
Doth roll her swalling waves in churlish Neptune's face.
Then Woolstan after him discovering Dantzic found,
Where (*m*) Wexel's mighty mouth is pour'd into the sound,
And towing up his stream, first taught the English oars,
The useful way of trade to these most gainful shores.
And when the Norman Stem here strong and potent grew,
And their successful sons did glorious acts pursue,
One Nicholas nam'd of Lyn, where first he breath'd the air,
Though Oxford taught him art, and well may hold him dear;
F' th' mathematics learn'd (although a friar profess'd) possess'd,
To see those northern climes, with great desire
Himself he thither ship'd, and skilful in the globe,
Took every several height with his true astrolobe;
The (*n*) whirlpools of the seas, and came to understand,
From the four card'nal winds, four indraughts that command;
In t' any of whose falls, if th' wandering bark doth light,
It hurried is away with such tempestuous flight,
Into that swallowing gulph, which seems as it would draw
The very earth itself into th' infernal maw.
Four such immeasur'd pools, philosophers agree,
F' th' four parts of the world undoubtedly to be;
From which they have supposed, nature the winds doth raise,
And from them to proceed the flowing of the seas.
And when our civil wars began at last to cease,
And these late calmer times of olive-bearing peace,
Gave leisure to great minds, far regions to descry;
That brave advent'rous knight, our Sir Hugh Willoughby,
Ship'd for the northern seas, 'mongst those congealed piles.
Fashion'd by lasting frosts, like mountains, and like isles,
(In all her fearful'st shapes saw horror, whose great mind,
In lesser bounds than these, that could not be confin'd; keep;
Adventur'd on those parts, where winter still doth
When most the icy cold had chain'd up all the deep)
In bleak Arzina's road his death near Lapland took,
Where Kegor from her scite, on those grim seas doth look.
Two others follow then, eternal fame that won,
Our Chancellor, and with him, compare we Jenkinson;
For Russia both embark'd, the first arriving there,
Ent'ring Duina's mouth, up her proud stream did steer,
To Volga, to behold her pomp, the Russian state,
Muscovia measuring then; the other with like fate;
Both those vast realms survey'd, then into Bactria past, waste,
To Boghar's bulwark walls, then to the liquid
Where Oxus rolleth down 'twixt his far-distant shores, oars,
And o'er the Caspian main, with strong untired
Adventured to view rich Persia's wealth and pride;
Whose true report thereof the English since have tried. is;
With Fitch, our Eldred next, deserv'dly placed
Both travelling to see the Syrian Tripolis.
The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was shewn)
To view those parts, to us that were the most unknown,
On thence to Ormus set, Goa, Cambaya, then
To vast Zelabdim, thence to Echubar, again
Cross'd Ganges' mighty stream, and his large banks did view,
To Bacola went on, to Bengola, Pegu;
And for Mallaccan then, Zeiten, and Cochin cast,
Measuring with many a step, the great East-Indian waste.
The other from that place, the first before had gone,
Determining to see the broad-wall'd Babylon,
Cross'd Euphrates, and row'd against his mighty stream;
Licia, and Gaya saw, with great Hierusalem,
And our dear Saviour's seat, bless'd Bethlehem did behold, told.
And Jordan, of whose waves much is in scripture
Then Macham, who (through love to long adventures led
Madera's wealthy isles, the first discovered,
Who having stole a maid, to whom he was affy'd,
Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites deny'd,
Put with her forth to sea, where many a danger past'd,
Upon an isle of those, at length by tempest cast;
And putting in, to give his tender love some ease,
Which very ill had brook'd the rough and boist'rous seas;

(*l*) The great river of Russia.
(*m*) The greatest river of Dantzick.
(*n*) The greatest wonder of nature.

And ling'ring for her health, within quiet bay,
The mariners moſt falſe, fled with the ſhip away,
When as it was not long, but ſhe gave up her breath;
When he whoſe tears in vain bewail'd her timeleſs death;
That their deſerved rites her funeral could not have,
A homely altar built upon her honoured grave.
When with his folk but few, not paſſing two or three,
(o) There making them a boat, but rudely of one tree,
Put forth again to ſea, where after many a flaw,
Such as before themſelves, ſcarce mortal ever ſaw;
Nor miſerable men could poſſibly ſuſtain,
Now ſwallowed with the waves, and then ſpew'd up again;
At length were on the coaſt of ſun-burnt Afric thrown.
T' amaze that further world, and to amuſe our own.
Then Windham who new ways, for us and ours to cry,
For great Morocco made, diſcovering Barbary.
Lock, Towerſon, Fenner next, vaſt Guinea forth that ſought,
And of her ivory home in great abundance brought.
Th' Eaſt-Indian voy'ger then, the valiant Lancaſter,
To Buona Eſperance, Comara, Zanziber,
To Nicuba, as he to Gomerpolo went,
Till his ſtrong bottom ſtruck Mollucco's continent;
And ſailing to Brazil another time he took
Olynda's chiefeſt town, and harbour Farnambuke,
And with their precious wood, ſugar and cotton fraught,
It by his ſafe return into his country brought.
Then Forbiſher, whoſe fame flew all the ocean o'er,
Who to the north-weſt ſought huge China's wealthy ſhore,
When nearer to the north, that wand'ring ſeaman ſet met
Where he in our hot'ſt months of June and July
With ſnow, froſt, hail, and ſleet, and found ſtern winter ſtrong,
With mighty iſles of ice, and mountains huge and long.
Where as it comes and goes, the great eternal Light
Makes half the year ſtill day, and half continual night.
Then for thoſe bounds unknown, he bravely ſet again,
As he a ſea-god were, familiar with the main.
The noble Fenton next, and Jackman we preſer,
Both voyagers, that were with famous Frobiſher.
And Davies, three times forth that for the north-weſt made;
Still ſtriving by that courſe, t' enrich the Engliſh trade;
As he well deſerv'd to his eternal fame,
There by a mighty ſea, immortaliz'd his name.
With noble Gilbert next, comes Hoard who took in hand,
To clear the courſe ſcarce known into the Newfoundland,
And view'd the plenteous ſeas, and fiſhful havens, where
Our neighbouring nations ſince have ſtor'd them every year.
Then globe-ingirdling Drake, the naval palm that won,
Who ſtrove in his long courſe to emulate the ſun;
Of whom the Spaniard us'd a propheſy to tell,
That from the Britiſh iſles ſhould riſe a dragon fell,
That with his armed wings, ſhould ſtrike th' Iberian main,
And bring in after time much horror upon Spain.
This more than man (or what) this demi-god at ſea,
Leaving behind his back, the great America,
Upon the ſurging main his well-ſtretch'd tack lings flew'd,
To forty-three degrees of north'ly latitude;
Unto that land before to th' Chriſtian world unknown,
Which in his country's right he nam'd New Albion;
And in the weſtern Inde, ſpight of the power of Spain,
He Saint Iago took, Domingo, Carthagene;
And leaving of his proweſs, a mark in every bay,
Saint Auguſtine ſurpriz'd, in Terra Florida.
Then thoſe that forth for ſea, induſtrious Rawleigh wrought,
And them with every thing, fit for diſcovery fraught;
That Amadas, (whoſe name doth ſcarcely Engliſh found)
With Barlow, who the firſt Virginia thoroughly found.
As Greenvile, whom he got to undertake that ſea,
Three ſundry times from hence, who touch'd Virginia.
(In his ſo rare a choice, it well approv'd his wit;
That with ſo brave a ſpirit, his turn ſo well could fit.
O Greenvile, thy great name for ever be renown'd,
And borne by Neptune ſtill, about this mighty round;
Whoſe naval conflict won thy nation ſo much fame,
And in th' Iberians bread fear of the Engliſh name.
Nor ſhould fame ſpeak her loud'ſt, of Lane, ſhe could not lie,
Who in Virginia left, with th' Engliſh colony,
Himſelf ſo bravely bare, amongſt our people there,
That him they only lov'd, when others they did fear.
And from thoſe barbarous, brute, and wild Virgians wan
Such reverence, as in him there had been more than man.
Then he which favoured ſtill ſuch high attempts as theſe,
Rawleigh, whoſe reading made him ſkill'd in all the ſeas,
Embark'd his worthy ſelf, and his adventurous crew,
And with a proſperous fall to thoſe fair countries flew,
Where Oronoque, as he on in his courſe doth roll,
Seems as his greatneſs meant, grim Neptune to controul;

(o) The wonderful adventure of Machan,

Like to a puiſant king, whoſe realms extend ſo far,
That many a potent prince his tributaries are.
So are his branches ſeas, and in the rich Guiana,
A flood as proud as he, the broad-brim'd Orellana:
And on the ſpacious firm Manoa's mighty ſeat,
The land (by nature's power) with wonders moſt replete.
So Leigh, Cape Breton ſaw, and Ramea's iſles again;
As Thompſon undertook the voyage to New-Spain:
And Hawkins not behind the beſt of theſe before,
Who hoiſting ſail, to ſeek the moſt remoteſt ſhore,
Upon that new-nam'd Spain, and Guiney ſought his prize,
As one whoſe mighty mind ſmall things could not ſuffice,
The ſon of this brave ſire, who with his furrowing keel,
Long e'er that time had touch'd the goodly rich Brazil.
Courageous Ca'ndiſh then, a ſecond Neptune here,
Whoſe fame fill'd every mouth, and took up every ear.
What man could in his time diſcourſe of any ſeas,
But of brave Ca'ndiſh talk'd, and of his voyages;
Who through the ſouth ſeas paſs'd, about this earthly ball,
And ſaw thoſe ſtars, to them that only riſe and fall,
And with his ſilken ſails, ſtain'd with the richeſt ore,
Dar'd any one to paſs where he had been before.
Count Cumberland, ſo hence to ſeek th' Azores ſent,
And to the Weſtern-Indies, to Porto-Rico went,
And with the Engliſh power it bravely did ſurprize.
Sir Robert Dudley then, by ſea that ſought to riſe,
Hoiſt'd ſails with happy winds to the iſles of Trinidado:
Paria then he paſs'd, the iſlands of Granado;
As thoſe of Sancta Cruz, and Porto Rico: then
Amongſt the famous rank of our ſea-ſearching men,
Is Preſton ſent to ſea, with Summers forth to find,
Adventures in the parts upon the Weſtern-Inde;
Porto Santo who ſurpriz'd, and Coches, with the fort
Of Coro, and the town, when in ſubmiſſive ſort,
Cumana ranſom crav'd, St. James of Leon ſack'd,
Jamaica went not free, but as the reſt they wreck'd.
Then Sherley, (ſince whoſe name ſuch high renown hath won)
That voyage undertook, as they before had done:
He St. Iago ſaw, Domingo, Margarita,
By Terra-firma ſail'd to th' iſlands of Jamaica,
Up Rio Dolce row'd, and with a proſperous hand,
Returning to his home, touch'd at the New-foundland,
Where at Jamaica's iſles, courageous Parker met
With Sherley, and along up Rio Dolce ſet,
Where bidding him adieu, on his own courſe he ran,
And took Campeche's town, the chief'ſt of Jucatan.
A frigate, and from thence did home to Britain bring,
With moſt ſtrange tribute fraught, due to that Indian king.
At mighty Neptune's beck, thus ended they their ſong,
When as from Harwich all to Loving-land along,
Great claps and ſhouts were heard reſounding to the ſhore,
Wherewith th' Eſſexian nymphs applaud their loved Stour,
From the Suffolcean ſide yet thoſe which Stour preſer
Their princely Orwell praiſe, as much as th' other her:
For though clear Briton be rich Suffolk's from her ſpring,
Which Stour upon her way to Harwich down doth bring,
Yet Deben of herſelf a ſtout and ſtedfaſt friend,
Her ſuccour to that ſea, near Orwell's road doth ſend.
When Waueney to the north, rich Suffolk's only meere,
As Stour upon the north, from Eſſex parts this ſhire;
Leſt Stour and Orwell thus might ſteal her nymphs away,
In Neptune's name commands, that here their force ſhould ſtay:
For that herſelf and Yar in honour of the deep,
Were purpoſed a feaſt in Loving-land to keep.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWENTIETH SONG.

The Argument.

The muſe that part of Suffolk ſings,
That lyes to Norfolk, and then brings
The bright Norfolcean nymphs, to gueſt
To Loving-land, to Neptune's feaſt;
To Ouze the leſs then down ſhe takes,
Where ſhe a flight at river makes:
And thence to Marſh-land ſhe deſcends,
With whoſe free praiſe this ſong ſhe ends.

From Suffolk roſe a ſound, through the Norfolcean ſhore
That ran itſelf, the like had not been heard before:
For he that doth of ſea the powerful trident wield,
His Tritons made proclaim, a nymphal to be held
In honour of himſelf, in Loving-land, where he
The moſt ſelected nymphs appointed had to be.
Thoſe ſea-maids that about his ſecret walks do dwell,
Which tend his mighty herds of whales, and fiſhes
As of the rivers thoſe, amongſt the meadows rank,
That play in every ford, and ſport on every bank,
Were ſummon'd to be there, on pain of Neptune's hate
For he would have his feaſt obſerv'd with godlike ſtate.
When thoſe Suffolcean floods that ſided not with Stour,
Their ſtreams but of themſelves into the ocean pour,
As Or, through all the coaſt a flood of wond'rous fame,
Whoſe honoured fall begets a (*a*) haven of her name
And Blyth a dainty brook, their ſpeedy courſe do caſt,
For Neptune with the reſt, to Loving-land to haſte:
When Waueney in her way, on this Septentrial ſide,
That theſe two eaſtern ſhires doth equally divide,
From Laphamford leads on, her ſtream into the eaſt,
By Bungey, then along by Beckles, when poſſeſt
Of Loving-land, 'bout which her limber arms ſhe throws,
With Neptune taking hands, betwixt them who incloſe.
And her an iſland make, fam'd for her ſcite ſo far.
But leave her muſe a while, and let us on with Yar,

(*a*) Orford-haven.

Which Gariena ſome, ſome Hier, ſome Yar do name;
Who riſing from her ſpring not far from Walſingham,
Through the Norfolcean fields ſeems wantonly to play,
To Norwich comes at length, towards Yarmouth on her way,
Where Wentſum from the ſouth, and Bariden do bear
Up with her, by whoſe wealth ſhe much is honoured there,
To entertain her Yar, that in her ſtate doth ſtand
With towns of high'ſt account the fourth of all the land:
That hoſpitable place to the induſtrious Dutch,
Whoſe ſkill in making ſtuffs, and workmanſhip is ſuch,
(For refuge hither come) as they our aid deſerve,
By labour ſore that live, whilſt oft the Engliſh ſtarve;
On roots and pulſe that feed, on beef and mutton ſpare,
So frugally they live, not gluttons as we are.
But from my former theme, ſince thus I have digreſs'd
I'll borrow more of time, until my nymphs be dreſs'd:
And ſince theſe floods fall out ſo fitly in my way,
A little while to them I will convert my lay.
The colewort, colliflower, and cabbage in their ſeaſon,
The rouncefall, great beans, and early ripening peaſon;
The onion, ſcallion, leek, which houſewives highly rate;
Their kinſman garlic then, the poor man's Mithridate;
The ſavoury parſnip next, and carrot, pleaſing food;
Tho ſkirret (which ſome ſay) in ballads ſtirs the blood;
The turnip, taſting well to clowns in winter weather:
Thus in our verſe we put, roots, herbs, and fruits together.
The great moiſt pumpion then, that on the ground doth lie,
A purer of this kind, the ſweet muſk-mellon by;
Which dainty palates now, becauſe they would not want,
Have kindly learnt to ſet, as yearly to tranſplant:
The radiſh ſomewhat hot, yet urine doth provoke;
The cucumber as cold, the heating artichoke;
The citrons, which our ſoil not eas'ly doth afford;
The rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten gourd.
But in theſe trivial things, muſe, wander not too long,
But now to nimble Yar, turn we our active ſong,
Which in her winding courſe, from Norwich to the main,
By many a ſtately ſeat laſciviouſly doth ſtrain,
To Yarmouth till ſhe come, her only chriſt'ned town,
Whoſe fiſhing through the realm doth her ſo much renown,
Where thoſe that with their nets ſtill haunt the boundleſs lake,
Her ſuch a ſumptuous feaſt of ſalted herrings make,
As they had robb'd the ſea of all his former ſtore,
And paſt that very hour, it could produce no more.
Her own ſelves harbour here, when Yar doth hardly win,
But kindly ſhe again, ſaluted is by Thrin,
A fair Norfolcean nymph, which gratifies her fall.
Now are the Tritons heard, to Loving-land to call,
Which Neptune's great commands, before them bravely bear,
Commanding all the nymphs of high account that were,
Which in fat Holland lurk among the queachy plaſhes,
Or play them on the ſands, upon the foamy waſhes,
As all the wat'ry brood, which haunt the German deeps,
Upon whoſe briny curls, the dewy morning weeps,
To Loving-land to come, and in their beſt attires,
That meeting to obſerve, as now the time requires.
When Erix, Neptune's ſon by Venus, to the ſhore
To ſee them ſafely brought, their herald came before,
And for a mace he held in his huge hand, the horn
Of that ſo much eſteem'd, ſea honouring unicorn.
Next (*k*) Proto wond'rous ſwift, led all the reſt the way,
Then ſhe which makes the calms, the mild (*k*) Cymodice,
With god-like (*k*) Dorida, and (*k*) Galatea fair,
With dainty nets of pearl, caſt o'er their braided hair:
(*k*) Analiis which the ſea doth ſalt, and ſeaſoned keep;
And (*k*) Batheas, moſt ſupreme and ſovereign in the deep,
Brings (*k*) Cyane, to the waves which that green colour gives;
Then (*k*) Atmis, which in fogs and miſty vapours lives:
(*k*) Phrinax, the billows rough, and ſurges that beſtrides,
And (*k*) Rothion, that by her on the wild waters [rides;
With (*k*) Icthias, that of frye the keeping doth retain,
As (*k*) Pholoë, moſt that rules the monſters of the main:
Which brought to bear them out, if any need ſhould fall,
The dolphin, ſea-horſe, gramp, the wherlpoole, and the whale.

(*k*) The virtual properties incident to waters, as well ſeas, as rivers, expreſſed by their names in the perſons of nymphs, as hath been uſed by the ancients.

An hundred more beſides, I readily could name,
With theſe as Neptune will'd, to Loving-land that came.
Theſe nymphs trick'd up in tyers, the ſea-gods to delight: [white;
Of coral of each kind, the black, the red, the
With many ſundry ſhells, the ſcallop large and fair;
The cockle ſmall and round, the periwinkle ſpare,
The oyſter, wherein oft the pearl is found to breed,
The muſſel, which retains that dainty orient ſeed:
In chains and bracelets made, with links of ſundry twiſts,
Some worn about their waiſts, their necks, ſome on the wriſts.
Great ſtore of amber there, and jet they did not miſs;
Their lips they ſweet'ned had with coſtly ambergreaſe.
Scarcely the Nereids thus arrived from the ſeas,
But from the freſher ſtreams the brighter Naides,
The Loving-land make haſte with all the ſpeed they may,
For fear their fellow-nymphs ſhould for their coming ſtay.
Glico the running ſtreams in ſweetneſs ſtill that keeps,
And Clymene which rules, when they ſurround their deeps.
Spio, in hollow banks, the waters that doth hide:
With Opis that doth bear them backward with the tide.
Semaia that for ſights doth keep the water clear:
Zanthe their yellow ſands, that maketh to appear,
Then Drymo for the oaks that ſhadow every bank,
Phylodice, the boughs for garlands freſh and rank.
Which the clear Naides make them Anadems withal,
When they are call'd to dance in Neptune's mighty hall.
Then Ligea, which maintains the birds harmonions lays,
Which ſing on rivers banks amongſt the ſlender ſprays,
With Rhodia, which for them doth nurſe the roſeat ſets,
Ioida, which preſerves the azure violets.
Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the general charge,
And Syrinx of the reeds, that grow upon the marge.
Some of theſe lovely nymphs wore on their flaxen hair [were:
Fine chaplets made of flags, that fully flower'd
With water-cans again, ſome wantonly them dight,
Whoſe larger leaf and flower, gave wonderful delight
To thoſe that wiſtly view'd their beauties: ſome again,
That ſovereign places held among the wat'ry train,
Of cat-tails made them crowns, which from the ſedge doth grow,
Which neatly woven were, and ſome to grace the ſhow,
Of lady-ſmocks moſt white, do rob each neighbouring mead,
Wherewith their looſer locks moſt curiouſly they braid.
Now thus together come, they friendly do deviſe,
Some of light toys, and ſome of matters grave and wiſe.
But to break off their ſpeech, her reed when Syrinx ſounds,
Some caſt themſelves in rings, and fell to horn-pipe rounds:
They ceaſing, as again to others turns it falls,
The luſty galiards tread, ſome others jiggs, and braules.
This done, upon the bank together being ſet,
Proceeding in the cauſe, for which they thus were met,
In mighty Neptune's praiſe, theſe ſea-born virgins ſing:
'Let earth, and air, ſay they, with the high praiſes ring,
'Of Saturn by his Ops, the moſt renowned ſon,
'From all the gods but Jove, the diadem that won,
'Whoſe offſpring wiſe and ſtrong, dear nymphs, 'let us relate,
'On mountains of vaſt waves, know he that ſits in 'ſtate,
'And with his trident rules the univerſal ſtream,
'To be the only ſire of mighty Polypheme.
'On fair Thooſa got old Phorcus loved child,
'Who in a feigned ſhape that god of ſea beguil'd.
'Three thouſand princely ſons, and lovely nymphs 'as we, [be:
'Were to great Neptune born, of which we ſparing
'Some by his goodly queen, ſome in his lemmans 'bed;
'Chryaſor grim begot, on ſtern Meduſa's head.
'Swart Brontes, for his own ſo mighty Neptune 'takes,
'One of the Cyclops ſtrong, Jove's thunderbolts 'that makes.
'Great Neptune, Nelius got (if you for wiſdom 'ſeek)
'Who was old Neſtor's ſire, the grav'ſt and wiſeſt 'Greek..
'Or from this king of waves, of ſuch thou lov'ſt 'to hear, [were;
'Of famous nations firſt, that mighty founders
'Then Cadmus, who the plot of ancient Thebes 'contriv'd,
'From Neptune god of ſea, his pedigree deriv'd,
'By Agenor his old ſire, who rul'd Phœnicia long:
'So Inachus, the chief of Argives great and ſtrong
'Claim'd kindred of his king, and by ſome beauteous nicce,
'So did Pelaſgus too, who peopled ancient Greece.
'A world of mighty kings and princes I could 'name,
'From our god Neptune ſprung; let this ſuffice, 'his fame [riſe,
'Incompaſſeth the world; thoſe ſtars which never
'Above the lower ſouth, are never from his eyes:
'As thoſe again to him do every day appear,
'Continually that keep the northern hemiſphere;

'Who like a mighty king, doth caſt his watched
'robe. [globe.
'Far wider than the land, quite round about the
'Where is there one to him that may compared
'be, [ſee;
'That both the poles at once continually doth
'And giant-like with heaven as often maketh
'wars;
'The iſlands in his power as numberleſs as ſtars,
'He waſheth at his will, and with his mighty
'hands,
'He makes the even ſhores, oft mountainous with
'ſands:
'Whoſe creatures, which obſerve his wide impe-
'rial ſeat,
'Like his immeaſured ſelf, are infinite and great.'
Thus ended they their ſong, and off th' aſſem-
bly brake,
When quickly towards the weſt, the muſe her
way doth take;
Whereas the ſwelling ſoil, as from one bank doth
bring
This (*l*) Wauency ſung before and (*l*) Ouſe-the-
leſs, whoſe ſpring
Towards Ouſe-the-greater points, and down by
Thetford glides, [divides,
Where ſhe clear Thet receives, her glory that
With her new-named town, as wond'rous glad
that ſhe, [be:
For frequency of late, ſo much eſteem'd ſhould
Where ſince theſe confluent floods, ſo fit for hawk-
ing lie, [flie.
And ſtore of fowl entice ſkill'd falconers there to
Now of a flight at Brooke ſhall my deſcription
be: [me.
What ſubject can be found, that lies not fair for
Of ſimple ſhepherds now, my muſe exactly ſings,
And then of courtly loves, and the affairs of kings.
Then in a buſkin'd ſtrain, the warlike ſpear and
ſhield,
And inſtantly again of the diſports of field;
What can this iſle produce, that lies from my re-
port, [ſport.
Induſtrious muſe, proceed then to my hawking
When making for the brook, the falconer doth
eſpy, [doth lie,
One river, plaſh, or mere, where ſtore of fowl
Whence forced over land, by ſkilful falconer's
trade,
A fair convenient flight, may eaſily be made.
He whiſtleth of his hawks, whoſe nimble pinions
ſtreight,
Do work themſelves by turns, into a ſtately height:
And if that after check, the one or both do go,
Sometimes he them the lure, ſometimes doth wa-
ter ſhew;
The trembling fowl that hear the jigging hawk-
bells ring,
And find it is too late, to truſt them to their wing,
Lie flat upon the flood, whilſt the high-mounted
hawks,
Then being lords alone, in their etherial walks,

(*l*) The fountains of theſe rivers, not far aſunder, yet one running northward, the other to the eaſt.

Aloft ſo bravely ſtir, their bells ſo thick that ſhake,
Which when the falconer ſees, that ſcarce one
plane they make;
The gallant'ſt birds, ſaid he, that ever flew on
wing, [king.
And ſwears there is a flight, were worthy of a
Then making to the flood, to force the fowls to
riſe,
The fierce and eager hawks, down thrilling from
the ſkies, [reach,
Make ſundry cancelleers e'er they the fowl can
Which then to ſave their lives, their wings do
lively ſtretch.
But when the whizzing bells the ſilent air do
cleave, [deceive;
And that their greateſt ſpeed, them vainly do
And the ſharp cruel hawks, they at their backs do
view,
Themſelves for very fear they inſtantly (*m*) ineaw.
The hawks get up again into their former
place, [race:
And ranging here and there, in that their airy
Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'ſcape away,
With many a ſtouping brave, them in again they
lay.
But when the falconers take their hawking-poles
in hand,
And croſſing of the brook, do put it over land;
The hawk gives it a ſouſe, that makes it to re-
bound,
Well near the height of man, ſometimes above
the ground;
Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,
And oft from neck to nail, the back in two
doth ſhread.
With many a wo ho ho, and jocund lure again,
When he his quarry makes upon the graſſy plane.
But to my floods again; when as this Ouſe-the-
leſs, [ceſs,
Hath taken in clear Thet, with far more free ac-
To Ouſe-the-great ſhe goes, her queen that cometh
crown'd,
As ſuch a river ſits, ſo many miles renown'd;
And pointing to the north, her cryſtal front ſhe
daſhes,
Againſt the ſwelling ſands of the ſurrounded
waſhes;
And Neptune in her arms, ſo amply doth embrace,
As ſhe would rob his queen, fair Thetis, of her
place.
Which when rich Marſhland ſees, leſt ſhe ſhould
loſe her ſtate,
With that fair river thus, ſhe gently doth debate.
'Diſdain me not, dear flood, in thy exceſſive
pride,
'There's ſcarcely any ſoil that ſitteth by thy ſide,
'Whoſe turf ſo batful is, or bears ſo deep a ſwath;
'Nor is there any Mark in all Great Britain, hath
'So many goodly ſeats, or that can truly ſhew,
'Such rareties as I, ſo that all Marſhes owe
'Much honour to my name, for that exceeding
'grace, [place,
'Which they receive by me, ſo ſovereign in my

(*m*) Lay the fowls again in water.

'Though Rumney, as ſome ſay, for fineneſs of her
'graſs,
'And for her dainty ſcite, all others doth furpaſs;
'Yet are thoſe ſeas but poor, and rivers that con-
'fine,
'Her greatneſs but mean rills, be they compar'd
'with mine.
'Nor hardly doth ſhe tythe th' abundant fowl
'and fiſh,
'Which nature gives to me, as I myſelf can wiſh.
'As Amphitrite oft, calls me her ſweet and fair,
'And ſends the northern winds to curl my braid-
'ed hair,
'And makes the Waſhes ſtand, to watch and ward
'me ſtill,
'Leſt that rough god of ſea, on me ſhould work
'his will.
'Old Wiſbitch to my grace, my circuit fits within,
'And near my banks I have the neighbourhood
'of Lynn.
'Both towns of ſtrength and ſtate, my profits ſtill
'ſhall vent, [tinent.'
'No Marſh hath more of ſea, none more of con-
Thus Marſhland ends her ſpeech, as one that
thoroughly knew, [due.
What was her proper praiſe, and what was Ouſe's
With that the zealous muſe, in her poetic rage,
To Walſingham would needs have gone a pilgrim-
age,
To view thoſe fartheſt ſhores, whence little Niger
'flows, [grows,
Into the northern main, and ſee the glebe where
That ſaffron (which men ſay) this land hath not
the like, [ſtrike.
All Europe that excels; but here ſhe fail doth
For that Apollo pluck'd her eaſily by the ear;
And told her in that part of Norfolk, if there were
Ought worthy of reſpect, it was not in her way,
When for the greater Ouſe, her wing ſhe doth
diſplay.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWENTY-FIRST SONG.

The Argument.

Now from Newmarket comes the muſe,
Whoſe ſpacious heath, ſhe wiſtly views,
Thoſe ancient ditches and ſurveys,
Which our firſt Saxons here did raiſe;
To Gogmagog then turns her tale,
And ſhews you Ring-tail's pleaſant vale.
And to do Cambridge all her rites,
The muſes to her town invites.
And laſtly, Ely's praiſe ſhe ſings,
An end which to this canto brings.

By this our little reſt, thus having gotten breath,
And fairly in our way, upon Newmarket heath;
That great and ancient (*a*) ditch, which us expected long,
Inſpired by the muſe, at her arrival ſong;
'O time, what earthly thing with thee itſelf can truſt,
'When thou in thine own courſe art to thyſelf unjuſt!
'Doſt thou contract with death, and to oblivion give
'Thy glories after them, yet ſhamefully dar'ſt live?
'O time, had'ſt thou preſerv'd, what labouring man hath done,
'Thou long before this day, might'ſt to thyſelf have won
'A deity with the gods, and in thy temple plac'd,
'But ſacrilegious thou, haſt all great works defac'd;
'For though the things themſelves have ſuffer'd by thy theft,
'Yet with thy ruins, thou, to ages might'ſt have left,
'Thoſe monuments who rear'd, and not have ſuffer'd thus
'Poſterity ſo much, t' abuſe both thee and us.
'I, by th' Eaſt Angles firſt, who from this heath aroſe,
'The long'ſt and largeſt ditch, to check their Mercian foes;
'Becauſe my depth, and breadth, ſo ſtrangely doth exceed,
'Men's low and wretched thoughts, they conſtantly decreed,
'That by the Devil's help, I needs muſt raiſed be,
'Wherefore the Devil's Ditch they baſely named me;

(*a*) The Devil's Ditch.

'When ages long before, I bare St. Edmond's
'name, [came
'Becauſe up to my ſide, (ſome have ſuppoſed)
'The liberties bequeath'd to his moſt ſacred ſhrine.
'Therefore my fellow Dykes, ye ancient friends
'of mine,
'That out of earth were rais'd, by men whoſe
'minds were great,
'It is no marvel, though oblivion do you treat.
'Firſt, Flemditch next myſelf, that art of greateſt
'ſtrength,
'That do'ſt extend thy courſe full ſeven large
'miles in length;
'And thou the Fivemile call'd, yet not leſs dear
'to me,
'With Brenditch, that again is ſhorteſt of the three,
'Can you ſuppoſe yourſelves at all to be reſpected,
'When you may ſee my truth's bely'd, and ſo ne-
'glected; [eſtate,
'Therefore dear Heath, live ſtill in proſperous
'And let thy well-fleec'd flocks, from morn to
'evening late,
'(By careful ſhepherds kept) rejoice thee with
'their praiſe,
'And let the merry lark, with her delicious lays,
'Give comfort to thy plains, and let me only lie,
'Though of the world contem'd) yet gracious in
'thine eye.'
Thus ſaid, theſe ancient Dykes neglected in
their ground, (ſound,
Through the ſad aged earth, ſent out a hollow
To gratulate her ſpeech; when as we met again,
With one whoſe conſtant heart, with cruel love
was ſlain;
Old Gogmagog, a hill of long and great renown,
Which near to Cambridge ſet, o'erlooks that
'learn'd town.
Of Balſham's pleaſant hills, that by the name was
known,
But with the monſtrous times, he rude and bar-
barous grown,
A giant was become; for man he cared not,
And ſo the fearful name of Gogmagog had got:
Who long had borne good-will to moſt delicious
Grant, [ſupplant.
But doubting leſt ſome god his greatneſs might
For as the dainty flood by Cambridge keeps her
courſe,
He found their muſes left their old Bœotian ſource;
Reſorting to her banks, and every little ſpace,
He ſaw bright Phœbus gaze upon her cryſtal face,
And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked
red, [to bed.
To leave his loved nymph, when he went down
Wherefore this hill with love, being fouly over-
gone;
And one day as he found the lovely nymph alone,
Thus wooes her; 'Sweeting mine, if thou mine
'own wilt be,
'I've many a pretty gaud, I keep in ſtore for
'thee,
'A neſt of broad-fac'd owls, and goodly urchins
'too, [wooe:
'Nay, nymph, take heed of me, when I begin to
'And better yet than this, a bulchin two years
'old, [ſold:
'A curl'd-pate calf it is, and oft could have been
'And yet beſide all this, I've goodly bear-whelps
'twa, [play,
'Full dainty for my joy, when ſhe's diſpos'd to
'And twenty ſowes of lead, to make our wedding
'ring; [thing:
'Beſides, at Sturbridge fair, I'll buy thee many a
'I'll ſmouch thee every morn, before the ſun can
'riſe, [eyes.'
'And look my manly face, in thy ſweet glaring
Thus ſaid, he ſmug'd his beard, and ſtroaked
up his hair,
As one that for her love he thought had offered
fair:
Which to the muſes, Grant did preſently report,
Wherewith they many a year ſhall make them
wond'rous ſport. [dale,
When Ringdale in herſelf, a moſt delicious
Who having heard too long the barbarous moun-
tain's tale,
Thus thinketh in herſelf, 'Shall I be ſilenc'd, when
'Rude hills and ditches, digg'd by diſcontented
'men,
'Are aided by the muſe; their minds at large to
'ſpeak,
'Beſides my ſiſter vales, ſuppoſing me but weak,
'Judge meanly of my ſtate, when ſhe no longer
'ſtaid,
'But in her own behalf, thus to the other ſaid.
'What though betwixt two (*b*) ſhires, I be
'by fortune thrown, [own;
'That neither of them both can challenge me her
'Yet am I not the leſs, nor leſs my fame ſhall be;
'Your figures are but baſe, when they are ſet by me:
'For nature in your ſhapes, notoriouſly did err,
'But ſkilful was in me, eaſt pure orbicular.
'Nor can I be compar'd ſo like to any thing,
'By him that would expreſs my ſhape, as to a
'ring:
'For nature bent to ſport, and various in her
'trade,
'Of all the Britiſh vales, of me a circle made:
'For in my very midſt, there is a ſwelling ground.
'About which Ceres nymphs dance many a wan-
'ton round.
'The friſking fairy there, as on the light air borne,
'Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;
'And catching drops of dew in their laſcivious
'chaces,
'Do caſt the liquid pearl in one another's faces.
'What they in largeneſs have, that bear them-
'ſelves ſo high,
'In my moſt perfect form, and delicacy, I,
'For greatneſs of my grain, and fineneſs of my
'graſs; [ſurpaſs.'
'This iſle ſcarce hath a vale, that Ringdale doth
When more ſhe would have ſaid, but ſuddenly
there ſprung,
A confident report, that through the country
rung,

(*b*) This vale ſtandeth part in Hertfordſhire, part in Cambridgeſhire.

That Cam her daintieſt flood, long ſince entitled Grant,
Whoſe fountain Aſhwell crown'd, with many an upright plant.
In ſallying on for Ouſe, determin'd by the way,
To entertain her friends the muſes with a lay.
Wherefore to ſhew herſelf e'er ſhe to Cambridge came,
Moſt worthy of that town to which ſhe gives the name,
Takes in her ſecond head, from Linton coming in,
By Shelford having ſlid, which ſtraightway ſhe doth win:
Than which, a purer ſtream, a delicater brook,
Bright Phœbus in his courſe, doth ſcarcely overlook.
Thus furniſhing her banks; as ſweetly ſhe doth glide
Towards Cambridge, with rich meads laid forth on either ſide;
And with the muſes oft, did by the way converſe:
Wherefore it her behoves, that ſomething ſhe rehearſe,
The ſiſters that concern'd, who whiſper'd in her ear,
Such things as only ſhe, and they themſelves ſhould hear,
A wond'rous learned flood; and ſhe that had been long
(Though ſilent, in herſelf, yet) vexed at the wrong
Done to Apollo's prieſts, with heavenly fire infus'd,
Oft by the worthleſs world, unworthily abus'd:
With whom, in their behalf, hap ill, or happen well,
She meant to have a bout, even in deſpight of hell,
When humbly lowting low, her due obedience done,
Thus like a ſatyr ſhe, deliberately begun.

'My invective, thus quoth ſhe, I only aim at 'you,
'Of what degree ſoe'er) ye wretched worldly 'crew,
'In all your brainleſs talk, that ſtill direct your 'drifts
'Againſt the muſes ſons, and their moſt ſacred 'gifts,
'That hate a poet's name, your vileneſs to ad- 'vance,
'For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.
'Slave, he whom thou doſt think, ſo mean and 'poor to be,
'Is more than half divine, when he is ſet by thee.
'Nay more, I will avow, and juſtify him then,
'He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.
'His brave and noble heart, here in a heaven doth 'dwell
'Above thoſe worldly cares, that ſinks ſuch ſots to hell;
'A caitif if there be yet viler than thyſelf,
'If he through baſeneſs light upon this wordly 'pelf,
'The chimney-ſweep, or he that in the dead of 'night,
'Doth empty leathſome vaults, nay purchaſe all 'your right;
'When not the greateſt king, ſhould he his trea- 'ſure rain,
'The muſes ſacred gifts, can poſſibly obtain;
'No, were the monarch of the univerſal earth,
'Except that gift from heav'n, he breath'd into 'his birth.
'How tranſitory be thoſe heaps of rotting mud,
'Which only to obtain, ye make your chiefeſt 'good?
'Perhaps to your fond ſons, your ill-got goods 'you leave,
'You ſcarcely buried are, but they your hopes 'deceive.
'Have I not known a wretch, the purchaſe of 'whoſe ground,
'Was valued to be ſold, at threeſcore thouſand 'pound;
'That in a little time, in a poor threadbare coat,
'Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a ſilly 'groat!
'When nothing hath of yours, or your baſe broods 'been left,
'Except poor widows cries, to memorize your 'theft.
'That curſe the ſerpent got in paradiſe for hire,
'Deſcend upon you all, from him your deviliſh 'ſire,
'Groveling upon the earth, to creep upon your 'breaſt,
'And lick the loathſome duſt, like that abhorred 'beaſt.
'But leave theſe hateful herds, and let me now 'declare,
'I th' Heliconian font, who rightly chriſt'ned 'are;
'Not ſuch as baſely ſooth the humour of the 'time,
'And ſlubberingly patch up ſome ſlight and ſhal- 'low rhyme,
'Upon Parnaſſus' top, that ſtrive to be inſtall'd,
'Yet never to that place were by the muſes 'call'd.
'Nor yet our mimic apes, out of their bragging 'pride,
'That fain would ſeem to be, what nature them 'deny'd;
'Whoſe verſes hobling run, as with disjointed 'bones,
'And make a viler noiſe, than carts upon the 'ſtones;
'And theſe forſooth muſt be, the muſes only 'heirs.
'When they but ſtandards are, and foundlings 'none of theirs,
'Inforcing things in verſe for poetry unfit,
'Mere filthy ſtuff, that breaks out of the ſores of 'wit;
'What poet recks the praiſe upon ſuch antics 'heap'd,
'Or envies that their lines, in cabinets are kept?

'Though ſome fantaſtic fool promove their rag-
'ged rhymes,
'And do tranſcribe them o'er a hundred ſeveral
'times,
'And ſome fond women wins, to think them
'wond'rous rare,
'When they lewd beggary-traſh, nay very gib-
'beriſh are.
'Give me thoſe lines (whoſe touch the ſkilful ear
'to pleaſe)
'That gilding flow in ſtate, like ſwelling Eu-
'phrates,
'In which things natural be, and not in falſely
'wrong;
'The ſounds are fine and ſmooth, the ſenſe is full
'and ſtrong;
'Not bombaſted with words, vain tinkliſh ears to
'feed,
'But ſuch as may content the perfect man to read.
'What is of painters ſaid, is of true poets rife,
'That he which doth expreſs things neareſt to the
'life,
'Doth touch the very point, nor needs he add
'thereto,
'For that the utmoſt is, that art doth ſtrive to do.
'Had Orpheus, whoſe ſweet harp (ſo muſically
'ſtrung)
'Enticed trees, and rocks, to follow him along;
'Th' morality of which, is, that his knowledge
'drew, [neſs knew,
'The ſtony, blockiſh rout, that nought but rude-
'T' embrace a civil life, by his enticing lays.
'Had he compos'd his lines, like many of theſe
'days,
'Which to be underſtood, to take it in diſdain,
'Nay Oedipus may fail, to know what they would
'mean.
'If Orpheus had ſo play'd, not to be underſtood,
'Well might thoſe men have thought the harper
'had been wood;
'Who might have ſit him down, the trees and
'rocks among,
'And been a verier block than thoſe to whom he
'ſung. [town,
'O noble Cambridge then, my moſt beloved
'In glory flouriſh ſtill, to heighten thy renown;
'In woman's perfect ſhape, ſtill be thy emblem
'right, [light.
'Whoſe one hand holds a cup, the other bears a
'Phocis bedew'd with drops, that from Parnaſſus
'fall,
'Let Cirtha ſeek to her, nor be you leaſt of all,
'Ye fair Bœotian Thebes, and Theſpia ſtill to
'pay [way.
'My Cambridge all her rites; Cirrhea ſend this
'O let the thrice-three maids, their dews upon
'the rain,
'From Aganippa's font, and hoof-plow'd Hip-
'pocrane. [place
'Mount Pindus, thou that art the muſes ſacred
'In Theſſaly; and thou, O Pimpla, that in Thrace
'They chooſe for their own hill, then thou Par-
'naſſus high,
'Upon whoſe by-clift top, the ſacred company
'About Apollo ſit; and thou, O flood, with theſe
'Pure Helicon, belov'd of the Pierides.
'With Tempe, let thy walks, and ſhades, be
'brought to her,
'And all your glorious gifts upon my town con-
'fer.'
This ſaid, the lovely Grant glides eas'ly on
along,
To meet the mighty Ouſe, which with her wat'ry
throng,
The Cantabrigian fields had entered, taking in
Th' iniſled Ely's earth, which ſtrongly ſhe doth
win
From Grant's ſoft-neighbouring grounds, when
as the fruitful iſle,
Much wondering at herſelf, thought ſurely all
this while,
That by her ſilence ſhe had ſuffered too much
wrong,
'Wherefore in her ſelf-praiſe, lo thus the iſland
ſung.
'Of all the Marſhland iſles, I Ely am the
'Queen,
'For winter each where ſad, in me looks freſh
'and green.
'The horſe, or other beaſt, o'erweigh'd with his
'own maſs,
'Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in
'graſs;
'And in the place where grows rank fodder for
'my neat,
'The turf which bears the hay, is wood'rous
'needful peat:
'My full and bat'ning earth, needs not the plow-
'man's pains,
'The rills which run in me, are like the branched
'veins [hand
'In human bodies ſeen; thoſe ditches cut by
'From the furrounding Meres, to win the mea-
'fur'd land,
'To thoſe choice waters, I moſt fitly may com-
'pare,
'Wherewith nice women uſe to blanch their
'beauties rare.
'Hath there a man been born in me, that never
'knew
'Of Waterſey the Lame, or th' other call'd the
'New.
'The Frithdike near'ſt my midſt, and of ano-
'ther fort,
'Whoever fiſh'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make
'report
'Of fundry Meres at hand, upon my weſtern
'way,
'As Ramſey-mere, and Ug, with the great Whit-
'telſey;
'Of the abundant ſtore of fiſh and fowl that
'bred,
'Which whilſt of Europe's iſles Great Britain is
'the head.
'No Meres ſhall truly tell, in them, than at one
'draught,
'More ſtore of either kinds hath with the net
'been caught;

'Which though ſome petty iſles do challenge
'them to be
'Their own, yet muſt thoſe iſles likewiſe ac-
'knowledge me
'Their ſovereign. Nor yet let that iſlet Ramſey
'ſhame,
'Although to Ramſey-mere ſhe only gives the
'name;
'(*c*) Nor Huntingdon, to me though ſhe extend
'her grounds,
'Twit me that I at all uſurp upon her bounds.

(*c*) Though Ely be in part of Cambridgeſhire, yet are theſe Meres for the moſt part in Huntingdonſhire.

'Thoſe Meres may well be proud, that I will
'take them in,
'Which otherwiſe perhaps forgotten might have
'been.
'Beſides my tow'red (*d*) Phane, and my rich ci-
'ty'd ſeat,
'With villages, and dorps, to make me moſt
'compleat.'
Thus broke ſhe off her ſpeech, when as the
muſe a while,
Deſirous to repoſe, and reſt her with the iſle,
Here conſummates her ſong, and doth freſh cou-
rage take,
With war in the next book, the muſes to awake'

(*d*) The town and church of Ely.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWENTY-SECOND SONG.

The Argument.

The muſe, Ouſe from her fountain brings
Along by Buckingham, and ſings:
The earth that turned wood to ſtone,
And th' holy wells of Harlweſton:
Then ſhews wherefore the fates do grant,
That ſhe the civil wars ſhould chant:
By Huntingdon ſhe Wayhridge meets,
And thence the German ocean greets.

INVENTION as before, thy high-pitch'd pinions rouze,
Exactly to ſet down how the far-wandring Ouſe,
Through the Bedfordian fields deliciouſly doth ſtrain,
As holding on her courſe, by Huntingdon again,
How bravely ſhe herſelf betwixt her banks doth bear,
Ere Ely ſhe iniſle, a goddeſs honoured there;
From Brackley breaking forth, through ſoils moſt heavenly ſweet,
By Buckingham makes on, and croſſing Watling-ſtreet, [twin,
She with her leſſer Ouſe, at Newport next doth
Which from proud Chiltern near, comes eas'ly ambling in.
The brook which on her bank doth boaſt that earth alone: [ſtone.
(Which noted) of this iſle, converteth wood to
That little Aſply's earth we anciently inſtile,
'Mongſt ſundry other things, a wonder of the iſle:
Of which the leſſer Ouſe oft hoaſteth in her way,
As ſhe herſelf with flowers doth gorgeouſly array.
Ouſe having Ouleney paſt, as ſhe were waxed mad, [gad;
From her firſt ſtayder courſe immediately doth
And in meandred gyres doth whirl herſelf about,
That, this way, here and there, back, forward, in, and out,
And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gate,
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,
Through thoſe rich fields doth run, till laſtly in her pride, [vide,
The ſhire's hoſpitious town, ſhe in her courſe di-
Where ſhe her ſpacious breaſt in glorious breadth diſplays [ways,
And varying her clear form a thouſand ſundry

Streaks through the verdant meads; but far ſhe hath not gone, [on,
When Ivel a clear nymph from Shefford fallying
Comes deftly dancing in through many a dainty ſlade, [ſwade,
Crown'd with a goodly bridge, arriv'd at Bickle-
Encouraged the more her miſtreſs to purſue,
In whoſe clear face the ſun delights himſelf to view: [make,
To mix herſelf with Ouſe, as on ſhe thus doth
And lovingly at laſt hath apt to overtake;
She in her chryſtal arms her fovereign Ouſe doth cling,
Which flood in her ally, as highly glorying,
Shoots forward to St. Neot's, into thoſe nether grounds,
Towards Huntingdon, and leaves the lov'd Bedfordian bounds.
Scarce is ſhe ent'red yet upon this ſecond ſhire,
Of which ſhe ſovereign is, but that two fountains clear, [ſweet,
At Harlweſton near hand, th' one ſalt, the other
At her firſt entrance, thus her greatneſs gently greet.

'Once were we two fair nymphs, who fortu-
'nately prov'd,
'The pleaſures of the woods, and faithfully be-
'lov'd [here;
'Of two ſuch Sylvan gods, by hap that found us
'For then their Sylvan kind moſt highly honour-
'ed were,
'When this whole country's face was foreſty,
'and we
'Liv'd looſely in the weilds, which now thus
'peopled be. [ſent,
'Oft interchang'd we ſighs, oft amorous looks we
'Oft whiſpering our dear loves, our thoughts oft
'did we vent [play,
'Amongſt the ſecret ſhades, oft in the groves did
'And in our ſports our joys, and ſorrows did be-
'wray.
'Oft cunningly we met, yet coyly then embrac'd,
'Still languiſh'd in deſire, yet liv'd we ever chaſte.
'And quoth the ſaltiſh ſpring, as one day mine
'and I, [eye
'Set to recount our loves, from his more tender
'The briniſh tears drop'd down, on mine im-
'pierced breaſt,
'And inſtantly therein ſo deeply were impreſt,
'That brackiſh I became; he finding me de-
'priv'd
'Of former freſhneſs quite, the cauſe from him
'deriv'd, [quite,
'On me beſtow'd this gift, my ſweetneſs to re-
'That I ſhould ever cure the dimneſs of the ſight.
'And, quoth the freſher ſpring, the wood-god
'me that woo'd,
'As one day by my brim, ſurpris'd with love he
'ſtood,
'On me beſtow'd this gift, that ever after I
'Should cure the painful itch, and lothſome le-
'proſy.' [run,

Held on with this diſcourſe, ſhe on not far hath
But that ſhe is arriv'd at goodly Huntingdon;
Where ſhe no ſooner views her darling and de-
light,
Proud (*a*) Portholme, but became ſo raviſh'd with the ſight,
That ſhe her limber arms laſciviouſly doth throw
About the iſlets waiſt, who being embraced ſo,
Her flowry boſom ſhows to the enamour'd brook;
On which when as the Ouſe amazedly doth look
On her brave damaſk'd breaſt, bedeck'd with many a flow'r
(That grace this godly mead) as though the ſpring did pour
Her full abundance down, whoſe various dyes ſo thick,
Are intermix'd as they by one another ſtick,
That to the gazing eye that ſtandeth far, they ſhow
Like thoſe made by the ſun in the celeſtial bow.
But now t' advance this flood, the fates had brought to paſs,
As ſhe of all the reſt the only river was:
That but a little while before that fatal war,
'Twixt that divided blood of York and Lancaſter,
Near Harlefwood, above in her Bedfordian trace,
By keeping back her ſtream, for near three furlongs ſpace,
Laying her boſom bare unto the public view;
Apparently was prov'd by that which did enſue,
In her prophetic ſelf, thoſe troubles to foreſee:
Wherefore (even as her due) the deſtinies agree,
She ſhould the glory have our civil fights to ſing,
When ſwelling in her banks, from her abundant ſpring,
Her ſober ſilence ſhe now reſolutely breaks,
In language fitting war, and thus to purpoſe ſpeaks.

'With that moſt fatal field, I will not here be-
'gin,
'Where Norman William firſt the Conqueror,
'did win
'The day at (*b*) Haſtings, where the valiant Ha-
'rold ſlain [retain,
Reſign'd his crown, whoſe ſoil the colour doth,
Of th' Engliſh blood there ſhed, as th' earth ſtill,
'kept the fear:
'Which ſince not our's begot, but an invaſive war,
'Amongſt our home-fought fields, hath no de-
'ſcription here. [year,
'In Normandy nor that, that ſame day forty
'That baſtard William brought a conqueſt on this
'iſle,
'Twixt Robert his eld'ſt ſon, and Henry, who
'the while [pight,
'His brother's warlike tents in Paleſtine were
'In England here uſurp'd his eld'ſt-born brother's
'right;
'Which ſince it foreign was, not ſtruck within
'this land,
'Amongſt our civil fights here number'd ſhall
'not ſtand.

(*a*) A little iſland made by this river, lying near Huntingdon.
(*b*) In Suſſex, near the ſea.

'But Lincoln battle now we as our firſt will-
'lay,
'Where Maud the empreſs ſtood to try the
'doubtful day,
'With Stephen, when he here had well-near
'three years reign'd,
'Where both of them their right courageouſly
'maintain'd,
'And marſhaling their troops, the king his perſon
'Into his well-arm'd main, of ſtrong and va-
'liant foot:
'The wings that were his horſe, in th' one of
'them he plac'd
'Young Alan that brave Duke of Britain whom
'he grac'd
'With th' Earls of Norfolk, and Northampton,
'and with thoſe,
'He Mellent in that wing, and Warren did dis-
'The other no whit leſs, that this great day might
'ſted;
'The Earl of Aubemerle, and valiant Ipres led.
'The Empreſs' powers again, but in two ſqua-
'drons were:
'The vaward Cheſter had, and Glouceſter the
'Then were there valiant Welſh, and deſperate
'men of our's,
'That when ſupplies ſhould want, might rein-
'force their powers.
'The battles join, as when two adverſe ſeas are
'Againſt each other's waves, that all the plains
'were waſh'd
'With ſhowers of ſweltring blood, that down
'the furrows ran,
'Ere it could be diſcern'd which either loſt or
'Earl Baldwin, and Fitzurſe thoſe valiant knights,
'were ſeen
'To charge the Empreſs' horſe, as though dread
'Mars had been
'There in two ſundry ſhapes: the day that
'beauteous was,
'Twinkled as when you ſee the ſun-beams in a
'That nimbly being ſtir'd, flings up the tremb-
'ling flame
'At once, and on the earth reflects the very ſame.
'With their reſplendent ſwords, that gliſter'd
'gainſt the ſun;
'The honour of the day, at length the Empreſs
'King Stephen priſoner was, and with him ma-
'ny a lord,
'The common ſoldiers put together to the ſword,
'The next, the battle near St Edmundſbury
'fought,
'By our Fitz-empreſs' force, and Flemings hi-
'ther brought
'By th' Earl of Le'ſter, bent to move inteſtine
'For young king (c) Henry's cauſe, crown'd in
'his father's life;
'Which to his kingly ſire much care and ſorrow
'bred,
'In whoſe defiance then that earl his enſigns
'Back'd by Hugh Bigot's power, the Earl of
'Norfolk then,
'By bringing to his aid the valiant Norfolk men.

(c) Henry II.

'Gainſt Bohun, England's great high conſtable
'that ſway'd
'The royal forces, join'd with Lucy for his aid
'Chief juſtice, and with them the German
'powers, t'expel
'The Earls of Cornwal came, Glo'ſter, and Arun-
'From Bury, that with them St. Edmund's ban-
'ner bring,
'Their battles in arry; both wiſely ordering
'The armies chanc'd to meet upon the marſhy
'ground,
'Betwixt St. Edmund's town, and Fornham (fitly
'found)
'The bellowing drums beat up a thunder for the
'The trumpets rend the air, the enſigns let at
'large,
'Like waving flames far off, to either hoſt appear:
'The briſtling pikes do ſhake, to threat their
'coming near;
'All clouded in a miſt they hardly could them
'So ſhadow'd with the ſhafts from either ſide that
'flew.
'The wings came wheeling in, at joining of
'whoſe forces,
'The either part were ſeen to tumble from their
'horſes,
'Which empty put to rout, are paunch'd with
'gleaves and piles,
'Leſt elſe by running looſe, they might diſrank
'their files.
'The bill-men come to blows, that with the cruel
'thacks,
'The ground lay ſtray'd with male, and ſhreds of
'tatter'd jacks:
'The plains like to a ſhop, look'd each where to
'behold,
'Where limbs of mangled men on heaps lay to
'be ſold;
'Stern diſcontented war did never yet appear
'With a more threatening brow, than it that
'time did there.
'O Leiceſter (alas) in ill time waſt thou won
'To aid this graceful youth, the moſt ungrateful
'ſon
'Againſt his natural ſire, who crown'd him in his
'Whoſe ill-requited love did him much ſorrow
'raiſe,
'At Le'ſter by this war againſt King Henry
'Upon ſo bad a cauſe, O courage ill beſtow'd;
'Who had thy quarrel been, as thou thyſelf was
'ſkill'd
'In brave and martial feats, thou evermore had
'This iſle with thy high deeds, done in that
'bloody field:
'But Bigot and this lord, enforc'd at length to
'Them to the other part, when on that fatal
'plain,
'Of th' Engliſh and the Dutch, ten thouſand
'men lay ſlain.
'As for the ſecond fight at Lincoln, betwixt
'Who ſided with the French, by ſeeking to de-
'poſe,
'Henry the ſon of John, then young, and to ad-
'The Dauphin Lewis, ſon to Philip King of
'France,

'Which Lincoln caſtle, thou moſt ſtraitly did
'beſiege;
'And William Marſhal Earl of Pembroke for his
(Who led the faithful lords) although ſo many
'there,
'Or in the conflict ſlain, or taken priſoners were;
'Yet but for a ſurpriſe, no field appointed fight
'Mongſt our ſet battles here, may no way claim
'a right.
'The field at Lewes then, by our third Henry
'Who Edward his brave ſon unto that conflict
'brought;
'With Richard then the King of Almain, and his
'Young Henry, with ſuch lords as to his part he
'won,
'With him their ſovereign liege, their lives that
'durſt engage.
'And the rebellious league of the proud baronage,
'By Simon Mountford Earl of Le'ſter their chief
'head,
'And th' Earl of Glo'ſter, Clare, againſt King
'Henry led;
'For th' ancient freedoms here that bound their
'lives to ſtand,
'The aliens to expulſe, who troubled all the land,
'Whilſt for this dreadful day, their great deſigns
were meant;
'From Edward the young prince, defiances were
'To Mountford's valiant ſons, Lord Henry, Sim,
'and Guy,
'And calling unto him a herald, quoth he, fly
'To th' earl of Le'ſter's tents, and publicly pro-
'claim
'Defiance to his face, and to the Mountford's
'And ſay to his proud ſons, ſay boldly thus from
'me;
'That if they be the ſame, that they would ſeem
'to be,
'Now let them in the field be by their band-rouls
'Where as I make no doubt, their valour ſhall be
'ſhown:
'Which if they dare to do, and ſtill uphold their
'There will we vent our ſpleens, where ſwords
'ſhall it decide.
'To whom they thus reply'd, tell that brave
'man of hope,
'He ſhall the Mountfords find in th' head of all
'their troop,
'To anſwer his proud braves; our bilboes be as
'As his, our arms as ſtrong; and he ſhall find
'our blood
'Sold at as dear a rate as his; and if we fall,
'Tell him we'll hold ſo faſt, his crown ſhall go
'withal.
'The king into three fights his forces doth di-
'Of which his princely (*d*) ſon the vaward had
'to guide:
'The ſecond to the King of Almain, and his ſon,
'Young Henry he betook, in the third legion
'Of knights, and men of arms, in perſon he ap-
'pears.
'Into four ſeveral fights, the deſperate barons
'theirs.

'I' th' firſt thoſe valiant youths, the ſons of
'Le'ſter came,
'Of leading of the which, lord Henry had the
'The Earl of Glo'ſter brought the ſecond battle
'on,
'And with him the lords Mountchency, and
'Fitz-John:
'The third wherein alone the Londoners were
'The ſtout lord Segrave led; the greateſt, and
'the laſt,
'Brave Leiceſter himſelf, with courage under-
'The day upon the hoſt affrightedly doth look,
'To ſee the dreadful ſhock, their firſt encounter
'gave,
'As though it with the roar, the thunder would
'out-brave.
'Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had
'The Mountfords all in plumes, like oſtriches
'were ſeen,
'To beard him to his teeth, to th' work of death
'they go;
'The crowds like to a ſea ſeem'd waving to and
'Friend falling by his friend, together they ex-
'pire:
'He breath'd, doth charge afreſh; he wounded,
'doth retire.
'The Mountfords with the prince vye valour all
'the day,
'Which ſhould for knightly deeds excel, or he,
'or they,
'To them about his head, his gliſt'ring blade he
'They waft him with their ſwords, as long with
'equal ſhows:
'Now Henry, Simon then, and then the youngeſt
'Kept by his brothers back, thus ſtoutly doth re-
'ply,
"What though I be but young, let death me
"overwhelm,
"But I will break my ſword upon his plumed
"helm."
'The younger Bohun there, to high atchieve-
'ments bent,
'With whom two other lords, Lucy and Haſtings
'Which charging but too home, all ſorely wound-
'ed were,
'Whom living from the field, the barons ſtrove
'Being on their party fix'd; whilſt ſtill Prince
'Edward ſpurs,
'To bring his forces up to charge the Londoners,
'T' whom cruel hate he bare, and joining with
'their force,
'Of heavy-armed foot, with his light northern
'He putting them to flight, four miles in chaſe
'them flew:
'But ere he could return, the conqueſt wholly
'To the ſtout Barons ſide: his father fled the
'field,
'Into the abbey there, conſtrained thence to
'The lords Fitz-warren ſlain, and Wilton that
'was then
'Chief Juſtice (as ſome ſay) with them five
'thouſand men;
'And Bohun that great Earl of Her'ford over-
'thrown,
'With Bardolfe, Somery, Patſhul, and Percie

(*d*) Prince Edward, after called Edward I.

'By their coat-armours they, for barons, prifon-
'ers ta'en;
'Though Henry wore the crown, great Le'fter
'yet did reign,
'Now for the conflict next, at Chefterfield that
'chanc'd [advanc'd
'Gainft Robert that proud Earl of Derby, who
'His enfigns 'gainft the king, (contrary to his
'oath)
'Upon the barons part, with the lord Deucll, both
'Surpris'd by Henry Prince of Almain with his
'power,
'By coming at fo ftrange an unexpected hour:
'And taking them unarm'd; fince merely a
'defeat, [repeat.
'With our well-ordered fights, we will not here
'The fatal battle then at fertile Eufham ftruck,
'Though with the felf-fame hands, not with the
'felf-fame luck:
'For both the king and prince at Lewes prifoners
'taken,
'By fortune were not yet fo utterly forfaken:
'But that the prince was got from Le'fter, and
'doth gather
'His friends, by force of arms yet to redeem his
'father;
'And th' Earl of Glo'fter won, who through the
'Mountfords' pride [fide.
'Difgrac'd, came with his power to the imperial
'When now thofe lords, which late at Lewes won
'the day, [lay,
'The facrament receiv'd, their arms not down to
'Until the king fhould yield th' old charter to
'maintain. [again,
'King Henry and his fon prince Edward fwore
'They would repeal thofe laws that were at Ox-
'ford made, [wade.
'Or through this bloody war to their deftruction
'But fince the king remain'd in puiffant Le'fter's
'power,
'The remnant of his friends whom death did
'not devour
'At Lewes' battle late, and durft his part partake.
'The prince excites again, an army up to make,
'Whom Roger Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, doth af-
'fift, [martialift,
'England's high marfhal then, and that great
'Old Henry Bohun, Earl of Her'ford, in this
'war, [timer,
'Gray, Baffet, and Saint-John, Lifle, Percie, La-
'All barons, which to him their utmoft ftrengths
'do lay,
'With many a knight for power their equal
'every way;
'And William Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who
'had fled
'From Lewes' field, to France, then with frefh
'fuccour fped.
'Young Humphry Bohun ftill, doth with great
'Le'fter go, [foe.
'Who for his country's caufe becomes his father's
'Fitz-John, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Roffe, Se-
'grave, Veffey, Gifford.
'Wake, Lucy, Vipount, Vaux, Clare, Marmion,
'Haftings, Clifford.

'In that black night before this fad and difmal
'day, [bewray
'Were apparitions ftrange, as dread heaven would
'The horrors to enfue, O moft amazing fight!
'Two armies in the air, difcerned were to fight,
'Which came fo near to earth, that in the morn
'they found
'The prints of horfes feet remaining on the
'ground,
'Which came but as a fhew, the time to entertain,
'Till th' angry armies join'd, to act the bloody
'fcene.
'Shrill fhouts, and deadly cries, each way the
'air do fill, [kill:
'And not a word was heard from either fide, but
'The father 'gainft the fon, the brother 'gainft
'the brother,
'With gleaves, fwords, bills, and pikes, were
'murdering one another. [blood,
'The full luxurious earth, feems furfeited with
'Whilft in his uncle's gore th' unnatural nephew
'ftood;
'Whilft with their charged ftaves, the defperate
'horfemen meet,
'They hear their kinfmen groan under their hor-
'fes feet. [abound;
'Dead men, and weapons broke, do on the earth
'The drums bedafh'd with brains, do give a dif-
'mal found.
'Great Le'fter there expir'd, with Henry his
'brave fon, [done.
'When many a high exploit they in that day had
'Scarce was there noble houfe, of which thofe
'times could tell, [fell;
'But that fome one thereof, on this, or that fide
'Amongft the flaughter'd men, that there lay
'heap'd on piles:
'Bohuns, and Beauchamps were, Bafets, and Man-
'deviles: [all,
'Segraves, and Saint-Johns feek, upon the end of
'To give thofe of their names their chriftian bu-
'rial.
'Ten thoufand on both fides were ta'en and flain
'that day: [away.
'Prince Edward gets the goal, and bears the palm
'All Edward Longfhank's time, her civil wars
'did ceafe, [increafe.
'Who ftrove his country's bounds by conqueft to
'But in th' enfuing reign of his moft riotous fon,
'As in his father's days, a fecond war begun;
'When as the ftubborn heirs of the ftout barons
'dead, [Eufham fhed,
'Who for their country's caufe, their blood at
'Not able to endure the Spencers hateful pride,
'The father and the fon, whofe counfels then did
'guide
'Th' inconfiderate king, conferring all his graces,
'On them who got all gifts, and bought and fold
'all places,
'Them raifing to debafe the baronage the more
'For Gaveflon, whom they had put to death be-
'fore.
'Which urg'd too far, at length to open arms
'they brake, [make.
'And for a fpeedy war they up their powers do

'Upon King Edward's part, for this great ac-
'tion bent, [Kent,
'His brother Edmund came, the valiant Earl of
'With Richmond, Arundel, and Pembroke, who
'engage,
'Their powers, (three powerful earls) againſt the
'baronage.
'And on the barons ſide, great maſter of the
'war, [ter,
'Was Thomas (of the blood) the Earl of Lancaſ-
'With Henry Bohun, Earl of Hereford, his peer,
'With whom (of great command and martialiſts)
'there were
'Lyle, Darcy, Deiville, Teis, Beach, Bradburne,
'Bernvile, Knovile,
'With Badleſmer, and Bercks, Fitz-William, Ley-
'burne, Lovell,
'Tuchet, and Talbot ſtout, do for the barons ſtand,
'Mandute, and Mowbray, with great Clifford
that command
'Their tenants to take arms, that with their land-
'lords run; [ton;
'With theſe went alſo Hugh, and Henry Willing-
'Redoubted Damory, as Audley, Elmeſbridge,
'Wither,
'Earls, barons, knights, eſquires, embodied all
'together,
'At Burton upon Trent who having gather'd head,
'Tow'rds them with all his power the king in
'perſon ſped;
'Who at his near approach (upon his march) de-
'ſcry'd,
'That they againſt his power the bridge had for-
'tify'd:
'Which he by ſtrong aſſault, aſſays from them to
'win,
'Where as a bloody fight doth inſtantly begin,
'When he to beat them off, aſſays them firſt by
'ſhot;
'And they to make that good, which they before
'had got,
'Defend them with the like, like hailſtones from
'the ſky,
'From croſs-bows, and the long, the light-wing'd
'arrows fly:
'But friended with the flood, the barons hold
'their ſtrength,
'Forcing the king by boats, and piles of wood
'at length,
'T' attempt to land his force upon the other ſide.
'The barons, that the more his ſtratagems defy'd,
'Withſtand them in the ſtream, when as the
'troubled flood,
'(Within a little time) was turned all to blood;
'And from the boats and bridge, the mangled
'bodies fell'd, [expell'd.
'The poor affrighted fiſh, their wat'ry walks
'While at the bridge the fight ſtill ſtrongly doth
'abide, [guide,
'The king had learn'd to know, that by a ſkilful
'He by a ford not far might paſs his power of
'horſe,
'Which quickly he performs, which drave the ba-
'rons force
'From the defended bridge, t' affront th' ap-
'proaching foe, [go,
'Imbattelling themſelves, when to the ſhock they
'(On both ſides ſo aſſail'd) till th' water, and the
'ſhore [gore.
'Of one complexion were, diſtain'd with equal
'Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driven
from their ground,
'That when by their much loſs, too weak them-
'ſelves they found,
'Th' afflicted barons fly, yet ſtill together keep.
'The king his good ſucceſs, not ſuff'ring ſo to
'ſleep,
'Purſues them with his power, which northward
'ſtill do bear;
'And ſeldom 'ſcapes a day, but he doth charge
'their rear:
''Till come to Burrough-bridge, where they too
ſoon were ſtaid
'By Andrew Herekley, Earl of Carliſle, with
'freſh aid
'Being lately thither come, King Edward's part
'to take.
'The barons range their fights, ſtill good their
'ground to make;
'But with long marches tir'd, their wearied breath
'they draw,
'After the deſp'rat'ſt fight the ſun yet ever ſaw,
'Brave Bohun there was ſlain, and Lancaſter for-
'ſaken
'Of Fortune, is ſurpriz'd; the barons priſoners
'taken.
'For theſe rebellions, ſtirs, commotions, up-
'roars, here
'In (e) Richard Bourdeaux reign, that long ſo
'uſual were;
'As that the firſt by Straw, and Tyler, with their
'rout [ſtout,
'Of rebels brought from Kent, moſt inſolent and
'By ent'ring London, thought the iſland to ſub-
'due: [ſtew;
'The firſt of which the mayor of London bravely
'Walworth, which won his name much honour
'by the deed: [ceed,
'As they of Suffolk next, thoſe raſcals that ſuc-
'By (f) Litſter led about, their captain who en-
'ſtil'd
'Himſelf the commons' king, in hope to have
'exil'd
'The gentry from thoſe parts, by thoſe that were
'his own,
'By that brave biſhop (then) of Norwich over-
'thrown.
'By ſuch unruly ſlaves, and that in Eſſex rais'd
'By Thomas that ſtout Duke of Glo'ſter ſtrongly
'ceas'd,
'As that at Radcot-bridge, where the laſt named
'peer,
'With four brave (g) earls his friends, encounter'd
'Robert Vere

(e) Richard II. born at Bourdeaux.
(f) John Littſter, a dyer of Norwich.
(g) Warwick, Derby, Arundel, and Nottingham.

' Then Duke of Ireland call'd, by Richard ſo cre-
' ated,
' And 'gainſt thoſe lords maintain'd, whom they
' moſt deadly hated;
' Since they but garboyles were, in a deformed
' maſs,
' Not ordered fitting war, we lightly overpaſs.
' I chooſe the battle next of Shrewſbury to chant,
' Betwixt Henry the Fourth, the ſon of John of
' Gaunt,
' And the ſtout Percies, Henry Hotſpur and his
' Eame
' The Earl of Wor'ſter, who the rightful diadem
' Had from King Richard reft, and heav'd up to
' his ſeat
' This Henry, whom (too ſoon) they found to be
' too great,
' Him ſeeking to depoſe, and to the rule prefer
' Richard's proclaimed heir, their couſin Mortimer,
' Whom Owen Glendour then in Wales a priſo-
' ner ſtaid,
' Whom to their part they won, and thus their
' plot they laid,
' That Glendour ſhould have Wales, along as Se-
' vern went,
' The Piercies all the north, that lay beyond the
' Trent;
' And Mortimer from thence the ſouth to be his
' ſhare;
' Which Henry having heard, doth for the war
' prepare,
' And down to Cheſhire makes (where gathering
' powers they were)
' At Shrewſbury to meet, and doth affront them
' there:
' With him his peerleſs ſon, the princely Henry
' eame, [name,
' With th' Earl of Stafford, and of gentlemen of
' Blunt, Shyrley, Clifton, men that very powerful
' were,
' With Cockayne, Calverly, Maſſy, and Mortimer,
' Ganſell, and Wendſley, all in friends and tenants
' ſtrong,
' Reſorting to the king ſtill as he paſt along;
' Which in the open field before the ranged fights,
' He with his warlike ſon, there dub'd his maiden
' knights.
' Th' Earl Douglas for this day doth with the
' Percies ſtand,
' To whom they Berwick gave, and in Northum-
' berland
' Some ſeigniories and holds, if they the battle got,
' Who brought with him to field full many an an-
' gry Scot,
' At Holmdon battle late that being overthrown,
' Now on the king and prince hop'd to regain
' their own;
' With almoſt all the power of Cheſhire got to-
' gether,
' By Venables, (there great) and Vernon muſ-
' ter'd thither.
' The vaward of the king, great Stafford took to
' guide.
' The vaward of the lords upon the other ſide,
' Conſiſted moſt of Scots, which joining, made
' ſuch ſpoil,
' As at the firſt conſtrain'd the Engliſh to recoil,
' And almoſt broke their ranks, which when King
' Henry found,
' Bringing his battle up, to reinforce the ground,
' The Percies bring up theirs, again to make it
' good.
' Thus whilſt the either hoſt in oppoſition ſtood,
' Brave (*b*) Douglaſs with his ſpurs, his furious
' courſer ſtrake,
' His lance ſet in his reſt, when deſperately he
' brake
' In, where his eye beheld th' imperial enſign pight,
' Where ſoon it was his chance, upon the king to
light,
' Which in his full carreer he from his courſer
' threw;
' The next Sir Walter Blunt, he with three other
' ſlew,
' All armed like the king, which he dead ſure
' accounted;
' But after when he ſaw the king himſelf re-
' mounted;
" This hand of mine (quoth he) four kings this
" day hath ſlain,"
' And ſwore out of the earth he thought they
' ſprang again,
' Or fate did him defend, at whom he only aim'd,
' When Henry Hotſpur, ſo with his high deeds
' inflam'd,
' Doth ſecond him again, and through ſuch dan-
' gers preſs,
' That Douglaſs' valiant deeds he made to ſeem
' the leſs,
' As ſtill the people cried, A Percy Eſpirance.
' The king which ſaw then time, or never to ad-
' vance
' His battle in the field, which near from him was
' won, [ſon,
' Aided by that brave prince, his moſt courageous
' Who bravely coming on, in hope to give them
' chaſe, [face;
' It chanc'd he with a ſhaft was wounded in the
' Whom, when out of the fight, his friends would
' bear away,
' He ſtrongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to ſay:
" Time never ſhall report, prince Henry left the
" field,
" When Harry Piercy ſtaid, his trait'rous ſword
" to wield."
' Now rage and equal wounds, alike inflame their
' bloods, [floods
' And the main battles join, as do two adverſe
' Met in ſome narrow arm, ſhould'ring as they
' would ſhove
' Each other from their path, or would their banks
' remove.
' The king his trait'rous foes, before him down
' doth hew,
' And with his hands that day, near forty perſons
' ſlew:

(*b*) The high courage of Douglaſs won him that addition of Doughty Douglaſs, which after grew to a proverb.

'When conqueſt wholly turns to his victorious
'ſide, [tide;
'His power ſurrounding all, like to a furious
'That Henry Hotſpur dead upon the cold earth
'lies,
'Stout Wor'ſter taken was, and Doughty Dou-
'glaſs flies.
'Five thouſand from both parts left dead upon
'the ground,
'Mongſt whom the king's faſt friend, great Staf-
'ford's corſe was found;
'And all the knights there dub'd the morning
'but before, [gore.
'The evening's ſun beheld there ſwelter'd in their
'Here I at Bramham-moor the battle in ſhould
'bring,
'Of which Earl Piercie had the greateſt managing,
'With the Lord Bardolfe there, againſt the coun-
'ty's power,
'Faſt cleaving to his friend, even to his utmoſt
'hour:
'In Flanders, France, and Wales, who having
'been abroad [road
'To raiſe them preſent powers, intending for a
'On England, for the hate he to king Henry bore;
'His ſon and brother's blood augmenting it the
'more,
'Which in his mighty ſpirit ſtill rooted did re-
'main,
'By his too much default, whom he imputed ſlain
'At Shrewſbury before, to whom if he had brought
'Supply, (that bloody field, when they ſo brave-
'ly fought),
'They ſurely it had won; for which to make
'amends,
'Being furniſhed with men, amongſt his foreign
'friends,
'By Scotland enter'd here, and with a violent hand
'Upon thoſe caſtles ſeiz'd within Northumberland
'His earldom, which the king, (who much his
'truth did doubt,
'Had taken to himſelf, and put his people out)
'Toward Yorkſhire coming on, where (ſoon re-
'paid his own)
'At Bramham's fatal moor, was foully over-
'thrown:
'Which though it were indeed, a long and mor-
'tal fight,
'Where many men were maim'd, and many ſlain
'outright:
'Where that courageous earl, all hopes there ſee-
'ing paſt,
'Amongſt his murder'd troops (even) fought it
'to the laſt:
'Yet for it was atchiev'd by multitudes of men,
'Which with Ralph Rokſby roſe, the ſh'rif of
'Yorkſhire then,
'No well proportion'd fight, we of deſcription
'quit,
'Amongſt our famous fields; nor will we here
admit
'That of that rakehell Cades, and his rebellious
'crew, [ſlew
'In Kent and Suſſex rais'd, at Se'noak fight that
'The Staffords with their power, that thither him
'purſu'd,
'Who twice upon Black-heath, back'd with the
'commons rude,
'Encamp'd againſt the king: then goodly Lon-
'don took,
'There ranſoming ſome rich, and up the priſons
'broke,
'His ſenſual heaſtly will, for law that did prefer,
'Beheaded the Lord Say, then England's treaſurer,
'And fore'd the king to flight, his perſon to ſecure,
'The muſe admits not here, a rabble ſo impure.
'But brings that battle on of that long dread-
'ful war,
'Of thoſe two houſes nam'd of York and Lan-
'caſter,
'In fair Saint Albans fought, moſt fatally betwixt
'Richard then Duke of York, and Henry call'd
'the Sixth,
'For that ill gotten crown, which him his
'(i) grandſire left,
'That likewiſe with his life, he from King Rich-
'ard reft,
'When underhand the duke doth but promove
'his claim, [came,
'Who from the elder ſon, the Duke of Clarence
'For which he raiſed arms, yet ſeem'd but to abet
'The people, to pluck down the Earl of Somerſet,
'By whom (as they gave out) we Normandy had
'loſt,
'And yet he was the man that only rul'd the roaſt.
'With Richard Duke of York, (into his fac-
'tion won)
'Saliſbury and Warwick came, the father and
'the ſon;
'The Nevils nobler name, that have renown'd ſo
'far.
'So likewiſe with the king in this great action are,
'The Dukes of Somerſet, and Buckingham, with
'theſe [plices,
'Were thrice ſo many earls, their ſtout accom-
'As Pembroke great in power, and Stafford with
'them ſtand,
'With Devonſhire, Dorſet, Wilt, and fierce Nor-
'thumberland,
'With Sidley, Berns, and Roſs, three barons with
'the reſt,
'When Richard Duke of York, then marching
'from the weſt;
'Towards whom, whilſt with his power King
'Henry forward ſet,
'Unluckily as't hapt, they at Saint Albans met;
'Where taking up the ſtreet, the buildings them
'incloſe,
'Where front doth anſwer front, and ſtrength
'doth ſtrength oppoſe;
'Whilſt like two mighty walls, they each to other
'ſtand,
'And as one ſinketh down under his enemy's hand,
'Another thruſting in, his place doth ſtill ſupply,
'Betwixt them whilſt on heaps the mangled bo-
'dies lie;

(i) Henry the Fourth.

'The ſtalls are overthrown with the unwieldy
'thruſt,
'The windows with the ſhot, are ſhiver'd all to
'duſt.
'The winter's fleet or hail was never ſeen ſo thick,
'As on the houſes ſides the bearded arrows ſtick,
'Where Warwick's courage firſt moſt comet-like
'appear'd,
'Who with words full of ſpirit, his fighting ſol-
'diers cheer'd;
'And ever as he ſaw the ſlaughter of his men,
'He with freſh forces fill'd the places up again.
'The valiant (*t*) Marchmen thus the battle ſtill
'maintain,
'That when King Henry found on heaps his ſol-
'diers ſlain,
'His great commanders calls, who when they
'ſadly ſaw,
'The honour of the day would to the Yorkiſts
'draw,
'Their perſons they put in, as for the laſt to
'ſtand;
'The Duke of Somerſet, Henry Northumber-
land,
'Of thoſe brave warlike earls, the ſecond of that
'name,
'The Earl of Stafford, ſon to th' Duke of Bucking-
ham,
'And John Lord Clifford then, which ſhed their
'noble gore
'Under the caſtle's ſign, (of which not long before,
'A prophet bad the Duke of Somerſet beware)
'With many a valiant knight, in death that had
'his ſhare:
'So much great Engliſh blood, for others lawleſs
'guilt,
'Upon ſo little ground before was never ſpilt.
'Proud York hath got the goal, the king of all
'forſaken,
'Into a cottage got, a woful priſoner taken.
'The battle of Blore-heath, the place doth next
'ſupply,
'Twixt Richard Nevil, that great Earl of Saliſ-
bury,
'Who with the Duke of York, had at Saint Al-
'bans late,
'That glorious battle got with uncontrouled fate:
'And James Lord Audley ſtir'd by that revenge-
'ful queen,
'To ſtop him on his way, for the inveterate ſpleen
'She bare him, for that ſtill he with the Yorkiſts
'held,
'Who coming from the north (by ſundry wrongs
'compell'd
'To parley with the king), the queen that time
'who lay
'In Staffordſhire, and thought to ſtop him on
'his way,
'That valiant Tuchet ſtir'd, in Cheſhire powerful
'then,
'T' affront him in the field, where Cheſhire gen-
'tlemen
'Divided were, th' one part made valiant Tuchet
'ſtrong,
'The other with the earl roſe as he came along,

'Encamping both their powers, divided by a brook,
'Whereby the prudent Earl, this ſtrong advan-
'tage took:
'For putting in the field his army in array,
'Then making as (with ſpeed) he meant to march
'away,
'He caus'd a flight of ſhafts to be diſcharged firſt.
'The enemy, who thought that he had done his
'worſt,
'And cowardly had fled in a diſorder'd rout,
'Attempt to wade the brook, he wheeling (ſoon)
'about,
'Set fiercely on that part, which then were paſſed
'over;
'Their friends then in the rear, not able to recover
'The other riſing bank, to lend the vaward aid.
'The earl who found the plot take right that he
'had laid,
'On thoſe that forward preſt, as thoſe that did
'recoil,
'As hungry in revenge, there made a ravenous
'ſpoil:
'There Dutton Dutton kills; a Done doth kill a
'Done;
'A Booth, a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh is over-
'thrown;
'A Venables, againſt a Venables doth ſtand;
'A Troutbeck fighteth with a Troutbeck hand to
'hand;
'There Molineux doth make a Molineux to die,
'And Egerton, the ſtrength of Egerton doth try.
'O! Cheſhire wert thou mad, of thine own native
'gore
'So much until this day thou never ſhed'ſt before!
'Above two thouſand men upon the earth were
'thrown,
'Of which the greateſt part were naturally thine
own.
'The ſtout Lord Audley ſlain, with many a cap-
'tain there;
'To Saliſbury it ſorts the palm away to bear.
'Then fair Northampton next, thy battle place
'ſhall take,
'Which of the imperial war, the third fought field
'doth make,
'Twixt Henry call'd our Sixth, upon whoſe par-
'ty came
'His near and dear allies, the Dukes of Bucking-
ham,
'And Somerſet, the Earl of Shrewſbury of ac-
'count,
'Stout Viſcount Beaumont, and the young Lord
'Egremount,
'Gainſt Edward Earl of March, ſon to the Duke
'of York,
'With Warwick, in that war, who ſet them all at
'work,
'And Falconbridge with him, not much unlike
'the other;
'A Nevil nobly born, his puiſſant father's brother,
'Who to the Yorkiſts claim, had evermore been
'true,
'And valiant Bourcher, Earl of Eſſex, and of Eau.
'The king from out the town, who drew his
'foot and horſe,
'As willingly to give full field-room to his force,

(*t*) Men brought out of the marches of Wales.

'Doth paſs the river Nen, near where it down
'doth run
'From his firſt fountain's head, is near to Harſing-
ton,
'Adviſed of a place, by nature ſtrongly wrought,
'Doth there encamp his power: the Earl of March
'who fought
'To prove by dint of ſword, who ſhould obtain
'the day,
'From Towceſter train'd on his powers in good
'array.
'The vaward Warwick led, (whom no attempt
'could fear;)
'The middle March himſelf, and Falconbridge
'the rear.
'Now July enter'd was, and e'er the reſtleſs ſun
'Three hours aſcent had got, the dreadful fight
'begun
'By Warwick, who a ſtraight from Viſcount
Beaumont took,
'Defeating him at firſt, by which he quickly broke
'In, on th' imperial hoſt, which with a furious
'charge,
'He forc'd upon the field, it ſelf more to enlarge.
'Now Engliſh bows, and bills, and battle-axes
'walk,
'Death up and down the field in ghaſtly ſort
'doth ſtalk.
'March in the flower of youth, like Mars him-
'ſelf doth bear;
'But Warwick as the man, whom fortune ſeem'd
'to fear,
'Did for him what he would, that whereſoe'er he
'goes,
'Down like a furious ſtorm, before him all he
'throws:
'So Shrewſbury again of Talbot's valiant ſtrain,
'(That fatal ſcourge of France) as ſtoutly doth
'maintain
'The party of the king, ſo princely Somerſet,
'Whom th' other's knightly deeds, more eagerly
'doth whet,
'Bears up with them again: by Somerſet oppos'd
'At laſt King Henry's hoſt being on three parts
'enclos'd,
'And aids ſtill coming in upon the Yorkiſts ſide,
'The ſummer being then at height of all her pride,
'The huſbandman, then hard upon his harveſt was:
'But yet the cocks of hay, nor ſwaths of new-
'ſhorn graſs,
'Strew'd not the meads ſo thick, as mangled bo-
'dies there,
'When nothing could be ſeen, but horror every
'where:
'So that upon the banks, and in the ſtream of
'(*l*) Nen,
'Ten thouſand well reſolv'd, ſtout native Engliſh-
'men
'Left breathleſs, with the reſt great Buckingham
'is ſlain,
'And Shrewſbury, whoſe loſs thoſe times did
'much complain,

(*l*) The river running by Northampton.

'Egremont, and Beaumont, both found dead up-
'on the field,
'The miſerable king, enforc'd again to yield.
'Then Wakefield battle next, we in our bed-
'roul bring,
'Fought by Prince Edward, ſon to that oft-con-
'quer'd king,
'And Richard Duke of York, ſtill ſtruggling for
'the crown,
'Whom Saliſbury aſſiſts, the man with whoſe re-
'nown
'The mouth of fame ſeem'd fill'd, there having
'with them then
'Some few ſelected Welſh, and ſouthern gentle-
'men:
'A handful to thoſe powers, with which Prince
'Edward came;
'Of which amongſt the reſt, the men of nobleſt
'name,
'Were thoſe two great-born dukes, which ſtill
'his right prefer,
'His couſin Somerſet, and princely Exeter,
'The Earl of Wiltſhire ſtill, that on his part ſtuck
'cloſe:
'With thoſe two valiant peers, Lord Clifford, and
'Lord Roſs,
'Who made their march from York to Wakefield,
'on their way
'To meet the duke, who then at Sandal Caſtle lay,
'Whom at his (very) gate, into the field they
'dar'd,
'Whoſe long expected powers not fully then pre-
'par'd,
'That March his valiant ſon, ſhould to his ſuc-
'cours bring.
'Wherefore that puiſſant lord, by ſpeedy muſ-
tering
'His tenants and ſuch friends, as he that time
'could get,
'Five thouſand in five days, in his battalion ſet
''Gainſt their twice doubled ſtrength; nor could
'the duke be ſtay'd, [aid;
'Till he might from the ſouth be ſeconded with
'As in his martial pride, diſdaining his poor foes,
'So often us'd to win, he never thought to loſe.
'The prince, which ſtill provok'd th' incenſed
'duke to fight,
'His main battalion rang'd in Sandal's lofty ſight,
'In which he, and the duke's, were ſeen in all
'their pride:
'And as York's powers ſhould paſs, he had on
'either ſide
'Two wings in ambuſh laid, which at the place
'aſſign'd
'His rearward ſhould encloſe, which as a thing di-
'vin'd,
'Juſt caught as he forecaſt; for ſcarce his army
'comes
'From the deſcending banks, and that his rat-
'tling drums
'Excites his men to charge; but Wiltſhire with
his force,
'Which were of light-arm'd foot, and Roſs with
'his light-horſe,

' Came in upon their backs, as from a mountain
' thrown,
' In number to the dukes, by being four to one.
' Even as a rout of wolves, when they by chance
' have caught
' A beaſt out of the herd, which long time they
' have fought;
' Upon him all at once courageouſly do ſet,
' Him by the dewlaps ſome, ſome by the flank do
get:
' Some climbing to his ears, do never leave their
hold, [would,
' Till falling on the ground, they have him as they
' With many of his kind, which, when he us'd to
' weod,
' What with their horns and hoofs, could then
' themſelves defend.
Thus on their foes they fell, and down the York-
' iſts fall;
' Red ſlaughter in her arms encompaſſeth them all.
' The firſt of all the fights in this unnatural war,
' In which blind fortune ſmil'd on woful Lancaſter.
' Here Richard Duke of York, down beaten,
' breath'd his laſt,
' And Saliſbury ſo long with conqueſt ſtill that paſt,
' Enforced was to yield; Rutland a younger ſon
' To the deceaſed duke, as he away would run,
' (A child ſcarce twelve years old) by Clifford
' there ſurpris'd,
' Who whilſt he thought with tears his rage to
' have ſuffic'd,
' By him was anſwer'd thus, thy father hath ſlain
' mine,
' And for his blood, (young boy) I'll have this
' blood of thine,
' And ſtabb'd him to the heart: thus the Lan-
' caſtrians reign,
' The Yorkiſts in the field on heaps together ſlain.
' The battle at that croſs, which to this day doth
' bear
' The great and ancient name of th' Engliſh Mor-
' timer,
' The next ſhall here have place, betwixt that
' Edward fought,
' Entitled Earl of March, (revengefully that fought
' To wreak his father's blood, at Wakefield lately
' ſhed,
' But then he Duke of York, his father being dead)
' And Jaſper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, in this war,
' That ſtood to underprop the houſe of Lancaſter,
' Half brother to the king, that ſtrove to hold his
' crown,
' With Wiltſhire, whoſe high proweſs had bravely
' beaten down
' The Yorkiſts' ſwelling pride in that ſucceſsful
' war
' At Wakefield, whoſe great'ſt power of Welſh and
' Iriſh are,
' The dukes were Marchers moſt, which ſtill
' ſtuck to him cloſe,
' And meeting on the plain, by that forenamed
' croſs;
' As either general there for his advantage found,
' For wiſely they ſurvey'd the faſhion of the ground)
' They into one main fight their either forces make,
' When to the Duke of York (his ſpirits as to awake)
' Three ſuns at once appear'd, all ſeverally that
' ſhone,
' Which in a little ſpace were joined all in one,
' Auſpicious to the duke, as after it fell out,
' Who with the weaker power, (of which he
' ſeem'd to doubt)
' The proud Lancaſtrian part had quickly put to
' chaſe, [place,
' Where plainly it ſhould ſeem, the genius of the
' The very name of March ſhould greatly favour
' there,
' A title to this prince deriv'd from Mortimer:
' To whom this trophy rear'd much honour'd had
' the ſoil. [ſpoil,
' The Yorkiſts here enrich'd with the Lancaſtrian
' Are maſters of the day; four thouſand being ſlain,
' The moſt of which were thoſe, there ſtanding to
' maintain
' The title of the king. Where Owen Tudor's lot
' Was to be taken then; who this young earl begot
' On Katherine the bright queen, the fifth King
' Henry's bride,
' Who too untimely dead, this Owen had affy'd.
' But he a priſoner then, his ſon and Ormond fled,
' At Hereford was made the ſhorter by the head;
' When this moſt warlike duke, in honour of that
' ſign,
' Which of his good ſucceſs ſo rightly did divine,
' And thankful to high Heaven, which of his cauſe
' had care,
' Three ſuns for his deviſe ſtill in his enſign bare.
' Thy ſecond battle now, St. Albans, I record,
' Struck 'twixt Queen Marg'ret's power, to ran-
' ſom back her lord,
' Ta'en priſoner at that town, when there thoſe
' factions fought,
' Whom now the part of York had thither with
' them brought,
' Whoſe force conſiſted moſt of ſouthern men, be-
' ing led [head
' By Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk, and the
' Of that proud faction then, ſtout Warwick ſtill
' that ſway'd,
' In every bloody field (the Yorkiſts only aid)
' When either's power approach'd, and they them-
' ſelves had fix'd,
' Upon the ſouth and north, the town them both
' betwixt,
' Which firſt of all to take, the Yorkiſts had fore-
caſt, [plac'd,
' Putting their vaward on, and their beſt archers
' The market-ſted about, and them ſo fitly laid,
' That when the foe came up, they with ſuch ter-
' ror play'd
' Upon them in the front, as forc'd them to retreat.
' The northern mad with rage upon the firſt defeat,
' Yet put for it again, to enter from the north,
' Which when Great Warwick heard, he ſent his
' vaward forth,
' T' oppoſe them in what place foe'er they made
' their ſtand, [hand,
' Where in too fit a ground, a heath too near at

' Adjoining to the town, unluckily they light,
' Where preſently began a fierce and deadly fight.
' But thoſe of Warwick's part, which ſcarce four
' thouſand were,
' To th' vaward of the queen's, that ſtood ſo ſtout-
' ly there,
' Though ſtill with freſh ſupplies from her main
' battle fed; [ſtead,
' When they their courage ſaw ſo little them to
' Deluded by the long expectance of their aid,
' By paſſages too ſtraight, and cloſe ambuſhments
' ſtaid:
' Their ſuccours that forflow'd, to flight them-
' ſelves betake,
' When after them again, ſuch ſpeed the northern
' make,
' Being follow'd with the force of their main battle
' ſtrong, [among,
' That this diſorder'd route, theſe breathleſs men
' They enter'd Warwick's hoſt, which with ſuch
' horror ſtruck
' The ſouthern, that each man began about to look
' A way how to eſcape, that when Great Norfolk
' cry'd,
' Now as you favour York, and his juſt cauſe, abide.
' And Warwick in the front even offer'd to have
' ſtood
' Yet neither of them both, ſhould they have ſpent
' their blood,
' Could make a man to ſtay, or look upon a foe:
' Where fortune, it ſhould ſeem, to Warwick
' meant to ſhew,
' That ſhe this tide of his could turn when e'er
' ſhe would. [ſold;
' Thus when they ſaw the day was for ſo little
' The king, which (for their ends) they to the
' field had brought,
' Behind them there they leave, but as a thing of
' nought,
' Which ſerv'd them to no uſe: who when his queen
' and ſon
' There found in Norfolk's tent, the battle being
' done,
' With many a joyful tear, each other they em-
' brace;
' And whilſt blind fortune look'd with ſo well
' pleas'd a face:
' Their ſwords with the warm blood of Yorkiſts
' ſo imbru'd
' Their foes but lately fled, courageouſly purſu'd.
' Now followeth that black ſcene, born up ſo
' wond'rous high
' That but a poor dumb ſhew before a tragedy,
' The former battles fought have ſeem'd to this to
' be; [thee,
' O Towton, let the blood Palm-Sunday ſpent on
' Affright the future times, when they the muſe
' ſhall hear,
' Deliver it ſo to them; and let the aſhes there
' Of forty thouſand men, in that long quarrel ſlain,
' Ariſe out of the earth, as they would live again,
' To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were
' wrought [fought)
' In that moſt fatal field, (with various fortunes
' 'Twixt Edward Duke of York, then late pro-
' claimed king, [panying,
' Fourth of that royal name, and him accom-
' The Nevils, (of that war maintaining ſtill the
' ſtream)
' Great Warwick, and with him his moſt coura-
' geous Eame,
' Stout Falconbridge; the third a firebrand like
' the other,
' Of Saliſbury ſurnam'd, that Warwick's baſtard
' brother.
' Lord Fitzwalter, who ſtill the Yorkiſts power
' aſſiſts, [martialiſts,
' Blount, Wenlock, Dinham, knights approved
' And Henry the late king, to whom they ſtill
' durſt ſtand,
' His true as powerful friend, the Great Northum-
' berland, [preſer
' With Weſtmoreland, his claim who ever did
' His kinſman Somerſet, his choſen Exeter,
' Dukes of the royal line, his faithful friends that
' were,
' And little leſs than thoſe, the Earl of Devonſhire,
' Th' Lord Dacres, and Lord Wells, both wiſe
' and warlike wights,
' With him of great command, Nevil, and Tro-
' lop, knights.
' Both armies then on foot, and on their way
' ſet forth,
' King Edward from the ſouth, King Henry from
' the north.
' The latter crowned king doth preparation make,
' From Pomfret (where he lay) the paſſage firſt to
' take
' O'er Aier at Ferrybridge, and for that ſervice
' ſends
' A moſt ſelected troop of his well-choſen friends,
' To make that paſſage good, when inſtantly began
' The dire and om'nous ſigns, the ſlaughter that
' foreran.
' For valiant Clifford there, himſelf ſo bravely quit,
' That coming to the bridge (e'er they could
' ſtrengthen it)
' From the Lancaſtrian power, with his light troop
' of horſe,
' And early in the morn defeating of their force,
' The Lord Fitzwalter ſlew, and that brave baſtard
' ſon
' Of Saliſhury, themſelves who into danger run:
' For being in their beds, ſuſpecting nought at all;
' But hearing ſudden noiſe, ſuppos'd ſome broil to
' fall
' 'Mongſt their miſgovern'd troops, unarmed ruſh-
' ing out
' By Clifford's ſoldiers ſoon encompaſſed about,
' Were miſerably ſlain: which when Great War-
' wick hears, [cars,
' As he had felt his heart tranſperſed through his
' To Edward, mad with rage, immediately he goes,
' And with diſtracted eyes, in moſt ſtern manner
' ſhews
' The ſlaughter of thoſe lords. This day alone,
' quoth he,
' Our utter ruin ſhall, or our ſure riſing be.

'When ſoon before the hoſt, his glittering ſword
'he drew, [flew.
'And with relentleſs hands his ſprightly courſer
'Then ſtand to me (quoth he) who meaneth not
'to fly;
'This day ſhall Edward win, or here ſhall War-
'wick die.
'Which words by Warwick ſpoke, ſo deeply
'ſeem'd to ſting [king,
'The much diſtemper'd breaſt of that courageous
'That ſtraight he made proclaim'd, that every
'fainting heart
'From his reſolved hoſt had licence to depart:
'And thoſe that would abide the hazard of the
'fight,
'Rewards and titles due to their deſerved right:
'And that no man, that day, a priſoner there
'ſhould take;
'For this the upſhot was, that all muſt mar or
'make.
'A hundred thouſand men in both the armies
'ſtood, [blood,
'That native Engliſh were: O, worthy of your
'What conqueſt had there been? but enſigns fly
'at large, [charge.
'And trumpets every way ſound to the dreadful
'Upon the Yorkiſts part, there flew the ireful
'bear: [there.
'On the Lancaſtrian ſide, the creſſent waving
'The ſouthern on this ſide, for York a Warwick
'cry,
'A Percy for the right, the northern men reply.
'The two main battles join, the four large wings
'do meet;
'What with the ſhouts of men, and noiſe of
'horſes feet,
'Hell through the troubled earth, her horror
'ſeem'd to breath; [neath:
'A thunder heard above, an earthquake felt be-
'As when the evening is with darkneſs over-
'ſpread,
'Her ſtar-befreckled face with clouds enveloped,
'You oftentimes behold the trembling lightning
'fly,
'Which ſuddenly again, but turning of your eye,
'Is vaniſhed away, or doth ſo ſwiftly glide,
'That with a trice it touch th' horizon's either
'ſide.
'So through the ſmoke of duſt, from ways, and
fallows rais'd,
'And breath of horſe and men, that both together
'ceas'd
'The air on every part, ſent by the glimmering
'ſun, [run:
'The ſplendour of their arms doth by reflection
'Till heaps of dying men and thoſe already dead,
'Much hinder'd them would charge, and letted
'them that fled. [tends,
'Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage ſo far ex-
'That ſullen night begins, before their fury ends.
'Ten hours this fight endur'd, whilſt ſtill with
'murdering hands,
'Expecting the next morn, the weak'ſt uncon-
'quer'd ſtands;
'Which was no ſooner come, but both begin again
'To wreck their friends dear blood the former
'evening ſlain.
'New battles are begun, new fights that newly
'wound,
'Till the Lancaſtrian part, by their much leſs'n-
'ing found
'Their long-expected hopes were utterly forlorn,
'When laſtly to their foe their recreant backs they
'turn.
'Thy channel then, O (*l*) Cock, was fill'd up
'with the dead
'Of the Lancaſtrian ſide, that from the Yorkiſts
'fled,
'That thoſe of Edward's part, that had the rear
'in chaſe, [paſs.
'As though upon a bridge, did on their bodies
'That Wharfe to whoſe large banks thou contri-
'but'ſt thy ſtore,
'Had her more cryſtal face diſcolour'd with the
'gore
'Of forty thouſand men, that up the number made,
'Northumberland the Great, and Weſtmoreland
'there laid
'Their bodies: valiant Wells, and Dacres there
'do leave [deceive.)
'Their carcaſes, (whoſe hope too long did them
'Trolop and Nevil found maſſacred in the field,
'The Earl of Wiltſhire forc'd to the ſtern foe to
'yield.
'King Henry from fair York, upon this ſad miſ-
'chance [France,
'To Scotland fled, the queen fail'd over into
'The Duke of Somerſet, and Exeter do fly,
'The reſt upon the earth together breathleſs lie.
'Muſe turn thee now to tell the field at Hexam
'ſtruck, [luck
'Upon the Yorkiſts' part, with the moſt proſp'rous
'Of any yet before, where to themſelves they
'gain'd [ſuſtain'd;
'Moſt ſafety, yet their powers leaſt damage there
''Twixt John Lord Montacute, that Nevil, who
'to ſtand [land
'For Edward, gather'd had out of Northumber-
'A ſort of valiant men, conſiſting moſt of horſe,
'Which were again ſupply'd with a moſt puiſſant
'force,
'Sent thither from the ſouth, and by King Ed-
'ward brought
'In perſon down to York, to aid if that in ought
'His general ſhould have need, for that he durſt
'not truſt
'The northern, which ſo oft to him had been
'unjuſt:
'Whilſt he himſelf at York, a ſecond power doth
'hold, [would.
'To hear in this rough war, what the Lancaſtrians
'And Henry with his queen, who tu their pow-
'ers had got, [Scot,
'The lively daring French, and the light hardy
'To enter with them here, and to their part do
'get,
'Their faithful lov'd ally, the Duke of Somerſet,

(*l*) A little rivulet near to Towton, running into Wharfe

'And Sir Ralph Percie, then moſt powerful in
'thoſe parts, [hearts
'Who had been reconcil'd to Edward, but their
'Still with King Henry ſtaid, to him and ever
'true, [drew:
'To whom by this revolt, they many northern
'Sir William Taylboys, (call'd of moſt) the Earl
'of Kime,
'With Hungerford, and Roſſe, and Mullins, of
'that time
'Barons of high account, with Nevil, Tunſtall,
'Gray, [ſway.
'Huſſy, and Findern, knights, bearing mighty
'As forward with his force, brave Montacute
'was ſet,
'It hap'd upon his way at Hegly-moor he met
'With Hungerford, and Roſſe, and Sir Ralph
'Percie, where
'In ſign of good ſucceſs (as certainly it were)
'They and their utmoſt force were quickly put to
'flight;
'Yet Percie as he was a moſt courageous knight,
'Ne'er budg'd till his laſt breath, but in the field
'was ſlain. [again,
'Proud of this firſt defeat, then marching forth
'Towards Livells, a large waſte, which other
'plains outbraves,
'Whoſe verge freſh (*m*) Dowell ſtill is wat'ring
'with her waves,
'Whereas his poſting ſcouts, King Henry's power
'deſcry'd,
'Tow'rds whom with ſpeedy march, this valiant
'general hy'd,
'Whoſe haſte there likewiſe had ſuch proſperous
'event,
'That luckleſs Henry yet, had ſcarcely clear'd his
'tent,
'His captains hardly ſet his battles, nor enlarg'd
'Their ſquadrons on the field, but this Great Ne-
'vil charg'd:
'Long was this doubtful fight on either ſide
'maintain'd,
'That riſing whilſt this falls, this loſing whilſt
'that gain'd:
'The ground which this part got, and there as
'conquerors ſtood,
'The other quickly gain, and firmly make it good,
'To either as blind chance her favours will diſpoſe:
'So to this part it ebb'd, and to that ſide it flows.
'At laſt, 'till whether 'twere that ſad and horrid
'fight,
'At Saxton that yet did their fainting ſpirits af-
'fright,
'With doubt of ſecond loſs, and ſlaughter, or the
'aid
'That Montacute receiv'd; King Henry's power
'diſmay'd
'And giving up the day, diſhonourably fled,
'Whom with ſo violent ſpeed the Yorkiſts fol-
'lowed, [ſwift,
'That had not Henry ſpurr'd, and had a courſer
'Beſides a ſkilful guide, through woods and hills
'to ſhift,

(*m*) A little river near Hexam.

'He ſure had been ſurpris'd, as they his hench-
'men took,
'With whom they found his helm; with moſt
'diſaſt'rous luck,
'To ſave themſelves by flight, ne'er more did any
'ſtrive,
'And yet ſo many men ne'er taken were alive,
'Now Banbury we come thy battle to report,
'And ſhew th' efficient cauſe, as in what wond'-
'rous ſort
'Great Warwick was wrought in to the Lancaſ-
'trian part,
'When as that wanton king ſo vex'd his mighty
'heart:
'Whilſt in the court of France, that warrior he
'beſtow'd,
'(As potent here at home, as powerful elſe abroad)
'A marriage to entreat with Bona bright and ſheen,
'Of the Savoyan blood, and ſiſter to the queen,
'Which whilſt this noble earl negociated there,
'The widow Lady Gray, the king eſpouſed here.
'By which the noble earl in France who was diſ-
'grac'd, [haſte)
'(In England his revenge doth but too quickly
'T' excite the northern men doth ſecretly begin,
'(With whom he powerful was) to riſe, that co-
'ming in,
'He might put in his hand, (which only he deſir'd)
'Which riſing before York, were likely to have
'fir'd.
'The city, but repuls'd, and Holdorn them that
'led [head.
'Being taken, for the cauſe made ſhorter by the
'Yet would not they deſiſt, but to their captains
'drew
'Henry the valiant ſon of John the Lord Fitz-
'Hugh,
'With Coniers that brave knight, whoſe valour
'they preſer,
'With Henry Nevil, ſon to the Lord Latimer,
'By whoſe allies and friends, they every day grew
'ſtrong, [along.
'And ſo in proud array tow'rds London march
'Which when King Edward ſaw the world began
'to ſide
'With Warwick, till himſelf he might of power
'provide, [ſtand.
'To noble Pembroke ſends, thoſe rebels to with-
'Six thouſand valiant Welſh, who muſt'ring out
'of hand,
'By Richard Herbert's aid, his brother doth them
'bring, [king)
'And for their greater ſtrength (appointed by the
'Th' Lord Stafford (of his houſe) of Powick
'named then, [men
'Eight hundred archers brought, the moſt-ſelected
'The Marchers could make out: theſe having
'Severn croſt.
'And up to Cotſwold come, they heard the nor-
'thern hoſt,
'Being at Northampton then, itſelf tow'rds War-
'wick wayd;
'When with a ſpeedy march, the Herberts that
'forlay'd

'Their paſſage, charg'd their rear with near two
'thouſand horſe,
'That the Lancaſtrian part ſuſpecting all their force,
'Had followed them again, their army bring about,
'Both with ſuch ſpeed and ſkill, that e'er the
'Welſh got out,
'By having charg'd too far, ſome of their vaward
'loſt,
'Beat to their army back; thus as theſe legions
'coaſt,
'On Danemore they are met, indifferent for this
'war,
'Whereas three eaſy hills that ſtand triangular,
'Small Edgcoat overlook; on that upon the weſt
'The Welſh encamp themſelves; the northern
'them poſſeſt
'Of that upon the ſouth, whilſt (by war's ſtrange
'event)
'Young Nevil, who would brave the Herberts in
'their tent,
'Leading a troop of youth, (upon that fatal plain)
'Was taken by the Welſh, and miſerably ſlain,
'Of whoſe untimely death, his friends the next
'day took
'A terrible revenge, when Stafford there forſook
'The army of the Welſh, and with his archers bad
'Them fight that would for him; for that proud
'Pembroke had
'Diſplac'd him of his inn, in Banbury, where he
'His paramour had lodg'd; where ſince he might
'not be,
'He backward ſhapes his courſe, and leaves the
'Herberts there,
'T' abide the brunt of all: with outcries every
'where
'The clamorous drums and fifes to the rough
'charge do ſound,
'Together horſe and man come tumbling to the
'ground:
'Then limbs like boughs were lopp'd, from ſhoul-
'ders arms do fly;
'They fight as none could 'ſcape, yet 'ſcape as
'none could die.
'The ruffling northern lads, and the ſtout Welſh-
'man try'd it;
'Then head-pieces hold out, or brains muſt ſore
'abide it.
'The northern men St. George for Lancaſter do
'cry:
'A Pembroke for the king, the luſty Welſh reply;
'When many a gallant youth doth deſperately
'aſſay,
'To do ſomething that might be worthy of the
'day:
'Where Richard Herbert bears into the northern
'preſs,
'And with his pole-ax makes his way with ſuch
'ſucceſs,
'That breaking through the ranks, he their main
'battle paſt,
'And quit it ſo again, that many ſtood aghaſt,
'That from the higher ground beheld him wade
'the crowd,
'As often ye behold in tempeſts rough and proud,
'O'ertaken with a ſtorm, ſome ſhell or little crea,
'Hard labouring for the land, on the high-work-
'ing ſea,
'Seems now as ſwallow'd up, then floating light
'and free
'O' th' top of ſome high wave; then think that
'you it ſee
'Quite ſunk beneath that waſte of waters, yet
'doth clear [near:
'The main, and ſafely gets ſome creek or harbour
'So Herbert clear'd their hoſt; but ſee th' event
'of war,
'Some ſpials on the hill diſcerned had from far
'Another army come to aid the northern ſide,
'When they which Clapham's craft, ſo quickly not
'eſpy'd,
'Who with five hundred men about Northampton
'rais'd [pleas'd,
'All diſcontented ſpirits, with Edward's rule diſ-
'Diſplaying in the field Great Warwick's dreaded
'hear:
'The Welſh who thought the earl in perſon had
'been there,
'Leading a greater power (diſhearten'd) turn the
'back [wreck,
'Before the northern hoſt, that quickly go to
'Five thouſand valiant Welſh are in the chaſe
'o'erthrown,
'Which but an hour before had thought the day
'their own.
'Their leaders (in the flight) the high-born Her-
'berts ta'en,
'At Banbury muſt pay for Henry Nevil ſlain.
'Now Stamford in due courſe, the muſe doth
'come to tell,
'Of thine own named field, what in the fight befel,
'Betwixt brave youthful Wells, from Lincolnſhire
'that led
'Near twenty thouſand men, tow'rd London ma-
'king head, [abet,
'Againſt the Yorkiſts' power, great Warwick to
'Who with a puiſſant force prepared forth to ſet,
'To join with him in arms, and jointly take their
'chance.
'And Edward with his friends, who likewiſe do
'advance
'His forces, to refel that deſp'rate daring foe;
'Who for he durſt himſelf in open arms to ſhew,
'Nor at his dread command them down again
'would lay. [ſway
'His father the Lord Wells, who he ſuppos'd might
'His ſo outrageous ſon, with his lov'd law-made
'brother,
'Sir Thomas Dymock, thought too much to rule
'the other,
'He ſtrangely did to die, which ſo incens'd the
'the ſpleen [teene
'Of this courageous youth, that he to wreak his
'Upon the cruel king, doth every way excite
'Him to an equal field, that come where they
'might ſmite [met:
'The battle: on this plain it chanc'd their armies
'They rang'd their ſeveral fights, which once in
'order ſet,

'The loudly-brawling drums, which ſeemed to
'have fear'd [heard,
'The trembling air at firſt, ſoon after were not
'For outcries, ſhrieks, and ſhouts, whilſt noiſe doth
'noiſe confound.
'No accents touch the ear, but ſuch as death do
'ſound [guide:
'In thirſting for revenge, whilſt fury them doth
'As ſlaughter ſeems by turns to ſeize on either ſide.
'The ſouthern expert were, in all to war belong,
'And exerciſe their ſkill, the Marchmen ſtout and
'ſtrong, [retreat,
'Which to the battle ſtick, and if they make
'Yet coming on again, the foe they back do get,
'And Wells for Warwick cry, and for the rightful
'crown;
'The other call a York to beat the rebels down:
'The worſt that war could do, on either ſide ſhe
'ſhews, [bows;
'Or by the force of bills, or by the ſtrength of
'But ſtill by freſh ſupplies, the Yorkiſts' power
'increaſe: [preſs,
'And Wells, who ſees his troops ſo overborn with
'By hazarding too far into the boiſt'rous throng,
'Encouraging his men the adverſe troops among,
'With many a mortal wound, his wearied breath
'expir'd:
'Which ſooner known to his, than his firſt hopes
'deſir'd,
'Ten thouſand on the earth before them lying ſlain,
'No hope left to repair their ruin'd ſtate again,
'Caſt off their country's coats, to haſte their ſpeed
'away,
'(Of them) which Looſe-coat field is call'd (even)
'to this day.
'Since need'fly I muſt ſtick upon my former
'text, [next,
'The bloody battle fought at Barnet followeth
''Twixt Edward, who before he ſettled was to
'reign, [again,
'By Warwick hence expuls'd; but here arriv'd
'From Burgundy brought in munition, men and
'pay,
'And all things fit for war, expecting yet a day.
'Whoſe brother (*f*) George came in, with War-
'wick that had ſtood,
'Whom nature wrought at length t' adhere to his
'own blood: [friend
'His brother Richard Duke of Glo'ſter, and his
'Lord Haſtings, who to him their utmoſt powers
'extend;
'And Warwick, whoſe great heart ſo mortal
'hatred bore
'To Edward, that by all the ſacraments he ſwore
'Not to lay down his arms, until his ſword had
'raz'd [diſgrac'd;
'That proud king from his ſeat, that ſo had him
'And Marquis Mountacute, his brother, that
'brave ſtem
'Of Nevil's noble ſtock, who joined had to them
'The Dukes of Somerſet, and Exeter, and take
'The Earl of Oxford in; the armies forward
'make,

'And meeting on the plain, to Barnet very near,
'That to this very day, is called Gladmore there,
'Duke Richard to the field, doth Edward's va-
'ward bring; [king,
'And in the middle came that moſt courageous
'With Clarence his reclaim'd, and brother then
'moſt dear;
'His friend Lord Haſtings had the guiding of
'the rear, [pute.)
'A man of whom the king moſt highly did re-
'On puiſſant Warwick's part, the Marquis
'Mountacute
'His brother and his friend the Earl of Oxford led
'The right wing; and the left which moſt that
'day might ſted,
'The Duke of Exeter; and he himſelf do guide
'The middle fight (which was the army's only
'pride)
'Of archers moſt approv'd, the beſt that he could
'get,
'Directed by his friend the Duke of Somerſet.
'O Sabbath ill-beſtow'd, O dreary Eaſter-day,
'In which (as ſome ſuppoſe) the ſun doth uſe to
'play,
'In honour of that God for ſinful man that dy'd,
'And roſe on that third day, that ſun which now
'doth hide
'His face in foggy miſts; nor was that morning
'ſeen,
'So that the ſpace of ground thoſe angry hoſts
'between,
'Was overſhadow'd quite with darkneſs, which
'ſo caſt [paſt,
'The armies on both ſides, that they each other
'Before they could perceive advantage where to
'fight; [fight,
'Beſides the envious miſt ſo much deceiv'd their
'That where eight hundred men, which valiant
'Oxford brought,
'Wore comets on their coats: Great Warrick's
'force which thought
'They had King Edward's been, which ſo with
'ſuns were dreſt,
'Firſt made their ſhot at them, who by their
'friends diſtreſt,
'Conſtrained were to fly, being ſcatter'd here and
'there.
'But when this direful day at laſt began to clear,
'King Edward then beholds that height of his
'firſt hopes,
'Whoſe preſence gave freſh life to his oft-fainting
'troops,
'Prepar'd to ſcourge his pride, there daring to
'defy
'His mercy, to the hoſt proclaiming publicly
'His hateful breach of faith, his perjury, and ſhame,
'And what might make him vile; ſo Warwick
'heard that name
'Of York, which in the field he had ſo oft advanc'd,
'And to that glorious height, and greatneſs had
'inhanc'd,
'Then cry'd againſt his power, by thoſe which
'oft had fled,
'Their ſwift purſuing foe, by him not bravely led,

(*f*) George Duke of Clarence.

'Upon the enemy's back, their ſwords bath'd in
'the gore
'Of thoſe from whom they ran, like heartleſs
'men before,
'Which Warwick's nobler name injuriouſly defy'd,
'Even as the ireful hoſt then joined ſide to ſide.
'Where cruel Richard charg'd the earl's main
'battle, when
'Proud Somerſet therein, with his approved men
'Stood ſtoutly to the ſhock, and flang out ſuch a
'flight
'Of ſhafts, as well-near ſeem'd t' eclipſe the
'welcom'd light,
'Which forc'd them to fall off, on whoſe retreat
'again,
'That great battalion next approacheth the fair
'plain,
'Wherein the king himſelf in perſon was to try,
'Proud Warwick's utmoſt ſtrength: when War-
'wick by and by
'With his left wing came up, and charg'd ſo
'home and round,
'That had not his light horſe by diſvantageous
'ground
'Been hinder'd, he had ſtruck the heart of Ed-
'ward's hoſt:
'But finding his defeat, his enterpriſe ſo loſt,
'He his ſwift couriers ſends, to will his valiant
'brother, [other,
'And Oxford, in command being equal to the
'To charge with the right wing, who bravely up
'do bear;
'But Haſtings that before raught thither with
'his rear,
'And with king Edward join'd, the hoſt too
'ſtrongly arm'd.
'When every part with ſpoil, with rape, with
'fury charm'd, [ſwill
'Are prodigal of blood, that ſlaughter ſeems to
'itſelf in human gore, and every one cries kill.
'So doubtful and ſo long the battle doth abide,
'That thoſe, which to and fro, 'twixt that and
'London ride,
'That Warwick wins the day for certain news
'do bring, [king,
'Thoſe following them again, ſaid certainly the
'Until great Warwick found his army had the
'worſe, [horſe,
'And ſore began to faint, alighting from his
'In with the foremoſt puts, and wades into the
'throng;
'And where he ſaw death ſtern'ſt, the murder'd
'tronps among,
'He ventures; as the ſun in a tempeſtuous day,
'With darkneſs threaten'd long, yet ſometimes
'doth diſplay
'His cheerful beams, which ſcarce appear to the
'clear eye, [do fly,
'But ſuddenly the clouds, which on the winds
'Do muffle him again within them, till at length
'The ſtorm (prevailing ſtill with an unuſual
'ſtrength)
'His clearneſs quite doth cloſe, and ſhut him up
'in night:
'So mighty Warwick fares in this outrageous fight.
'The cruel lions thus encloſe the dreaded bear,
'Whilſt Mountacute, who ſtrives (if any help
'there were)
'To reſcue his belov'd and valiant brother fell:
'The loſs of two ſuch ſpirits at once, time ſhall
'not tell; [fled,
'The Duke of Somerſet, and th' earl of Oxford
'And Exeter being left for one amongſt the dead,
'At length recovering life, by night eſcap'd away;
'York never ſafely ſat, 'till this victorious day.
'Thus fortune to his end this mighty Warwick
'brings,
'This puiſſant ſetter-up, and plucker down of
'kings.
'He who thoſe battles won, which ſo much
'blood had coſt, [loſt.
'At Barnet's fatal fight, both life and fortune
'Now Tewkſbury it reſts, thy ſtory to relate,
'Thy ſad and dreadful fight, and that moſt dire-
'ful fare [day
'Of the Lancaſtrian line, which happen'd on that
'Fourth of that fatal month, that ſtill-remem-
'ber'd May:
''Twixt Edmund that brave Duke of Somerſet
'who fled
'From Barnes's bloody field, (again there gather-
'ing head)
'And Marquiſs Dorſet bound in blood to aid him
'there,
'With Thomas Courtney Earl of powerful De-
'vonſhire:
'With whom king Henry's ſon, young Edward
'there was ſeen,
'To claim his doubtleſs right, with that undaunt-
'ed queen
'His mother, who from France with ſuccours
'came on land
'That day when Warwick fell at Barnet, which
'now ſtand,
'Their fortune yet to try upon a ſecond fight.
'And Edward who employ'd the utmoſt of his
'might, [feel,
'The poor Lancaſtrian part (which he doth eas'ly
'By Warwick's mighty fall, already faintly reel)
'By battle to ſubvert, and to extirp the line;
'And for the preſent act, his army doth aſſign
'To thoſe at Barnet field ſo luckily that ſped;
'As Richard late did there, he here the vaward
'led,
'The main the king himſelf, and Clarence took
'to guide; [plied
'The rearward as before by Haſtings was ſup-
'The army of the queen, into three battles caſt,
'The firſt of which the Duke of Somerſet, and
'(faſt
'To him) his brother John do happily diſpoſe;
'The ſecond, which the prince for his own ſafety
'choſe [third,
'The barons of St. John, and Wenlock; and the
'To Courtney that brave Earl of Devonſhire re-
'ſer'd.
'Where in a ſpacious field they ſet their armies
'down;
'Behind, hard at their back, the abbey and the
'town,

' To whom their foe muſt come, by often banks
' and ſteep,
' Through quickſet narrow lanes, cut out with
' ditches deep,
' Repulſing Edward's power, conſtraining him
' to prove ' move
' By thund'ring cannon-ſhot, and culverin, to re-
' Them from that choſen ground, ſo tedious to af-
' fail;
' And with the ſhot came ſhafts, like ſtormy
' ſhowers of haill: [ſore,
' The like they ſent again, which beat the other
' Who with the ordnance ſtrove the Yorkiſts to
' out-roar,
' And ſtill make good their ground, that whilſt
' the pieces play, [ſay
' The Yorkiſts haſting ſtill to hand-blows, do aſ-
' In ſtrong and boiſt'rous crowds to ſcale the
' cumb'rous dikes; ' pikes,
' But beaten down with bills, with pole-axes, and
' Are forced to fall off; when Richard there that
' led [ſted,
' The vaward, ſaw their ſtrength ſo little them to
' As he a captain was, both politic and good,
' The ſtratagems of war that rightly underſtood,
' Doth ſeem as from the field his forces to with-
' draw. [ſaw,
' His ſudden, ſtrange retire, proud Somerſet that
' (A man of haughty ſpirit, in honour moſt pre-
' cife;
' In action yet far more adventurous than wiſe)
' Suppoſing from the field for ſafety he had fled,
' Straight giving him the chaſe; when Richard
' turning head,
' By his encounter let the deſperate duke to know,
' 'Twas done to train him out, when ſoon began
' the ſhow
' Of ſlaughter every where; for ſcarce their equal
' forces
' Began the doubtful fight, but that three hun-
' dred horſes,
' That out of ſight this while on Edward's part
' had ſtaid,
' To ſee that near at hand no ambuſhes were laid,
' Soon charg'd them on the ſide, diſord'ring quite
' their ranks,
' Whilſt this moſt warlike king had won the clim-
' bing banks,
' Upon the equal earth, and coming bravely in
' Upon the adverſe power, there likewiſe doth be-
' gin [ſide,
' A fierce and deadly fight, that the Lancaſtrian
' The firſt and furious ſhock not able to abide
' The utmoſt of their ſtrength, were forced to be-
' ſtow, [low,
' To hold what they had got; that Somerſet be-
' Who from the ſecond force had ſtill expected
' aid,
' But fruſtrated thereof, even as a man diſmay'd,
' Scarce ſhifts to ſave himſelf, his battle over-
' thrown; [grown
' But faring as a man that frantic had been
' With Wenlock hap'd to meet (preparing for his
' flight) [ſpight,
' Upbraiding him with terms of baſeneſs and de-
' That cow'rdly he had fail'd to ſuccour him with
' men: [again,
' Whilſt Wenlock with like words requiteth him
' The duke (to his ſtern rage, as yielding up the
' reins)
' With his too pond'rous axe daſh'd out the ba-
' ron's brains.
' The party of the queen in every place are
' kill'd,
' The ditches with the dead, confuſedly are fill'd,
' And many in the flight, i'th' neighbouring rivers
' drown'd,
' Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering
' Yorkiſts crown'd.
' Three thouſand of thoſe men, on Henry's part
' that ſtood, [blood,
' For their preſumption paid the forfeit of their
' John Marquiſs Dorſet dead, and Devonſhire
' that day [fray,
' Drew his laſt vital breath, as in that bloody
' Delves, Hamden, Whittingham, and Leuknor,
' who had there,
' Their ſeveral brave commands, all valiant men
' that were,
' Found dead upon the earth. Now all is Ed-
' ward's own,
' And through his enemies tents he march'd into
' the town,
' Where quickly he proclaims, to him that forth
' could bring
' Young Edward, a large fee, and as he was a king,
' His perſon to be ſafe. Sir Richard Crofts who
' thought
' His priſoner to diſcloſe, before the king then
' brought
' That fair and goodly youth; whom when proud
' York demands,
' Why thus he had preſum'd by help of trai-
' t'rous hands
' His kingdom to diſturb, and impiouſly diſplay'd,
' His enſigns: the ſtout prince as not a jot diſ-
' may'd [right,
' With confidence replies, To claim his ancient
' Him from his grandſires left; by tyranny and
' might, [reply,
' By him his foe uſurp'd: with whoſe ſo bold
' Whilſt Edward thoroughly vext, doth ſeem to
' thruſt him by;
' His ſecond brother George, and Richard near
' that ſtood,
' With many a cruel ſtab let out his princely
' blood;
' In whom the line direct of Lancaſter doth ceaſe,
' And Somerſet himſelf ſurpriſed in the preſs;
' With many a worthy man, to Glo'ſter priſoners
' led,
' There forfeited their lives: Queen Margaret
' being fled
' To a religious cell, (to Tewkſbury too near)
' Diſcover'd to the king, with ſad and heavy
' cheer,
' A priſoner was convey'd to London, woeful
' queen,
' The laſt of all her hopes, that buried now had
' ſeen.

' But of that outrage here, by that bold baſ-
' tard ſon
' Of Thomas Nevil, nam'd Lord Falconbridge,
' which won
' A rude rebellious rout in Kent and Eſſex rais'd,
' Who London here beſieg'd, and Southwark
' having ſeiz'd,
' Set fire upon the bridge; but when he not
' prevail'd,
' The ſuburb's on the eaſt he furiouſly aſſayl'd;
' But by the city's power was laſtly put to flight:
' Which being no fet field, nor yet well order'd
' fight, [be.
' Amongſt our battles here, may no way reekon'd
' Then, Boſworth, here the muſe now laſtly
' bids for thee,
' Thy battle to deſcribe, the laſt of that long war,
' Entitled by the name of York and Lancaſter;
' 'Twixt Hedry Tudor Earl of Richmond only left
' Of the Lancaſtrian line, who by the Yorkiſts
' reſt
' Of liberty at home, a baniſh'd man abroad,
' In Britany had liv'd; but late at Milford road,
' Being proſperouſly arriv'd, though ſcarce two
' thouſand ſtrong,
' Made out his way through Wales, where as he
' came along,
' Firſt Griffith great in blood, then Morgan next
' doth meet
' Him, with their ſeveral powers, as offering at
' his feet
' To lay their lands, and lives; Sir Rice ap Tho-
' mas then,
' With his brave band of Welſh, moſt choice and
' expert men,
' Comes laſtly to his aid; at Shrewſbury arriv'd,
' (His hopes ſo faint before, ſo happily reviv'd)
' He on for England makes, and near to Newport
' town,
' The next enſuing night ſetting his army down,
' Sir Gilbert Talbot ſtill for Lancaſter that ſtood,
' (To Henry near ally'd in friendſhip as in blood)
' From th' Earl of Shrewſbury his nephew (under
' age) [page,
' Came with two thouſand men, in warlike equi-
' Which much his power increas'd; when eaſily
' ſetting on,
' From Litchfield, as the way leads forth to A-
' therſton,
' Brave Bourcher and his friend ſtout Hunger-
' ford, whoſe hopes
' On Henry long had lain, ſtealing from Richard's
' troops, [appear,
' (Wherewith they had been mix'd) to Henry do
' Which with a high reſolve, moſt ſtrangely
' ſeem'd to cheer [moſt
' His oft-appalled heart, but yet the man which
' Gave fail to Henry's ſelf, and freſh life to his
' hoſt, [fy'd
' The ſtout lord Stanley was, who for he had af-
' The mother of the earl, to him ſo near ally'd:
' The king who fear'd his truth, (which he to
' have compell'd)
' The young lord Strange his ſon, in hoſtage
' ſtrongly held,
' Which forc'd him to fall off, till he fit place
' could find, [bin'd
' His ſon-in-law to meet; yet he with him com-
' Sir William Stanley, koow to be a valiant knight
' T' aſſure him of his aid. Thus growing tow'rds
' his height,
' A moſt ſelected band of Cheſhire bow-men came,
' By Sir John Savage led, beſides two men of
' name:
' Sir Brian Sanford, and Sir Simon Digby, who
' Leaving the tyrant king, themſelves expreſsly
' ſhow
' Faſt friends to Henry's part, which ſtill his
' power increas'd:
' Both armies well prepar'd, towards Boſworth
' ſtrongly preſt,
' And on a ſpacious moor, lying ſouthward from
' the town,
' Indifferent to them both, they ſet their armies
' down
' Their ſoldiers to refreſh, preparing for the fight:
' Where to the guilty king, that black fore-run-
' ning night,
' Appear the dreadful ghoſts of Henry and his ſon;
' Of his own brother George, and his two ne-
' phews done [friend,
' Moſt cruelly to death; and of his wife and
' Lord Haſtings, with pale hands prepar'd as they
' would rend
' Him piece-meal; at which oft he roveth in his
' ſleep. [peep,
' No ſooner 'gan the dawn out of the eaſt to
' But drums and trumpets chide the ſoldiers to
' their arms,
' Aud all the neigbouring fields are cover'd with
' the ſwarms
' Of thoſe that came to fight, as thoſe that came
' to ſee,
' (Contending for a crown) whoſe that great day
' ſhould be.
' Firſt, Richmond rang'd his ſights, on Oxford
' and beſtows [bows
' The leading, with a band of ſtrong and ſinewy
' Out of the army pick'd; the front of all the
' field,
' Sir Gilbert Talbot next, he wiſely took to wield,
' The right wing, with his ſtrengths, moſt nor-
' thern men that were;
' And Sir John Savage, with the power of Lanca-
' ſhire,
' And Cheſhire (chief of men) was for the left
' wing plac'd:
' The middle battle he in his fair perſon grac'd;
' With him the noble Earl of Pemhroke, who
' commands
' Their countrymen the Welſh, (of whom it main-
' ly ſtands, force)
' For their gteat numbers found to be of greateſt
' Which but his guard of gleaves, conſiſted all of
' horſe.
' Into two ſeveral fights the king contriv'd his
' ſtrength,
' And his firſt battle caſt into a wondrous length,
' In faſhion of a wedge, in point of which he ſet
' His archery, thereof and to the guidance let

' Of John the noble Duke of Norfolk, and his ſon
' Brave Surrey; be himſelf the ſecond bringing on,
' Which was a perfect ſquare; and on the other
' ſide,
' His horſemen had for wings, which by extend-
' ing wide,
' The adverſe ſeem'd to threat, with an unequal
' power.
' The utmoſt point arriv'd of this expected hour,
' He to lord Stanley ſends, to bring away his aid;
' And threats him by an oath, if longer he de-
' lay'd [die,
' His eldeſt ſon young Strange immediately ſhould
' To whom ſtout Stanley thus doth careleſsly re-
' ply:
' Tell thou the king I'll come, when I fit time
' ſhall ſee,
' I love the boy, but yet I have more ſons then he.
' The angry armies meet, when the thin air
' was rent, [ſent,
' With ſuch re-echoing ſhouts, from either ſoldiers
' That flying o'er the field the birds down tremb-
' ling dropt. [propt,
' As ſome old building long that hath been under-
' When as the timber fails, by the unweildy fall,
' Even into powder beats, the roof, and rotten
' wall,
' And with confuſed clouds of ſmouldring duſt
' doth choak
' The ſtreets and places near; ſo through the miſ-
' ty ſmoke,
' By ſhot and ordnance made, a thundring noiſe
' was heard.
' When Stanly that this while his ſuccours had
' defer'd,
' Both to the cruel king, and to the earl his ſon,
' When once he doth perceive the battle was be-
' gun,
' Brings on his valiant troops, three thouſand ful-
' ly ſtrong,
' Which like a clond far off, that tempeſt threat-
' en'd long,
' Falls on the tyrant's hoſt, which him with ter-
' ror ſtruck,
' As alſo when he ſees, he doth but vainly look
' For ſuccours from the great Northumberland,
' this while, [mile,
' That from the battle ſcarce three quarters of a
' Stood with his power of horſe, nor once was
' ſeen to ſtir:
' When Richard (that th' event no longer would
' defer)
' The two main battles mix'd, and that with
' weary'd breath,
' Some labour'd to their life, ſome labour'd to
' their death,
' (There for the better fought) even with a ſpirit
' elate, [fate
' As one that inly ſcorn'd the very worſt that
' Could poſſibly impoſe, his launce ſet in his reſt,
' Into the thick'ſt of death, through threat'ning
' peril preſt, [drew,
' To where he had perceiv'd the earl in perſon
' Whoſe ſtandard-bearer he, Sir William Bran-
' don ſlew,
' The pile of his ſtrong ſtaff into his arm-pit ſent;
' When at a ſecond ſhock, down Sir John Cheney
' went,
' Which ſcarce a launce's length before the earl
' was plac'd,
' Until by Richmond's guard environed at laſt,
' With many a cruel wound, was through the bo-
' dy gride. [dy'd;
' Upon this fatal field, John duke of Norfolk
' The ſtout lord Ferrers fell, and Ratcliff, that
' had long [among
' Of Richard's counſels been, found in the field
' A thouſand ſoldiers that on both ſides here were
' ſlain,
' O Red-more, it then ſeem'd, thy name was not
' in vain,
' When with a thouſand's blood the earth was co-
' lour'd red.
' Whereas th' imperial crown was ſet on Henry's
' head,
' Being found in Richard's tent, as he it there
' did win;
' The cruel tyrant ſtrip'd to the bare naked ſkin,
' Behind a herald truſs'd, was back to Le'ſter ſent,
' From whence the day before he to the battle
' went.
' The battle then at Stoke, ſo fortunately ſtruck,
' (Upon king Henry's part, with ſo ſucceſsful
' luck,
' As never till that day he felt his crown to cleave
' Unto his temples cloſe, when Mars began to
' leave
' His fury, and at laſt to ſit him down was brought)
' I come at laſt to ſing, 'twixt that ſeventh Henry
' fought;
' With whom, to this brave field the Duke of
' Bedford came,
' With Oxford his great friend, whoſe praiſe did
' him inflame
' To all atchievements great, that fortunate had
' been [in,
' In every doubtful fight, ſince Henry's coming
' With th' earl of Shrewſbury, a man of great com-
' mand,
' And his brave ſon lord George, for him that
' firmly ſtand. [ſon,
' And on the other ſide, John Duke of Suffolk's
' (John Earl of Lincoln call'd) who this ſtern war
' begun,
' Subborning a lewd boy, a falſe impoſtor, who
' By Simonds a worſe prieſt inſtructed what to do,
' Upon him took the name of th' Earl of War-
' wick, heir
' To George the murther'd Duke of Clarence,
' who (for fear
' Leſt ſome that favour'd York, might under-
' hand maintain)
' King Henry in the Tower, did a time detain.
' (g) Which practiſe ſet on foot, this Earl of
' Lincoln fail'd
' To Burgundy, where he with Margaret prevail'd,

(g) The Ducheſs of Burgundy was ſiſter to Edward IV. and ſo was this Earl's mother.

' Wife to that warlike Charles, and his moſt loved
' aunt, ' plant
' Who vexed that a proud Lancaſtrian ſhould ſup-
' The lawful line of York, whence ſhe her blood
' deriv'd; [triv'd,
' Wherefore for Lincoln's ſake ſhe ſpeedily con-
' And (*b*) Lovel, that brave lord, before him ſeot
' to land
' Upon the ſame pretence, to furniſh them a band
' Of Almains, and to them for their ſtout captain
' gave
' The valiant Martin Swart, the man thought
' ſcarce to have
' His match for martial feats, and ſent them with
' a fleet [meet,
' For Ireland, where ſhe had appointed them to
' With Simonds that lewd clerk, and Lambert,
' whom they there
' The Earl of Warwick call'd, and publiſh'd eve-
' ry where
' His title to the crown, in Dublin, and proclaim
' Him England's lawful king, by the fifth Ed-
' ward's name:
' Then joining with the lord (*i*) Fitz-Gerald, to
' their aid [weigh'd,
' Who many Iriſh brought, they up their anchors
' And at the rocky pile of (*k*) Fowdray put to
' ſhore
' In Lancaſhire; their power encreaſing more and
' more, [ſupply)
' By ſoldiers ſent them in from (*l*) Broughton (for
' A knight that long had been of their confede-
' racy;
' Who making thence, direct their marches to
' the ſouth. [mouth,
' When Henry ſaw himſelf ſo far in danger's
' From Coventry he came, ſtill gathering up his
' hoſt, [coaſt,
' Made greater on his way, and doth the country
' Which way he underſtood his enemies muſt paſs:
' When after ſome few days (as it their fortune was)
' At Stoke, a village near to Neward upon Trent,
' Each in the other's ſight pitch'd down their
' warlike tent.
' Into one battle ſoon, the Almains had diſpos'd
' Their army in a place upon two parts enclos'd
' With dells, and fenced dykes (as they were ex-
' pert men.) [again,
' And from the open fields king Henry's hoſt
' In three fair ſeveral fights came equally divided;
' The firſt of which, and fit'ſt, was given to be
' guided
' By Shrewſbury, which moſt of ſoldiers choice
' conſiſted: [liſted,
' The others plac'd as wings, which ever as they
' Came up as need requir'd, or fell back as they
' found
' Juſt cauſe for their retire; when ſoon the
' troubled ground, [awoke
' On her black boſom felt the thunder, which
' Her genius, with the ſhock that violently ſhook
' Her entrails; this ſad day when there ye might
' have ſeen
' Two thouſand Almains ſtand, of which each
' might have been
' A leader for his ſkill, which when the charge
' was hot,
' That they could hardly ſee the very ſun for ſhot,
' Yet they that motion kept that perfect ſoldiers
' ſhould;
' That moſt courageous Swart there might they
' well behold,
' With moſt unuſual ſkill that deſperate fight
' maintain,
' And valiant De-la-Poole, moſt like his princely
' ſtrain, [fit;
' Did all that courage could, or nobleſs might be-
' And Lovel that brave lord, behind him not a
' whit,
' For martial deeds that day; ſtout Broughton
' that had ſtood
' With York (even) from the firſt, there laſtly
' gave his blood.
' To that well-foughten field; the poor trowz'd
' Iriſh there,
' Whoſe mantles ſtood for mail, whoſe ſkins for
' corſlets were, [darts,
' And for their weapons had but Iriſh ſkains and
' Like men that ſcorned death, with moſt reſolv-
' ed hearts,
' Give not an inch of ground, but all in pieces
' hewn,
' Where firſt they fought, they fell! With them
' was overthrown
' The leader Gerald's hope, amidſt his men that
' fought,
' And took ſuch part as they, whom he had hi-
' ther brought.
' This of that field be told: There was not one
' that fled,
' But where he firſt was plac'd, there found alive
' or dead;
' If in a foughten field a man his life ſhould loſe,
' To die as theſe men did, who would not gladly
' chooſe,
' Which full four thouſand were.' But in this
tedious ſong,
The too laborious muſe hath tarried all too long.
As for the blackſmith's rout, who did together
riſe,
Encamping on Blackheath, t' annul the ſubſidies
By parliament then given, or that of (*m*) Corn-
wall call'd, [thral'd
Encloſures to caſt down, which over-much en-
The ſubject; or proud Ket's, who with the ſame
pretence [pence
In Norfolk rais'd ſuch ſtirs, as but with great ex-
Of blood was not appeas'd; or that begun in
Lent [vent,
By (*n*) Wyat and his friends, the marriage to pre-
That Mary did intend with Philip king of Spain:
Since theſe but riots were, nor fit the other's
ſtrain,

(*b*) The Lord Francis Lovel.
(*i*) The lord Thomas Geraldine.
(*k*) On the coaſt of Lancaſhire.
(*l*) Sir Thomas Broughton.

(*m*) Michael Joſeph with the Corniſh rebels.
(*n*) Sir Tho. Wyat.

She here her battles ends; and as she did before,
So travelling along upon her silent shore.
Wayhridge a neighbouring nymph, the only remnant left
Of all that forest kind, by time's injurious theft
Of all that tract destroy'd, with wood which did abound.
And former times had seen the goodliest forest ground,
This island ever had; but she so left alone,
The ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.
The deep intranced flood, as thinking to awake,
Thus from her shady bower she silently bespake:
'O flood in happy plight, which to this time
'remain'st,
'As still along in state to Neptune's court thou
'strain'st;
'Revive thee with the thought of those forepas-
'sed hours,
'When the rough wood-gods kept, in their de-
'lightful bowers
'On thy embroider'd banks, when now this
'country fill'd
'With villages, and by the labouring ploughman
'till'd,
'Was forest, where the fir and spreading poplar
'grew. [new,
'O let me yet the thought of those past times re-
'When as that woody kind, in our umbrageous
'wild,
'Whence every living thing save only they exil'd,

'In this their world of waste, the sovereign em-
'pire sway'd.
'O who would e'er have thought, that time could
'have decay'd
'Those trees whose bodies seem'd by their so mas-
'sy weight,
'To press the solid earth, and with their wondrous
'height
'To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to
'shoot,
'As they in measuring were of acres, and their
'root,
'With long and mighty spurns to grapple with
'the land,
'As nature would have said, that they shall ever
'stand:
'So that this place where now this Huntingdon
'is set,
'Being an easy hill where mirthful hunters met,
'From that first took the name.' By this the
muse arrives
At Ely's isled marge, by having past St. Ives,
Unto the German sea she hasteth her along,
And here she shutteth up her two and twentieth
song, [now,
In which she quite hath spent her vigor, and must
As workmen often use, a while sit down and
blow;
And after this short pause, though less'ning of her
height,
Come in another key, yet not without delight.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWENTY-THIRD SONG.

The Argument.

From furious fights invention comes,
Deaf'ned with noiſe of rattling drums,
And in the Northamptonian bounds,
Shews Whittlewood's, and Sacy's grounds,
Then to Mount Helidon doth go,
(Whence Charwell, Leame, and Nen do flow)
The ſurface which of England ſings,
And Nen down to the Waſhes brings;
Then whereas Welland makes her way,
Shews Rockingham her rich array:
A courſe at Kelmarſh then ſhe takes,
Where ſhe Northamptonſhire forſakes.

On tow'rds the mid-lands now, th' induſtrious muſe doth make, [take
The Northamptonian earth, and in her way doth
As fruitful every way, as thoſe by nature, which
The huſbandman by art, with compoſt doth enrich,
This boaſting of herſelf, that walk her verge about,
And view her well within, her breadth and length throughout:
The worſt foot of her earth is equal with their beſt,
With moſt abundant ſtore, that highlieſt think them bleſt.
When Whittlewood betime th' unwearied muſe doth win
To talk with her a while; at her firſt coming in,
The foreſt thus that greets: 'With more ſucceſsful fate,
'Thrive then thy fellow-nymphs, whoſe ſad and ruinous ſtate
'We every day behold, if any thing there be,
'That from this general fall, thee happily may free,
''Tis only for that thou doſt naturally produce
'More under-wood and brake, than oak for greater uſe: [reſt;
'But when this ravenous age, of thoſe hath us be-
'Time wanting this our ſtore, ſhall ſeize what thee is left.
'For what baſe avariee now enticeth men to do;
'Neceſſity in time ſhall ſtrongly urge them to;
'Which each divining ſpirit moſt clearly doth foreſee.'
Whilſt at this ſpeech perplexed, the foreſt ſeem'd to be,
A water-nymph, near to this goodly wood-nymph's ſide,
(As tow'rds her ſovereign Ouſe, ſhe ſoftly down doth ſlide)

Tea, her delightſome ſtream by Towceſter doth lead;
And ſporting her ſweet ſelf in many a dainty mead,
She hath not ſallied far, but Sacy ſoon again
Salutes her; one much grac'd among the ſylvan train:
One whom the queen of ſhades, the bright Diana oft [ſoft,
Hath courted for her looks, with kiſſes ſmooth and
On her fair boſom lean'd, and tenderly embrac'd,
And call'd her, her dear heart, moſt lov'd, and only chaſte:
Yet Sacy after Tea, her amorous eyes doth throw,
Till in the banks of Ouſe the brook herſelf beſtow.
Where in thoſe fertile fields, the mule doth hap to meet [ſtreet,
Upon that ſide which ſits the weſt of Watling-
With (a) Helidon a hill, which though it be but ſmall,
Compar'd with their proud kind, which we our mountains call;
Yet hath three famous floods, that out of him do flow,
That to three ſeveral ſeas, by their aſſiſtants go;
Of which the nobleſt, Nen, to fair Northampton hies,
By Cundle ſallying on, then Peterborough plies
Old (b) Medhamſted: where her the ſea-maids entertain, [main,
To lead her through the fen into the German
The ſecund, Charwell is, at Oxford meeting Thames,
Is by his king convey'd into the (c) Celtic ſtreams.
Then Leame as leaſt, the laſt, to mid-land Avon haſtes,
Which flood again itſelf, into proud Severn caſts:
As on (d) th' Iberian ſea, herſelf great Severn ſpends;
So Leame the dower ſhe hath, to that wide ocean lends.
But Helidon waxed proud, the happy fire to be
To ſo renowned floods, as theſe fore-named three,
Beſides the hill of note, near England's midſt that ſtands, [hands,
Whence from his face, his back, or on his either
The land extends in breadth, or lays itſelf in length.
Wherefore, this hill to ſhew his ſtate and natural ſtrength,
The ſurface of this part determineth to ſhow,
Which we now England name, and through her tracts to go.
But being plain and poor, profeſſeth not that height,
As falcon-like to ſoar, till leſs'ning to the ſight.
But as the ſundry ſoils, his ſtyle ſo alt'ring oft,
As full expreſſions fit, or verſes ſmooth and ſoft,
Upon their ſeveral ſcites, as naturally to ſtrain,
And wiſheth that theſe floods, his tunes to entertain,
The air with Halcion calms, may wholly have poſſeſt,
As though the rough winds tir'd, were eaſ'ly laid to reſt.

Then on the worth'eſt tract up tow'rds the mid-day's ſun,
His undertaken taſk, thus Helidon begun:
'From where the kingly Thames his ſtomach doth diſcharge,
To Devonſhire, where the land her boſom doth enlarge;
And with the inland air her beauties doth relieve,
Along the Celtic ſea, call'd oftentimes the Sleeve:
Although upon the coaſt the Downs appear but bare,
Yet naturally within the countries woody are.
Then Cornwal creepeth out into the weſtern main,
As (lying in her eye) ſhe pointed ſtill at Spain:
Or as the wanton ſoil, diſpos'd to luſtful reſt,
Had laid herſelf along on Neptune's amorous breaſt.
With De'nſhire, from the firm, that beak of land that fills,
What landſkip lies in vales, and often riſing hills,
So plac'd betwixt the French, and the Sabrinian ſeas, [bays,
As on both ſides adorn'd with many harb'rous
Who for their trade to ſea, and wealthy mines of tin,
From any other tract the praiſe doth clearly win.
From De'nſhire by thoſe ſhores, which Severn oft ſurrounds,
The ſoil far lower ſits, and mightily abounds
With ſundry ſort of fruits, as well-grown graſs and corn, [ſcorn
That Somerſet may ſay, her batning moors do
Our England's richeſt earth, for burden ſhould them ſtain; [again,
And on the ſelf-ſame tract, up Severn's ſtream
The vale of Euſham lays her length ſo largely forth, [north,
As though ſhe meant to ſtretch herſelf into the
Where ſtill the fertile earth depreſſed lies and low,
Till her rich ſoil itſelf to Warwickſhire do ſhow.
Hence ſomewhat ſouth by eaſt, let us our courſe incline,
And from theſe ſetting ſhores ſo merely maritime,
The iſle's rich inland parts, let's take with us along,
To ſet him rightly out, in our well-order'd ſong;
Whoſe proſpects to the muſe their ſundry ſcites ſhall ſhow, [flow,
Where ſhe from place to place, as free as air ſhall
Their ſuperficies ſo exactly to deſcry,
Through Wiltſhire, pointing how the plain of Saliſbury
Shoots forth herſelf in length, and lays abroad a train [tain
So large, as though the land ſerv'd ſcarcely to con-
Her vaſtneſs, north from her, himſelf proud Cotſwould vaunts,
And caſts ſo ſtern a look about him, that he daunts
The lowly vales, remote that ſit with humbler eyes.
In Berkſhire, and from thence into the Orient lies

(a) A hill not far from Daventry.
(b) The ancient name of Peterborough.
(c) The French ſea. (d) The Spaniſh ſea.

That moſt renowned Vale of White-horſe, and by her,
So Buckingham again doth Ailesbury prefer,
With any Engliſh earth, along upon whoſe pale,
That mounting country then, which maketh her a vale, [about,
The chalky Chilterne, runs with beaches crown'd
Through Bedfordſhire that bears, till his bald front he ſhoot,
Into that ſoggy earth towards Ely, that doth grow
Much fenny, and ſurrounds with very little flow.
So on into the eaſt, upon the inland ground,
From where that cryſtal Colne moſt properly doth bound,
Rough Chilterne, from the ſoil, where in rich London ſits,
As being fair and flat it naturally befits
Her greatneſs every way, which holdeth on along
To the Eſſexian earth, which likewiſe in our ſong,
Since in one tract they lie, we here together take,
Although the ſeveral ſhires, by ſundry ſoils do make
It different in degrees; for Middleſex of ſands
Her ſoil compoſed hath; ſo are th' Eſſexian lands,
Adjoining to the ſame, that ſit by Iſis' ſide,
Which London over-looks: but as ſhe waxeth wide,
So Eſſex in her tides, her deep-grown marſhes drowns,
And to inclofures cuts her drier upland grounds,
Which lately woody were, whilſt men thoſe woods did prize; [riſe,
Whence thoſe fair countries lie, upon the pleaſant
(Betwixt the mouth of Thames, and where Ouſe roughly daſhes
Her rude unwieldy waves, againſt the queachy waſhes)
Suffolk and Norfolk near, ſo named of their ſcites,
Adorned every way with wonderful delights,
To the beholding eye, that every where are ſeen,
Abounding with rich fields, and paſtures freſh and green,
Fair havens to their ſhores, large heaths within them lie,
As nature in them ſtrove to ſhew variety.
From Ely all along upon that eaſtern ſea,
Then Lincolnſhire herſelf, in ſtate at length do lay,
Which for her fat'ning fens, her fiſh, and fowl may have
Pre-eminence, as ſhe that ſeemeth to outbrave
All other ſouthern ſhires, whoſe head the waſhes feels, [heels.
Till wantonly ſhe kick proud Humber with her
Up tow'rds the navel then, of England from her flank,
Which Lincolnſhire we call ſo levelled and lank.
Northampton, Rutland then, and Huntingdon, which three
Do ſhew by their full ſoils, all of one piece to be,
Of Nottingham a part, as Le'ſter them is lent,
From Bever's bat'ning vale, along the banks of Trent,
So on the other ſide, into the ſea again,
Where Severn tow'rds the ſea from Shrewſbury doth ſtrain,
'Twixt which and Avon's banks (where (e) Arden when of old
Her buſhy curled front, ſhe bravely did uphold,
In ſtate and glory ſtood) now of three ſeveral ſhires, [pears
The greateſt portions lie, upon whoſe earth ap-
That mighty foreſt's ſoot, of Wor'ſterſhire a part,
Of Warwickſhire the like, which ſometime was the heart
Of Arden that brave nymph, yet woody here and there, [bear
Oft intermix'd with heaths, whoſe ſand and gravel
A turf more harſh and hard, where Stafford doth partake
In quality with thoſe, as nature ſtrove to make
Them of one ſelf-ſame ſtuff, and mixture, as they lie,
Which likewiſe in this tract, we here together tie.
From theſe recited parts to th' north, more high and bleak,
Extended ye behold, the Moorland and the Peak,
From either's ſeveral ſcite, in either's mighty waſte,
A ſterner louring eye, that every way do caſt
On their beholding hills, and countries round about;
Whoſe ſoils as of one ſhape, appearing clean throughout.
For Moreland which with heath moſt naturally doth bear,
Her winter livery ſtill, in ſummer ſeems to wear;
As likewiſe doth the Peak, whoſe dreadful caverns found,
And lead-mines, that in her, do naturally abound,
Her ſuperficies makes more terrible to ſhow:
So from her natural fount, as Severn down doth flow,
The high Salopian hills lift up their riſing ſails:
Which country as it is the near'ſt ally'd to Wales,
In mountains, ſo it moſt is to the ſame alike.
Now tow'rds the Iriſh ſeas a little let us ſtrike,
Where Cheſhire, (as her choice) with Lancaſhire doth lie
Along th' unlevel'd ſhores; this former to the eye,
In her complexion ſhows black earth with gravel mix'd,
A wood-land and a plain indifferently betwixt,
A good faſt-feeding graſs, moſt ſtrongly that doth breed:
As Lancaſhire no leſs excelling for her ſeed,
Although with heath, and fin, her upper parts abound;
As likewiſe to the ſea, upon the lower ground,
With moſſes, fleets, and fells, ſhe ſhows moſt wild and rough,
Whoſe turf, and ſquare cut peat, is fuel good enough.
So, on the north of Trent, from Nottingham above,
Where Sherwood her curl'd front, into the cold doth ſhove,

(e) See ſong 13th.

Light foreſt land is found, to where the floating Don,
In making tow'rds the main, her Doncaſter hath won,
Where Yorkſhire's laid abroad, ſo many a mile extent,
To whom preceding times, the greateſt circuit lent,
A province, then a ſhire, which rather ſeemeth ſo
It incidently moſt variety doth ſhow.
Here ſtony ſteril grounds, there wond'rous fruitful fields,
Here champain, and there wood, it in abundance yields:
Th' Weſt-riding, and the North, be mountainous and high,
But tow'rds the German ſea the Eaſt more low doth lie.
This iſle hath not that earth, of any kind elſewhere,
But on this part or that, epitomized here.
Tow'rds thoſe Scotch-Iriſh iſles, upon that ſea, again,
The rough Virgivian call'd, that tract which doth contain
Cold Cumberland, which yet wild Weſtmoreland excels,
For roughneſs, at whoſe point lies rugged Fourneſs Fells,
Is fill'd with mighty moors, and mountains, which do make
Her wild ſuperfluous waſte, as nature ſport did take
In heaths, and high-cleev'd hills, whoſe threatning fronts do dare
Each other with their looks, as though they would out-ſtare
The ſtarry eyes of heaven, which to out-face they ſtand.
From theſe into the eaſt, upon the other hand,
The Biſhopric, and fair Northumberland do bear
To Scotland's bordering Tweed, which as the north elſewhere,
Not very fertile are, yet with a lovely face
Upon the ocean look; which kindly doth embrace
Thoſe countries all along, upon the riſing ſide,
Which for the batful glebe, by nature them deny'd,
With mighty mines of coal, abundantly are bleſt,
By which this tract remains renown'd above the reſt:
For what from her rich womb, each harb'rous road receives.'
Yet Helidon not here, his lov'd deſcription leaves,
Though now his darling ſprings deſir'd him to deſiſt;
But fay all what they can, he'll do but what he liſt.
As he the ſurface thus, ſo likewiſe will he ſhow,
The clowniſh blazons, to each country long ago,
Which thoſe unletter'd times, with blind devotion lent,
Before the learned maids our fountains did frequent,
To ſhew the muſe can ſhift her habit, and ſhe
Of Palatins that ſung, can whiſtle to the plow;
And let the curious tax his clownry, with their ſkill
He recks not, but goes on, and ſay they what they will.

'(f) Kent firſt in our account, doth to itſelf apply,
(Quoth he) this blazon firſt, Long tails and liberty.
Suſſex with Surrey ſay, Then let us lead home logs.
As Hampſhire long for her, hath had the term of Hogs.
So Dorſetſhire of long, they Dorſers us'd to call.
Cornwal and Devonſhire cry, We'll wreſtle for a fall.
Then Somerſet ſays, Set the bandog on the bull.
And Glo'ſterſhire again is blazon'd, Weigh thy wool.
As Berkſhire hath for hers, Let's to't and toſs the ball.
And Wiltſhire will for her, Get home and pay for all.
Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of Bread and Beef,
Where if you beat a buſh, 'tis odds you ſtart a thief.
So Hertford blazon'd is, The club, and clouted ſhoon,
Thereto, I'll riſe betime, and ſleep again at noon.
When Middleſex bids, Up to London let us go,
And when our market's done, we'll have a pot or two.
As Eſſex hath of old been named, Calves and Stiles,
Fair Suffolk, Maids and Milk, and Norfolk, Many Wiles.
So Cambridge hath been call'd, Hold Nets, and Let us Win;
And Huntingdon, With Stilts we'll Stalk through Thick and Thin.
Northamptonſhire of long hath had this blazon, Love,
Below the girdle all, but little elſe above.
An outcry Oxford makes, The ſcholars have been here,
And little though they paid, yet have they had good cheer,
Quoth Warlike Warwickſhire, I'll bind the ſturdy bear.
Quoth Wor'ſterſhire again, And I will ſquirt the pear.
Then Staffordſhire bids Stay, and I will beet the fire,
And nothing will I aſk, but good will for my hire.
Bean belly Le'ſterſhire, her attribute doth bear.
And Bells and bagpipes next, belong to Lincolnſhire.
Of Malt-horſe, Bedfordſhire long ſince that blazon wan.
And little Rutlandſhire is termed Raddleman.
To Derby is aſſign'd the name of Wool and lead.
As Nottingham's, of old (is common) Ale and bread.
So Hereford for her ſays, Give me woof and warp.
And Shropſhire ſaith in her, That ſkins be ever ſharp,
Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my harp,
And whilſt the black bowl walks, we merrily will carp.

(f) The blazons of the ſhires.

Old Cheſhire is well known to be the Chief of men.
Fair women doth belong to Lancaſhire again.
The lands that over Ouſe to Berwick forth do bear,
Have for their blazon had the Snaffle, ſpur, and ſpear.'
Now Nen extremely griev'd thoſe barbarous things to hear,
By Helidon her ſire, that thus deliver'd were:
For as his eld'ſt, ſhe was to paſſed ages known,
Whom by Auſona's name the Romans did renown.
A word by them deriv'd of Avon, which of long
The Britains call'd her by, expreſſing in their tongue
The full and general name of waters; wherefore ſhe
Stood much upon her worth, and jealous grew to be,
Leſt things ſo low and poor, and now quite out of date,
Should happily impair her dignity and ſtate.
Wherefore from him her ſire immediately ſhe haſtes;
And as ſhe forth her courſe to Peterborough caſts,
She falleth in her way with Weedon, where 'tis ſaid,
Saint Werburg princely born, a moſt religious maid,
From thoſe peculiar fields, by prayer the wild-geeſe drove,
Thence through the champain ſhe laſciviouſly doth rove
Tow'rds fair Northampton, which, whilſt Nen was Avon call'd,
Reſum'd that happy name, as happily inſtall'd
Upon her (g) northern ſide, where taking in a rill,
Her long impoveriſh'd banks more plenteouſly to fill,
She flouriſhes in ſtate, along the fruitful fields;
Where whilſt her waters ſhe with wondrous pleaſure yields,
To (b) Wellingborough comes, whoſe fountains in ſhe takes,
Which quickening her again, immediately ſhe makes
To Oundle, which receives contractedly the ſound
From Avondale, t' expreſs that river's loweſt ground:
To Peterborough thence ſhe maketh forth her way,
Where Welland hand in hand, goes on with her to ſea;
When Rockingham, the muſe to her fair foreſt brings,
Thence lying to the north, whoſe ſundry gifts ſhe ſings.
'O dear and dainty nymph, moſt gorgeouſly array'd,
Of all the Draides known, the moſt delicious maid,
With all delights adorn'd, that any way beſeem
A ſylvan, by whoſe ſtate we verily may deem
A deity in thee, in whoſe delightful bowers
The ſawns and fairies make the longeſt days but hours,
And joying in the ſoil, where thou aſſum'ſt thy ſeat,
Thou to thy handmaid haſte, (thy pleaſures to await)
Fair Beneſield, whoſe care to thee doth ſurely cleave,
Which bears a graſs as ſuſt, as is the dainty ſleave,
And thrum'd ſo thick and deep, that the proud palmed deer,
Forſake the cloſer woods, and make their quiet leir
In beds of platted ſog, ſo eas'ly there they ſit.
A foreſt and a chaſe in every thing ſo fit
This iſland hardly hath, ſo near ally'd that be,
Brave nymph, ſuch praiſe belongs to Beneſield and thee.'
Whilſt Rockingham was heard with theſe reports to ring,
The muſe by making on tow'rds Welland's ominous ſpring,
With (i) Kelmarſh there is caught, for courſing of the hare,
Which ſcorns that any place ſhould with her plains compare:
Which in the proper terms the muſe doth thus report;
The man whoſe vacant mind prepares him to the ſport,
The (k) finder ſendeth out, to ſeek out nimble Wat,
Which croſſeth in the field, each furlong, every flat,
Till he this pretty beaſt upon the form hath found,
Then viewing for the courſe, which is the faireſt ground,
The greyhounds forth are brought, for courſing then in caſe,
And choicely in the ſlip, one leading forth a brace;
The finder puts her up, and gives her courſers law.
And whilſt the eager dogs upon the ſtart do draw,
She riſeth from her ſeat, as though on earth ſhe flew,
Forc'd by ſome yelping (l) cute to give the greyhounds view,
Which are at length let ſlip, when gunning out they go,
As in reſpect of them the ſwifteſt wind were ſlow,
When each man runs his horſe, with fixed eyes and notes
Which dog firſt turns the hare, which firſt the other (m) coats,

(g) Northampton, for Northavonton, the town upon the north of Avon.
(b) So called of his many wells or fountains.
(i) A place in the north part of Northamptonſhire, excellent for courſing with greyhounds.
(k) The hare-hunter.
(l) A cur.
(m) When one greyhound outſtrips the other in the courſe.

They wrench her once or twice, e'er she a turn will take,
What's offer'd by the first, the other good doth make;
And turn for turn again with equal speed they ply,
Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility:
A harden'd ridge or way, when if the hare do win, [spin,
Then as shot from a bow, she from the dogs doth
That strive to put her off, but when he cannot reach her, [her
This giving him a coat, about again doth fetch
To him that comes behind, which seems the hare to bear;
But with a nimble turn she casts them both arrear:
Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they make her,
The greyhounds both so spent, that they want breath to take her.
Here leave I whilst the muse more serious things attends,
And with my course at hare, my canto likewise ends.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SONG.

The Argument.

The fatal Welland from her ſprings,
This ſong to th' Iſle of Ely brings:
Our ancient Engliſh Saints revives,
Then in an oblique courſe contrives,
The rareties that Rutland ſhews,
Which with this Canto ſhe doth cloſe.

THIS way, to that fair fount of Welland hath us led [head
At (*a*) Naſby to the north, where from a ſecond
Runs Avon, which along to Severn ſhapes her courſe, [ſource,
But pliant muſe proceed, with our new-handled
Of whom from ages paſt, a prophecy there ran,
(Which to this ominous flood much fear and reverence wan)
That ſhe alone ſhould drown all Holland, and ſhould ſee; [be;
Her Stamford, which ſo much forgotten ſeems to
Renown'd for liberal arts, as highly honour'd there,
As they in Cambridge are, or Oxford ever were;
Whereby ſhe in herſelf a holineſs ſuppos'd,
That in her ſcantled banks, though wand'ring long inclos'd,
Yet in her ſecret breaſt a catalogue had kept
Of our religious ſaints, which though they long had ſlept,
Yet through the chriſten'd world, for they had won ſuch fame
Both to the Britiſh firſt, then to the Engliſh name,
For their abundant faith, and ſanctimony known,
Such as were hither ſent, or naturally our own,

(*a*) The fountain of Welland,

It much her genius griev'd, to have them now neglected, [ted.
Whoſe piety ſo much thoſe zealous times reſpec-
Wherefore ſhe with herſelf reſolved, when that ſhe
To Peterborough came, where much ſhe long'd to be,
That in the wiſhed view of Medhamſted, that town,
Which he the great'ſt of Saints doth by his name renown,
She to his glorious phane an off'ring as to bring,
Of her dear country's ſaints, the martyrologe would ſing:
And therefore all in haſte to Harborough ſhe hy'd,
Whence Le'ſterſhire ſhe leaves upon the northward-ſide
At Rutland then arriv'd, where Stamford her ſuſtains,
By Deeping drawing out, to Lincolnſhire ſhe leans,
Upon her bank by north, againſt this greater throng,
Northamptonſhire to ſouth ſtill lies with her along,
And now approaching near to this appointed place,
Where ſhe and Nen make ſhew as though they would embrace;
But only they ſalute, and each holds on her way,
When holy Welland thus was wiſely heard to ſay:

'I ſing of ſaints, and yet my ſong ſhall not be
'fraught
'With miracles by them, but feigned to be
'wrought,
'That they which did their lives ſo palpably bely,
'To times have much impeach'd their holineſs
'thereby:
'Though fools (I ſay) on them ſuch poor impoſ-
'tures lay, [they,
'Have ſcandal'd them to ours, far fooliſher than
'Which think they have by this ſo great advan-
'tage got
'Their venerable names from memory to blot,
'Which truth can ne'er permit; and thou that art
'ſo pure,
'The name of ſuch a ſaint that no way can endure;
'Know in reſpect of them to recompence that hate,
'The wretched'ſt thing, and thou have both one
'death and date:
'From all vain worſhip too; and yet I am as free
'As is the moſt preciſe, I paſs not who he be.
'Antiquity I love, nor by the world's deſpight,
'I cannot be remov'd from that my dear delight.'
This ſpoke, to her fair aid her ſiſter Nen ſhe wins,
When ſhe of all her ſaints, now with that man
begins.
'The firſt that ever told Chriſt crucify'd to us,
'(By Paul and Peter ſent) juſt Ariſtobulus,
'Renown'd in holy writ, a labourer in the word,
'For that moſt certain truth, oppoſing fire and
'ſword,
'By th' Britains murthered here, ſo unbelieving
'then.
'Next holy Joſeph came, the merciful'ſt of men,
'The Saviour of mankind, in ſepulchre that laid,
'That to th' Britons was th' apoſtle; in his aid
'St. Duvian, and with him St. Fagan, both which
'were
'His ſcholars, likewiſe left their ſacred relics here:
'All denizens of ours, t' advance the Chriſtian
'ſtate,
'At Glaſtenbury long that were commemorate.
'When Amphibal again our martyrdom began
'In that moſt bloody reign of Diocleſian:
'This man into the truth, that bleſſed Alban led
'(Our Proto-martyr call'd) who ſtrongly diſcipled
'In Chriſtian patience, learnt his tortures to ap-
'peaſe:
'His fellow martyrs then, Stephen, and Socrates,
'At holy Alban's town, their feſtival ſhould hold;
'So of that martyr nam'd, (which Ver'lam was of
'old.
'A thouſand other ſaints, whom Amphibal had
'taught,
'Flying the Pagan foe, their lives that ſtrictly
'fought,
'Were ſlain where Lichfield is, whoſe name doth
'rightly ſound,
'(There of thoſe Chriſtians ſlain (Dead field, or
'hurying ground.
'Then for the Chriſtian faith, two other here
'that ſtood,
'And teaching, bravely ſeal'd their doctrine with
'their blood;
'St. Julius, and with him St. Aron, have their
'room,
'At Carleon ſuff'ring death by Diocleſian's doom;
'Whoſe perſecuting reign tempeſtuouſly that rag'd,
'Gainſt thoſe here for the faith, their utmoſt that
'engag'd,
'St. Angule put to death, one of our holieſt men,
'At London, of that ſee, the godly biſhop then
'In that our infant church, ſo reſolute was he.
'A ſecond martyr too grace London's ancient ſee,
'Though it were after long, good Voadine who
'reprov'd
'Proud Vortiger his king unlawfully that lov'd
'Another's wanton wife, and wrong'd his nuptial
'bed;
'For which by that ſtern prince unjuſtly murdered,
'As he a martyr dy'd, is ſainted with the reſt.
'The third ſaint of that ſee (though only he con-
'feſt)
'Was Guithelme, unto whom thoſe times that re-
'verence gave
'As he a place with them eternally ſhall have.
'So Melior may they bring, the Duke of Corn-
'wal's ſon, [done
'By his falſe brother's hands, to death who being
'In hate of Chriſtian faith, whoſe zeal left time
'ſhould taint,
'As he a martyr was, they juſtly made a ſaint.
'Thoſe godly Romans then (who as mine au-
'thor ſaith) [Chriſtian faith,
'Wan good King Lucius firſt t' embrace the
'Fugatius, and his friend St. Damian, as they were
'Made denizens of ours, have their remembrance
'here: [confeſt,
'As two more (near that time Chriſt Jeſus that
'And that moſt lively faith by their good works
'expreſt)
'St. Eluan with his pheere St. Midwin, who to win
'The Britons, (come from Rome, where chriſten'd
'they had been)
'Converted to the faith their thouſands, whoſe
'dear grave, [have.
'That Glaſtenbury grac'd, there their memorial
'As they their ſacred bones in Britain have
'beſtow'd [broad:
'So Britain likewiſe ſent her ſaints to them a-
'Marſellus that juſt man, who having gathered in
'The ſcatter'd Chriſtian flock, inſtructed that had
'been
'By holy Joſeph here; to congregate he wan
'This juſtly named ſaint, this never-wearied man,
'Next to the Germans preach'd, till (void of
'earthly fear [Trevere.
'By his courageous death, he much renown'd
'Then of our native ſaints, the firſt that dy'd
'abroad;
'Beatus next to him ſhall fitly be beſtow'd,
'In Switzerland who preach'd, whom there thoſe
'paynims ſlew, [enſue
'When greater in their place, though not in faith,
'St. Lucius (call'd of us) the primer chriſten'd
'king,
'Of th' ancient Britons then, who led the glo-
'rious ring

'To all the Saxon race, that here did him ſucceed,
'Changing his regal robe to a religious weed,
'His rule in Britain left, and to Helvetia hy'd,
'Where he a biſhop liv'd, a martyr laſtly dy'd.
'As Conſtantine the Great, that godly emperor,
'Here firſt the Chriſtian church that did to peace
'reſtore,
'Whoſe ever-bleſſed birth, as by the power di-
'vine) [line,
'The Roman empire brought into the Britiſh
'Conſtantinople's crown, and th' ancient Britons
'glory.
'So other here we have to furniſh up our ſtory,
'St. Melon well-near when the Britiſh church
'began,
'(Even in the early time of Rome's Valerian)
'Here leaving us for Rome, from thence to Roan
'was call'd, [inſtall'd
'To preach unto the French, where ſoon he was
'Her biſhop: Britain ſo may of her Gudwall vaunt,
'Who firſt the Flemings taught, whoſe feaſt is
'held at Gaunt.
'Soothers forth ſhe brought to little Britain vow'd,
'St. Werlock, and with him St. Sampſon, both
'allow'd
'Apoſtles of that place, the firſt the abbot ſole
'Of Tawrac, and the laſt ſate on the ſee of Dole:
'Where dying, Maglor then thereof was biſhop
made,
'Sent purpoſely from hence that people to perſuade
'To keep the Chriſtian faith: ſo Goluin gave we
'thither, [gether.
'Who ſainted being there, we ſet them here to-
'As of the weaker ſex, that ages have enſhrin'd
'Amongſt the Britiſh dames, and worthily divin'd:
'The finder of the croſs Queen Helena doth lead,
'Who though Rome ſet a crown on her imperial
'head, [here.
'Yet in our Britain born, and bred up choicely
'Emerita the next, King Lucius' ſiſter dear,
'Who in Helvetia with her martyr brother dy'd;
'Bright Urſula the third, who undertook to guide
'Th' eleven thouſand maids to Little Britain ſent,
'By ſeas and bloody men devoured as they went:
'Of which we find theſe four have been for ſaints
'prefer'd,
'(And with their leader ſtill do live encalender'd)
'St. Agnes, Cordula, Odillia, Florence, which
'With wond'rous ſumptuous ſhrines thoſe ages
'did enrich
'At Cullen, where their lives moſt clearly are
'expreſt, [reſt.
'And yearly feaſts obſerv'd to them and all the
'But when it came to paſs the Saxon powers
'had put
'The Britons from theſe parts, and them o'er Se-
'vern ſhut,
'The Chriſtian faith with her, then Cambria had
'alone,
'With thoſe that it receiv'd (from this now Eng-
'land gone,
'Whoſe Cambro-Britons ſo their ſaints as duly
'brought, [wrought,
'T' advance the Chriſtian faith, effectually that
'Their David, (one deriv'd of th' royal Britiſh
'blood) [ſtood,
'Who 'gainſt Pelagius' falſe and damn'd opinions
'And torn'd Menenia's name to David's ſacred
'ſee,
'The patron of the Welſh deſerving well to be:
'With Cadock, next to whom comes Canock, both
'which were
'Prince Brechan's ſons, who gave the name to
'Brecknockſhire;
'The firſt a martyr made, a confeſſor the other.
'So Clintack, Brecknock's prince, as from one
'ſelf-ſame mother,
'A ſaint upon that ſeat, the other doth enſue,
'Whom for the Chriſtian-faith a Pagan ſoldier ſlew.
'So biſhops can ſhe bring, of which her ſaints
'ſhall be, [ſee;
'As Aſaph, who firſt gave that name unto that
'Of Bangor, and may boaſt St. David which her
'wan [Telean,
'Much reverence, and with theſe Owdock and
'Both biſhops of Llandaff, and ſaints in their ſuc-
'ceſſion; [profeſſion,
'Two other following theſe, both in the ſame
'St. Dubric whoſe report old Carleon yet doth
'carry,
'And Elery in Northwales, who built a monaſtery,
'In which himſelf became the abbot, to his praiſe.
'And ſpent in alms and prayer the remnant of
'his days. [come,
'But leaving theſe divin'd, to Decuman we
'In Northwales who was crown'd with glorious
'martyrdom.
'Juſtinian, as that man a ſainted place deſerv'd,
'Who ſtill to feed his ſoul, his ſinful body ſtarv'd:
'And for that height in zeal, whereto he did attain,
'There by his fellow monks, moſt cruelly was ſlain.
'So Cambria, Beno bare; and Gildas, which doth
'grace [embrace
'Old Bangor, and by whoſe learn'd writings we
'The knowledge of thoſe times; the fruits of
'whoſe juſt pen,
'Shall live for ever freſh, with all true-ſearching
'men. [aver,
'Then other, which for her's old Cambria doth
'St. Senan, and with him we ſet St. Deiſerre,
'Then Tather will we take, and Cheyned to the
'reſt, [bleſt
'With Baruk, who ſo much the Iſle of Bardſey
'By his moſt powerful prayer, to ſolitude that liv'd,
'And of all wordly care his zealous ſoul depriv'd.
'Of theſe, ſome liv'd not long, ſome wond'rous
'aged were, [there.
'But in the mountains liv'd, all hermits here and
'O more than mortal men, whoſe faith and earneſt
'prayers, [ſtairs,
'Not only bare ye hence, but were thoſe mighty
'By which you went to Heaven, and God ſo
'clearly ſaw,
'As this vain earthly pomp had not the power
'to draw
'Your elevated ſouls, but once to look ſo low,
'As thoſe depreſſed paths, wherein baſe world-
'lings go.

' What mind doth not admire the knowledge of
' theſe men?
' But zealous muſe return unto thy taſk again.
' Theſe holy men at home, as here they were
' beſtow'd,
' So Cambria had ſuch ton, as famous were abroad.
' Sophy, King Gulick's ſon of Northwales, who
' had ſeen
' The ſepulchre three times, and more, ſeven times
' had been
' On pilgrimage at Rome, of Beneventum there
' The painful biſhop made; by him ſo place we
' here, [ſent,
' St. Macklove, from Northwales to Little Britain
' That people to convert, who reſolutely bent,
' Of Athelney in time the biſhop there became
' Which her firſt title chang'd, and took his proper
' name. ' beſt:
' So ſhe her virgins had, and vow'd as were the
' St. Keyne, Prince Brechan's child, a man ſo
' highly bleſt, [were.)
' That thirty born to him all ſaints accounted
' St. Inthwar ſo apart ſhall with theſe other bear,
' Who out of falſe ſuſpect was by her brother ſlain
' Then Winifrid, whoſe name yet famous doth re-
' main, [name
' Whoſe fountain in Northwales entitled by her
' For moſs, and for the ſtones that he about the
' ſame, [age,
' Is founded through the iſle, and to this latter
' Is of our Romiſts held the lateſt pilgrimage.
' But when the Saxons here ſo ſtrongly did reſide,
' And ſurely ſeated once, as owners to abide;
' When nothing in the world to their deſire was
' wanting, [planting,
' Except the Chriſtian faith, for whoſe ſubſtantial
' St. Auguſtine from Rome was to this iſland ſent;
' And coming through large France, arriving firſt
' in Kent,
Converted to the faith King Ethelbert, till then
Unchriſten'd that had liv'd, with all his Kentiſh
' men,
' And of their chiefeſt town, now Canterbury
' call'd, [inſtall'd.
' The biſhop firſt was made, and on that ſee
' Four other, and with him for knowledge great
' in name,
' That in his mighty work of our converſion came,
' Lawrence, Melitus then, with Juſtus, and Ho-
' norius, [laborious,
' In this great Chriſtian work, all which had been
' To venerable age each coming in degree,
' Succeeded him again in Canterbury ſee,
' As Peter born in France, with theſe and made
' our own, [ing ſhewn.
' And Pauline whoſe great zeal was by his preach-
' The firſt to abbot's ſtate, wiſe Auſten did preſer,
' And to the latter gave the ſee of Rocheſter;
' All canoniz'd for ſaints, as worthy ſure they
' were, [here.
' For 'ſtabliſhing the faith, which was received
' Few countries where our Chriſt had e'er been
' preached then
' But ſent into this iſle ſome of their godly men.
' From Perſia led by zeal, ſo lve this iſland fought,
' And near our eaſtern fens a fit place finding,
' taught
' The faith: which place from him alone the name
' derives,
' And of that ſainted man ſince call'd is St. Ives;
' Such reverence to herſelf that time devotion wan.
' So ſun-burnt Afric ſent us holy Adrian,
' Who preach'd the Chriſtian faith here nine-and-
' thirty year,
' An abbot in this iſle, and to this nation dear,
' That in our country two provincial ſynods call'd,
' T' reform the church that time with hereſies
' enthrall'd.
' So Denmark Henry ſent t' increaſe our holy ſtore,
' Who falling in from thence upon our northern
' ſhore
' In th' Iſle of (b) Cochet liv'd, near to the mouth
' of Tyne,
' In faſting as in prayer, a man ſo much divine,
' That only thrice a week on homely cates he fed,
' And three times in the week himſelf he ſilenced,
' That in remembrance of this moſt abſtemious man,
' Upon his bleſſed death the Engliſhmen began,
' By him to name their babes, which it ſo fre-
' quent brings,
' Which name hath honour'd been by many Eng-
' liſh kings.
' So Burgundy to us three men moſt reverend
' bare, [ſhare,
' Amongſt our other ſaints, that claim to have their
' Of which was Felix firſt, who in th' Eaſt-Saxon
' reign,
' Converted to the faith King Sigbert: him again
' Enſueth Anſelm, whom Auguſta ſent us in,
' And Hugh, whoſe holy life to Chriſt did many
' win,
' By (c) Henry th' empreſs' ſon holp hither, and
' to have
' Him wholly to be ours, the ſee of Lincoln gave.
' So Lombardy to us, our reverend Langfranck
' lent, [ſent,
' For whom into this land King William Conqueror
' And Canterbury's ſee to his wiſe charge aſſign'd.
' Nor France to theſe for her's was any whit
' behind,
' For Grimbald ſhe us gave, (as Peter long before,
' Who with St. Auſten came to preach upon this
' ſhore)
' By Alfred hither call'd, who him an abbot made,
' Who by his godly life, and preaching did perſuade
' The Saxons to believe the true and quick'ning
' word:
' So after long again ſhe likewiſe did afford,
' St. Oſmond, whom the ſee of Saliſbury doth own,
' A biſhop once of hers, and in our conqueſt known,
' When hither to that end their Norman William
' came, [fame,
' Regimus then, whoſe mind, that work of ours of
' Rich Lincoln minſter ſhews, where he a biſhop
' ſat, [der at.
' Which (it ſhould ſeem) he built for men to won-

(b) An iſlet upon the coaſt of Scotland, in the German ſea.
(c) Henry II.

'So potent were the powers of churchmen in thoſe
'days.
'Then Henry nam'd of Blois, from France who
'croſs'd the ſeas,
'With Stephen Earl of Blois his brother, after king,
'In Wincheſter's rich ſee, who him eſtabliſhing,
'He in thoſe troublous times in preaching took
'ſuch pain,
'As he by them was not canonized in vain.
'As other countries here their holy men be-
'ſtow'd; [abroad,
'So Britain likewiſe ſent her ſaints to them
'And into neighbouring France our moſt reli-
'gious went,
'St. Clare that native was of Rocheſter in Kent,
'At Volcaſyne came vow'd the French inſtructing
'there,
'So early e'er the truth amongſt them did appear,
'That more than half a God they thought that
'reverend man.
'Our Judock, ſo in France ſuch fame our nation
'wan,
'For holineſs, where long an abbot's life he led
'At Pontoiſe, and ſo much was honour'd, that
'being dead, [dated)
'And after threeſcore years (their lateſt period
'His body taken up, was ſolemnly tranſlated.
'As Ceofrid, that ſometime of Waremouth abbot
'was,
'In his return from Rome, as he through France
'did paſs
'At Langres left his life, whoſe holineſs even yet,
'Upon his reverend grave, in memory doth ſit.
'St. Alkwin ſo for ours, we Engliſh boaſt again,
'The tutor that became to mighty Charlemaigne,
'That holy man, whoſe heart was ſo with good-
'neſs fill'd,
'As out of zeal he wan that mighty king to build
'That academy now at Paris, whoſe foundation
'Through all the Chriſtian world hath ſo re-
'nown'd that nation,
'As well declares his wealth, that had the power
'to do it,
'As his moſt lively zeal, perſuading him into it.
'As Simon call'd the ſaint of Bourdeaux, which
'ſo wrought, [brought
'By preaching there the truth, that happily he
'The people of thoſe parts from paganiſm, wherein
'Their unbelieving ſouls ſo long had nuzled been.
'So in the Norman rule, two moſt religious were,
'Amongſt ours that in France diſperſed here and
'there,
'Preach'd to that nation long, St. Hugh, who
'born our own,
'In our firſt Henry's rule ſat on the ſee of Rohan,
'Where reverenc'd he was ſo long. St. Edmund
'ſo again, [reign,
'Who baniſhed from hence in our third Henry's
'There led an hermit's life near Pontoiſe, (whete
'before
'St. Judock did the like) whoſe honour to reſtore,
'Religious Lewis there interr'd with wond'rous
'coſt, [boaſt.
'Of whoſe rich funeral France deſervedly may
'Then Main we add to theſe, an abbot here of
'ours,
'To Little Britain ſent, employing all the powers
'To bring them to the faith, which he ſo well ef-
'fected,
'That ſince he as a ſaint hath ever been reſpected.
'As theſe of ours in France, ſo had we thoſe
'did ſhew
'In Germany, as well the Higher, as the Low,
'Their faith: in Friefeland firſt St. Boniface our
'beſt, [poſſeſt,
'Who of the ſee of Mentz, while there he ſat
'At Dockum had his death, by faithleſs Friſians
'ſlain,
'Whoſe anniverſaries there did after long remain.
'So Wigbert full of faith, and heavenly wiſdom
'went [tent;
'Unto the ſelf ſame place, as with the ſame in-
'With Eglemond, a man as great with God as he;
'As they agreed in life, ſo did their ends agree,
'Both by Radbobius ſlain, who rul'd in Friſia
'then:
'So in the ſacred roll of our religious men,
'In Friſe that preach'd the faith we of St. Lullus
'read,
'Who in the ſee of Mentz did Boniface ſucceed;
'And Willihad that of Bren, that ſacred ſeat ſup-
'ply'd,
'So holy that him there, they halgy deify'd;
'With Marchelme, and with him our Plechelme,
'holy men,
'That to the Friſes now, and to the Saxons then,
'In Germany abroad the glorious goſpel ſpread,
'Who at their lives depart, their bodies gathered,
'Were at old Seell enſhrin'd, their orbits yearly
'kept: [heap'd,
'Such as on them have had as many praiſes
'That in their lives the truth as conſtantly confeſt,
'As th' other that their faith by martyrdom ex-
'preſt.
'In Friſe, as theſe of ours, their names did fa-
'mous leave, [Cleve;
'Again ſo had we thoſe as much renown'd in
'St. Swibert, and with him St. Wilick, which
'from hence, [defence
'To Clevelaud held their way, and in the truth's
'Pawn'd their religious lives, and as they went
'together,
'So one and ſelf ſame place allotted was to either:
'For both of them at Wert in Clevcland ſeated
'were,
'St. Swibert biſhop was, St. Willick abbot there.
'So Gulderland again ſhall our moſt holy bring,
'As Edilbert the ſon of Edilbald the king
'Of our South-Saxon rule, inceſſantly that taught
'The Guelders, whoſe bleſt days unto their period
'brought, [gave;
'Unto his reverend corpſe, old Harlem harbour
'So Wereafrid again, and Otger both we have,
'Who to thoſe people preach'd, whoſe praiſe that
'country tells.
'What nation names a ſaint for virtue that excels
'St. German who for Chriſt his biſhopric forſook,
'And in the Netherlands moſt humbly him betook;

' From place to place to paſs, the ſecrets to reveal,
' Of our dear Saviour's death, and laſt of all to ſeal
' His doctrine with his blood: In Belgia ſo abroad,
' St. Wynock in like ſort, his bleſſed time beſtow'd,
' Whoſe relics Wormſhault (yet) in Flanders hath
' reſerv'd.
' Of theſe, th' rebellious fleſh (to win them
' heaven) that ſtarv'd.
' St. Menigold, a man, who in his youth had been
' A ſoldier, and the French and German wars had
' ſeen,
' A hermit laſt became, his ſinful ſoul to ſave,
' To whom good Arnulph, that moſt Godly em-
' peror gave
' Some ground not far from Liege, his hermitage
' to ſet,
' Whoſe floor when with his tears he many a day
' had wet, [ſlain:
' He for the Chriſtian faith upon the ſame was
' So did th' Erwaldi there moſt worthily attain
' Their martyrs glorious types, to Ireland firſt ap-
' prov'd, [mov'd,
' But after (in their zeal) as need requir'd re-
' They to Weſtphalia went, and as they brothers
' were, [there,
' So they, the Chriſtian faith together preaching
' Th' old Pagan Saxons ſlew, out of their hatred
' deep
' To the true faith, whoſe ſhrines brave Cullen
' ſtill doth keep.
' So Adler one of ours, by England ſet apart
' For Germany, and ſent that people to convert,
' Of Erford biſhop made, there alſo had his end.
' St. Liphard likewiſe to our martyrologe ſhall
' lend,
' Who having been at Rome on pilgrimage, to ſee
' The relics of the ſaints, ſuppoſed there to be,
' Returning by the way of Germany, at laſt,
' Preaching the Chriſtian faith, as he through
' Cambray paſt,
' The Pagan people ſlew, whoſe relics Huncourt
' hath: [path
' Theſe others ſo we had, which trod the ſelf ſame
' In Germany, which ſhe moſt reverently embrac'd.
' St. John a man of ours, on Saltzburg's ſee was
' plac'd;
' St. Willibald of Eiſt the biſhop ſo became,
' And Burchard Engliſh born, the man moſt great
' of name, [rear'd
' Of Wirtzburg biſhop was, at Hohemburg that
' The monaſtery, wherein he richly was interr'd.
' So Maeſtricht unto her St. Willibord did call,
' And ſeated him upon her ſee epiſcopal,
' As two St. Lebwins there amongſt the reſt are
' brought;
' Th' one o'er Iſell's banks the ancient Saxons
' taught:
' At Over-Iſell reſts, the other did apply,
' The Guelders, and by them interr'd at Daventry.
' St. Wynibald again, at Hidlemayne enjoy'd
' The abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd
' In their converſion there, which long time him
' withſtood.
' St. Gregory then, with us ſprung of the royal
' blood,
' And ſon to him whom we the elder Edward
' ſtile, [vile,
' Both court and country left, which he eſteemed
' Which Germany receiv'd, where he at Mayn-
' iard led
' A ſtrict monaſtic life, a ſaint alive and dead.
' So had we ſome of ours for Italy were preſt,
' As well as theſe before, ſent out into the eaſt.
' King Inas having done ſo great and wondrous
' things, [kings,
' As well might be ſuppos'd the works of ſundry
' Erecting beauteous phanes, and monuments ſo
' fair,
' As monarchs have not ſince been able to repair,
' Of many that he built, the leaſt, in time when
' they
' Have (by weak mens neglect) been fall'n into
' decay:
' This realm by him enrich'd, he poverty pro-
' feſs'd,
' In pilgrimage to Rome, where meekly he de-
' ceas'd.
' As Richard the dear ſon to Lothar king of Kent,
' When he his happy days religiouſly had ſpent;
' And feeling the approach of his declining age,
' Deſirous to ſee Rome in holy pilgrimage,
' Into thy country come at Lucca, left his life,
' Whoſe miracles there done, yet to this day are
' rife,
' The patron of that place, ſo Tuſcany in thee,
' At fair Mount-flaſcon ſtill the memory ſhall be
' Of holy Thomas there moſt reverently interr'd,
' Who ſometime to the ſee of Hereford preſer'd;
' Thence travelling to Rome, in his return be-
' reft
' His life by ſickneſs, there to thee his body left.
' Yet Italy gave not theſe honours all to them
' That viſited her Rome, but from Jeruſalem,
' Some coming back through thee, and yielding
' up their ſpirits,
' On thy rich earth receiv'd their moſt deſerved
' merits.
' O Naples, as thine own, in thy large territory,
' Though to our country's praiſe, yet to thy great-
' er glory,
' Even to this day the ſhrines religiouſly doſt
' keep [ſleep:
' Of many a bleſſed ſaint which in thy lap doth
' As Eleutherius, come from viſiting the tomb,
' Thou gav'ſt to him at Arke in thy Apulia room
' To ſet his holy cell, where he an hermit dy'd,
' Canonized her ſaint; ſo haſt thou glorify'd
' St. Gerrard, one of ours, (above the former
' grac'd)
' In ſuch a ſumptous ſhrine at Galinaro plac'd;
' At Sancto Padre ſo, St Fulke hath ever ſame,
' Which from that reverend man 't ſhould ſeem
' deriv'd the name,
' His relicks there reſerv'd; ſo holy Ardwin's
' ſhrine
' Is at Ceprano kept, and honour'd as divine,
' For miracles, that thereby his ſtrong faith were
' wrought.
' 'Mongſt theſe ſelected men, the ſepulchre that
' ſought,

'And in thy realm arriv'd, their bleſſed ſouls re-
'ſign'd:
'Our Bernard's body yet at Arpine we may find,
'Until this preſent time, her patroniſing ſaint.
'So countries more remote, with ours we did
'acquaint,
'As Richard for the ſame his holineſs had won,
'And for the wondrous things that through his
'prayers were done,
'From this his native home into Calabria call'd,
'And of St. Andrew's there the biſhop was in-
'ſtall'd,
'For whom ſhe hath profeſs'd much reverence to
'this land:
'St. William with this man, a parallel may ſtand,
'Through all the Chriſtian world accounted ſo
'divine,
'That travelling from hence to holy Paleſtine,
'Deſirous that moſt bleſt Jeruſalem to ſee,
'(In which the Saviour's ſelf ſo oft vouchſaf'd to
'be)
'Prior of that holy houſe by ſuffrages related,
'To th' ſepulchre of Chriſt, which there was de-
'dicated;
'To Tyre in Syria thence remov'd in little ſpace,
'And in leſs time ordain'd archbiſhop of that
'place; [fill'd,
'That God-inſpired man, with heavenly goodneſs
'A ſaint amongſt the reſt deſervedly is held.
'Yet Italy, nor France, nor Germany, thoſe
'times
'Employ'd not all our men, but into colder climes,
'They wander'd through the world, their coun-
'tries that forſook.
'So Sigfrid ſent from hence devoutly undertook
'Thoſe pagans, wild and rude, of Gothia to con-
'vert, [girt,
'Who having labour'd long, with danger oft in-
'Was in his reverend age for his deſerved ſee,
'By Olaus king of Goths, ſet on Vexovia's ſee.
'To Norway, and to thoſe great north-eaſt coun-
'tries far; [war
'So Gotebald gave himſelf holding a Chriſtian
'With paynims, nothing elſe but heatheniſh rites
'that knew. [drew,
'As Suethia to herſelf theſe men moſt reverend
'St. Ulfrid of our ſaints as famous there as any,
'Nor ſcarcely find we one converting there ſo
'many.
'And Henry in thoſe days of Oxſto biſhop made,
'The firſt that Swethen king, which ever did
'perſuade,
'On Finland to make war, to force them by the
'ſword,
'When nothing elſe could ſerve to hear the
'powerful word;
'With Eſkill thither ſent, to teach that barba-
'rous nation,
'Who on the paſſion day, there preaching on
'the paſſion, [pain,
'T' expreſs the Saviour's love to mankind, taking
'By cruel paynims hands was in the pulpit ſlain,
'Upon that bleſſed day Chriſt died for ſinful man,
'Upon that day for Chriſt his martyr's crown he
'wan.
'So David drawn from hence into thoſe farther
'parts,
'By preaching, who to pierce thoſe paynims
'harden'd hearts,
'Inceſſantly proclaim'd Chriſt Jeſus, with a cry
'Againſt their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.
'Into thoſe colder climes to people beaſtly rude,
'So others that were ours courageouſly purſu'd
'The planting of the truth, in zeal three moſt
'profound,
'The reliſh of whoſe names by likelineſs of ſound,
'Both in their lives and deaths, a likelineſs might
'ſhow,
'As Unaman we name, and Shunaman that go,
'With Wynaman their friend, which martyr'd
'gladly were
'In Gothland, whilſt they taught with Chriſtian
'patience there.
'Nor thoſe from us that went, nor thoſe that
'hither came
'From the remoteſt parts, were greater yet in
'name,
'Than thoſe reſiding here on many a goodly ſee;
'(Great biſhops in account, now greater ſaints
'that be)
'Some ſuch ſelected ones for piety and zeal,
'As to the wretched world, more clearly could
'reveal,
'How much there might of God in mortal man
'be found
'In charitable works, or ſuch as did abound,
'Which by their good ſucceſs in after times were
'bleſt, [reſt.
'Were then related ſaints, as worthier than the
'Of Canterbury here with thoſe I will begin,
'That firſt archbiſhop's ſee, on which there long
'had been [high,
'So many men devout, as rais'd that church ſo
'Much reverence, and have won their holy hie-
'rarchy: [flame
'Of which he firſt that did with goodneſs ſo in-
'The hearts of the devout (that from his proper
'name)
'As one (even) ſent from God, the ſouls of men
'to ſave
'The title unto him, of Deodat they gave.
'The biſhops Brightwald next, and Tatwin in we
'take, [make
'Whom time may ſay, that ſaints it worthily did
'Succeeding in that ſee directly even as they,
'Here by the muſe are plac'd, who ſpent both
'nigh and day [good,
'By doctrine, or by deeds, inſtructing, doing
'In raiſing them were fall'n, or ſtrengthening
'them that ſtood.
'Then Odo the ſevere, who highly did adorn
'That ſee, (yet being of unchriſten'd parents
'born,
'Whoſe country Denmark was, but in Eaſt Eng-
'land dwelt)
'He being but a child, in his clear boſom felt
'The moſt undoubted truth, and yet unbaptiz'd
'long;
'But as he grew in years, in ſpirit ſo growing
'ſtrong,

And as the Chriſtian faith this holy man had
' taught,
' He likewiſe for that faith in ſundry battles fought.
' So Dunſtan as the reſt aroſe through many ſees,
' To this arch-type at laſt aſcending by degrees,
' There by his power confirm'd, and ſtrongly cre-
' dit won, [done.
' To many wond'rous things which he before had
' To whom when (as they ſay) the devil once ap-
' pear'd,
' This man ſo full of faith, not once at all afraid,
' Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles moſt
' great.
' As Egelnoth again much grac'd that ſacred ſeat,
' Who for his godly deeds ſurnamed was the
' Good, [blood:
' Not boaſting of his birth, though come of royal
' For that, nor at the firſt, a monk's mean cowl
' deſpis'd, [fic'd.
' With winning men to God, who never was ſuf-
' Theſe men before expreſs'd; ſo Eadſine next en-
' ſues,
' To propagate the truth, no toil that did refuſe;
' In Harold's time who liv'd, when William Con-
' queror came,
' For holineſs of life, attain'd unto that fame,
' That ſoldiers fierce and rude, that pity never
' knew, [view.
' Were ſuddenly made mild, as changed in his
' This man with thoſe before, moſt worthily re-
' lated [crated.
' Arch-ſaints, as in their ſees arch-biſhops conſe-
' St. Thomas Becket then, which Rome did ſo
' much hery, [ry;
' As to his chriſten'd name they added Canterbu-
' There to whoſe ſumptuous ſhrine the near ſuc-
' ceeding ages, [ages,
' So mighty off'rings ſent, and made ſuch pilgrim-
' Concerning whom, the world ſince then hath
' ſpent much breath,
' And many queſtions made both of his life and
' death:
' If he were truly juſt, he hath his right; if no,
' Thoſe times were much to blame, that have him
' reckon'd ſo.
' Then theſe from York enſue, whoſe lives
' have as much grac'd
' That ſee, as theſe before in Canterbury plac'd:
' St. Wilfrid of her ſaints, we then the firſt will
' bring, [brian king,
' Who twice by Egfrid's ire, the ſtern Northum-
' Expuls'd his ſacred ſeat, moſt patiently it bare,
' The man for ſacred gifts almoſt beyond compare.
' Then Boſa next to him as meek and humble
' hearted,
' As th' othe. full of grace, to whom great God
' imparted
' His mercies ſundry ways, as age upon him came.
And next him followeth John, who likewiſe bare
' the name
' Of Beverley, where he moſt happily was born,
' Whoſe holineſs did much his native place adorn,
' Whoſe vigils had by thoſe devouter times be-
' queſts
' The ceremonies due to great and ſolemn feaſts.
' So Oſwald of that ſeat, and Cedwall ſainted
' were,
' Both reverenc'd and renown'd archbiſhops, liv-
' ing there:
' The former to that ſee, from Worceſter tranſ-
' fer'd,
' Deceaſed, was again at Worceſter interr'd:
' The other in that ſee a ſepulchre they choſe,
' And did for his great zeal amongſt the ſaints diſ-
' poſe, [ſtrain,
' As William by deſcent come of the conqueror's
' Whom Stephen ruling here did in his time or-
' dain [fall,
' Archbiſhop of that ſee, among our ſaints doth
' Deriv'd from thoſe two ſeats, ſtyl'd archiepiſ-
' copal.
' Next theſe arch-ſees of ours, now London
' place doth take,
' Which had thoſe, of whom time ſaints worthily
' did make.
' As Ceda, (brother to that reverend biſhop Chad,
' At Litchfield in thoſe times, his famous ſeat that
' had)
' Is ſainted for that ſee amongſt our reverend men,
' From London though at length remov'd to Leſ-
' tingen,
' A monaſtery, which then he richly had begun.
' Him Erkenwald enſues th' Eaſt-Engliſh Offa's
' ſon,
' His father's kingly court, who for a croſier fled,
' Whoſe works ſuch fame him won for holineſs,
' that dead,
' Time him enſhrin'd in Paul's, (the mother of
' that ſee)
' Which with revenues large, and privileges he
' Had wondrouſly endow'd; to goodneſs ſo af-
' fected,
' That he thoſe abbies great, from his own power
' erected
' At Chertſey near to Thames, and Barking fa-
' mous long. [throng,
' So Roger hath a room in theſe our ſainted
' Who by his words and works ſo taught the way
' to heaven, [given.
' As that great name to him ſure was not vainly
' With Wincheſter again proceed we, which
' ſhall ſtore.
' Us with as many ſaints, as any ſee (or more)
' Of whom we yet have ſung, (as Heada there
' we have)
' Who by his godly life, ſo good inſtructions gave,
' As teaching that the way to make men to live
' well,
' Example us aſſur'd, did preaching far excel.
' Our Swithun then enſues, of him why ours I
' ſay,
' Is that upon his feaſt, his dedicated day,
' As it in harveſt haps, ſo ploughmen note thereby,
' Th' enſuing forty days be either wet or dry,
' As that day falleth out, whoſe miracles may we
' Believe thoſe former times, he well might ſaint-
' ed be.
' So Frithſtan for a ſaint incalendar'd we find,
' With Brithſtan not a whit the holieſt man be-
' hind,

2

'Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for reſpect
'Of virtues in him found, the latter did elect
'To ſit upon his ſee; who likewiſe dying there,
'To Ethelbald again ſucceeding did appear,
'The honour to a ſaint, as challenging his due.
'Theſe formerly expreſs'd, then Elpheg doth en-
'ſue;
'Then Ethelwald, of whom this alms-deed hath
'been told,
'That in a time of dearth his church's plate he
'T relieve the needy poor; the church's wealth
'(quoth he)
'May be again repair'd, but ſo theſe cannot be.
'With theſe before expreſs'd, ſo Britwald forth
'ſhe brought,
'By faith and earneſt prayer his miracles that
'That ſuch againſt the faith, that were moſt ſtony-
'hearted,
'By his religious life have laſtly been converted.
'This man, when as our kings ſo much decayed
'were,
'As 'twas ſuppos'd their line would be extin-
'guiſh'd here,
'Had in his dream reveal'd, to whom all-doing
'heaven,
'The ſceptre of this land in after-times had giv-
'Which in prophetic ſort by him deliver'd was,
'And as he ſtoutly ſpake, it truly came to paſs.
'So other ſouthern ſees, here either leſs or
'more,
'Have likewiſe had their ſaints, though not alike
'in ſtore.
'Of Rocheſter we have St. Ithamar, being then
'In thoſe firſt times firſt of our native Engliſh-
'men
'Reſiding on that ſeat; ſo as an aid to her,
'But ſingly ſainted thus, we have of Chicheſter,
'St. Richard, and with him St. Gilbert, which do
'ſtand
'Inroll'd among the reſt of this our mitred band,
'Of whom ſuch wond'rous things, for truths de-
'livered are
'As now may ſeem to ſtretch our ſtrait belief too
'far,
'And Cimbert, of a ſaint had the deſerved
'His yearly obiits long, done in the Iſle of Wight,
'A biſhop, as ſome ſay, but certain of what ſee
'It ſcarcely can be prov'd, nor is it known to me.
'Whilſt Sherburne was a ſee, and in her glory
'ſhone,
'And Bodmin likewiſe had a biſhop of her own,
'Whoſe dioceſe that time contained Cornwal;
'theſe
'Had as the reſt their ſaints, derived from their
'The firſt, her Adelme had, and Hamond, and
'the laſt
'Had Patrock, for a ſaint that with the other
'That were it fit for us but to examine now
'Thoſe former times, theſe men for ſaints that
'did allow,
'And from our reading urge, that others might
'Related be for ſaints, as worthy every deal.
'This ſcrutiny of ours, would clear that world
'thereby,
'And ſhew it to be void of partiality,

'That each man holy call'd, was not canoniz'd
'here,
'But ſuch whoſe lives by death had trial many a
'That ſee at Norwich now eſtabliſh'd (long
'not ſtir'd)
'At Eltham planted firſt, to Norwich then tranſ-
'fer'd
'Into our bedd-roll here; her Humbert in doth
'(A counſellor that was to that moſt martyr'd
'king
'St. Edmund) who in their rude maſſacre then
'The title of a ſaint his martyrdom doth gain.
'So Hereford hath had on her cathedral ſeat,
'Saint Leofgar, a man by martyrdom made great;
'Whom Griffith prince of Wales, that town
'which did ſubdue,
'(O moſt unhallow'd deed) unmercifully ſlew.
'So Wor'ſter, (as thoſe ſees here ſung by us
'before)
'Hath likewiſe with her ſaints renown'd our na-
tive ſhore:
'Saint Egwin as her eld'ſt, with Woolſtan as the
'Of whom ſhe may be proud to ſay ſhe was the
'mother,
'The church's champions both, for her that ſtout-
'ly ſtood.
'Litchfield hath theſe no whit leſs famous, nor
'leſs good.
'The firſt of whom is that moſt reverend biſhop
'In thoſe religious times for holineſs that had
'The name above the beſt that lived in thoſe days,
'That ſtories have been ſtuft with his abundant
'praiſe;
'Who on the ſee of York being formerly inſtall'd,
'Yet when back to that place St. Wilfrid was re-
'call'd,
'The ſeat to that good man he willingly reſign'd,
'And to the quiet cloſs of Lichfield him confin'd.
'So Sexulfe after him, then Owen did ſupply,
'Her trine of reverend men, renown'd for ſanctity.
'As Lincoln to the ſaints, our Robert Groſted
'lent,
'A perfect godly man, moſt learn'd and eloquent,
'Than whom no biſhop yet walk'd in more up-
'right ways.
'Who durſt reprove proud Rome in her moſt
'proſperous days,
'Whoſe life, of that next age the juſtice well did
'ſhew,
'Which we may boldly ſay, for this we clearly
'Had Innocent the fourth the church's ſuffrage
led,
'This man could not at Rome have been cano-
'Her ſainted biſhop John, ſo Ely adds to theſe,
'Yet never any one of all our ſeveral ſees
'Northumberland, like thine, have to theſe times
'been bleſt,
'Which ſent into this iſle ſo many men profeſt,
'Whilſt Haguſtald had then a mother-church's
'ſtyle,
'And Lindisferne of us now call'd the Holy Iſle,
'Was then a ſee before that Durham was ſo great,
'And long e'er Carliſle came to be a biſhop's ſeat.
'Aidan, and Finan both, moſt happily were found
'Northumberland in thee, even whilſt thou didſt
abound 6

'With Paganism, which them thy Oswin that good king, [bring:
'His people to convert, did in from Scotland
'As Etta likewise her's, from Malrorse that arose,
'Being abbot of that place, whom the Northum-
'bers chose
'The bishopric of Ferne, and Hagustald to hold.
'And Cuthbert of whose life such miracles are told,
'As story scarcely can the truth thereof maintain,
'Of th' old Scotch-Irish kings descended from the
'strain,
'To whom since they belong, I from them here
'must swerve,
'And till I thither come, their holiness reserve,
'Proceeding with the rest that on those sees have
'shewn,
'As Edbert after these born naturally our own.
'The next which in that see St. Cuthbert did suc-
'ceed,
'His church then built of wood, and thatch'd
'with homely reed, [lead,
'He builded up of stone, and cover'd fair with
'Who in St. Cuthbert's grave they buried being
'dead,
'As his sad people he at his departing will'd.
'So Highald after him a saint is likewise held,
'Who when his proper see, as all the northern
'shore,
'Were by the Danes destroy'd, he not dismay'd
'the more,
'But making shift to get out of the cruel flame,
'His clergy carrying forth, preach'd whereso'er
'he came.
'And Alwyn who the church at Durham now,
'begun, [run
'Which place before that time was strangely over-
'With shrubs, and men for corn that plot had
'lately ear'd,
'Where he that goodly phane to after ages rear'd,
'And thither his late seat from (*d*) Lindisferne
'translated, [secrated.
'Which his cathedral church by him was con-
'So Acca we account amongst those which
'have been call'd [stald,
'The saints of this our see, which sat at Hagen-
'Of which he bishop was, in that good age res-
'pected,
'In calendars preserv'd, in th' catalogues neglected,
'Which since would seem to shew the bishops as
'they came:
'Then Edilwald, which some (since) Ethelwoolp
'do name,
'At Durham by some men supposed to reside
'More rightly, but by some at Carlisle justify'd,
'The first which rul'd that see, which (*e*) Beau-
'clerk did prefer,
'Much gracing him, who was his only confessor.
'Nor were they bishops thus related saints alone;
'Northumberland, but thou (besides) hast many
'a one,
'Religious abbots, priests, and holy hermits then,
'Canoniz'd as well as thy great mitred men:

'Two famous abbots first are in the rank of these
'Whose abbeys touch'd the walls of thy two an-
'cient seas.
'Thy Royal (in his time the tutelage that had
'Of Cuthbert that great saint, whose hopes then
'but a lad,
'Express'd in riper years how greatly he might
'merit [spirit,
'The man who had from God a prophesying
'Foretelling many things; and growing to be old,
'His very hour of death, was by an angel told.
'At Malroys this good man his fainting well did
'earn,
'St. Oswald his again at Holy Lindisferne,
'With Ive a godly priest, suppos'd to have his lere
'Of Cuthbert, and with him was Herbert like-
'wise there
'His fellow-pupil long, who (as mine author saith)
'So great opinion had, of Cuthbert and his faith,
'That at one time and place, he with that holy
'man, [wan.
'Desir'd of God to die, which by his prayer he
'Our venerable Bede so forth that country
'brought, [sought
'And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages
'The truth to understand, impartially which he
'Deliver'd hath to time, in his records that we
'Things left so far behind before us still may read,
'Mongst our canoniz'd sort, who called is St.
'Bede. [brought,
'A sort of hermits then, by thee to light are
'Who liv'd by alms, and prayer, the world re-
'specting nought.
'Our Edilwald the priest, in Fern (now holy Isle)
'Which standeth from the firm to sea nine English
'mile,
'Sate in his reverent cell, as Godrick thou canst
'shew, [snow,
'His head and beard as white as swan or driven
'At Finchall threescore years, a hermits life to
'lead;
'Their solitary way in thee did Alric tread,
'Who in a forest near to Carlisle, in his age,
'Bequeath'd himself to his more quiet hermitage.
'Of Wilgusse, so in thee Northumberland we tell,
'Whose most religious life hath merited so well,
'(Whose blood thou boasts to be of thy most royal
'strain)
'That Alkwin, master to that mighty Charlemain,
'In verse his legend writ, who of our holy men,
'He him the subject chose for his most learned
'pen.
'So Oswyn, one of thy dear country thou canst
'shew, [owe
'To whom as for the rest for him we likewise
'Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that
'gave, [did save,
'Whose relics that great house of Lesting long
'To cinders till it sunk: so Benedict by thee,
'We have amongst the rest, for saints that reck-
'on'd be,
'Of Wyremouth worshipp'd long, her patron bu-
'ried there,
'In that most goodly church, which he himself
'did rear.

(*d*) An isle near to Scotland, lying into the German Ocean, since that called Holy Island.

(*e*) Henry I.

'St. Thomas ſo to us Northumberland thou lent'ſt,
'Whom up into the ſouth, thou from his country
'ſent'ſt;
'For ſanctity of life, a man exceeding rare,
'Who ſince that of his name ſo many ſaints there
'are,
'This man from others more, that times might
'underſtand,
'They to his chriſten'd name added Northum-
'berland.
'Nor in one country thus our ſaints confined
'were,
'But through this famous iſle diſperſed here and
'there:
'As Yorkſhire ſent us in St. Robert to our ſtore,
'At Knaresborough moſt known, whereas he long
'before
'His bleſſed time beſtow'd; then one as juſt as
'(If credit to thoſe times attributed may be)
'St. Richard with the reſt deſerving well a room,
'Which in that country once, at Hampool had a
'tomb.
'Religious Alred ſo, from Rydal we receive,
'The abbot, who to all poſterity did leave
'The fruits of his ſtaid faith, delivered by his pen.
'Not of the leaſt deſert amongſt our holieſt men,
'One Euſac then we had, but where his life he led,
'That doubt I, but am ſure he was canonized,
'And was an abbot too, for ſanctity much fam'd.
'Then Woolſey will we bring, of Weſtminſter
'ſo nam'd,
'And by that title known, in power and goodneſs
'great;
'And meriting as well his ſainting, as his ſeat.
'So have we found three Johns, of ſundry places
'here,
'Of which (three reverend men) two famous ab-
'bots were.
'The firſt St. Albans ſhew'd, the ſecond Lewes
'Another godly John we to theſe former add,
'To make them up a trine, (the name of ſaints
'that won
'Who was a Yorkſhire man, and prior of Bur-
'lington.
'So Biren can we boaſt, a man moſt highly bleſt
'With the title of a ſaint, whoſe aſhes long did reſt
'At Dorcheſter, where he was honour'd many a
'day;
'But of the place he held, books diverſly dare
'As they of Gilbert do, who founded thoſe di-
'vines,
'Monaſtics all that were, of him nam'd Gil-
bertines:
'To which his order here, he thirteen houſes
'built,
'When that moſt thankful time, to ſhew he had
'not ſpilt
'His wealth on it in vain, a ſaint hath made him
'here,
'At Sempringham enſhrin'd, a town of Lincoln-
ſhire.
'Of ſainted hermits then, a company we have,
'To whom devouter times this veneration gave,
'As Gwir in Cornwal kept his ſolitary cage,
'And Neoth by Hunſtock there, his holy hermi-
'tage,
'As Guthlake, from his youth, who liv'd a ſoldier
'long,
'Deteſting the rude ſpoils, done by the armed
throng,
'The mad tumultuous world contemptibly for-
'ſook,
'And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook,
'Free from all public crowds, in that low fenny
'ground.
'As Bertiline again, was near to Stafford found:
'Then in a foreſt there, for ſolitude moſt fit,
'Bleſt in a hermit's life, by there enjoying it.
'An hermith Arnulph ſo in Bedfordſhire became,
'A man auſtere of life, in honour of whoſe name,
'Time after built a town, where this good man
'did live,
'And did to it the name of Arnulphſbury give.
'Theſe men, this wicked world reſpected not a hair,
'But true poſſeſſors were of poverty and prayer.
'Amongſt theſe men which times hath honour'd
'with the ſtile
'Of confeſſors, (made ſaints) ſo every little while,
'Our martyrs have come in, who ſealed with their
'blood,
'That faith which th' other preach'd, 'gainſt them
'that it withſtood;
'As Alnoth, who had liv'd a herdſman, left his
'ſeat,
'Though in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his
'neat,
'And leaving that his charge, he left the world
'withal,
'An anchorite and became, within a cloiſter'd
wall,
'Encloſing up himſelf, in prayer to ſpend his
'breath,
'But was too ſoon (alas) by Pagans put to death.
'Then Woolſtan, one of theſe, by his own kinſman
'ſlain
'At Euſham, for that he did zealouſly maintain
'The verity of Chriſt. As Thomas, whom we call
'Of Dover, adding monk, and martyr therewithal;
'For that the barbarous Danes he bravely did
'withſtand,
'From ranſacking the church, when here they put
'on land,
'By them was done to death, which rather he did
'chuſe,
'Than ſee their heathen hands thoſe holy things
abuſe.
'Two boys of tender age, thoſe elder ſaints
'enſue,
'Of Norwich William was, of Lincoln little Hugh,
'Whom th' unbelieving Jews (rebellious that
'abide)
'In mockery of our Chriſt at Eaſter crucify'd,
'Thoſe times would every one ſhould their due
'honour have,
'His freedom or his life, for Jeſus Chriſt that gave.
'So Wiltſhire with the reſt her hermit Ulfrick
'hath
'Related for a ſaint, ſo famous in the faith,
'That ſundry ages ſince, his cell have ſought to
'find,
'At Haſſelburg, who had his obiits him aſſign'd.
'So had we many kings moſt holy here at home,
'As men of meaner rank, which have attain'd
'that room:
'Northumberland, thy ſeat with ſaints did us
'ſupply
'Of thy religious kings; of which high hierarchy

'Was Edwin, for the faith by heathenish hands
'inthrall'd,
'Whom Penda which to him the Welsh Cadwallyn
'Without all mercy slew: but he alone not dy'd
'By that proud Mercian king, but Penda yet
'beside,
'Just Oswalk likewise slew, at Oswaldstree, who
'That name unto that place, as though time meant
'to save
'His memory thereby, there suff'ring for the faith,
'As one whose life deserv'd that memory in death.
'So likewise in the roll of these Northumbrian
'kings,
'With those that martyrs were, so forth that
'country brings
'Th' anointed Oswin next, in Deira to ensue,
'Whom Osway that brute king of wild Pernitia
'slew:
'Two kingdoms, which whilst then Northum-
'berland remain'd
'In greatness, were within her larger bounds con-
'tain'd;
'This kingly martyr so, a saint was rightly crown'd.
'As Alkmond one of hers for sanctity renown'd,
'King Alred's christen'd son, a most religious
'prince,
'Whom when the heathenish here by no means
'could convince,
'(Their Paganism apace declining to the wane)
'At Derby put to death, whom in a goodly phane,
'Call'd by his glorious name, his corpse the Chris-
'tians laid.
'What fame deserv'd your faith, (were it but
'rightly weigh'd)
'You pious princes then, in godliness so great,
'Why should not full-mouth'd fame your praises
'oft repeat?
'So Ethelwolp her king, Northumbria notes again,
'In martyrdom the next, though not the next in
'reign,
'Whom his false subjects slew, for that he did
'The heathenish Saxon gods, and bound them to
'embrace
'The lively quick'ning faith, which then began to
'spread.
'So for our Saviour Christ, as these were martyred:
'There other holy kings were likewise, who con-
'fess'd,
'Which those most zealous times have sainted
'with the rest,
'King Alfred that his Christ he might more surely
'Left his Northumbrian crown, and soon became
'encoul'd
'At Malroyse, in the land, whereof he had been
'king.
'So Egbert to that prince, a parallel we bring,
'To Oswoolph his next heir, his kingdom that
'resign'd,
'And presently himself at Lindisferne confin'd,
'Contemning courtly state, which earthly fools
'adore:
'So Ceonulph again as this had done before,
'In that religious house, a cloister'd man became,
'Which many a blessed saint hath honour'd with
'the name.

'Nor those Northumbrian kings the only mar-
'tyrs were,
'That in this seven-fold rule the sceptres once did
'But that the Mercian reign, which Pagan princes
'long,
'Did terribly infest, had some her lords among,
'To the true Christian faith much reverence which
'did add
'Our martyrologe to help: so happily she had
'Rufin, and Ulfad, sons to Wulphere, for desire
'They had t' embrace the faith, by their most
'cruel fire
'Were without pity slain, long e'er to manhood
'Whose tender bodies had their burying rites
'at (*e*) Stone.
'So Kenelme, that the King of Mercia should
'have been,
'Before his first seven years he fully out had seen,
'Was slain by his own guard, for fear lest waxing
'old,
'That he the Christian faith undoubtedly would
'So long it was e'er truth could Paganism expel.
'Then Fremund, Offa's son, of whom times
'long did tell,
'Such wonders of his life and sanctity, who fled
'His father's kingly court, and after meekly led
'An hermits life in Wales, where long he did re-
'main
'In penitence and prayer, till after he was slain
'By cruel Osway's hands, the most inveterate foe
'The Christian faith here found: so Etheldred
'shall go
'With these our martyr'd saints, though only he
'confest,
'Since he of Mercia was, a king who highly blest,
'Fair Bardney, where his life religiously he spent,
'And meditating Christ, thence to his Saviour
'went.
'Nor our West-Saxon reign was any whit be-
'hind
'Those of the other rules (their best) whose zeal
'we find
'Amongst those sainted kings, whose fames are
'safelicst kept;
'As Cedwal, on whose head such praise all times
'have heap'd,
'That from a heathen prince, a holy pilgrim
'turn'd,
'Repenting in his heart against the truth t' have
'spurn'd,
'To Rome on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,
'And in the Christian faith there humbly was
'baptiz'd.
'So Ethelwoolp, who sat on Cedwal's ancient
'seat,
'For charitable deeds, who almost was as great
'As any English king, at Winchester enshrin'd,
'A man amongst our saints, most worthily divin'd.
'Two other kings as much our martyrologe may
'sted,
'St. Edward, and with him comes in St. Ethelred,
'By Alfreda the first, his stepmother was slain,
'That her most loved son young Ethelbert might
'reign:
'The other in a storm, and deluge of the Dane,
'For that he christen'd was, receiv'd his deadly
'bane;

(*e*) A town in Staffordshire.

'Both which with wond'rous coſt, the Engliſh did
'inter,
'At Wynburn this firſt ſaint, the laſt at Wincheſter
'Where that Weſt-Saxon prince good Alfred bu-
'ried was [paſs
'Among our ſainted kings, that well deſerves to
'Nor were theſe weſtern kings of the old Saxon
'ſtrain,
'More ſtudious in thoſe times or ſtoutlier did
'maintain
'The truth, than theſe of ours, the Angles of the
'eaſt, [inveſt
'Their near'ſt and dear'ſt allies, which ſtrongly did
'The (*f*) iſland with their name, of whoſe moſt
'holy kings,
'Which juſtly have deſerv'd their high canoniſings,
'Are Sigfrid, whoſe dear death him worthily had
'crown'd, [nown'd,
'And Edmund in his end, ſo wond'rouſly re-
'For Chriſt's ſake ſuffering death, by that blood-
'drowning Dane.
'To whom thoſe times firſt built that (*g*) city and
'that phane,
'Whoſe ruins Suffolk yet can to her glory ſhew,
'When ſhe will have the world of her paſt great-
'neſs know.
'As Ethelbert again allur'd with the report
'Of more than earthly pomp, then in the Mercian
'court, [reign'd;
'From the Eaſt-Angles went, whilſt mighty Offa
'Wherefore he chriſten'd was, and Chriſtian-like
'abſtain'd
'To idolatrize with them, fierce Quenred, Offa's
'queen
'Moſt treacherouſly him ſlew, out of th' inveterate
'ſpleen
'She bare unto the faith, whom we a ſaint adore.
'So Edward brother to St. Edmund, ſung before,
'A confeſſor we call, whom paſt times did inter
'At Dorceſter by Tame, (now in our calendar.)
'Amongſt thoſe kingdoms here, ſo Kent account
'ſhall yield [field
'Of three of her beſt blood, who in this Chriſtian
'Were mighty, of the which, King Ethelbert
'ſhall ſtand
'The firſt; who having brought St. Auguſtine
'to land,
'Himſelf firſt chriſten'd was, by whoſe example
'then, [men.
'The faith grew after ſtrong amongſt his Kentiſh
'As Ethelbrit again, and Ethelred his pheere,
'To Edwald King of Kent, who natural nephews
'were,
'For Chriſt there ſuff'ring death, aſſume them
'places high,
'Amongſt our martyr'd ſaints, commemorate at
'Wye.
'To theſe two brothers, ſo two others come again,
'And as of great deſcent in the Southſexian ſtrain:
'Arwaldi of one name, whom e'er King Cedwal
'knew
'The true and lively faith, he tyrannouſly ſlew:
'Who ſtill amongſt the ſaints have their deſerved
'right, [Wight
'Whoſe vigils were obſerv'd (long) in the Iſle of
'Remember'd too the more, for being of one name,
'As of th' Eaſt Saxon line, King Sebba ſo became
'As moſt religious monk, at London, where he
'led
'A ſtrict retired life, a ſaint alive and dead.
'Related for the like, ſo Edgar we admit,
'That king, who over eight did ſoly monarch ſit,
'And with our holieſt ſaints for his endowments
'great, [feat
'Beſtow'd upon the church. With him we likewiſe
'That ſumptuous ſhrined king, good Edward,
'from the reſt
'Of that renowned name, by confeſſor expreſs'd.
'To theſe our ſainted kings, remember'd in
'our ſong,
'Thoſe maids and widow'd queens, do worthily
'belong,
'Encloiſter'd that became, and had the ſelf-ſame
'ſtyle, [iſle,
'For faſting, alms, and prayer, renowned in our
'As thoſe that forth to France, and Germany we
'gave,
'For holy charges there; but here firſt let us have
'Our maid-made-ſaints at home, as Hilderlie,
'with her
'We Theorid think moſt fit, for whom thoſe
'times aver,
'A virgin ſtrictlier vow'd hath hardly lived here.
'St. Wulfshild then we bring, all which of Bark-
'ing were,
'And reckon'd for the beſt, which moſt that
'houſe did grace, [place.
'The laſt of which was long the abbeſs of that
'So Werburg, Wulphere's child, (of Mercia that
'had been
'A perſecuting king) by Ermineld his queen,
'At Ely honour'd is, where her dear mother late,
'A recluſe had remain'd, in her ſole widow'd ſtate:
'Of which good Audry was King Ina's daughter
'bright,
'Reflecting on thoſe times ſo clear a veſtal light,
'As many a virgin-breaſt ſhe fired with her zeal,
'The fruits of whoſe ſtrong faith, to ages ſtill
'reveal
'The glory of thoſe times, by liberties ſhe gave,
'By which thoſe eaſtern ſhires their (*b*) privileges
'have.
'Of holy Audry's too, a ſiſter here we have,
'St. Withburg, who herſelf to contemplation gave.
'At Deerham in her cell, where her due hours ſhe
'kept, [bewept,
'Whoſe death with many a tear in Norfolk was
'And in that iſle again, which beareth Ely's
'name,
'At Ramſey, Merwin ſo a veiled maid became
'Amongſt our virgin-ſaints, where Elfled is in-
'roll'd,
'The daughter that is nam'd of noble Ethelwold,
'A great Eaſt-Anglian earl, of Ramſey abbeſs
'long,
'So of our maiden-ſaints, the female ſex among.

(*f*) A people of the Saxons, who gave the name to England, of Angles-land.
(*g*) St. Edmundſbury.
(*b*) St. Audrie's liberties.

'With Milburg, Milred comes, and Milwid,
'daughters dear [bear.
'To Merval, who did then the Mercian ſceptre
'At Wenlock, Milburg dy'd, (a moſt religious
'maid) [laid:
'Of which great abbey ſhe the firſt foundation
'And Thanet as her ſaint (even to this age) doth
'hery
'Her Mildred. Milwid was the likeat Canterbury.
'Nor in this utmoſt Iſle of Thanet may we paſs
'St. Eadburg abbeſs there, who the dear daughter
'was
'To Ethelbert her lord, and Kent's firſt chriſten'd
'king,
'Who in this place moſt fit'ſt we with the former
'bring,
'Tranſlated (as ſome ſay) to Flanders: but that I,
'As doubtful of the truth, here dare not juſtify.
'King Edgar's ſiſter ſo, St. Edith, place may
'have
'With theſe our maiden-ſaints, who to her Poltſ-
'worth gave
'Immunities moſt large, and goodly living laid.
'Which Modwen, long before, an holy Iriſh maid,
'Had founded in that place, with moſt devout in-
'tent.
'As Eanſwine, Eadwald's child, one of the kings
'of Kent,
'At Folkſtone found a place (given by her father
'there)
'In which ſhe gave herſelf to abſtinence and
'prayer.
'Of the Weſt-Saxon rule, born to three ſeveral
'kings,
'Four holy virgins more the muſe in order brings:
'St. Ethelgive the child to Alfred, which we find
'Thoſe more devouter times at Shaftſbury en-
'ſhrin'd.
'Then Tetta in we take, at Winburne on our way,
'Which Cuthred's ſiſter was, who in thoſe times
'did ſway
'On the Weſt-Saxon ſeat, two other ſacred maids,
'As from their cradles vow'd to bidding of their
'beads.
'St. Cuthbert, and with her St. Quinburg, which
'we here
'Succeedingly do ſet, both as they ſiſters were,
'And abbeſſes again of Wilton, which we gather
'Our virgin-band to grace, both having to their
'father
'Religious Ina, red with thoſe that rul'd the weſt,
'Whoſe mother's ſacred womb with other ſaints
'was bleſt,
'As after ſhall be ſhew'd: another virgin vow'd,
'And likewiſe for a ſaint amongſt the reſt allow'd;
'To th' elder Edward born, bright Eadburgh,
'who for ſhe
'As five related ſaints of that bleſt name that be)
'Of Wilton abbeſs was, they her of Wilton ſtil'd:
'Was ever any maid more merciful, more mild,
'Or ſanctimonious known? But muſe, on in our
'ſong,
'With other princely maids, but firſt with thoſe
'that ſprung
'From Penda, that great king of Mercia; holy
'Tweed,
'And Kiniſdred, with theſe their ſiſters, Kiniſweed,
'And Eadburg, laſt not leaſt, at Godmancheſter all
'Encloiſter'd; and to theſe St. Tibba let us call,
'In ſolitude to Chriſt, that ſet her whole delight,
'In Godmancheſter made a conſtant anchorite.
'Amongſt which of that houſe, for ſaints that
'reckon'd be, [ſhe.
'Yet never any one more grac'd the ſame than
'Deriv'd of royal blood, as th' other Elfled then
'Neice to that mighty king, our Engliſh Athel-
'ſtan,
'At Glaſtenbury ſhrin'd; and one as great as ſhe,
'Being Edward Out-law's child, a maid that liv'd
'to ſee [known)
'The Conqueror enter here, ſaint Chriſtian (to us
'Whoſe life by her clear name divinely was fore-
'ſhown.
'For holineſs of life, that as renowned were,
'And not leſs nobly born, nor bred, produce we
'here;
'St. Hilda, and St. Hieo, the firſt of noble name,
'At Strenſhalt, took her vow, the other ſiſter
'came [ſhore:
'To Colcheſter, and grac'd the rich Eſſexian
'Whoſe relicts many a day the world did there
'adore.
'And of our ſainted maids, the number to ſupply,
'Of Eadburg we allow, ſometime at Aileſbury,
'To Redwald then a king of the Eaſt-Angles
'born,
'A votreſs as ſincere as ſhe thereto was ſworn.
'Then Pandwine we produce, whom this our na-
'tive iſle,
'As foreign parts much priz'd, and higher did
'ioſtyle
'The holieſt Engliſh maid, whoſe vigils long
'were held
'In Lincolnſhire; yet not ſaint Frideſwid excell'd,
'The abbeſs of an houſe in Oxford, of her kind
'The wonder; nor that place could hope the
'like to find,
'Two ſiſters ſo we have, both to devotion 'pleat,
'And worthily made ſaints; the elder Marga-
'rite,
'Of Kateſby abbeſs was, and Alice, as we read,
'Her ſiſter on that ſeat, did happily ſucceed
'At Abington, which firſt receiv'd their living
'breath.
'Then thoſe Northumbrian nymphs, all veil'd, as
'full of faith, [band,
'That country ſent us in, 't increaſe our virgin-
'Fair Elfled, Oſwald's child, king of Northum-
'berland,
'At Strenſhalt that was veil'd. As 'monſt thoſe
'many there, [wear,
'O Ebba, whoſe clear fame, time never ſhall out-
'At Coldingham, far hence within that country
'plac'd;
'The abbeſs who to keep the veiled virgins chaſte,
'Which elſe thou fear'ſt the Danes would raviſh,
'which poſſeſs'd
'This iſle; firſt of thyſelf and then of all the reſt,

'The nose and upper lip from your fair faces
'carv'd,
'And from pollution so your hallowed house
'preserv'd.
'Which when the Danes perceived, their hopes so
'far deluded, [oluded.
'Setting the house on fire, their martyrdom con-
'As Leofron, whose faith with others rightly
'weigh'd, [maid:
'Shall shew her not out-match'd by any English
'Who likewise when the Dane with persecution
'storm'd, [form'd.
'She here a martyr's part most gloriously per-
'Two holy maids again at Whitby were re-
'nown'd,
'Both abbesses thereof, and confessors are crown'd;
'St. Ethelfrid, with her saint Congill, as a pair
'Of abesses therein, the one of which by prayer
'The wild-geese thence expell'd, that island which
'annoy'd,
'By which their grass and grain was many times
'destroy'd,
'Which fall from off their wings, nor to the air
'can get
'From the forbidden place, till they be fully set.
'As these within this isle in cloisters were en-
'clos'd:
'So we our virgins had to foreign parts expos'd;
'As Eadburg, Ana's child, and Sethred born our
'own,
'Were abbesses of Bridge, whose zeal to France
'was known:
'And Ercongate again we likewise thither sent,
'(Which Ercombert begot, some time a king of
'Kent)
'A prioress of that place; Burgundofora bare,
'At Eoreux the chaste rule, all which renowned
'are [boast,
'In France, which as this isle of them may freely
'So Germany some grac'd, from this their na-
'tive coast.
'St. Walburg here extract from th' royal En-
'glish line, [tinc.
'Was in that country made abbess of Heyden-
'St. Tecla to that place at Ochensord they chose:
'From Wynburne with the rest (in Dorsetshire)
'arose
'Chaste Agatha, with her went Lioba along.
'From thence, two not the least these sacred
'maids among,
'At Biscopsen, by time encloister'd and became.
'St. Lewen so attain'd an everliving name
'For martyrdom, which she at Wynokebergin
'wan, [man.
'Maids seeming in their sex t' exceed the holiest
'Nor had our virgins here for sanctity the prize,
'But widow'd queens as well, that being godly
'wife,
'Forsaking second beds, the world with them for-
'sook,
'To strict retired lives, and gladly them betook
'To abstinence and prayer, and as sincerely liv'd.
'As when the fates of life king Ethelwold de-
'priv'd,
'That o'er th' East-Angles reign'd, bright Heris-
'wid his wife,
'Betaking her to lead a strict monastic life,
'Departing hence to France, receiv'd the holy
'veil,
'And lived many a day encloister'd there at Cale.
'Then Keneburg in this our sainted front shall
'stand, [land,
'To Alfred the lov'd wife, king of Northumber-
'Daughter to Penda king of Mercia, who though
'he
'Himself most heathenish were, yet liv'd that age
'to see [crated
'Four virgins, and this queen, his children, conse-
'Of Godmanchester all, and after saints related.
'As likewise of this sex, with saints that doth
'us store, [more;
'Of the Northumbrian line so have we many
'Saint Eanfred widowed left, by Ofway reigning
'there, [pheere
'At Strenshalt took her veil, as Ethelburg the
'To Edwin, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which
'possess'd
'Northumber's sacred seat, herself that did invest
'At Lymming far in Kent, which country gave
'her breath.
'So Edeth as the rest after king Sethrick's death,
'Which had the self same rule of Wilton abbess
'was,
'Where two West-Saxon queens for saints shall
'likewise pass, [succeed,
'Which in the self same house, saint Edeth did
'St. Ethelwid, which here put on her hallow'd
'weed, [again
'King Alfred's worthy wife, of Westsex; so
'Did Wilfrid, Edgar's queen, (so famous in his
'reign)
'Then Eadburg, Ana's wife, received as the other,
'Who as a saint herself, so likewise was she mo-
'ther [show'd
'To two most holy maids, as we before have
'At Wilton (which we say) their happy time be-
'stow'd, [fes'd,
'Though she of Barking was, a holy nun pro-
'Who in her husband's time had reigned in the
'west:
'Th' East-Saxon line again, so others to us lent,
'As Sexburg sometime queen to Ercombert of
'Kent,
'Though Ina's loved child, and Audrey's sister
'known,
'Which Ely in those days did for her abbess own.
'Nor to saint Osith we less honour ought to give,
'King Sethred's widowed queen, who (when
'death did deprive
'The Essexian king of life) became enroll'd at
'Chich,
'Whose shrine to her there built, the world did
'long enrich. [became,
'Two holy Mercian queens so widowed, saints
'For sanctity much like, not much unlike in name.
'King Wulphere's widowed pheere, queen Ermi-
'neld, whose life
'At Ely is renown'd, and Ermenburg, the wife

'To Merauld reigning there, a ſaint may ſafely
'paſs,
'Who to three virgin ſaints, the virtuous mother
'The remnant of her days, religiouſly that bare
'Immonaſter'd in Kent, where firſt ſhe breath'd
'the air.
'King Edgar's mother ſo, is for a ſaint prefer'd,
'Queen Algyve, who (they ſay) at Shipſton was
'interr'd.
'So Edward Outlaw's wife, ſaint Agatha, we
'bring,
'By Salomon begot, that great Hungarian king;
'Who when ſhe ſaw the wrong to Edgar her dear
'ſon,
'By cruel Harold firſt, then by the Conqueror
'Depriv'd his rightful crown, no hope it to reco-
'ver,
'A veſtal habit took, and gave the falſe world
'St. Maud here not the leaſt, though ſhe be ſet the
'laſt,
'And ſcarcely over-match'd by any that is paſt,
'Our Beauclerk's queen, and born to Malcolm
'king of Scots,
'Whoſe ſanctity was ſeen to wipe out all the ſpots
'Were laid upon her life, when ſhe her cloyſter
'fled,
'And chaſtely gave herſelf to her lov'd huſband's
'Whom likewiſe for a ſaint thoſe reverend ages
'choſe,'
'With whom we at this time our catalogue will
Now Rutland all this time, who held her high-
ly wrong'd,
That ſhe ſhould for the ſaints thus ſtrangely be
As that the muſe ſuch time upon their praiſe
ſhould ſpend,
Sent in her ambling Waſh, fair Welland to at-
At Stamford, which her ſtream doth eas'ly over-
take,
Of whom her miſtreſs flood ſeems wondrous much
to make;
For that ſhe was alone the darling and delight
Of Rutland, raviſh'd ſo with her beloved ſight,
As in her only child's, a mother's heart may be:
Wherefore that ſhe the leaſt, yet fruitfull'ſt ſhire
ſhould ſee,
The honourable rank ſhe had amongſt the reſt,
The ever-labouring muſe her beauties thus ex-
preſs'd.
'Love not thyſelf the leſs, although the leaſt
'thou art,
'What thou in greatneſs want'ſt, wiſe nature doth
'impart
'In goodneſs of thy ſoil; and more delicious
'mould,
'Surveying all this iſle, the ſun did ne'er behold.
'Bring forth that Britiſh vale, and be it ne'er ſo
'rare,
'But Catmus with that vale, for richneſs ſhall
'compare:
'What foreſt nymph is found, how brave ſoe'er
'ſhe be,
'But Lyfield ſhews herſelf as brave a nymph as
'What river ever roſe from bank, or ſwelling hill,
'Than Rutland's wand'ring Waſh, a delicater rill?
'Small ſhire that can produce to thy proportion
'good,
'One vale of ſpecial name, one foreſt, and one
'flood.
'O Catmus, thou fair vale, come on in graſs and
'corn,
'That Bever ne'er be ſaid thy ſiſter-hood to
'And let thy Ocham boaſt, to have no little
'grace,
'That her the pleaſed fates, did in thy boſom
'And Lyfield, as thou art a foreſt, live ſo free,
'That every foreſt nymph may praiſe the ſports
'in thee.
'And down to Welland's courſe, O waſh, run
'ever clear,
'To honour, and to be much honoured by this
'ſhire.'
And here my canto ends, which kept the muſe
ſo long,
That it may rather ſeem a volume than a ſong.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SONG.

The Argument.

Tow'rds Lincolnſhire our progreſs laid,
We through deep Holland's ditches wade,
Fowling, and fiſhing in the fen;
Then come we next to Keſtiven,
And bringing Wytham to her fall,
On Lindſey light we laſt of all,
Her ſcite and pleaſures to attend,
And with the iſle of Axholme end.

Now in upon thy earth rich Lincolnſhire I ſtrain,
At Deeping, from whoſe ſtreet, the plenteous ditches drain,
Hemp bearing Holland's fen, at Spalding that do fall
Together in their courſe, themſelves as emptying all
Into one general ſewer, which ſeemeth to divide
Low Holland from the high, which on their eaſtern ſide
Th' inbending ocean holds, from the Norfolcean lands,
To their more northern point, where Wainfleet drifted ſtands,
Do ſhoulder out thoſe ſeas, and Lindſey bids her ſtay,
Becauſe to that fair part, a challenge ſhe doth lay.
From faſt and firmer earth, whereon the muſe of late
Trod with a ſteady foot, now with a flower gait,
Through quickſands, beach, and ouze, the Waſhes ſhe muſt wade,
Where Neptune every day doth powerfully invade

The vaſt and queachy ſoil, with hoſts of wallowing waves,
From whoſe impetuous force, that who himſelf not ſaves,
By ſwift and ſudden flight is ſwallowed by the deep,
When from the wrathful tides the foaming ſurges ſweep,
The ſands which lay all naked, to the wide heaven before,
And turneth all to ſea, which was but lately ſhore,
From this our ſouthern part of Holland, call'd the Low,
Where Crowland's ruins yet, (though almoſt buried) ſhow
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more Chriſtian zeal
She by the muſe's aid, ſhall happily reveal
Her ſundry ſorts of fowl, from whoſe abundance ſhe
Above all other tracts, may boaſt herſelf to be

The miſtreſs, (and indeed) to ſit without compare,
And for no worthleſs ſoil ſhould in her glory ſhare,
From her moiſt ſeat of flags, of bulruſhes and reed,
With her juſt proper praiſe, thus Holland doth proceed:

'Ye Acheruſian fens, to mine reſign your glory,
'Both that which lies within the goodly territory
'Of Naples, as that fen Theſpoſia's earth upon,
'Whence that infernal flood, the ſmutted Acheron [fen,
'Shoves forth her ſullen head, as thou moſt fatal
'Of which Hetruria tells, the wat'ry Thraſimen,
'In hiſtory although thou highly ſeem'ſt to boaſt,
'That Hannibal by thee o'erthrew the Roman hoſt. [ſhows,
'I ſcorn th' Egyptian fen, which Alexandria
'Proud Mareotis, ſhould my mightineſs oppoſe,
'Or Scythia, on whoſe face the ſun doth hardly ſhine, [mine,
'Should her Meotis think to match with this of
'That cover'd all with ſnow continually doth ſtand.
'I ſtinking Lerna hate, and the poor Libyan ſand.
'Marica (*a*) that wiſe nymph, to whom great Neptune gave
'The charge of all his ſhores, from drowning them to ſave,
'Abideth with me ſtill upon my ſervice preſs'd,
'And leaves the looſer nymphs to wait upon the reſt;
'In ſummer giving earth from which I ſquare my (*b*) peat, [neat.
'And faſter feedings by, for deer, for horſe, and
'My various fleets for fowl, O who is he can tell,
'The ſpecies that in me for multitudes excel!
'The duck and mallard firſt, the falconer's only ſport,
'(Of river-flights the chief, ſo that all other ſort,
'They only green-fowl term) in every mere abound,
'That you would think they ſate upon the very ground,
'Their numbers being ſo great, the waters covering quite,
'That rais'd, the ſpacious air is darken'd with their flight;
'Yet kill the dangerous dykes, from ſhot do them ſecure,
'Where they from flaſh to flaſh, like the full epicure [meal;
'Waſt, as they lov'd to change their diet every
'And near to them you ſee the leſſer dibbling teale
'In (*c*) bunches, with the firſt that fly from mere to mere,
'As they above the reſt were lords of earth and air.
'The goſſander with them, my goodly fens do ſhow
'His head as ebon black, the reſt as white as ſnow,
'With whom the widgeon goes, the golden-eye the ſmeath,
'And in odd ſcatter'd pits, the flags and reeds beneath;
'The coot, bald, elſe clean black, that whiteneſs it doth bear [wear
'Upon the forehead ſtar'd, the water-hen doth
'Upon her little tail, in one ſmall feather ſet.
'The water-wooſell next, all over black as jet,
'With various colours, black, green, blue, red, ruſſet, white,
'Do yield the gazing eye as variable delight,
'As do thoſe ſundry fowls, whoſe ſeveral plumes they be. [ſee,
'The diving dob-chick, here amongſt the reſt you
'Now up, now down again, that hard it is to prove,
'Whether under water moſt it liveth, or above:
'With which laſt little fowl, (that water may not lack;
'More than the dob-chick doth, and more doth love the (*d*) brack) [diſh,
'The puffin we compare, which coming to the
'Nice palates hardly judge, if it be fleſh or fiſh.
'But wherefore ſhould I ſtand upon ſuch toys as theſe, [pleaſe,
'That have ſo goodly fowls, the wandring eye to
'Here in my vaſter pools, as white as ſnow or milk,
'(In water black as Styx) ſwims the wild ſwan,
'the like, [breath,
'Of Hollanders ſo term'd, no niggard of his
'(As poets ſay of ſwans, who only ſing in death)
'But oft as other birds, is heard his tunes to roat,
'Which like a trumpet comes, from his long arched throat, [brim,
'And tow'rds this wat'ry kind, about the flaſhes
'Some cloven-footed are, by nature not to ſwim.
'There ſtalks the ſtately crane, as though he march'd in war, [rar)
'By him that hath the herne, which (by the fiſhy
'Can fetch with their long necks, out of the ruſh and reed, [feed:
'Snigs, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often
'And under them again, (that water never take,
'But by ſome ditches ſide, or little ſhallow lake
'Lie dabbling night and day) the pallat-pleaſing ſnite,
'The bidcock, and like them the redſhank, that delight
'Together ſtill to be, in ſome ſmall reedy bed,
'In which theſe little fowls in ſummer's time were bred.
'The buzzing bitter ſits, which through his hollow bill,
'A ſudden bellowing ſends, which many times doth fill
'The neighbouring marſh with noiſe, as though a bull did roar;
'But ſcarcely have I yet recited half my ſtore:
'And with my wondrous flocks of wild-geeſe come I then, [fen,
'Which look as though alone they peopled all the

(*a*) A nymph ſuppoſed to have the charge of the ſhore.
(*b*) Fuel cut of the marſh.
(*c*) The word in falconry for a company of teale.
(*d*) Salt water.

'Which here in winter time, when all is over-
'flow'd,
'And want of solid sward enforceth them abroad,
'T' abundance then is seen, that my full fens do
'yield, [field.
'That almost through the isle, do pester every
'The barnacles with them, which wheresoe'er
'they breed,
'On trees, or rotten ships, yet to my fens for seed
'Continually they come, and chief abode do make,
'And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forsake:
'Who almost all this kind do challenge as mine
'own, [known.
'Whose like I dare aver, is elsewhere hardly
'For sure unless in me, no one yet ever saw
'The multitudes of fowl, in mooting time they
'draw: [accrue.
'From which to many a one, much profit doth
'Now such as flying feed, next these I must
'pursue;
'The sea-meaw, sea-pye, gull, and curlew here
'do keep, [deep,
'As searching every shoal, and watching every
'To find their floating fry, with their sharp-
'piercing sight,
'Which suddenly they take, by stooping from
'their height. [kind)
'The cormorant then comes, (by bis devouring
'Which flying o'er the fen, immediately doth
'find
'The Fleet best stor'd of fish, when from his
'wings at full, [skull,
'As though he shot himself into the thicken'd
'He under water goes, and so the shoal pursues,
'Which into creeks do fly, when quickly he doth
'choose [feeds.
'The fin that likes him best, and rising, flying
'The ospray oft here seen, though seldom here it
'breeds,
'Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
'But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
'Turning their bellies up, as though their death
'they saw [maw.
'They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous
'The toiling fisher here is tewing of his net:
'The fowler is employ'd his limed twigs to set.
'One underneath his horse, to get a shoot doth
'stalk;
'Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk:
'There other with their spades, the peats are
'squaring out,
'And others from their cars, are busily about,
'To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and sto-
'ver fit,
'That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit,
'Beholding but my fens, shall with more shapes
'be stor'd,
'Than Germany, or France, or Tuscan can afford:
'And for that part of me, which men high Hol-
'land call, [fall,
'Where Boston seated is, by plenteous Wytham's
'I peremptory am, large Neptune's liquid field
'Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.
'For that of all the seas environing this isle,
'Our Irish, Spanish, French, howe'er we them enstile,
'The German is the great'st, and it is only I,
'That upon the same with most advantage lie.
'What fish can any shore, or British sea-town
'show,
'That's eatable to us, that it doth not bestow
'Abundantly thereon? the herring king of sea,
'The faster feeding cod, the mackrel brought by
'May,
'The dainty sole, and plaice, the dab, as of their
'blood; [food;
'The conger finely sous'd, hot summer's coolest
'The whiting known to all, a general wholesome
'dish; [fish;
'The gurnet, rochet, mayd, and mullet, dainty
'The haddock, turbet, bert, fish nourishing and
'strong; [among:
'The thornback, and the scate, provocative
'The weaver, which although his prickles ve-
'nom be,
'By fishers cut away, which buyers seldom see:
'Yet for the fish he bears, 'tis not accounted bad;
'The sea-flounder is here as common as the shad;
'The sturgeon cutt to keggs, (too big to handle
'whole)
'Gives many a dainty bit out of his lusty jole.
'Yet of rich Neptune's store, whilst thus I idly
'chat,
'Think not that all betwixt the whirpool, and the
'sprat,
'I go about the name, that were to take in hand,
'The atomy to tell, or to cast up the sand;
'But on the English coast, those most that usual
'are,
'Wherewith the stalls from thence do furnish us
'for fare; [in,
'Amongst whose sundry sorts, since thus far I am
'I'll of our shell-fish speak, with these of scale
'and fin:
'The sperm-increasing crab, much cooking that
'doth ask, [task,
'The big-legg'd lobster, fit for wanton Venus'
'Voluptuaries oft take rather than for food,
'And that the same effect which worketh in the
'blood
'The rough long oyster is, much like the lobster
'limb'd:
'The oyster hot as they, the muscle often trim'd
'With orient pearl within, as thereby nature
'show'd,
'That she some secret good had on that shell be-
'stow'd: [limp,
'The scallop cordial judg'd, the dainty wilk and
'The periwincle, prawn, the cockle, and the
'shrimp,
'For wanton women's tastes or for weak sto-
'machs bought.'
When Kestiven this while that certainly had thought,
Her tongue would ne'er have stopt, quoth she,
'O how I hate, [prate,
'Thus of her foggy fens, to hear rude Holland
'That with her fish and fowl, here keepeth such a
'coil,
'As her unwholesome air, and more unwholesome
'soil,

'For these of which she boasts, the more might
'suffer'd be;
'When those her feather'd flocks she sends not out
'to me,
'Wherein clear Witham they, and many a little
'brook,
'In which the sun itself may well be proud to look)
'Have made their flesh more sweet by my refined
'food, [mud,
'From that so rammish taste of her most fulsome
'When the toil'd cater home them to the kitchen
'brings,
'The cook doth cast them out, as most unsavoury
'things.
'Besides, what is she else, but a foul woosy marsh,
'And that she calls her grass, so blady is, and harsh,
'As cuts the catel's mouths, constrain'd thereon
'to feed,
'So that my poorest trash, which mine call rush
'and reed,
'For litter scarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,
'Doth like the penny grass, or the pure clover
'shew,
'Compared with her best: and for her sundry fish,
'Of which she freely boasts, to furnish every dish.
'Did not full Neptune's fields so furnish her with
'store,
'Those in the ditches bred, within her muddy
'moor,
'Are of so earthy taste, as that the ravenous crow
'Will rather starve, thereon her stomach than
'bestow.
'From Stamford as along my tract toward
'Lincoln strains,
'What shire is there can shew more valuable veins
'Of soil than is in me? or where can there be
'found,
'So fair and fertile fields, or sheep-walks near
'so found?
'Where doth the pleasant air resent a sweeter
'breath?
'What country can produce a delicater heath,
'Than that which her fair name from (e) Ancas-
'ter doth hold?
'Through all the neighbouring shires, whose
'praise shall still be told,
'Which Flora in the spring doth with such wealth
'adorn,
'That Bever needs not much her company to scorn,
'Though she a vale lie low, and this a heath sit
'high,
'Yet doth she not alone, allure the wondring eye
'With prospect from each part, but that her plea-
'sant ground
'Gives all that may content, the well-breath'd
'horse and hound:
'And from the Britains yet, to show what then I
'was,
'One of the Roman ways near through my midst
'did pass:
'Besides to my much praise, there hath been in
'my mould
'Their painted pavements found, and arms of
'perfect gold.

(e) Ancaster Heath.

'They near the Saxons reign, that in this tract
'did dwell,
'All other of this isle, for that they would excel
'For churches every where; so rich and goodly
'rear'd
'In every little dorp, that after-times have fear'd
'T' attempt so mighty works; yet one above the
'rest,
'In which it may be thought, they strove to do
'their best,
'Of pleasant Grantham is, that piramis so high,
'Rear'd (as it might be thought) to over-top
'the sky,
'The traveller that strikes into a wondrous maze,
'As on his horse he sits, on that proud height to
'gaze.'
When Wytham that this while a list'ning ear
had laid,
To hearken (for herself) what Kestiven had said,
Much pleas'd with this report, for that she was
the earth
From whom she only had her sweet and season'd
birth,
From (f) Wytham which that name derived from
her springs,
Thus as she trips along, this dainty riv'let sings.
'Ye easy ambling streams, which way soe'er
'you run,
'Or tow'rds the pleasant rise, or tow'rds the mid-
'day sun:
'By which (as some suppose by use that have
'them try'd)
'Your waters in their course are neatly purify'd.
'Be what you are, or can, I not your beauties fear,
'When Neptune shall command the Naiades t'
'appear.
'In river what is found, in me that is not rare:
'Yet for my well-fed pikes, I am without com-
'pare.
'From Wytham mine own town, first water'd
'with my source,
'As to the eastern sea, I hasten on my course,
'Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen,
'Whose swains in shepherds gray, and girls in
'Lincoln (g) green?
'Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the
'bag-pipes ply,
'Dance many a merry round, and many a hydegy.
'I envy, any brook should in my pleasure share,
'Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.
'No land-floods can me force to over-proud a
height;
'Nor am I in my course, too crooked, or too
'streight:
'My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet
'too broad,
'My fords with peebles, clear as orient pearls, are
'strow'd;
'My gentle winding banks, with sundry flowers
'are dress'd,
'The higher rising heaths, hold distance with my
'breast.

(f) A town so called.
(g) Lincoln anciently dyed the best green of England.

'Thus to her proper ſong, the burthen ſtill ſhe
'bare;
'Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without com-
'pare.'
By this to Lincoln come, upon whoſe lofty ſcite,
Whilſt wiſtly Wytham looks with wonderful de-
light,
Enamour'd of the ſtate, and beauty of the place,
That her of all the reſt eſpecially doth grace,
Leaving her former courſe, in which ſhe firſt ſet
forth,
Which ſeemed to have been directly to the north:
She runs her ſilver front into the muddy Fen,
Which lies into the eaſt, in her deep journey,
when
Clear Ban a pretty brook, from Lindſey coming down,
Delicious Wytham leads to holy (*b*) Botulph's
town,
Where proudly ſhe puts in amongſt the great re-
ſort,
That their appearance make in Neptune's wa-
try court.
Now Lindſey all this while, that duly did attend,
Till both her rivals thus had fully made an end
Of their ſo tedious talk, when laſtly ſhe replies;
'Lo, bravely here ſhe ſits, that both your ſtates
'defies.
'Fair Lincoln is mine own, which lies upon my
'ſouth,
'As likewiſe to the north, great Humber's fwel-
'ling mouth [lie:
'Encircles me, 'twixt which in length I bravely
'O! who can me the beſt, before them both deny?
'Nor Britain in her bounds, ſcarce ſuch a tract
'can ſhow, [bow,
'Whoſe ſhore like to the back of a well bended
'The ocean beareth out, and every where ſo
'thick,
'The villages and dorps upon my boſom ſtick,
'That it is very hard for any to define,
'Whether up-land moſt I be, or moſt am mari-
'time.
'What is there that complete can any country
'make,
'That in large meaſure I, (fair Lindſey) not par-
'take,
'As healthy hearths, and woods, fair dales, and
'pleaſant hills,
'All water'd here and there, with pretty creep-
'ing rills,
'Fat paſture, mellow glebe, and of that kind
'what can
'Give nouriſhment to beaſt, or benefit to man,
'As Keſtiven doth boaſt, her Wytham ſo have I,
'My Ancum (only mine) whoſe fame as far doth
'fly,
'For fat and dainty eels, as hers doth for her
'(*i*) pike,
'Which makes the proverb up, the world hath
'not the like.

'From Razin her clear ſprings, where firſt ſhe
'doth arrive,
'As in an even courſe, to Humber forth doth
'drive,
'Fair Barton ſhe ſalutes, which from her ſcite
'outbraves
'Rough Humber, when he ſtrives to ſhew his
'ſterneſt waves.
'Now for my (*k*) bounds to ſpeak, few tracts
'(I think) there be,
'(And ſearch through all this iſle) to parallel
'with me:
'Great Humber holds me north, (as I have ſaid
'before)
'To whom (even) all along, upon the eaſtern
ſhore,
'The German ocean lies; and on my ſouthern
'ſide,
'Clear Wytham in her courſe, me fairly doth
'divide
'From Holland; and from thence the Foſdyke is
'my bound,
'Which our firſt Henry cut from Lincoln, where
'he found,
'Commodities by Trent, from Humber to con-
'vey:
'So nature the clear Trent doth fortunately lay,
'Toward me on the weſt, though farther I ex-
'tend,
'And in my larger bounds do largely compre-
'hend
'Full Axholme, (which thoſe near, the fertile do
'inſtile)
'Which Idle, Don, and Trent, embracing make
'an iſle.
'But wherefore of my bounds, thus only do I
'boaſt,
'When that which Holland ſeems to vaunt her
'on the moſt,
'By me is overmatch'd; the fowl which ſhe doth
'breed:
'She in her foggy fens, ſo mooriſhly doth feed,
'That phyſic oft forbids the patient them for
'food,
'But mine more airy are, and make fine ſpirits
'and blood:
'For near this batning iſle in me is to be ſeen,
'More than on any earth, the plover gray, and
'green,
'The corn-land loving quail, the daintieſt of our
'bits,
'The raile, which ſeldom comes, but upon rich
'mens ſpits:
'The puet, godwit, ſtint, the palate that allure,
'The miſer, and do make a waſteful epicure:
'The knot, that called was Canutus' bird of old,
'Of that great king of Danes, his name that ſtill
'doth hold,
'His appetite to pleaſe, that far and near was
'ſought,
'For him (as ſome have ſaid) from Denmark hi-
'ther brought

(*b*) Botulph's town contractedly Boſton.
(*i*) Wytham eel, and Ancum pike,
In all the world there is none ſyke.
(*k*) The bounds of Keſteven.

'The dotterel, which we think a very dainty diſh,
'Whoſe taking makes ſuch ſport, as man no more
'can wiſh;
'For as you creep, or cowr, or lie, or ſtoop, or go,
'So marking you (with care) the apiſh bird doth
'do,
'And acting every thing, doth never mark the net,
'Till he be in the ſnare, which men for him have
'ſet.
'The big-bon'd buſtard then, whoſe body bears
'that ſize, [riſe:
'That he againſt the wind muſt run, e'er he can
'The ſhouler, which ſo ſhakes the air with ſaily
'wings [ſings.
'That ever as he flies, you ſtill would think he
'Theſe fowls, with other foils, although they fre-
'quent be,
'Yet are they found moſt ſweet and delicate in me.'
Thus whilſt ſhe ſeems t' extol in her peculiar
praiſe,
The muſe which ſeem'd too ſlack, in theſe too
low-pitcht lays, [and caſts
For nobler height prepares, her oblique courſe,
A new book to begin, and end of this ſhe haſtes.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SONG.

The Argument.

Three ſhires at once this ſong aſſays,
By various and unuſual ways.
At Nottingham firſt coming in,
The vale of Bever doth begin;
Tow'rds Le'ſter then her courſe ſhe holds,
And ſailing o'er the pleaſant Ouldſ,
She fetcheth Soare down from her ſprings,
By Charnwood, which to Trent ſhe brings,
Then ſhows the braveries of that flood,
Makes Sherwood ſing her Robin Hood;
Then rouzes up the aged Peak,
And of her wonders makes her ſpeak:
Thence Darwin down by Derby tends,
And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.

Now ſcarcely on this tract the muſe had entrance made,
Inclining to the ſouth, but Bever's batning ſlade
Receiveth her to gueſt, whoſe coming had too long
Put off her rightful praiſe, when thus herſelf ſhe ſung.
'Three (*a*) ſhires there are (quoth ſhe) in me their parts that claim,
Large Lincoln, Rutland rich, and th' north's eye Nottingham.
But in the laſt of theſe ſince moſt of me doth lie,
To that my moſt-lov'd ſhire myſelf I muſt apply.
Not Euſham that proud nymph, although ſhe ſtill pretend [ſend
Herſelf the firſt of vales, and though abroad ſhe
Her awful dread command, that all ſhould tribute pay
To her as our great queen; nor White-hotſe, though her clay
Of ſilver ſeem to be, new melted, nor the vale
Of Alſbury, whoſe graſs ſeems given out by tale,
For it ſo ſilken is, nor any of our kind,
Or what, or where they be, or howſoe'er inclin'd,
Me (*b*) Bever ſhall outbrave, that in my ſtate do ſcorn,
Be any of them all (once) to be overborn,
With theirs, do but compare the country where I lie,
My Hill, and Ouldſ will ſay, they are the iſland's eye.

(*a*) The vale of Bever bordereth upon three ſhires.

(*b*) Not a more pleaſant vale in all Great Britain, than Bever.

Conſider next my ſcite, and ſay it doth excel;
Then come unto my ſoil, and you ſhall ſee it ſwell
With every graſs and grain, that Britain forth can bring:
I challenge any vale, to ſhew me but that thing
I cannot ſhew to her, (that truly is mine own)
Beſides I dare thus boaſt, that I as far am known,
As any of them all, the ſouth their names doth found,
The ſpacious north doth me, that there is ſcarcely found,
A roomth for any elſe, it is ſo fill'd with mine,
Which but a little wants of making me divine:
Nor barren am of brooks, for that I ſtill retain
Two neat and dainty rills, the little Snyte, and Deane,
That from the lovely Oulds, their beauteous parent ſprung
From the Leiceſtrian fields, come on with me along,
Till both within one bank, they on my north are meint,
And where I end, they fall, at Newark, into Trent.'
Hence wandring as the muſe delightfully beholds
The beauty of the large, and goodly full-flock'd Oulds,
She on the left hand leaves old Leiceſter, and flies,
Until the fertile earth glut her inſatiate eyes,
From rich to richer ſtill, that riſeth her before,
Until ſhe come to ceaſe upon the head of Soare,
Where (*c*) Foſſe, and (*c*) Watling cut each other in their courſe
At (*d*) Sharnford, where at firſt her ſoft and gentle ſource,
To her but ſhallow banks, begineth to repair,
Of all this beaureous iſle, the delicateſt air;
Whence ſoftly ſallying out, as loth the place to leave,
She Sence a pretty rill doth courteouſly receive:
For Swift, a little brook, which certainly ſhe thought
Down to the banks of Trent would ſafely her have brought,
Becauſe their native ſprings ſo nearly were ally'd,
Her ſiſter Soare forſook, and wholly her apply'd
To Avon, as with her continually to keep,
And wait on her along to the Sabrinian deep.
Thus with her handmaid Sence, the Soare doth eas'ly ſlide
By Leiceſter, where yet her ruins ſhow her pride,
Demoliſh'd many years, that of the great foundation
Of her long buried walls, men hardly ſee the ſtation;
Yet of ſome pieces found, ſo ſure the cement locks
The ſtones, that they remain like perdurable rocks:
Where whilſt the lovely Soare, with many a dear embrace,
Is ſolacing herſelf with this delightful place,
The (*e*) foreſt, which the name of that brave town doth bear,
With many a goodly wreath, crowns her diſhevel'd hair,
And in her gallant green, her luſty livery ſhows
Herſelf to this fair flood, which mildly as ſhe flows,
Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to ſee,
As alſo how ſhe keeps her fertile purlues free:
The herds of fallow deer ſhe on the lawns doth feed,
As having in herſelf to furniſh every need.
But now ſince gentle Soare, ſuch leiſure ſeems to take,
The muſe in her behalf this ſtrong defence doth make,
Againſt the neighbour floods, for that which tax her ſo,
And her a channel call, becauſe ſhe is ſo ſlow.
The cauſe is that ſhe lies upon ſo low a flat,
Where nature moſt of all befriended her in that,
The longer to enjoy the good ſhe doth poſſeſs:
For had thoſe (with ſuch ſpeed that forward ſeem to preſs)
So many dainty meads, and paſtures theirs to be,
They then would wiſh themſelves to be as ſlow as ſhe,
Who well may be compar'd to ſome young tender maid,
Entring ſome prince's court, which is for pomp array'd,
Who led from room to room amazed is to ſee
The furnitures and ſtates, which all embroideries be,
The rich and ſumptuous beds, with teſter covering plumes,
And various as the ſutes, ſo various the perfumes,
Large galleries, where piece with piece doth ſeem to ſtrive,
Of pictures done to life, landſkip, and perſpective,
Thence goodly gardens ſees, where antique ſtatues ſtand
In ſtone and copper, cut by many a ſkilful hand,
Where every thing to gaze, her more and more entices,
Thinking at once ſhe ſees a thouſand paradiſes,
Goes ſoftly on, as though before ſhe ſaw the laſt,
She long'd again to ſee, what ſhe had ſtightly paſt.
So the enticing ſoil the Soare along doth lead,
As wondring in herſelf, at many a ſpacious mead;
When Charnwood from the rocks ſalutes her wiſhed ſight,
(Of many a wood-god woo'd) her darling and delight,
Whoſe beauty whilſt that Soare is pauſing to behold
Clear Wreakin coming in, from Waltham on the Ould,
Brings Eye, a pretty brook, to bear her ſilver train,
Which on by Melton make, and tripping o'er the plain,
Here finding her ſurpriz'd with proud Mountſorrel's ſight,
By quickening of her courſe, more eas'ly doth invite
Her to the goodly Trent, whereas ſhe goes along
By Loughborough, ſhe thus of that fair foreſt ſung.
'O Charnwood, be thou call'd the choiceſt of thy kind,
The like in any place, what flood hath hapt to find?
No tract in all this iſle, the proudeſt let her be,
Can ſhew a ſylvan nymph, for beauty like to thee;

(*c*) The two famous ways of England. See the 13th ſong.
(*d*) A little village at the riſing of Soare.
(*e*) Leiceſter foreſt.

The ſatyrs, and the fawns, by Dian ſet to keep,
Rough Hills, and foreſt holts, were ſadly ſeen to weep,
When thy high-palmed harts the ſport of bows and hounds,
By gripple borderers hands. were baniſhed thy grounds.
The Driades that were wont about thy lawns to rove,
To trip from wood to wood, and ſcud from grove to grove,
On (*f*) Sharpley that were ſeen, and (*f*) Cadman's aged rocks,
Againſt the riſing ſun, to braid their ſilver locks;
And with the harmleſs Elves, on heathy (*g*) Bardon's height,
By Cynthia's colder beams to play them night by night,
Exil'd their ſweet abode, to poor bare commons fled.
They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks are dead.
Who will deſcribe to life, a foreſt, let him take
Thy ſurface to himſelf, nor ſhall he need to make
Another form at all, where oft in thee is found
Fine ſharp but eaſy hills, which reverently are crown'd
With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and ſheep,
(To him that ſtands remote) do ſoftly ſeem to creep,
To gnaw the little ſhrubs, on their ſteep ſides that grow;
Upon whoſe other part, on ſome deſcending brow,
Hnge ſtones are hanging out, as though they down would drop,
Where under-growing oaks, on their old ſhoulders prop
The others hoary heads, which ſtill ſeem to decline,
And in a dimble near, (even as a place divine,
For contemplation fit) an ivy-ceiled bower,
As nature had therein ordain'd ſome ſylvan power;
As men may very oft at great aſſemblies ſee,
Where many of moſt choice, and wond'red beauties be:
For ſtature one doth ſeem the beſt away to bear;
Another for her ſhape, to ſtand beyond compare;
Another for the fine compoſure of a face:
Another ſhort of theſe, yet for a modeſt grace
Before them all preferr'd; amongſt the reſt yet one,
Adjudg'd by all to be, ſo perfect paragon,
That all thoſe parts in her together ſimply dwell,
For which the other do ſo ſeverally excel.
My Charnwood like the laſt, hath in herſelf alone,
What excellent can be in any foreſt ſhewn'
On whom when thus the Soare had theſe high praiſes ſpent,
She eaſily ſlid away into her ſovereign Trent,
Who having wander'd long, at length began to leave
Her native country's bounds, and kindly doth receive
The leſſer Tame, and Meſs, the Meſs a dainty rill,
Near Charnwood riſing firſt, where ſhe begins to fill
Her banks, which all her courſe on both ſides do abound
With heath and ſinny olds, and often gleaby ground,
Till Croxall's fertile earth doth comfort her at laſt
When ſhe is ent'ring Trent; but I was like t' have paſt
The other Sence, whoſe ſource doth riſe not far from hers,
By Ancor, that herſelf to famous Trent preſers,
The ſecond of that name, allotted to this (*b*) ſhire
A name but hardly found in any place but here;
Nor is to many known, this country that frequent.
But muſe return at laſt, attend the princely Trent,
Who ſtraining on in ſtate, the north's imperious flood,
The third of England call'd, with many a dainty wood,
Being crown'd to Burton comes, to Needwood where ſhe ſhows
Herſelf in all her pomp; and as from thence ſhe flows,
She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear,
Darwin, whoſe ſont and fall are both in Derbyſhire;
And of thoſe thirty floods, that wait the Trent upon,
Doth ſtand without compare, the very paragon.
Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontroul'd ſhe ranges,
Her often varying form, as variouſly and changes.
Firſt Erwaſh, and then Lyne, ſweet Sherwood ſends her in;
Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had been,
Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud height,
So ſtrongly is ſurpris'd, and taken with the ſight,
That ſhe from running wild, but hardly can refrain,
To view in how great ſtate, as ſhe along doth train,
That brave exalted ſeat, beholdeth her in pride,
As how the large-ſpread meads upon the other ſide,
All flouriſhing in flowers, and rich embroideries bleſs'd.
In which ſhe ſees herſelf above her neighbours dreſs'd.
As wrap'd with the delights, that her this proſpect brings,
In her peculiar praiſe, lo thus the river ſings:
'What ſhould I care at all, from what my name I take,
That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make;
My greatneſs what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did ſeat:
Or thirty kinds of fiſh that in my ſtreams do live,
To me this name of Trent did from that number give.
What reck I? let great Thames, ſince by his fortune he
Is ſovereign of us all that here in Britain be;
From Iſis, and old Tame, his pedigree derive:
And for the ſecond place, proud Severn that doth ſtrive,
Fetch her deſcent from Wales, from that proud mountain ſprung,
Plinillimon, whoſe praiſe is frequent them among,

(*f*) Two mighty rocks in the foreſt.
(*g*) A hill in the foreſt.
(*b*) Two rivers of one name in one ſhire.

As of that princely maid, whoſe name ſhe boaſts to bear,
Bright Sabrin, whom ſhe holds as her undoubted heir.
Let theſe imperious floods draw down their long deſcent
From theſe ſo famous ſtocks, and only ſay of Trent,
That Mooreland's barren earth me firſt to light did bring,
Which though ſhe be but brown, my clear complexion'd ſpring
Gain'd with the nymphs ſuch grace, that when I firſt did riſe,
The Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hydagies,
And on her ſpacious breaſt, (with heaths that doth abound)
Encircled my fair fount with many a luſty round:
And of the Britiſh floods, though but the third I be, [me
Yet Thames and Severn both in this come ſhort of
For that I am the mere of England, that divides
The north part from the ſouth, on my ſo either ſides, [extent,
That reckoning how theſe tracts in compaſs be
Men bound them on the north, or on the ſouth of Trent;
Their banks are barren ſands, if but compar'd with mine,
Through my perſpicuous breaſt, the pearly pebbles ſhine:
I throw my cryſtal arms along the flow'ry vallies,
Which lying ſleek and ſmooth as any garden-alleys,
Do give me leave to play, whilſt they do court my ſtream,
And crown my winding banks with many an anadem:
My ſilver-ſcaled ſkulls about my ſtreams do ſweep,
Now in the ſhallow fords, now in the falling deep:
So that of every kind, the new ſpawn'd numerous fry
Seem in me as the ſands that on my ſhore do lie.
The barbell, than which fiſh a braver doth not ſwim,
Nor greater for the ford within my ſpacious brim,
Nor (newly taken) more the curious taſte doth pleaſe; [peaſe;
The greling, whoſe great ſpawn is big as any
The pearch with pricking fins, againſt the pike prepar'd,
As nature had thereon beſtow'd this ſtronger guard, [proof)
His daintineſs to keep, (each curious palate's
From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the ruffe,
His very near ally, and both for ſcale and fin,
In taſte, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin,
The pretty ſlender dace, of many call'd the dace,
Within my liquid glaſs, when Phœbus looks his face,
Oft ſwiftly as he ſwims, his ſilver belly ſhows,
But with ſuch nimble ſlight, that e'er ye can diſcloſe
His ſhape, out of your ſight like lightning he is ſhot. [ſpot,
The trout by nature mark'd with many a crimſon
As though ſhe curious were in him above the reſt:
And of freſh-water fiſh, did note him for the beſt:
The roche, whoſe common kind to every flood doth fall;
The chub, (whoſe neater name) which ſome a chevin call,
Food to the tyrant pike, (moſt being in his power)
Who for their numerous ſtore he moſt doth them devour;
The luſty ſalmon then, from Neptune's wat'ry realm,
When as his ſeaſon ſerves, ſtemming my tideful ſtream,
Then being in his kind, in me his pleaſure takes,
(For whom the fiſher then all other game forſakes)
Which bending of himſelf to th' faſhion of a ring,
Above the forced weares, himſelf doth nimbly fling,
And often when the net hath drag'd him ſafe to land, [hand;
Is ſeen by natural force to 'ſcape his murderer's
Whoſe grain doth riſe in flakes, with fatneſs interlarded,
Of many a liquoriſh lip, that highly is regarded.
And Humber, to whoſe waſte I pay my wat'ry ſtore,
Me of her ſturgeons ſends, that I thereby the more
Should have my beauties grac'd with ſomething from him ſent:
Not Ancum's ſilver'd eel excelleth that of Trent;
Though the ſweet ſmelling ſmelt be more in Thames than me,
The lamprey, and his (*i*) leſſe, in Severn general be;
The flounder ſmooth and flat, in other rivers caught,
Perhaps in greater ſtore, yet better are not thought:
The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the bleake,
Since they but little are, I little need to ſpeak
Of them, nor doth it fit me much of thoſe to reck,
Which every where are found in every little beck;
Nor of the crayfiſh here, which creeps amongſt my ſtones,
From all the reſt alone, whoſe ſhell is all his bones:
For carp, the tench, and breame, my other ſtore among,
To lakes and ſtanding pools, that chiefly do belong,
Here ſcouring in my fords, feed in my waters clear, [here.'
Are muddy fiſh in ponds to that which they are
From Nottingham, near which this river firſt begun, [run,
This ſong, ſhe the meanwhile, by Newark having
Receiving little Synte, from Bever's batning grounds,
At Gainſborough goes out, where the Lincolnian bounds.
Yet Sherwood all this while, not ſatisfied to ſhow
Her love to princely Trent, as downward ſhe doth flow,

(*i*) The lamparne.

Her Meden and her Man, ſhe down from Mansfield ſends
To Iddle for her aid, by whom ſhe recommends
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to meet,
When ſhe tow'rds Humber comes, do humbly kiſs her feet,
And clip her till ſhe grace great Humber with her fall.
When Sherwood ſomewhat back the forward muſe doth call;
For ſhe was let to know, that Soare had in her ſong
So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that along,
Amongſt the neighbouring nymphs, there was no other lays,
But thoſe which ſeem'd to ſound of Charnwood, and her praiſe:
Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much diſdain'd, [tain'd
(As one that had both long, and worthily main-
The title of the great'ſt, and braveſt of her kind)
To fall ſo far below one wretchedly confin'd
Within a furlong's ſpace, to her large ſkirts compar'd: [car'd
Wherefore ſhe as a nymph that neither fear'd nor
For ought to her might chance, by others love or hate,
With reſolution arm'd againſt the power of fate,
All ſelf-praiſe ſet apart, determineth to ſing
That luſty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
Within her compaſs liv'd, and when he liſt to range
For ſome rich booty ſet, or elſe his air to change,
To Sherwood ſtill retir'd, his only ſtanding court,
Whoſe praiſe the foreſt thus doth pleaſantly report:

'The merry pranks he play'd, would aſk an age to tell,
And the adventures ſtrange that Robin Hood beſel,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath couſen'd them, that him would have betray'd;
How often he hath come to Nottingham diſguis'd,
And cunningly eſcap'd, being ſet to be ſurpria'd.
In this our ſpacious iſle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard ſome talk of him and little John;
And to the end of time, the tales ſhall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's ſon,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a ſermon made [trade.
In praiſe of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood, [good,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue, [knew,
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but
When ſetting to their lips their little bugles ſhrill,
The warbling echoes wak'd from every dale and hill:
Their hauldricks ſet with ſtuds, athwart their ſhoulder's caſt,
To which under their arms their ſheafs were huckled faſt,
A ſhort ſword at their belt, a buckler ſcarce a ſpan, [man:
Who ſtruck below the knee, nor counted then a
All made of Spaniſh yew, their hows were wondrous ſtrong; [long.
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth yard
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving ſhaft,
At marks full forty ſcore, they us'd to prick, and rove,
Yet higher than the breaſt, for compaſs never ſtrove;
Yet at the fartheſt mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-buts, ſhort, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin:
Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any weather;
And ſhot they with the round, the ſquare, or forked pile,
The looſe gave ſuch a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of theſe archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his ſwifteſt ſpeed upon,
Which they did boil and roaſt, in many a mighty wood, [food.
Sharp hunger the fine ſauce to their more kingly
Then taking them to reſt, his merry men and he
Slept many a ſummer's night under the green-wood tree.
From wealthy abbots cheſts, and churls abundant ſtore, [poor:
What oftentimes he took, he ſhar'd amongſt the
No lordly biſhop came in luſty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his paſs muſt pay:
The widow in diſtreſs he graciouſly reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
He from the huſband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his miſtreſs dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever conſtant known, which whereſoe'er ſhe came,
Was ſovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, ſhe wander'd here and there
Amongſt the foreſts wild; Diana never knew
Such pleaſures, nor ſuch harts as Mariana flew.'
Of merry Robin Hood, and of his merrier men,
The ſong had ſcarcely ceas'd, when as the muſe again
Wades (*k*) Erwaſh, (that at hand) on Sherwood's ſetting ſide
The Nottinghamian field, and Derbian doth divide,

(*k*) A river parting the two ſhires.

And northward from her ſprings, haps Scardale forth to find,
Which like her miſtreſs Peake, is naturally inclin'd
To thruſt forth ragged cleeves, with which ſhe ſcattered lies
As buſy nature here could not herſelf ſuffice,
Of this oft-alt'ring earth the ſundry ſhapes to ſhow,
That from my entrance here doth rough and rougher grow,
Which of a lowly dale, although the name it bear, [were
You by the rocks might think, that it a mountain
From which it takes the name of Scardale, which expreſs'd,
Is the hard vale of rocks, of Cheſterfield poſſeſs'd,
By her which is inſtil'd: where Rother from her riſt,
Ibber, and Crawley hath, and Gunno, that aſſiſt
Her weaker wand'ring ſtream tow'rds Yorkſhire as ſhe wends, [ſends,
So Scardale tow'rds the ſame, that lovely Iddle
That helps the fertile ſeat of Axholme to iniſle:
But to th' unwearied muſe the Peake appears the while, [eyes,
A withered beldam long, with bleared wat'riſh
With many a bleak ſtorm dim'd, which often to the ſkies
She caſt, and oft to th' earth bow'd down her aged head,
Her meagre wrinkled face, being ſullied ſtill with lead, [mines,
Which ſitting in the works, and poring o'er the
Which ſhe out of the ore continually refines:
For ſhe a chemiſt was, and nature's ſecrets knew,
And from amongſt the lead, ſhe antimony drew,
And cryſtal there congeal'd, (by her inſtiled flowers) [powers,
And in all medicines knew their moſt effectual
The ſpirits that haunt the mines, ſhe could command and tame,
And bind them as ſhe liſt in Saturn's dreadful name:
She mill-ſtones from the quarrs, with ſharpen'd picks could get,
And dainty whet-ſtones make, the dull-edg'd tools to whet.
Wherefore the Peake as proud of her laborious toil,
As others of their corn, or goodneſs of their ſoil,
Thinking the time was long, till ſhe her tale had told,
Her wonders one by one, thus plainly doth unfold:
'My dreadful daughters born, your mother's dear delight,
Great nature's chiefeſt work, wherein ſhe ſhew'd her might;
Ye dark and hollow caves, the portraitures of hell,
Where fogs and miſty damps continually do dwell;
O ye my lovely joys, my darlings, in whoſe eyes,
Horror aſſumes her ſeat, from whoſe abiding flies
Thick vapours, that like rugs ſtill hang the troubled air,
Ye of your mother Peake the hope and only care:
O thou my firſt and beſt, of thy black entrance nam'd
The Devil's-Arſe, in me, O be thou not aſham'd,
Nor think thyſelf diſgrac'd or hurt thereby at all,
Since from thy horror firſt men us'd thee ſo to call:
For as amongſt the Moors, the jettieſt black are deem'd
The beautiful'ſt of them; ſo are your kind eſteem'd
The more ye gloomy are, more fearful and obſcure,
(That hardly any eye your ſternneſs may endure)
The more ye famous are, and what name men can hit,
That beſt may ye expreſs, that beſt doth ye befit:
For he that will attempt thy black and darkſome jaws, [flaws,
In midſt of ſummer meets with winter's ſtormy
Cold dews, that over head from thy foul roof diſtil,
And meeteth under foot with a dead ſullen rill,
That Acheron itſelf a man would think he were
Immediately to paſs, and ſtaid for Charon there;
Thy floor, dread cave, yet flat, though very rough it be
With often winding turns: then come thou next to me,
My pretty daughter Poole, my ſecond loved child,
Which by that noble name was happily inſtil'd,
Of that more generous ſtock, long honour'd in this ſhire, [here,
Of which amongſt the reſt, one being outlaw'd
For his ſtrong refuge took this dark and uncouth place,
An heir-loom ever ſince, to that ſucceeding race:
Whoſe entrance though depreſs'd below a mountain ſteep, [creep
Beſides ſo very ſtrait, that who will ſee't muſt
Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,
A rude and ample roof doth inſtantly begin
To raiſe itſelf aloft, and whoſo doth intend
The length thereof to ſee, ſtill going muſt aſcend
On mighty ſlippery ſtones, as by a winding ſtair,
Which of a kind of baſe dark alabaſter are,
Of ſtrange and ſundry forms, both in the roof and floor, [before.
As nature ſhow'd in thee, what ne'er was ſeen
For Elden thou my third, a wonder I prefer
Before the other two, which perpendicular
Dive'ſt down into the ground, as if an entrance were
Through earth to lead to hell, ye well might judge it here,
Whoſe depth is ſo immenſe, and wondrouſly profound, [found,
As that long line which ſerves the deepeſt ſea to
Her bottom never wrought, as though the vaſt deſcent, [went
Through this terreſtrial globe directly pointing
Our Antipodes to ſee, and with her gloomy eyes,
To glote upon thoſe ſtars, to us that never riſe;

That down into this hole if that a ſtone ye throw,
An acre's length from thence, (ſome ſay that) ye may go,
And coming back thereto, with a ſtill liſt'ning ear, [were,
May hear a ſound as though that ſtone then falling
Yet for her caves, and holes, Peake only not excels,
But that I can again produce thoſe wondrous wells
Of Buckſton, as I have, that moſt delicious fount,
Which men the ſecond Bath of England do account,
Which in the primer reigns, when firſt this well began
To have her virtues known unto the bleſt Saint (*l*) Anne,
Was conſecrated then, which the ſame temper hath, [Bath
As that moſt dainty ſpring, which at the famous
Is by the croſs inſtil'd, whoſe fame I much prefer,
In that I do compare my daintieſt ſpring to her,
Nice ſickneſſes to cure, as alſo to prevent,
And ſupple their clear ſkins, which ladies oft frequent;
Moſt full, moſt fair, moſt ſweet, and moſt delicious ſource.
To this a ſecond (*m*) fount, that in her natural courſe, [flow,
As mighty Neptune doth, ſo doth ſhe ebb and
If ſome Welſh ſhires report, that they the like can ſhow.
I anſwer thoſe, that her ſhall ſo no wonder call,
So far from any ſea, not any of them all.
My caves and fountains thus deliver'd you, for change.
A (*n*) little hill I have, a wonder yet more ſtrange,
Which though it be of light, and almoſt duſty ſand,
Unalter'd with the wind, yet doth it firmly ſtand;
And running from the top, although it never ceaſe,
Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increaſe.
Nor is it at the top, the lower or the leſs,
As nature had ordain'd, that ſo its own exceſs,
Should by ſome ſecret way within itſelf aſcend,
To feed the falling back; with this yet doth not end [have,
The wonders of the Peake, for nothing that I
But it a wonder's name doth very juſtly crave:
A foreſt ſuch have I, (of which when any ſpeak
Of me they it inſtile, The foreſt of the Peake)
Whoſe hills do ſerve for brakes, the rocks for ſhrubs and trees,
To which the ſtag purſu'd, as to the thicket flees;
Like it in all this iſle, for ſternneſs there is none,
Where nature may be ſaid to ſhow you groves of ſtone,
As ſhe in little there, had curiouſly compil'd
The model of the vaſt Arabian ſtony wild.

Then as it is ſuppos'd, in England that there be
Seven wonders: to myſelf ſo have I here in me,
My ſeven before rehears'd, allotted me by fate,
Her greatneſs, as therein ordain'd to imitate.'
No ſooner had the Peake her ſeven proud wonders ſung,
But Darwin from her fount, her mother's hills among,
Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with envious rocks,
Comes tripping down tow'rds Trent, and ſees the goodly flocks
Fed by her mother Peake; and herds, (for horn and hair,
That hardly are put down by thoſe of Lancaſhire,)
Which on her mountains ſide, and in her bottoms graze,
On whoſe delightful courſe, whilſt Unknidge ſtands to gaze,
And look on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,
He Nowſtoll plainly ſees, which likewiſe from the ſet,
Salutes her, and like friends, to Heaven-hill far away, [ſay:
Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to
'Fair hill be not ſo proud of thy ſo pleaſant ſcite, [light,
Who for thou giv'ſt the eye ſuch wonderful de-
From any mountain near, that glorious name of Heaven, [given:
Thy bravery to expreſs, was to thy greatneſs
Nor caſt mine eye ſo much on things that be above:
For ſaweſt thou as we do, our Darwin, thou would'ſt love
Her more than any thing, that ſo doth thee allure; [dure,
When Darwin that by this her travel could en-
Takes Now into her train, (from Nowſtoll her great Sire,
Which ſhews to take her name) with many a winding gyre.
Then wandring through the wilds, at length the pretty Wye,
From her black mother Poole, her nimbler courſe doth ply
Tow'rds Darwin, and along from Bakewell with her brings
Lathkell a little brook, and Headford, whoſe poor ſprings
But hardly them the name of riverets can afford;
When Burbrook with the ſtrength, that nature her hath ſtor'd,
Although but very ſmall, yet much doth Darwin ſtead.
At Workſworth on her way, when from the mines of lead,
Brown Eccleſborne comes in, then Amber from the eaſt, [beſt,
Of all the Derbian nymphs of Darwin lov'd the
(A delicater flood from fountain never flow'd)
Then coming to the town, on which ſhe firſt be-ſlow'd

(*l*) St. Anne of Buckſton.
(*m*) Tideſwell.
(*n*) Sandy-hill.

Her natural (o) Britiſh name, her Derby, ſo again,
Her, to that ancient ſeat doth kindly entertain,
Where Marten-Brook, although an eaſy ſhallow rill,
There offereth all ſhe hath, her miſtreſs' banks to fill,

(o) Darwin, of the Britiſh *Doure Guin*, which is white water.

And all too little thinks that was on Darwin ſpent;
From hence as ſhe departs, in travelling to Trent
Back goes the active muſe, tow'rds Lancaſhire amain,
Where matter reſts enough her vigour to maintain,
And to the northern hills ſhall lead her on along,
Which now muſt wholly be the ſubject of my ſong.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The circuit of this ſhire expreſs'd,
Erwell, and Ribble then conteſt;
The muſe next to the moſſes flies,
And to fair Wyre herſelf applies;
The fiſhy Lun then doth ſhe bring,
The praiſe of Lancaſhire to ſing,
The Iſle of Man maintains her plea,
Then falling eaſtward from that ſea,
On rugged Furneſſe, and his fells,
Of which this Canto laſtly tells.

Scarce could the labouring muſe ſalute this lively ſhire,
But ſtrait ſuch ſhouts aroſe from every moſs and mire,
And rivers ruſhing down with ſuch unuſual noiſe,
Upon their pebly ſholes, ſeem'd to expreſs their joys,
That Merſey in her courſe which happily confines
Brave Cheſhire from this tract, two county palatines)
As raviſh'd with the news, along to Le'rpoole ran,
That all the ſhores which lie to the (a) Vervigian,
Reſounded with the ſhouts, ſo that from creek to creek,
So loud the echoes cry'd, that they were heard to ſhriek
To Furneſſe ridged front, whereas the rocky pile
Of Fóudra is at hand, to guard the outlaid iſle
Of Walney, and thoſe groſs and foggy fells awoke;
Thence flying to the eaſt, with their reverberance ſhook
The clouds from Pendle's head, (which as the people ſay,
Prognoſticates to them a happy Halcyon day)
Rebounds on Blackſtonedge, and thereby falling fills
Fair Merſey, making in from the Derbeian hills.
But whilſt the active muſe this nimbly goes about,
Of this large tract to lay the true dimenſions out,
The neat Lancaſtrian nymphs, for beauty that excel,
That for the hornpipe round do bear away the bell;
Some that about the banks of Erwell make abode,
With ſome that have their ſeat by Ribble's ſilver road,
In great contention fell, (that mighty difference grew)
Which of thoſe floods deſerv'd to have the ſovereign due;
So that all future ſpleen, and quarrels to prevent,
That likely was to riſe about their long deſcent,
Before the neighbouring nymphs their right they mean to plead,
And firſt thus for herſelf the lovely Erwell ſaid:
'Ye laſſes, quoth this flood, have long and blindly err'd,
'That Ribble before me, ſo falſely have preſer'd,

(a) The Irith ſea.

'That am a native born, and my deſcent do bring
'From ancient gentry here, when Ribble from her
'ſpring, [rude
'An alien known to be, and from the mountains
'Of Yorkſhire getting ſtrength, here boldly dares
'intrude [ſall,
'Upon my proper earth, and through her mighty
'Is not aſham'd herſelf of Lancaſhire to call:
'Whereas of all the nymphs that carefully attend
'My miſtreſs Merſey's ſtate, there's none that
'doth tranſcend
'My greatneſs with her grace, which doth me
'ſo prefer,
'That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
'For though from Blackſtonedge the Taume come
'tripping down,
'And from that long-ridg'd rock, her father's
'high renown,
'Of Merſey thinks from me, the place alone to win,
'With my attending brooks, yet when I once come
'in,
'I out of count'nance quite do put the nymph, for
'note, [float,
'As from my fountain I tow'rds mightier Merſey
'Firſt Roch a dainty rill, from Rochdale her dear
'dame, [name,
'Who honour'd with the half of her ſtern mother's
'Grows proud: yet glad herſelf into my banks to
'get,
'Which Spodden from her ſpring, a pretty rivulet,
'As her attendant brings, when Irck adds to my
'ſtore,
'And Medlock to their much, by lending ſome-
what more,
'At Manchester do meet, all kneeling to my ſtate,
'Where brave I ſhew myſelf; then with a prouder
'gait,
'Tow'rds Merſey making on, Great Chatmoſſe at
'my fall,
'Lies full of turf, and marle, her unctuous mineral,
'And blocks as black as pitch, (with boring-au-
'gars found)
'There at the general flood ſuppoſed to be drown'd.
'Thus chief of Merſey's train, away with her I
'run,
'When in her proſperous courſe ſhe wat'reth
'Warrington,
'And her fair ſilver load in Le'rpoole down doth
'lay,
'A road none more renown'd in the Vergivian ſea.
'Ye luſty laſſes then, in Lancaſhire that dwell,
'For beauty that are ſaid to bear away the bell,
'Your country's hornpipe, ye ſo mincingly that
'tread,
'As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry red;
'In all your mirthful ſongs, and merry meetings
'tell,
'That Erwell every way doth Ribble far excel.'
Her well-diſpoſed ſpeech had Erwell ſcarcely done,
But ſwift report therewith immediately doth run
To the Vergivian ſhores, among the moſſes deep,
Where Alt a neighbouring nymph for very joy doth weep,
That Symond's-wood, from whence the flood aſ-
ſumes her ſpring,
Excited with the fame, was loudly heard to ring;
And over all the moors with ſhrill re-echoing
ſounds,
The drooping fogs to drive from thoſe groſs wat'ry grounds,
Where thoſe that toil for turf, with peating ſpades do find
Fiſh living in the earth (contrary to their kind)
Which but that Pontus, and Heraclia likewiſe
ſhews, [flows,
The like in their like earth, that with like moiſture
And that ſuch fiſh as theſe, had not been likewiſe
ſound,
Within far firmer earth, the Paphlagonian ground,
A wonder of this iſle, this well might have been
thought, [wrought,
But Ribble that this while for her advantage
Of what ſhe had to ſay, doth well herſelf adviſe;
And to brave Erwell's ſpeech, ſhe boldly thus
replies:
'With that, whereby the moſt thou think'ſt me to
'diſgrace,
'That I an alien am, (not rightly of this place)
'My greateſt glory is, and Lancaſhire therefore,
'To nature for my birth, beholding is the more;
'That Yorkſhire, which all ſhires for largeneſs
'doth exceed, [(indeed)
'A kingdom to be call'd, that well deſerves
'And not a fountain hath, that from her womb
'doth flow
'Within her ſpacious ſelf, but that ſhe can beſtow;
'To Lancaſter yet lends, me Ribble, from her ſtore,
'Which adds to my renown, and makes her bounty
'more.
'From Penigent's proud foot, as from my ſource
'I ſlide,
'That mountain my proud ſire, in height of all
'his pride, [flood:
'Takes pleaſure in my courſe, as in his firſt-born
'And Ingleborough hill of that Olympian brood,
'With Pendle, of the north the higheſt hills that be,
'Do wiſtly me behold, and are beheld of me,
'Theſe mountains make me proud, to gaze on me
'that ſtand: [land,
'So Longridge, once arriv'd on the Lancaſtrian
'Salutes me, and with ſmiles, me to his ſoil invites,
'So have I many a flood, that forward me excites,
'As Hodder, that from home attends me from
'my ſpring;
'Then Caldor coming down from Blackſtonedge
'doth bring
'Me eas'ly on my way, to Preſton the great'ſt town,
'Wherewith my hanks are bleſt; where at my
'going down,
'Clear Darwen on along me to the ſea doth drive,
'And in my ſpacious fall no ſooner I arrive,
'But Savock to the north, from Longridge making
'way, [bay,
'To this my greatneſs adds, when in my ample
'Swart Dulas coming in, from Wiggin with her
'aids, [maids;
'Short Taud, and Dartow ſmall, two little country

'(In thoſe low wat'ry lands, and moory moſſes bred
'Do ſee me ſafely laid in mighty Neptune's bed;
'And cutting in my courſe, even through the very
'heart
'Of this renowned ſhire, ſo equally it part,
'As nature ſhould have ſaid, Lo, thus I meant to
'do;
'This flood divides this ſhire thus equally in two.
'Ye maids, the hornpipe then, ſo mincingly that
'tread,
'As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry red;
'In all your mirthful ſongs, and merry meetings
'tell,
'That Ribble every way, your Erwell doth excel.'
Here ended ſhe again, when Merton's moſs
'and mere,
With Ribble's ſole reply ſo much revived were,
That all the ſhores reſound the river's good ſucceſs,
And wond'rous joy there was all over (*b*) Ander-neſs,
Which ſtraight convey'd the news into the Upper Land,
Where (*c*) Pendle, (*c*) Penigent, and (*c*) Ingleborow ſtand
Like giants, and the reſt do proudly overlook;
Or Atlas-like as though they only undertook
To underprop high heaven, or the wide Welkin dar'd, [ſpar'd;
Who in their Ribble's praiſe (be ſure) no ſpeeches
That the loud ſounds from them down to the foreſts fell,
To Bowland brave in ſtate, and Wyerſdale, which as well
As any ſylvan nymphs their beauteous ſcites may boaſt, [coaſt,
Whoſe echo's ſent the ſame all round about the
That there was not a nymph to jollity inclin'd,
Or of the woody brood, or of the wat'ry kind,
But at their fingers ends, they Ribble's ſong could ſay,
And perfectly the note upon the bagpipe play.
That Wyre, when once ſhe knew how well theſe floods had ſped,
(When their reports abroad in every place was ſpread)
It vex'd her very heart their eminence to ſee,
Their equal (at the leaſt) who thought herſelf to be,
Determines at the laſt to Neptune's court to go,
Before his ample ſtate, with humbleneſs to ſhew
The wrongs ſhe had ſuſtain'd by her proud ſiſters' ſpight, [right;
And off'ring them no wrong, to do her greatneſs
Ariſing but a rill at firſt from Wyerſdales lap,
Yet ſtill receiving ſtrength from her full mother's pap, [ply,
As down to Seaward ſhe, her curious courſe doth
Takes Caldor coming in to bear her company.
From Woolfcrag's cliffy foot, a hill to her at hand, [ſtand,
By that fair foreſt known, within her verge to
So Bowland from her breaſt ſends Brock her to attend,
As ſhe a foreſt is, ſo likewiſe doth ſhe ſend
Her child, on Wyerſdales flood, the dainty Wyre to wait,
With her aſſiſting rills, when Wyre is once replete:
She in her crooked courſe to Seaward ſoftly ſlides,
Where Pellin's mighty moſs, and Merton's, on her ſides
Their boggy breaſts outlay, and Skipton down doth crawl
To entertain this Wyre, attained to her fall:
When whilſt each wand'ring flood ſeem'd ſettled to admire,
Firſt Erwell, Ribble then, and laſt of all this Wyre, [laid.
That mighty wagers would have willingly been
(But that theſe matters were with much diſcretion ſtay'd)
Some broils about theſe brooks had ſurely been begun [ſhun
When Coker a coy nymph, that clearly ſeems to
All popular applauſe, who from her cryſtal head,
In Wyreſdale, near where Wyre is by her fountain fed, [twin,
That by their natural birth they ſeem (indeed) to
Yet for her ſiſter's pride ſhe careth not a pin,
Of none, and being help'd, ſhe likewiſe helpeth none,
But to the Iriſh ſea goes gently down alone
Of any undiſturb'd, till coming to her ſound,
Endanger'd by the ſands, with mauy a lofty bound,
She leaps againſt the tides, and cries to cryſtal Lon,
The flood that names the town, from whence the ſhire begun,
Her title firſt to take, and loudly tells the flood,
'That if a little while ſhe thus but trifling ſtood,
'Theſe petty brooks would be before her ſtill
'prefer'd.
Which the long wand'ring Lon, with good adviſement heard,
As ſhe comes ambling on from Weſtmoreland, where firſt [nurs'd
Ariſing from her head, amongſt the mountains
By many a pretty ſpring, that hourly getting ſtrength,
Arriving in her courſe in Lancaſhire at length,
To Lonſdale ſhews herſelf, and lovingly doth play
With her dear daughter Dale, with her ſrim cheek doth lay [traces,
To her clear mother's breaſt, as mincingly ſhe
And oft embracing her, ſhe oft again embraces,
And on her darling ſmiles, with every little gale.
When Lac the moſt lov'd child of this delicious Dale, [ſpring.
And Wemming on the way, preſent their either's
Next them ſhe Henbourne hath, and Robourne which do bring
Their bounties in one bank, their miſtreſs to prefer, [caſter,
That ſhe with greater ſtate may come to Lan-
Of her which takes the name, which likewiſe to the ſhire,
The ſovereign title lends, and eminency, where

(*b*) A part of Lancaſhire.
(*c*) The higheſt hills betwixt Trent and Berwick. See the 28th ſong.

To give to this her town, what rightly doth belong, [song.
Of this moſt famous ſhire, our Lun thus frames her
'Firſt that moſt precious thing, and pleaſing moſt to man,
Who from him (made of earth) immediately began,
His ſhe-ſelf woman, which the goodlieſt of this iſle
This country hath brought forth, that much doth grace my ſtile;
Why ſhould thoſe ancients elſe, which ſo much knowing were,
When they the blazons gave to every ſeveral ſhire,
Fair women as mine own, have titled due to me?
Beſides, in all this iſle, there no ſuch cattle be,
For largeneſs, horn and hair, as thoſe of Lancaſhire;
So that from every part of England far and near,
Men haunt her marts for ſtore, as from her race to breed, [exceed,
And for the third, wherein ſhe doth all ſhires
Be thoſe great race of hounds, the deepeſt mouth'd
The other of this kind, which we our hunters call,
Which from their bellowing throats upon a ſcent to roar, [they tore;
That you would ſurely think that the firm earth
With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the clouds in ſunder,
As though by their loud cry they meant to mock the thunder.
Beſides, her natives have been anciently eſteem'd,
For bowmen near our beſt, and ever have been deem'd
So loyal, that the guard of our preceding kings,
Of them did moſt conſiſt; but yet 'mongſt all theſe things,
Even almoſt ever ſince the Engliſh crown was ſet
Upon the lawful head of our Plantagenet,
In honour, next the firſt, our dukedom was allow'd,
And always with the great'ſt revenues endow'd:
And after when it hapt, France conquering Edward's blood
Divided in itſelf, here for the garland ſtood;
The right Lancaſtrian line, it from York's iſſue bore;
The red-roſe our brave badge, which in their helmets wore
In many a bloody field, at many a doubtful fight,
Againſt the houſe of York, which bore for theirs the white.
And for myſelf there's not the (*d*) Tivy, nor the Wye,
Nor any of thoſe nymphs that to the ſouthward lie
For ſalmon me excels; and for this name of (*e*) Lun,
That I am chriſten'd by, the Britons it begun,
Which ſulneſs doth import, of waters ſtill increaſe.'
To Neptune lowting low, when cryſtal Lun doth ceaſe,
And Conder coming in, conducts her by the hand,
Till laſtly ſhe ſalute the point of (*f*) Sunderland,
And leaves our dainty Lun to Amphitrite's care.
So blyth and bonny now the lads and laſſes are,
That ever as anon, the bagpipe up doth blow,
Caſt in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
And at each pauſe they kiſs, was never ſeen ſuch rule
In any place but here, at bonfire, or at Yule;
And every village ſmokes at wakes with luſty cheer, [ſhire;
Then hey they cry for Lun, and hey for Lanca-
That one high hill was heard to tell it to his brother,
That inſtantly again to tell it to ſome other:
From hill again to vale, from vale to hill it went,
The high-lands they again, it to the lower ſent,
The mud-exhauſted meres, and moſſes deep among,
With the report thereof each road and harbour rung; [do keep,
The ſea-nymphs with their ſong, ſo great a coyle
They ceaſe not to reſound it over all the deep,
And acted it each day before the Iſle of Man,
Who like an empreſs ſits in the Virgivian,
By her that hath the (*g*) Calf, long Walney, and the Pyle,
As hand-maids to attend on her their ſovereign iſle,
To whom, ſo many though the Hebrides do ſhew,
Acknowledge, that to her they due ſubjection owe:
With corn and cattle ſtor'd, and what for her's is good, [bourhood)
(That we, nor Ireland, need not ſcorn her neigh-
Her midſt with mountains ſet, of which, from (*b*) Sceafel's height,
A clear and perfect eye, the weather being bright,
(Be Neptune's viſage ne'er ſo terrible and ſtern)
The Scotch, the Iriſh ſhores, and th' Engliſh may diſcern; [brings
And what an empire can, the fame this iſland
Her pedigrees to ſhew her right ſucceſſive kings,
Her chronicles and can as eaſily rehearſe,
And with all foreign parts to have had free commerce;
Her municipal laws and cuſtoms very old,
Belonging to her ſtate, which ſtrongly ſhe doth hold.
This iſland, with the ſong of Lun is taken ſo,
As ſhe hath ſpecial cauſe before all other, who
For her bituminous turf, ſquar'd from her moſſy ground,
And trees far under earth, (by daily digging found,)
As for the ſtore of oats, which her black glebe doth bear,
In every one of theſe reſembling Lancaſhire,
To her ſhe'll ſtoutly ſtick, as to her neareſt kin,
And cries the day is ours, brave Lancaſhire doth win.
But yet this Iſle of Man more ſeems not to rejoice
For Lancaſhire's good luck, nor with a louder voice
To ſound it to the ſhores; than Furneſſe whoſe ſtern face, [grace
With mountains ſet like warts, which nature as a
Beſtow'd upon this tract, whoſe brows do look ſo ſtern,
That when the nymphs of ſea did firſt her front diſcern,

(*d*) See ſong ſixth.
(*e*) Llun, in the Britiſh, ſulneſs.
(*f*) A part of Lancaſhire jutting out into the Iriſh ſea.
(*g*) The Calf of a Man, a little iſland.
(*b*) A mountain in the Iſle of Man.

Amazedly they fled, to Amphitrite's bower,
Her grim aſpect to ſee, which ſeem'd to them ſo
ſour, [bare,
As it maligu'd the rule which mighty Neptune
Whoſe Fells to that grim god, moſt ſtern and
dreadful are,
With hills whoſe hanging brows, with rocks about
are bound,
Whoſe weighty feet ſtand fix'd in that black
beachy ground, [partake,
Whereas thoſe ſcatter'd trees, which naturally
The fatneſs of the ſoil (in many a ſlimy lake,
Their roots ſo deeply ſoak'd) ſend from their
ſtocky hough,
A ſoft and ſappy gum, from which thoſe tree-
geeſe grow,
Call'd barancles by us, which like a jelly firſt
To the beholder ſeem, then by the fluxure nurs'd,
Still great and greater thrive, until you well may
ſee
Them turn'd to perfect fowls, when dropping
from the tree,
Into the merey pond, which under them doth lie,
Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly;
Which well our ancients did among our wonders
place:
Beſides by her ſtrong ſcite, ſhe doth receive this
grace,
Before her neighbouring tracts, (which Furneſſe
well may vaunt)
That when the Saxons here their forces firſt did
plant,
And from the inner-land the ancient Britons drave,
To their diſtreſs'd eſtate it no leſs ſuccour gave,
Than the trans-Severn'd hills, which their old
ſtock yet ſtores, [ſhores.
Which now we call the Welſh, or the Cornubian
What country let's ye ſee thoſe ſoils within her ſeat,
But ſhe in little hath, what it can ſhew in great?
As firſt without herſelf at ſea to make her ſtrong,
(Yet howſoe'er expos'd, doth ſtill to her belong)
And fence her ſartheſt point, from that rough
Neptune's rage,
The Iſle of Walney lies, whoſe longitude doth
wage,
His fury when his waves on Furneſſe ſeems to
war,
Whoſe crooked back is arm'd with many a rug-
ged (*i*) ſcarr
Againſt his boiſt'rous ſhocks, which this defenſive
iſle
Of Walney ſtill aſſail, that ſhe doth ſcorn the while,
Which to aſſiſt her hath the Pyle of Fouldra ſet,
And Fulney at her back, a pretty inſulet,
Which all their forces bend, their Furneſſe ſafe to
keep:
But to his inner earth, divert we from the deep,
Where thoſe two mighty meres, outſtretch'd in
length do wander,
The leſſer Thurſtan nam'd, the famouſer Wynan-
der,
So bounded with her rocks, as nature would deſcry,
By her how thoſe great ſeas Mediterranean lie.
To ſeaward then ſhe hath her ſundry ſands again,
As that of Dudden firſt, then Levin, laſtly Ken,
Of three bright Naiades nam'd, as Dudden on the
Weſt, [inveſt
That Cumberland cuts off from this ſhire, doth
Thoſe ſands with her proud ſtile, when Levin
from the fells, [ſwells,
Beſides her natural ſource, with the abundance
Which thoſe two mighty meres, upon her either
ſide
Contribute by recourſe, that out of very pride,
She leaves her ancient name, and Foſſe herſelf
doth call,
Till coming to the ſands, even almoſt at her fall,
On them her ancient ſtile ſhe liberally beſtows.
Upon the eaſt from theſe, clear Ken her beauty
ſhews,
From Kendal coming in, which ſhe doth pleaſe to
grace,
Firſt with her famous type, then laſtly in her race,
Her name upon thoſe ſands doth liberally bequeath,
Whereas the muſe a while may ſit her down to
breath, [way,
And after walk along tow'rds Yorkſhire on her
On which ſhe ſtrongly hopes to get a noble day.

(*i*) A ſcarr is a rock.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH SONG.

The Argument.

Invention hence her compaſs ſteers,
Towards York the moſt renown'd of ſhires,
Makes the three Ridings in their ſtories,
Each ſeverally to ſhew their glories.
Ouſe for her moſt lov'd city's ſake,
Doth her duke's title undertake;
His floods then Humber welcomes in,
And ſhows how firſt he did begin.

The muſe from Blackſtonedge, no whit diſmay'd at all,
With ſight of the large ſhire, on which ſhe was to fall, [arrive
(Whoſe foreſts, hills, and floods, then long for her
From Lancaſhire, that look'd her beauties to contrive)
Doth ſet herſelf to ſing, of that above the reſt
A kingdom that doth ſeem, a province at the leaſt, [to be;
To them that think themſelves no ſimple ſhires
But that wherein the world her greatneſs moſt may ſee, [preſer,
And that which doth this ſhire before the reſt
Is of ſo many floods, and great, that riſe from her,
Except ſome ſilly few out of her verge that flow,
So near to other ſhires, that it is hard to know,
If that their ſprings be hers, or others them divide,
And thoſe are only found upon her ſetting ſide.
Elſe be it noted well, remarkable to all, [fall.
That thoſe from her that flow, in her together
Nor can ſmall praiſe beſeem ſo beauteous brooks as theſe,
For from all other nymphs theſe be the Naiades,
In Amphitrite's bower, that princely places hold,
To whom the Orkes of ſea dare not to be ſo bold,
As rudely once to touch, and whereſoe'er they come,
The Tritons with their trumps proclaim them public room.
Now whiles the muſe prepares theſe floods along to lead,
The wide Weſt-riding firſt, deſires that ſhe may plead
The right that her belongs, which of the muſe ſhe wins,
When with the courſe of Don, thus ſhe her tract begins.
'Thou firſt of all my floods, whoſe banks do bound my ſouth,
And off'reſt up thy ſtream to mighty Humber's mouth,

Of (a) yew, and climing elm, that crown'd with many a ſpray,
From thy clear fountain firſt through many a mead doſt play,
Till Rother, whence the name of Rotheram firſt begun, [Don,
At that her chriſt'ned town doth loſe her in my
Which proud of her recourſe, tow'rds Doncaſter doth drive,
Her great'ſt and chiefeſt town, the name that doth derive
From Don's near bordering banks, when holding on her race,
She dancing in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chaſe,
Whoſe bravery hourly adds new honours to her bank:
When Sherwood ſends her in ſlow Iddle, that made rank
With her profuſe exceſs, ſhe largely it beſtows
On Marſhland, whoſe ſwoln womb with ſuch abundance flows,
As that her batuing breaſt, her fatlings ſooner feeds, [needs:
And with more laviſh waſte, than oft the graſier
Whoſe ſoil, as ſome report, that be her borderers note, [float:
With th' water under earth undoubtedly doth
For when the waters riſe, it riſen doth remain
High whilſt the floods are high, and when they fall again,
It falleth; but at laſt, when as my lively Don,
Along by Marſhland's ſide, her luſty courſe hath run, [port
The little wandring Went, won by the loud re-
Of the magnific ſtate, and height of Humber's court, [Aire:
Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to
Now ſpeak I of a flood, who thinks there's none ſhould dare
(Once) to compare with her, ſuppos'd by her deſcent,
The darling daughter born of lofty Penigent,
Who from her father's foot, by Skipton down doth ſcud,
And leading thence to Leeds, that delicateſt flood,
Takes Caldor coming in by Wakefield, by whoſe force, [courſe;
As from a luſty flood, much ſtrengthen'd in her
Bot Caldor as ſhe comes, and greater ſtill doth wax,
And travelling along (b) by heading-Halifax,
Which Horton once was call'd, but of a virgin's hair,
(A martyr that was made, for chaſtity, that there
Was by her lover ſlain) being faſt'ned to a tree:
The people that would needs it ſhould a relic be,
It Halifax ſince nam'd, which in the northern tongue,
Is holy hair: but thence as Caldor comes along,
It chanc'd ſhe in her courſe on (c) Kirkbey caſt her eye, [lie
Where merry Robin Hood, that honeſt thief doth
Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield ſtood,
She doth not only think of luſty Robin Hood,
But of his merry man, the pindar of the town
Of Wakefield, George a Green, whoſe fames ſo far are blown,
For their ſo valiant fight, that every freeman's ſong, [long,
Can tell you of the ſame, quoth ſhe be talk'd on
For ye were merry lads, and thoſe were merry days;
When Aire to Caldor calls, and bids her come her ways, [rill:
Who likewiſe to her help, brings Hebden, a ſmall
Thus Aire holds on her courſe tow'rds Humber, till ſhe fill [ford.
Her fall with all the wealth that Don can her af-
Quoth the Weſt-riding thus, with rivers am I ſtor'd.
Next guide I on my wharfe, the great'ſt in her degree,
And that I well may call the worthieſt of the three,
Who her full fountain takes from my waſte weſtern wild, il'd)
(Whence all but mountaineers, by nature are ex-
On Langſtrethdale, and lights at th' entrance of her race,
When keeping on her courſe, along through Barden Chaſe,
She watereth Wharfdale's breaſt, which proudly bears her name; [ſame,
For by that time ſhe's grown a flood of wondrous
When Waſhbrook with her wealth her miſtreſs doth ſupply;
Thus (d) Wharfin her brave courſe embracing Wetherby, [then,
Small Cock, a ſullen brook comes to her ſuccour
Whoſe banks received the blood of many thouſand men, [call,
On ſad Palm-Sunday ſlain, that Towton-Field we
Whoſe channel quite was chok'd with thoſe that there did fall,
That wharfe diſcolour'd was with gore, that then was ſhed,
The bloodieſt field betwixt the White Roſe, and the Red, [laſt:
Of well near fifteen fought in England firſt and
But whilſt the goodly Wharfe doth thus tow'rds Humber haſte,
From Wharnſide hill not far, outflows the nimble Nyde, [glide
Through Nyderſdale along, as neatly ſhe doth
Tow'rds Knareſburgh on her way, a pretty little rill,
Call'd Kebeck, ſtows her ſtream, her miſtreſs' banks to fill,
To entertain the Whafe where that brave (e) foreſt ſtands,
Entitled by the town, who with upreared hands
Makes ſigns to her of joy, and doth with garlands crown
The river paſſing by; but Wharfe that haſteth down

(a) Much yew and elm upon the bank of Don.
(b) Beheading, which we call Halifax law.
(c) Robin Hood's burying place.
(d) See to the 22 ſong.
(e) Knarſborough foreſt.

To meet her miſtreſs Ouſe, her ſpeedy courſe doth hye;
Dent, Rother, Rivel, Gret, ſo on my ſet have I,
Which from their fountains there all out of me do flow,
Yet from my bounty I on Lancaſhire beſtow,
Becauſe my riſing ſoil doth ſhut them to the weſt:
But for my mountains I will with the iſle conteſt,
All other of the north in largeneſs ſhall exceed,
That ages long before it finally decreed,
That Ingleborow hill, (*f*) Pendle, and Penigent,
Should named be the high'ſt betwixt our Tweed and Trent.
My hills, brave Whelpſton then, thou Wharnſide, and thou Cam,
Since I Weſt Ridiug ſtill your only mother am;
All that report can give, and juſtly is my due,
I as your natural dam ſhare equally with you;
And let me ſee a bill that to the north doth ſtand,
The proudeſt of them all, that dare but lift a hand, [mount,
O'er Penigent to peere; not Skiddo that proud
Although of him ſo much, rude Cumberland account,
Not Cheviot, of whoſe height Northumberland doth boaſt
(*g*) Albania to ſurvey; nor thoſe from coaſt to coaſt
That well near run in length, that row of mountains tall,
By th' name of th' Engliſh Alps, that our moſt learned call; [place,
As ſoon ſhall thoſe, or theſe remove out of their
As by their lofty looks, my Penigent out-face:
Ye thus behold my hills, my foreſts, dales, and chaſes
Upon my ſpacious breaſt: not too how nature places [lie,
Far up into my weſt, firſt Langſtrethdale doth
And on the bank of Wharfe, my pleaſant Bardon by, [hand:
With Wharfdale hard by her, as taking hand in
Then lower tow'rds the ſea brave Knarſborough doth ſtand,
As higher to my north, my Nidderſdale by Nyde,
And Biſhops-dale above upon my ſetting ſide,
Marſhland, and Hatfield Chaſe, my eaſtern part do bound,
And Barnſdale there doth but on Don's well-water'd ground:
And to my great diſgrace, if any ſhall object
That I no wonder have that's worthy of reſpect
In all my ſpacious tract, let them (ſo wiſe) ſurvey
My Ribble's riſing banks, their worſt, and let them ſay;
At Giggleſwick where I a fountain can you ſhow,
That eight times in a day is ſaid to ebb and flow,
Who ſometime was a nymph, and in the mountains high [ſky;
Of Craven, whoſe blue heads for caps put on the

(*f*) Pendle hill is upon the verge of this tract, but ſtandeth in Lancaſhire.
(*g*) Scotland.

Amongſt (*b*) th' Oreads there, and ſylvans made abode, [trod)
'(It was ere human foot upon thoſe hills had
Of all the mountain kind and ſince ſhe was moſt fair,
It was a ſatyr's chance to ſee her ſilver hair
Flow looſely at her back, as up a cliff ſhe clame,
Her beauties noting well, her features, and her frame,
And after her he goes; which when ſhe did eſpy,
Before him like the wind, the nimble nymph doth fly,
They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale they drive;
To take her he doth ſtrain, t' outſtrip him ſhe doth ſtrive,
Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd his rape,
And to the (*i*) topic gods by praying to eſcape,
They turn'd her to a ſpring, which as ſhe then did pant,
When wearied with her courſe, her breath grew wondrous ſcant:
Even as the fearful nymph, then thick and ſhort did blow,
Now made by them a ſpring, ſo doth ſhe ebb and flow.
And near the ſtream of Nyde, another ſpring have I, [ply,
As well as that, which may a wonder's place ſup-
Which of the form it bears, men Dropping-well do call,
Becauſe out of a rock, it ſtill in drops doth fall,
Near to the foot whereof it makes a little pon,
Which in as little ſpace converteth wood to ſtone,
Chevin, and Kilnfey Crags, were they not here in me,
In any other place, right well might wonders be,
For their gigantic height, that mountains do tranſcend?
But ſuch are frequent here, and thus ſhe makes an end.'
When (*k*) Your thus having heard the genius of this tract,
Her well deſerved praiſe ſo happily to act,
This river in herſelf that was extremely loth,
The other to defer, ſince that ſhe was to both
Indifferent, ſtraitly wills Weſt-riding there to ceaſe;
And having made a ſign to all the watry preaſe
For ſilence, which at once, when her command had won, [begun.
The proud North-Riding thus for her great ſelf
'My ſovereign flood, quoth ſhe, in nature thou art bound
T' acknowledge me of three to be the worthieſt ground:
For note of all thoſe floods, the wild Weſt Riding ſends, [tends,
There's ſcarcely any one thy greatneſs that at-

(*b*) Nymphs of the mountains.
(*i*) The ſuppoſed genius of the place.
(*k*) Your, the chiefeſt river of Yorkſhire, who after her long courſe, by the confluence of other floods, gets the name of Ouſe.

Till thou haſt paſſed York, and draweſt near thy fall; [all,
And when thou haſt no need of their ſupplies at
Then come they flatt'ring in, and will thy follow-
ers be; [fee,
So as you oftentimes theſe wretched wordlings
That whilſt a man is poor, although ſome hopes depend
Upon his future age, yet there's not one will lend
A farthing to relieve his ſad diſtreſſed ſtate,
Not knowing what may yet befal him; but when fate
Doth pour upon his head his long expected good,
Then ſhall you ſee thoſe ſlaves, aloof before that ſtood,
And would have let him ſtarve, like ſpaniels to him crouch, [touch:
And with their glavering lips, his very feet to
So do they by the Your; whereas the floods in me,
That ſpring and have their courſe, (even) given thy life to thee:
For till that thou and Swale, into one bank do take,
Meeting at Borough-bridge, thy greatneſs there to make:
Till then the name of Ouſe thou art not known to owe,
A term in former times the ancients did beſtow
On many a full-bank'd flood; but for my greater grace, [trace
Theſe floods of which I ſpeak, I now intend to
From their firſt ſpringing founts, beginning with the Your
From Morvil's mighty foot which riſing, with the power
That Bant from Sea-mere brings, her ſomewhat more doth fill, [rill,
Near Biſhops-dale at hand, when Cover a clear
Next cometh into Your, whereas that luſty chace
For her lov'd Cover's ſake, doth lovingly embrace [groves,
Your as ſhe yields along, amongſt the parks and
In Middleham's amorous eye, as wandringly ſhe roves, [amain,
At Rippon meets with Skell, which makes to her
Whom when ſhe hath receiv'd into the nymphiſh train,
(*l*) Near to the town ſo fam'd for colts there to be bought,
For goodneſs far and near, by horſemen that are fought)
Fore-right upon her way ſhe with a merrier gale,
To Borough-bridge makes on, to meet her ſiſter Swale, [hath)
(A wondrous holy flood (which name ſhe ever
For when the Saxons firſt receiv'd the Chriſtian faith
Paulinus of old York, the zealous biſhop then,
In Swale's abundant ſtream Chriſten'd ten thouſand men, [ſide,
With women and their babes, a number more be-
Upon one happy day, whereof ſhe boaſts with pride)

(*l*) Rippon fair.

Which ſprings not far from whence Your hath her ſilver head;
And in her winding banks along my boſom led,
As ſhe goes ſwooping by, to Swaledale whence ſhe ſprings, [brings.
That lovely name ſhe leaves, which forth a foreſt
The valleys ſtyle that bears, a braver ſylvan maid
Scarce any ſhire can ſhow; when to my river's aid,
Come Barney, Arſke, and Marſke, their ſovereign Swale to guide,
From Applegarth's wide waſte, and from New Foreſt ſide. [a year,
Whoſe fountains by the fawns, and fatyrs, many
With youthful greens were crown'd, yet could not ſtay them there,
But they will ſerve the Swale, which in her wandring courſe,
A nymph nam'd Holgat hath, and Rifdale, all whoſe force,
Small though (God wot) it be, yet from their ſouthern ſhore,
With that ſalute the Swale, as others did before,
At Richmond and arrive, which much doth grace the flood, [ſtood:
For that her precinct long amongſt the ſhires hath
But Yorkſhire wills the ſame her glory to reſign.
When paſſing thence the Swale, this minion flood of mine [girl,
Next takes into her train, clear Wiſke, a wanton
As though her watry path were pav'd with orient pearl, [gyre,
So wondrous ſweet ſhe ſeems, in many a winding
As though ſhe gambolds made, or as ſhe did deſire, [trace,
Her labyrinth-like turns, and mad meander'd
With marvel ſhould amaze, and coming doth embrace
North-Alerton, by whom her honour is encreas'd,
Whoſe liberties include a county at the leaſt,
To grace the wandring Wiſke, then well upon her way, [ſway;
Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all the
When having her receiv'd, Swale bonny Codbeck brings,
And Willowbeck with her, two pretty rivelings,
And Beddall bids along, then almoſt at the Ouſe,
Who with theſe rills enrich'd begins herſelf to rouſe.
When that great foreſt-nymph fair Gautreſs on her way, [gay
She ſees to ſtand prepar'd with garlands freſh and
To deck up Ouſe, before herſelf to York ſhe ſhow, [flow,
So out of my full womb the Foſſe doth likewiſe
That meeting thee at York, under the city's ſide,
Her glories with thyſelf doth equally divide,
The eaſt part watering ſtill, as thou doſt waſh the weſt,
By whoſe embraces York abundantly is bleſt.
So many rivers I continually maintain,
As all thoſe leſſer floods that into Darwin ſtrain,
Their fountains find in me, the Ryedale naming Rye, [by
Foſs, Rycal, Hodbec, Dow, with Semen, and them

Clear Coſtwy, which herſelf from Blackmore in doth bring, [ing,
And playing as ſhe ſlides through ſhady Picker-
To Darwent homage doth; and Darwent that divides
The Eaſt-riding and me, upon her either ſides,
Although that to us both, ſhe moſt indifferent be,
And ſeemeth to affect her equally with me,
From my diviſion yet her fountain doth derive,
And from my Blackmore here her courſe doth firſt contrive.
Let my dimenſions then be ſeriouſly purſu'd.
And let Great Britain ſee in my brave latitude,
How in the high'ſt degree by nature I am grac'd;
For tow'rds the Craven hills, upon my weſt are plac'd [all,
New-foreſt, Applegarth, and Swaledale, Dryades
And lower towards the Ouſe, if with my floods ye fall, [kind,
The goodly Gautreſs keeps chief of my ſylvan
There ſtony Stanmore view, bleak with the fleet and wind,
Upon this eaſtern ſide, ſo Ryedale dark and deep,
Amongſt whoſe groves of yore, ſome ſay that elves did keep;
Then Pickering, whom the fawns beyond them all adore, [more-
By whom not far away lies large-ſpread Blacki
The Cleveland north from theſe, a ſtate that doth maintain,
Leaning her luſty ſide to the great German main,
Which if ſhe were not here confined thus in me,
A ſhire even of herſelf might well be ſaid to be.
Nor leſs hath Pickering Leigh her liberty than this
North-Alerton a ſhire ſo likewiſe reckon'd is;
And Richmond of the reſt, the greateſt in eſtate,
A county juſtly call'd, that them accommodate;
So I North Riding am, for ſpaciouſneſs renown'd,
Our mother Yorkſhire's eld'ſt, who worthily is crown'd
The queen of all the ſhires, on this ſide Trent, for we
The Ridings ſeveral parts of her vaſt greatneſs be,
In us, ſo we again have ſeveral ſeats, whoſe bounds
Do meaſure from their ſides ſo many miles of grounds, [king,
That they are called ſhires; like to ſome mighty
May Yorkſhire be compar'd, (the lik'ſt of any thing) [tain,
Who hath kings that attend, and to his ſtate re-
And yet ſo great, that they have under them again [we
Great princes, that to them be ſubject, ſo have
Shires ſubject unto us, yet we her ſubjects be;
Although theſe be enough ſufficiently to ſhow,
That I the other two for bravery quite out-go:
Yet look ye up along into my ſetting ſide,
Where Teis firſt from my bounds rich (*m*) Dunelme doth divide,
And you ſhall ſee thoſe rills, that with their watry preaſe,
Their moſt beloved Teis ſo plenteouſly increaſe,

(*m*) The biſhoprick of Durham.

The clear yet leſſer Lune, the Bauder, and the Gret,
All out of me do flow; then turn ye from the ſet,
And look but tow'rds the riſe, upon the German main,
Thoſe rarities, and ſee, that I in me contain;
My Scarborough, which looks as though in heaven it ſtood, [Hood,
To thoſe that lie below, from th' Bay of Robin
Even to the fall of Teis; let me but ſee the man,
That in one tract can ſhow the wonders that I can, [but I,
Like Whitby's ſelf I think, there's none can ſhew
O'er whoſe attractive earth there may no wild geeſe fly, [ground:
But preſently they fall from off their wings to
If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder found, [behold,
And ſtones like ſerpents there, yet may ye more
That in their natural gyres are up together roll'd.
The rocks by Moul-grave too, my glories forth to ſet, [jet
Out of their crany'd cleves, can give you perfect
And upon Huntclipnab, you every where may find,
(As though nice nature lov'd to vary in this kind)
Stones of a ſpherick form of ſundry mickles fram'd,
That well they globes of ſtone, or bullets might be nam'd [blows,
For any ordnance fit; which broke with hammers
Do headleſs ſnakes of ſtone, within their rounds encloſe.
Mark Giſborough's gay ſcite, where nature ſeems ſo nice,
As in the ſame ſhe makes a ſecond paradiſe,
Whoſe ſoil embroider'd is, with ſo rare ſundry flowers,
Her large oaks ſo long green, as ſummer there her bowers
Had ſet up all the year, her air for health refin'd,
Her earth with allom veins moſt richly intermin'd.
In other places theſe might rarities be thought,
So common but in me, that I eſteem as nought
Then could I reckon up my Ricall, making on
By Ryedale, towards her dear-lov'd Darwent, who's not gone
Far from her pearly ſprings, but under ground ſhe goes;
As up towards Craven hills, I many have of thoſe,
Amongſt the crany'd cleves, that through the cavern creep,
And dimples hid from day, into the earth ſo deep,
That oftentimes their ſight the ſenſes doth appal,
Which for their horrid courſe, the people Helbecks call,
Which may for ought I ſee, be with my wonders ſet, [debt
And with much marvel ſeen: that I am not in
To none that neighboureth me; nor ought can they me lend.'
When Darwent bad her ſtay, and there her ſpeech to end,
For that Eaſt-Riding call'd, her proper cauſe to plead: [maid,
For Darwent, a true nymph, a moſt impartial

And like to both ally'd, doth will the laſt ſhould have [gave,
That privilege, which time to both the former
And wills th' Eaſt-Riding then, in her own cauſe to ſpeak,
Who mildly thus begins; 'Although I be but weak, [want
To thoſe two former parts, yet what I ſeem to
In largeneſs, for that I am in my compaſs ſcant,
Yet for my ſcite I know, that I them both exeel;
For mark me how I lie, ye note me very well,
How in the eaſt I reign, (of which my name I take, [lake,
And my broad ſide to bear up to the German
Which bravely I ſurvey; then turn ye and behold
Upon my pleaſant breaſt, that large and ſpacious Ould [eyes,
Of York that takes the name, that with delighted
When he beholds the ſun out of the ſeas to riſe,
With pleaſure feeds his flocks, for which he ſcarce gives place [grace,
To Cotſwold, and for what becomes a paſtoral
Doth go beyond him quite; then note upon my ſouth, [mouth,
How all along the ſhore, to mighty Humber's
Rich Holderneſs I have, excelling for her grain,
By whoſe much plenty I, not only do maintain
Myſelf in good eſtate, but ſhires far off that lie,
Up Humber that to Hull, come every day to buy,
To me beholden are; beſides, the neighbouring towns, [Downs,
Upon the verge whereof, to part her and the
Hull down to Humber haſtes, and takes into her bank [rank,
Some leſs but lively rills, with waters waxing
She Beverly ſalutes, whoſe beauties ſo delight
The fair-enamour'd flood, as raviſh'd with the ſight,
That ſhe could ever ſtay, that gorgeous (*n*) phane to view, [purſue,
But that the brooks and bourns ſo hotly her
To Kingſton and convey, whom Hull doth newly name
Of Humber-bord'ring Hull, who hath not heard the fame: [mine:
And for great Humber's ſelf, I challenge him for
For whereas Fowlwy firſt, and Shelfleet do combine,
By meeting in their courſe, ſo courteouſly to twin,
'Gainſt whom on th' other ſide, the goodly Trent comes in,
From that eſpecial place, great Humber hath his reign, [maintain,
Beyond which he's mine own: ſo I my courſe
From Kilnſey's pyle-like point, along the eaſtern ſhore,
And lough at Neptune's rage, when loudl'eſt he doth roar, [ſea.'
Till Flamborough jut forth into the German
And as th' Eaſt-Riding more yet ready was to ſay,
Ouſe in her own behalf doth interrupt her ſpeech,
And of th' imperious land doth liberty beſeech,
Since ſhe had paſſed York, and in her wand'ring race,
By that fair city's ſcite, received had ſuch grace,

(*n*) The church of Beverley.

She might for it declaim, but more to honour York,
She who ſuppos'd the ſame to be her only work,
Still to renown thoſe dukes, who ſtrongly did pretend
A title to the crown, as thoſe who did deſcend
From them that had the right, doth this oration make, [ſpake:
And to uphold their claim, thus to the floods ſhe
'They very idly err, who think that blood then ſpilt, [guilt,
In that long-laſting war, proceeded from the
Of the proud Yorkiſts part; for let them underſtand,
That Richard Duke of York, whoſe brave and martial hand
The title undertook, by tyranny and might,
Sought not t' attain the crown, but from ſucceſsful right,
Which ſtill upheld his claim, by which his valiant ſon, [won:
Great Edward Earl of March, the garland after
For Richard Duke of York, at Wakefield battle ſlain, [reign,
Who firſt that title broach'd, in the ſixth Henry's
From Edmond a fifth ſon of Edward did deſcend,
That juſtly he thereby no title could pretend,
Before them come from Gaunt, well known of all to be,
The fourth to Edward born, and therefore a degree
Before him to the crown; but that which did prefer
His title, was the match with dame Anne Mortimer,
Of Roger Earl of March the daughter, that his claim,
From Clarence the third ſon of Great King Edward came, [other,
Which Anne deriv'd alone, the right before all
Of the delapſed crown, from Philip her fair mother,
Daughter and only heir of Clarence, and the bride
To Edmond Earl of March; this Anne her daughter ty'd
In wedlock to the Earl of Cambridge, whence the right [fight,
Of Richard, as I ſaid, which fell at Wakefield
Deſcended to his ſon, brave Edward after king,
(Henry the ſixth depos'd) thus did the Yorkiſts bring
Their title from a ſtrain, before the line of Gaunt,
Whoſe iſſue they by arms did worthily ſupplant.'
By this the Ouſe perceiv'd great Humber to look grim;
(For evermure ſhe hath a ſperial eye to him)
As though he much diſdain'd each one ſhould thus be heard,
And he their only king until the laſt defer'd,
At which he ſeem'd to frown; wherefore the Ouſe off breaks,
And to his confluent floods, thus mighty Humber ſpeaks:
'Let Trent her tribute pay, which from their ſeveral fonts,
For thirty floods of name, to me her king that counts,

Be much of me belov'd, brave river; and from me,
Receive thoſe glorious rites that fame can give to thee.
And thou marſh-drowning Don, and all thoſe that repair
With thee, that bring'ſt to me thy eaſy ambling Aire,
Embodying in one bank: and Wharfe, which by thy fall [all,
Doſt much augment my Ouſe, let me embrace you
My brave Weſt-Riding brooks, your king you need not ſcorn,
Proud Naiades neither ye, North-Riders that are born;
My yellow-ſanded Your, and thou my ſiſter Swale,
That dancing come to Ouſe, through many a dainty dale,
Do greatly me enrich, clear Darwent driving down
From Cleveland; and thou Hull, that highly doſt renown
Th' Eaſt-Riding by thy riſe, do homage to your king, [ſing;
And let the ſea-nymphs thus of mighty Humber
That full an hundred floods my wat'ry court maintain, [train;
Which either of themſelves, or in their greater's
Their tribute pay to me; and for my princely name,
From Humber king of Hunns, as anciently it came;
So ſtill I ſtick to him: for from that eaſtern king
Once in me drown'd, as I my pedigree do bring:
So his great name receives no prejudice thereby;
For as he was a king, ſo know ye all that I
Am king of all the floods, that north of Trent do flow;
Then let the idle world no more ſuch coſt beſtow,
Nor of the muddy Nile, ſo great a wonder take,
Though with her bellowing fall, ſhe violently make
The neighbouring people deaf; nor Ganges ſo much praiſe,
That where he narroweſt is, eight miles in broadneſs lays
His boſom; nor ſo much hereafter ſhall be ſpoke
Of that (but lately found) Guianian Oronoque,
Whoſe cataract a noiſe ſo horrible doth keep,
That it even Neptune frights; what flood comes to the deep,
Than Humber that is heard more horribly to roar?
For when my (o) Higre comes, I make my either ſhore
Even tremble with the ſound, that I afar do ſend.'
No ſooner of this ſpeech had Humber made an end,
But the applauding floods ſent forth ſo ſhrill a ſhout,
That they were eas'ly heard all Holderneſs about,
Above the beachy brack, amongſt the marſhes rude,
When the Eaſt-Riding her oration to conclude,
Goes on: 'My ſiſters boaſt that they have little ſhires [theirs;
Their ſubjects, I can ſhew the like of mine for
My (p) Howdon hath as large a circuit, and as free,
On Ouſe, and Humber's banks, and as much graceth me,
My latitude compar'd with thoſe that me oppugn:
Not Richmond nor her like, that doth to them belong,
Doth grace them more than this doth me, upon my coaſt;
And for their wond'rous things whereof ſo much they boaſt,
Upon my eaſtern ſide, which juts upon the ſea,
Amongſt the white-ſcalp'd cleeves this wonder ſee they may,
The Mullet, and the Awke, my fowlers there do find, [kind,
Of all Great Britain brood, birds of the ſtrangeſt
That building in the rocks, being taken with the hand,
And caſt beyond the cliff that pointeth to the land,
Fall inſtantly to ground, as though it were a ſtone;
But put out to the ſea, they inſtantly are gone,
And fly a league or two before they do return,
As only by that air, they on their wings were born.
Then my prophetic ſpring at Veipſy, I may ſhew,
That ſome years is dry'd up, ſome years again doth flow;
But when it breaketh out with an immoderate birth
It tells the following year of a penurious dearth.'
Here ended ſhe her ſpeech, the Ridings all made friends,
And from my tired hand, my labour'd canto ends.

(o) The roaring of the waters at the coming in of the tide.
(p) A liberty in the Eaſt Riding.

POLY-OLBION:

THE TWENTY-NINTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Muſe the Biſhopwric aſſays,
And to her fall ſings down the Teis;
Then takes ſhe to the dainty Wer,
And with all braveries fitted her.
Tyne tells the victories by us got,
In ſoughten fields againſt the Scot.
Then through Northumberland ſhe goes,
The floods and mountains doth diſpoſe;
And with their glories doth proceed,
Not ſtaying ſtill ſhe come to Tweed.

THE muſe this largeſt ſhire of England having ſung,
Yet ſeeing more than this did to her taſk belong,
Looks ſtill into the north, the (*a*) biſhopric and views, [ſues,
Which with an eager eye, whilſt wiſtly ſhe pur-
Teis as a bordering flood, (who thought herſelf divine)
Confining in her courſe that county Palatine,
And York the greateſt ſhire, doth inſtantly begin
To rouze herſelf: quoth ſhe, 'Doth every rillet win [queed,
Applauſe for their ſmall worths, and I that am a
With thoſe poor brooks compar'd? ſhall I alone be ſeen
Thus ſilently to paſs, and not be heard to ſing?
When as two countries are contending for my ſpring: [name,
For Cumberland, to which the Cumri gave the
Accounts it to be hers, Northumberland the ſame,
Will need'ſly hers ſhould be, for that my ſpring doth riſe
So equally 'twixt both, that he were very wiſe,
Could tell which of theſe two, me for her own may claim.
But as in all theſe tracts, there's ſcarce a flood of fame.
But ſhe ſome valley hath, which her brave name doth bear;
My Teiſdale nam'd of me, ſo likewiſe have I here.
At my firſt ſetting forth, through which I nimbly ſlide; [ſide,
Then Yorkſhire which doth lie upon my ſetting
Me Lune and Bauder lends, as in the ſong before
Th' induſtrious muſe hath ſhew'd; my Dunelmenian ſhore,
Sends Huyd to help my courſe, with ſome few other becks,
Which time (as it ſhould ſeem) ſo utterly neglects,
That they are nameleſs yet; then do I bid adieu,
To Bernard's battled towers, and ſeriouſly purſue

(*a*) The biſhopric of Durham.

My courſe to Neptune's court, but as forthright I run,
The Skern, a dainty nymph, ſaluting Darlington,
Comes in to give me aid, and being proud and rank,
She chanc'd to look aſide, and ſpieth near her bank,
Three black and horrid pits, which for their boiling heat,
(That from their lothſome brims do breath a ſulphurous ſweat)
Hell-kettles rightly call'd, that with the very ſight,
This water-nymph, my Skern, is put in ſuch a fright,
That with unuſual ſpeed, ſhe on her courſe doth haſte,
And raſhly runs herſelf into my widen'd waiſt.
'In pomp I thus approach great Amphitrite's ſtate.'
But whilſt Teis undertook her ſtory to relate,
Wer waxeth almoſt wood, that ſhe ſo long ſhould ſtand,
Upon thoſe lofty terms, as though both ſea and land
Were ty'd to hear her talk: quoth Wer, 'What wouldſt thou ſay,
Vain-glorious bragging brook, hadſt thou ſo clear a way
T'advance thee as I have, hadſt thou ſuch means and might,
How would'ſt thou then exult! O then to what a height
Wouldſt thou put up thy price? hadſt thou but ſuch a trine
Of rillets as I have, which naturally combine,
Their ſprings thee to beget, as thoſe of mine do me,
In their conſenting ſounds that do ſo well agree?
As Kellop coming in from Kellop-Law her ſire,
A mountain much in fame, ſmall Wellop doth require
With her to walk along, which Burdop with her brings.
Thus from the full conflux of theſe three ſeveral ſprings
My greatneſs is begot, as nature meant to ſhew
My future ſtrength and ſtate; then forward do I flow
Through my delicious dale, with every pleaſure life:
And Wyreſdale ſtill may ſtand with Teiſdale for her rife,
Comparing of their ſcite, then caſting on my courſe,
So ſatiate with th' exceſs of my firſt natural ſource,
As petty bourns and becks, I ſcorn but once to call,
Waſcrop a weariſh girl, of name the firſt of all,
That I vouchſafe for mine, until that I arrive
At Auckland, where with force me forward ſtill to drive,
Clear Gaunleſs gives herſelf, when I begin to gad,
And whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
I change my poſture oft, to many a ſnaky gyre,
To my firſt fountain now, as ſeeming to retire:
Then ſuddenly again I turn my wat'ry trail,
Now I indent the earth, and then I it engraile
With many a turn and trace, thus wand'ring up and down,
Brave Durham I behold, that ſtately ſeated town,
That Dunholme hight of yore (even) from a deſert won,
Whoſe firſt foundation zeal and piety begun,
By them who thither firſt St. Cuthbert's body brought,
To ſave it from the Danes, by fire and ſword that fought
Subverſion of thoſe things that good and holy were,
With which beloved place, I ſeem ſo pleaſed here,
As that I clip it cloſe, and ſweetly hug it in
My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time ſhould win
Me farther off from it, as our divorce to be.
Hence like a luſty flood moſt abſolutely free,
None mixing them with me, as I do mix with none,
But ſcorning a colleague, nor near me any one,
To Neptune's court I come; for note along the ſtrand,
From Hartlepoole (even) to the point of Sunderland,
As far as (*b*) Wardenlaws can poſſibly ſurvey;
There's not a flood of note hath entrance to the ſea.'
Here ended ſhe her ſpeech, when as the goodly Tyne,
(Northumberland that parts from this ſhire Palatine)
Which patiently had heard, look as before the Wer
Had taken up the Teis, ſo Tyne now takes up her,
For her ſo tedious talk, 'Good Lord, (quoth ſhe) had I
No other thing wherein my labour to employ,
But to ſet out myſelf, how much (well) could I ſay,
In mine own proper praiſe, in this kind every way
As ſkilful as the beſt; I could if I did pleaſe,
Of my two fountains tell, which of their ſundry ways,
The South and North are nam'd, entitled both of Tyne,
As how the proſperous ſprings of theſe two floods of mine
Are diſtant thirty miles, how that the South-Tyne nam'd
From Stanmore takes her ſpring, for mines of braſs that's fam'd,
How that nam'd of the North, is out of Wheelfell ſprung,
Amongſt theſe Engliſh Alps, which as they run along,
England and Scotland here impartially divide.
How South-Tyne ſettling out from Cumberland is ply'd
With Hartley which her haſtes, and Tippall that doth ſtrive,
By her more ſturdy ſtream, the Tyne along to drive;
How th' Allans, th' Eaſt, and Weſt, their bounties to her bring,
Two fair and full-brim'd floods, how alſo from her ſpring,
My other North-nam'd Tyne, through Tyndale maketh in,
Which Shele her handmaid hath, and as ſhe haſtes to twin
With th' other from the ſouth, her ſiſter, how clear Rhead,
With Perop comes prepar'd, and Cherlop, me to lead,

(*b*) A mountain on that part of the ſhire.

Through Ridſdale on my way, as far as Exham, then [men
Dowell me homage doth, with blood of Engliſh-
Whoſe ſtream was deeply dy'd in that moſt cruel war
Of Lancaſter and York. Now having gone ſo far,
Their ſtrengths me their dear Tyne, do wond'-rouſly enrich, [which
As how clear Darwent draws down to Newcaſtle,
The honour hath alone to entertain me there,
As of thoſe mighty ſhips, that in my mouth I bear
Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcaſtle nam'd, [fam'd
For which both far and near, that place no leſs is
Than India for her mines; ſhould I at large declare [ſpare,
My glories, in which time commands me to be
And I but ſlightly touch, which ſtood I to report,
As freely as I might, ye both would fall too ſhort
Of me; but know, that Tyne hath greater things in hand:
For, to trick up ourſelves, whilſt trifling thus we ſtand, [note,
Bewitch'd with our own praiſe, at all we never
How the Albanian floods now lately ſet afloat,
With th' honour to them done, take heart, and loudly cry
Defiance to us all, on this ſide Tweed that lie;
And hark the high-brow'd hills aloud begin to ring, [ſing:
With ſound of things that forth prepared is to
When once the muſe arrives on the Albanian ſhore,
And therefore to make up our forces here before
The on-ſet they begin, the battles we have got,
Both on our earth and theirs, againſt the valiant Scot,
I undertake to tell; then, muſes, I entreat
Your aid, whilſt I theſe fights in order ſhall repeat.

'When mighty Malcolm here had with a violent hand,
(As he had oft before) deſtroy'd Northumberland,
In Rufus' troubled reign, the warlike Mowbray then, [men,
This earldom that poſſeſs'd, with half the power of
For conqueſt which that king from Scotland hither drew,
At Alnwick in the field their armies overthrew;
Where Malcolm and his ſon, brave Edward both were found:
Slain on that bloody field: ſo on the Engliſh ground, [ſon,
When David king of Scots, and Henry his ſtern
Entitled by thoſe times, the Earl of Huntingdon,
Had forag'd all the north, beyond the river Teis,
In Stephen's troubled reign, in as tumultuous days
As England ever knew, the archbiſhop of York,
Stout Thurſtan, and with him join'd in that warlike work,
Ralph, (both for wit and arms) of Durham biſhop then
Renown'd, that called were the valiant clergymen,
With th' Earl of Aubemerle, Eſpeck, and Peverell, knights,
And of the Lacies two, oft try'd in bloody fights,
'Twixt Allerton and York, the doubtful battle got,
On David and his ſon, whilſt of th' invading Scot
Ten thouſand ſtrew'd the earth, and whilſt they lay to bleed, [Tweed.
Ours followed them that fled, beyond our ſiſter
And when (c) Fitz-empreſs next in Normandy, and here,
And his rebellious ſons in high combuſtions were,
William the Scottiſh king, taking advantage then,
And entering with an hoſt of eighty thouſand men,
As far as Kendal came, where captains then of ours,
Which aid in Yorkſhire rais'd, with the Northumbrian powers,
His forces overthrew, and him a priſoner led.
So Longſhank's, Scotland's ſcourge, him to that country ſped,
Provoked by the Scots, that England did invade,
And on the borders here ſuch ſpoil and havock made,
That all the land lay waſte betwixt the Tweed and me.
This moſt courageous king, from them his own to free,
Before proud Berwick ſet his puiſſant army down,
And took it by ſtrong ſiege, ſince when that warlike town
As Cautionary long the Engliſh after held.
But tell me all you floods, when was there ſuch a field
By any nation yet, as by the Engliſh won,
Upon the Scottiſh power, as that of Halidon,
Seven earls, nine hundred horſe, and of foot ſoldiers more,
Near twenty thouſand ſlain, ſo that the Scottiſh gore [ſight.
Ran down the hill in ſtreams (even) in Albania's
By our third Edward's proweſs, that moſt renowned knight,
As famous was that fight of his againſt the Scot,
As that againſt the French, which he at Creſſy got.
And when that conquering king did afterward advance [France,
His title, and had paſt his warlike powers to
And David king of Scots here entered to invade,
To which the king of France did that falſe lord perſuade,
Againſt his given faith, from France to draw his bands, [hands
To keep his own at home, or to fill both his
With war in both the realms: was ever ſuch a loſs,
To Scotland yet befel, as that at Nevil's-croſs,
Where fifteen thouſand Scots their ſouls at once forſook,
Where ſtout John Copland then king David priſoner took
I' th' head of all his troops, that bravely there was ſeen. [queen,
When Engliſh Philip, that Brave Armazonian
Encouraging her men from troop to troop did ride, [try'd:
And where our clergy had their ancient valour

(c) Henry II.

Thus often coming in, they have gone out too short.
And next to this the fight of Neſbit I report,
When Hebborn that ſtout Scot, and his had all their hire,
Which int' our marches came, and with invaſive fire,
Our villages laid waſte, for which defeat of ours,
When doughty Douglaſs came with the Albanian powers.
At Holmdon do but ſee, the blow our Hotſpur gave
To that bold daring Scot, before him how he drave
His army, and with ſhot our brave Engliſh bows
Did wound them on the backs, whoſe breaſts were hurt with blows,
Ten thouſand put to ſword, with many a lord and knight,
Some priſoners, wounded ſome, ſome others ſlain outright,
And ent'ring Scotland then, all Tividale o'er-ran.
Or who a braver field than th' Earl of Surrey wan,
Where there King James the fourth himſelf ſo bravely bore
That ſince that age wherein he liv'd, nor thoſe before,
Yet never ſuch a king in ſuch a battle ſaw,
Amongſt his fighting friends, where whilſt he breath could draw,
He bravely fought on foot, where Flodden hill was ſtrew'd
With bodies of his men, well-near to mammocks hew'd,
That on the mountain's ſide they covered near a mile,
Where thoſe two valiant earls of Lennox and Argyle,
Were with their ſovereign ſlain, abbots, and biſhops there,
Which had put armour on in hope away to bear
The victory with them, before the Engliſh fell.
But now of other fields, it fits the muſe to tell,
As when the noble Duke of Norfolk made a road
To Scotland, and therein his hoſtile fire beſtow'd
On well-near thirty towns, and ſtaying there ſo long,
Till victual waxed weak, the winter waxing ſtrong,
Returning over Tweed, his booties home to bring,
Which to the very heart did vex the Scottiſh king,
The fortune of the duke extremely that did grudge,
Remaining there ſo long, and doing there ſo much,
Thinking to ſpoil and waſte in England, as before
The Engliſhmen had done on the Albanian ſhore,
And gathering up his force, before the Engliſh fled
To Scotland's utmoſt bounds, thence into England ſped,
When that brave baſtard ſon of Dacres, and his friend
John Muſgrave, which had charge the marches to attend,
With Wharton, a proud knight, with ſcarce four hundred horſe,
Encountering on the plain with all the Scottiſh force,
Thence from the field with them, ſo many priſoners brought,
Which in that furious fight were by the Engliſh caught,
That there was ſcarce a page or lackey but had ſtore,
Earls, barons, knights, eſquires, two hundred there and more,
Of ordinary men ſeven hundred made to yield,
There ſcarcely hath been heard, of ſuch a ſoughten field,
That James the fifth to think, that but ſo very few,
His univerſal power ſo ſtrangely ſhould ſubdue,
So took the ſame to heart, that it abridg'd his life,
Such foils by th' Engliſh given, amongſt the Scots were rife.
Theſe on the Engliſh earth, the Engliſhmen did gain conſtrain
But when their breach of faith did many times
Our nation to invade, and carry conqueſts in
To Scotland; then behold, what our ſucceſs hath been,
Even in the latter end of our eighth Henry's days,
Who Seymour ſent by land, and Dudley ſent by ſeas,
With his full forces then, O Forth, then didſt thou bear
That navy on thy ſtream, whoſe bulk was fraught with fear,
When Edinburgh and Leith into the air were blown
With powder's ſulphurous ſmoke, and twenty towns were thrown
Upon the trampled earth, and into aſhes trod;
As int' Albania when we made a ſecond road,
In our ſixth Edward's days, when thoſe two martial men,
Which conquered there before, were thither ſent again:
But for their high deſerts, with greater titles grac'd,
The firſt created Duke of Somerſet, the laſt
The Earl of Warwick made, at Muſſelborough field,
Where many a doughty Scot that did diſdain to yield,
Was on the earth laid dead, where as for five miles ſpace
In length, and four in breadth, the Engliſh in the chaſe,
With carcaſes of Scots, ſtrew'd all their natural ground,
The number of the ſlain were fourteen thouſand found,
And fifteen hundred more ta'en priſoners by our men.
So th' Earl of Suſſex next to Scotland ſent again,
To puniſh them by war, which on the borders here,
Not only robb'd and ſpoil'd, but that aſſiſtants were
To thoſe two puiſſant earls, Northumberland, who roſe
With Weſtmoreland his peer, ſuggeſted by the foes
To great Eliza's reign, and peaceful government;
Wherefore that puiſſant queen him to Albania ſent,
Who fifty rock-rear'd piles and caſtles having caſt
Far lower than their ſcites, and with ſtrong fires defac'd
Three hundred towns, their wealth, with him worth carrying brought
To England over Tweed.' When now the floods beſought
The Tyne to hold her tongue, when preſently began
A rumour which each where through all the country ran,
Of this proud river's ſpeech, the hills and floods among,
And Lowes, a foreſt-nymph, the ſame ſo loudly ſung,

That it through Tyndale ſtraight, and quite through Ridſdale ran,
And founded ſhriller there, than when it firſt began,
That thoſe high Alpine hills, as in a row they ſtand,
Receiv'd the ſounds, which thus went on from hand to hand.
The high reſ'd Red-ſquire firſt, to Aumond hill it told,
When Aumond great therewith, nor for his life could hold,
To Kembelſpeth again, the buſineſs but relate,
To Black-Brea he again, a mountain holding ſtate
With any of them all, to Cocklaw he it gave;
And Cocklaw it again, to Cheviot, who did rave
With the report thereof, he from his mighty ſtand,
Reſounded it again through all Northumberland,
That White-Squire laſtly caught, and it to Berwick ſent, [tinent,
That brave and warlike town, from thence incon-
The ſound from out the South, into Albania came,
And many a luſty flood, did with her praiſe inflame,
Affrighting much the Forth, who from her trance awoke,
And to her native ſtength her preſently betook,
Againſt the muſe ſhould come to the Albanian coaſt.
But Pictſwall all this while, as though he had been loſt,
Not mention'd by the muſe, began to fret and fume, [ſume
That every petty brook thus proudly ſhould pre-
To talk; and he whom firſt the Romans did invent, [ment,
And of their greatneſs yet the long'ſt-liv'd monu-
Should thus be overtrod; wherefore his wrong to wreak, [ſpeak
In their proud preſence thus, doth aged Pictſwall
'Methinks that Offa's ditch in Cambria ſhould not dare
To think himſelf my match, who with ſuch coſt and care
The Romans did erect, and for my ſafeguard ſet
Their legions, from my ſpoil the proling Pict to let,
That often inroads made, our earth from them to win,
By Adrian beaten back, ſo he to keep them in,
To ſea from eaſt to weſt, begun me firſt a wall
Of eighty miles in length, 'twixt Tyne and Eden's fall:
Long making me they were, and long did me maintain.
Nor yet that trench which tracts the weſtern Wiltſhire plain, [me,
Of Woden, Wanſdyke call'd, ſhould parallel with
Comparing our deſcents, which ſhall appear to be
Mere upſtarts, baſely born; for when I was in hand,
The Saxon had not then ſet foot upon this land,
Till my declining age, and after many a year,
Of whoſe poor petty kings, thoſe the ſmall labours were.
That on Newmarket-heath (*d*) made up as though but now,
Who for the Devil's work the vulgar dare avow,

(*d*) See Song 21.

Tradition telling none, who truly it began,
Where many a reverend book can tell you of my man,
And when I firſt decay'd, Severus going on,
What Adrian built of turf, he builded new of ſtone;
And after many a time, the Britains me repair'd,
To keep me ſtill in plight, nor coſt they ever ſpar'd.
Towns ſtood upon my length, where garriſons were laid,
Their limits to defend; and for my greater aid,
With turrets I was built where centinels were plac'd, [grac'd
To watch upon the Pict; ſo me my makers
With hollow pipes of braſs, along me ſtill that went,
By which they in one ſort ſtill to another ſent
By ſpeaking in the ſame, to tell them what to do,
And ſo from ſea to ſea could I be whiſpered through:
Upon my thickneſs three march'd eaſ'ly breaſt to breaſt,
Twelve foot was I in height, ſuch glory I poſſeſs'd.
Old Pictſwall with much pride thus finiſhing his plea,
Had in his utmoſt courſe attain'd the eaſtern ſea,
Yet there was hill nor flood once heard to clap a hand; [derſtand,
For the Northumbrian nymphs had come to un-
That Tyne exulting late o'er Scotland in her ſong,
(Which over all that realm report had loudly rung)
The Caledonian (*e*) Forth ſo highly had diſpleas'd,
And many another flood, which could not be appeas'd, [made,
That they had vow'd revenge, and proclamation
That in a learned war, the ſoe they would invade,
And like ſtout floods ſtand free from this ſuppoſed ſhame, [name:
Or conquered give themſelves up to the Engliſh
Which theſe Northumbrian nymphs, with doubt and terror ſtruck,
Which knew they from the ſoe, for nothing were to look,
But what by ſkill they got, and with much care ſhould keep,
And therefore they conſult by meeting in the deep,
To be delivered from the ancient enemies rage,
That they would all upon a ſolemn pilgrimage
Unto the Holy Iſle, the virtue of which place,
They knew could very much avail them in this caſe:
For many a bleſſed ſaint in former ages there,
Secluded from the world, to abſtinence and prayer,
Had given up themſelves, which in the German main,
And from the ſhore not far, did in itſelf contain
Sufficient things for food, which from thoſe holy men,
That to devotion liv'd, and ſanctimony then,
It Holy Iſle was call'd, for which they all prepare,
As I ſhall tell you how, and what their number are.
With thoſe the fartheſt off, the firſt I will begin,
As Pont a peerleſs brook, brings Blyth which putteth in,

(*e*) The great river on which Edinburgh ſtandeth.

With her, then Wanſbeck next in wading to the main,
Near Morpeth meets with Font, which followeth in her train;
Next them the little Lyne alone doth go along,
When Cocket cometh down, and with her ſuch a throng,
As that they ſeem to threat the ocean; for with her [prefer
Comes Ridley, Ridland next, with Uſway, which
Their fountains to her flood, who for her greater fame,
Hath at her fall an iſle, call'd Cocket of her name,
As that great Neptune ſhould take notice of her ſtate; [a gait,
Then Alne by Alnwick comes, and with as proud
As Cocket came before, for whom at her fair fall,
(In bravery as to ſhew, that ſhe ſurpaſs'd them all)
The famous iſle of Ferne, and Staples aptly ſtand,
And at her coming forth, do kiſs her cryſtal hand.

Whilſt theſe reſolv'd upon their pilgrimage proceed,
Till for the love ſhe bears to her dear miſtreſs Tweed,
Of Bramiſh leaves the name, by which ſhe hath her birth;
And though ſhe keep her courſe upon the Engliſh earth,
Yet Bowbent, a bright nymph, from Scotland coming in, [win
To go with her to Tweed, the wanton flood doth
Though at this headſtrong ſtream, proud Flodden from his height
Doth daily ſeem to fret, yet takes he much delight
Her lovelineſs to view, as on to Tweed ſhe ſtrains,
Where whilſt this mountain much for her ſweet ſake ſuſtains,
This canto we conclude, and freſh about muſt caſt,
Of all the Engliſh tracts, to conſummate the laſt.

POLY-OLBION.

THE THIRTIETH SONG.

The Argument.

Of Weſtmoreland the muſe now ſings,
And fetching Eden from her ſprings,
Sets her along, and Kendal then
Surveying, beareth back again;
And climbing Skidow's lofty hill,
By many a river, many a rill,
To Cumberland, where in her way,
She Copland calls, and doth diſplay
Her beauties, back to Eden goes,
Whoſe floods and fall ſhe aptly ſhows.

YET cheerly on my Muſe, no whit at all diſmay'd,
But look aloft tow'rds heaven, to him whoſe powerful aid
Hath led thee on thus long, and through ſo ſundry ſoils,
Steep mountains, foreſts rough, deep rivers, that thy toils [ſent,
Moſt ſweet refreſhings ſeem, and ſtill the comfort
Againſt the beſtial rout, and booriſh rabblement
Of thoſe rude vulgar ſots, whoſe brains are only ſlime,
Born to the doting world, in this laſt iron time,
So ſtony, and ſo dull, that Orpheus which (men ſay)
By the enticing ſtrains of his melodious lay,
Drew rocks and aged trees, to whither he would pleaſe; [theſe;
He might as well have mov'd the univerſe as
But leave this fry of hell in their own filth defil'd,
And ſeriouſly purſue the ſtern Weſtmerian wild,
Firſt ceaſing in our ſong, the ſouth part of the ſhire,
Where Weſtmoreland to (*a*) Weſt, by wide Wynander mere,
The Eboracean fields her to the riſing bound,
Where Can firſt creeping forth, her feet hath ſcarcely found,
But gives that dale her name, where Kendal town doth ſtand, [land.
For making of our cloth ſcarce match'd in all the
Then keeping on her courſe, though having in her train,
But Sput, a little brook, then Winſter doth retain,
Tow'rds the Vergivian ſea, by her two mighty falls, [calls)
(Which the brave Roman tongue, her Catadupæ
This eager river ſeems outrageouſly to roar,
And counterfeiting Nile, to deaf the neighbour-ſhore,

(*a*) See ſong 27th.

To which she by the sound apparently doth show,
The season foul or fair, as then the wind doth blow:
For when they to the north the noise do eas'liest hear,
They constantly aver the weather will be clear;
And when they to the south, again they boldly say,
It will be clouds or rain the next approaching day.
To the Hibernic gulf, when soon the river hastes,
And to these queachy sands, from whence herself she casts,
She likewise leaves her name as every place where she
In her clear course doth come, by her should honoured be.
But back into the north from hence our course doth lie,
As from this fall of Can, still keeping in our eye,
The source of long-liv'd (*b*) Lun, I long-liv'd do her call;
For of the British floods, scarce one amongst them all,
Such state as to herself, the Destinies assign,
By christ'ning in her course a county Palatine;
For Luncaster, so nam'd, the fort upon the Lun,
And Lancashire the name from Lancaster begun:
Yet though she be a flood, such glory that doth gain,
In that the British crown doth to her state pertain,
Yet Westmoreland alone, not only boasts her birth,
But for her greater good the kind Westmerian earth,
Clear Burbeck her bequeaths, and Barrow to attend
Her grace, till she her name to Lancaster do lend.
With all the speed we can, to Cumberland we hie,
(Still longing to salute the utmost Albany)
By Eden, issuing out of Husseat-Moruill hill,
And pointing to the north, as then a little rill,
There simply takes her leave of her sweet sister Swale,
Born to the self-same sire, but with a stronger gale,
Tow'rds Humber hies her course, but Eden making on,
Through Malerstrang hard by, a forest woe begone
In love with Eden's eyes, of the clear Naiades kind,
Whom thus the wood-nymph greets: 'What passage shalt thou find,
My most beloved brook, in making to thy bay,
That wand'ring art to wend through many a crooked way,
Far under hanging hills, through many a cragged strait,
And few the wat'ry kind, upon thee to await,
Opposed in thy course with many a rugged cliff,
Besides the northern winds against thy stream so stiff,
As by main strength they meant to stop thee in thy course,
And send thee eas'ly back to Moruill to thy source.
O my bright lovely brook, whose name doth bear the sound
Of God's first garden-plot, th' imparadised ground,
Wherein he placed man, from whence by sin he fell.
O little blessed brook, how doth my bosom swell
With love I bear to thee, the day cannot suffice
For Malerstrang to gaze upon thy beauteous eyes.'
This said, the forest rub'd her rugged front the while,
Clear Eden looking back, regrets her with a smile,
And simply takes her leave, to get into the main;
When Below a bright nymph, from Stanmore down doth strain
To Eden, as along to Appleby she makes,
Which passing, to her train, next Troutbeck in she takes,
And Levenant than these a somewhat lesser rill,
When Glenkwin greets her well, and happily to fill,
Her more abundant banks, from Ulls, a mighty mere
On Cumberland's confines, comes Eymot neat and clear,
And Loder doth allure, with whom she haps to meet, [greet.
Which at her coming in, doth thus her mistress
'Quoth she, thus for myself I say, that where I swell
Up from my fountain first, there is a tiding-well,
That daily ebbs and flows, (as writers do report)
The old Euripius doth, or in the self-same sort,
The (*c*) Venedocian fount, or the (*c*) Demetian spring,
Or that which the cold Peake doth with her wonders bring,
Why should not Loder then, her mistress Eden please, [these.'
With this, as other floods delighted are with
When Eden, though she seem'd to make unusual haste,
About clear Loder's neck, yet lovingly doth cast
Her oft enfolding arms, as Westmoreland she leaves,
Where Cumberland again as kindly her receives.
Yet up her watry hands, to Winfield forest holds
In her rough woody arms, which amorously enfolds
Clear Eden coming by, with all her watry store,
In her dark shades, and seems her parting to deplore.
But southward sallying hence, to those sea-bordering sands, [lands,
Where Dudden driving down to the Lancastrian
This Cumberland cuts out, and strongly doth confine, [tine,
This meeting there with that, both merely mari-
Where many a dainty rill out of her native dale,
To the Vergivian makes, with many a pleasant gale;
As Eske her sarth'st, so first, a coy bred Cumbrian lass,
Who cometh to her road, renowned Ravenglass,
By Devock driven along, (which from a large-brim'd lake, [make)
To hie her to the sea, with greater haste doth

(*b*) See song 27th.

(*c*) See song 5th, 10th, and 27th.

Meets Nyte, a nimble brook, their rendezvous that keep
In Ravenglafs, when ſoon into the bluiſh deep
Comes Irt, of all the reſt, though ſmall, the richeſt girl, [pearl,
Her coſtly boſom ſtrew'd with precious orient
Bred in her ſhining ſhells, which to the dcaw doth yawn,
Which deaw they ſucking in, conceive that luſty ſpawn,
Of which when they grow great, and to their fulneſs ſwell,
They caſt, which thoſe at hand there gathering, dearly ſell. [brings,
This clear pearl-paved Irt, Bleng to the harbour
From Copland coming down, a foreſt-nymph, which ſings
Her own praiſe, and thoſe floods, their fountains that derive
From her, which to extol, the foreſt thus doth ſtrive.
'Ye northern (*d*) Dryades all adorn'd with mountains ſteep, [keep,
Upon whoſe hoary heads cold winter long doth
Where often riſing hills, deep dales and many make,
Where many a pleaſant ſpring, and many a large-ſpread lake,
Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names beſtow [flow;
Upon thoſe humble vales, through which they eas'ly
Whereas the mountain nymphs, and thoſe that do frequent
The fountains, fields, and groves, with wondrous merriment,
By moon-ſhine many a night, do give each other chaſe, [baſe,
At Hood-wink, Barley-break, at Tick, or Priſon-
With tricks, and antick toys, that one another mock,
That ſkip from crag to crag, and leap from rock to rock.
Then Copland, of this tract a corner, I would know,
What place can there be found in Britain, that doth ſhow
A ſurface more auſtere, more ſtern from every way,
That who doth it behold, he cannot chuſe but ſay,
Th' aſpect of theſe grim hills, theſe dark and miſty dales,
From clouds ſcarce ever clear'd, with the ſtrong'ſt northern gales,
Tell in their mighty roots, ſome mineral there doth lie,
The iſland's general want, whoſe plenty might ſupply:
Wherefore as ſome ſuppoſe of copper mines in me,
I Copper-land was call'd, but ſome will have't to be
From the old Britains brought, for Cop they uſe to call
The tops of many hills, which I am ſtor'd withal.
Then Eſkdale mine ally, and Niterdale ſo nam'd,
Of floods from you that flow, as Borowdale moſt fam'd,
With Waſdale walled in, with hills on every ſide,
Hows'ever ye extend within your waſtes ſo wide,
For th' ſurface of a ſoil, a Copland, Copland cry,
Till to your ſhouts the hills with echoes all reply.'
Which Copland ſcarce had ſpoke, but quickly every hill,
Upon her verge that ſtands, the neighbouring vallies fill;
Helvillon from his height, it through the mountains threw,
From whom as ſoon again, the ſound Dunbalraſe drew,
From whoſe ſtone-trophied head, it on the Wendroſs went,
Which tow'rds the ſea again, reſounded it to Dent,
That Brodwater therewith within her banks aſtound,
In ſailing to the ſea, told it in Egremound,
Whoſe buildings, walks, and ſtreets, with echoes loud and long,
Did mightily commend old Coplaod for her ſong.
Whence ſoon the muſe proceeds, to find out freſher ſprings,
Where Darwent her clear fount from Borowdale that brings,
Doth quickly caſt herſelf into an ample lake,
And with Thurl's mighty mere, between them two do make
An (*e*) iſland, which the name from Darwent doth derive, [trive,
Within whoſe ſecret breaſt nice nature doth con-
That mighty copper-mine, which not without its veins,
Of gold and ſilver ſound, it happily obtains
Of royalty the name, the richeſt of them all
That Britain bringeth forth, which royal ſhe doth call.
Of Borowdale her dam, of her own named iſle,
As of her royal mines, this river proud the while,
Keeps on her courſe to ſea, and in her way doth win
Clear Coker her compeer, which at her coming in,
Gives Coker-mouth the name, by ſtanding at her fall, [withal,
Into fair Darwent's banks, when Darwent there
Runs on her watry race, and for her greater fame,
Of Neptune doth obtain a haven of her name.
When of the Cambrian hills, proud Skidow that doth ſhow [low,
The high'ſt, reſpecting whom, the other be but
Perceiving with the floods, and foreſts, how it far'd,
And all their ſeveral tales ſubſtantially had heard,
And of the mountain kind, as of all other he
Moſt like Parnaſſus ſelf that is ſuppos'd to be,
Having a double head, as hath that ſacred mount,
Which thoſe nine ſacred nymphs held in ſo high account,
Bethinketh of himſelf what he might juſtly ſay,
When to them all he thus his beauties doth diſplay.

(*d*) Nymphs of the foreſt.

(*e*) The iſle of Darwent.

'The rough Hibernian ſea, I proudly overlook,
Amongſt the ſcatter'd rocks, and there is not a nook,
But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie;
And when my helm of clouds upon my head I take,
At very ſight thereof, immediately I make
Th' inhabitants about tempeſtuous ſtorms to fear,
And for fair weather look, when as my top is clear;
Great Fourneſs mighty Fells I on my ſouth ſurvey:
So likewiſe on the north, Albania makes me way,
Her countries to behold, when (*f*) Scurfel from the ſky,
That Anadale doth crown, with a moſt amorous eye,
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threatning me with clouds, as I oft threatning him:
So likewiſe to the eaſt, that row of mountains tall,
Which we our Engliſh Alps may very aptly call,
That Scotland here with us, and England do divide,
As thoſe, whence we them name upon the other ſide,
Do Italy, and France, theſe mountains here of ours,
That look far off like clouds, ſhap'd with embattel'd towers,
Much envy my eſtate, and ſomewhat higher be,
By lifting up their heads, to ſtare and gaze at me.
Clear Derwent dancing on, I look at from above,
As ſome enamour'd youth, being deeply ſtruck in love,
His miſtreſs doth behold, and every beauty notes;
Who as ſhe to her fall, through fells and vallies floats,
Oft lifts her limber ſelf above her banks to view,
How my brave by-clift top, doth ſtill her courſe purſue.
O all ye topic gods, that do inhabit here,
To whom the Romans did thoſe ancient altars rear,
Oft found upon thoſe hills, now ſunk into the ſoils,
Which they for trophies left of their victorious ſpoils,
Ye Genii of theſe floods, theſe mountains, and theſe dales,
That with poor ſhepherds pipes and harmleſs herdſman's tales
Have often pleaſed been, ſtill guard me day and night,
And hold me Skidow ſtill, the place of your delight.'
This ſpeech by Skidow ſpoke, the muſe makes forth again,
Tow'rds where the in-born floods, clear Eden entertain,
To Cumberland com'n in, from the Weſtmerian waſtes,
Where as the readieſt way to Carliſle, as ſhe caſts,
She with two wood nymphs meets, the firſt is great and wild,
And Weſtward Foreſt hight; the other but a child,
Compared with her pheer, and Inglewood is call'd,
Both in their pleaſant ſeites, moſt happily inſtall'd.

What Sylvan is there ſeen, and be ſhe ne'er ſo coy,
Whoſe pleaſures to the full, theſe nymphs do not enjoy,
And like Diana's ſelf, ſo truly living chaſte?
For ſeldom any tract, doth croſs their way leſs waſte,
With many a luſty leap, the ſhagged ſatyrs ſhow
Them paſtime every day, both from the meres below,
And hills on every ſide, that neatly hem them in;
The bluſhing morn to break, but hardly doth begin,
But that the ramping goats, ſwift deer, and harmleſs ſheep,
Which there their owners know, but no man hath to keep,
The dales do overſpread, by them like motley made;
But Weſtward of the two, by her more widen'd ſlade,
Of more abundance boaſts, as of thoſe mighty mines,
Which in her verge ſhe hath: but that whereby ſhe ſhines,
Is her two dainty floods, which from two hills do flow,
Which in herſelf ſhe hath, whoſe banks do bound her ſo
Upon the north and ſouth, as that ſhe ſeems to be
Much pleaſed with their courſe, and takes delight to ſee
How Elne upon the ſouth, in ſallying to the ſea
Confines her: on the north how Wampul on her way,
Her purlues wondrous large, yet limiteth again,
Both falling from her earth into the Iriſh main.
No leſs is Weſtward proud of Waver, nor doth win
Leſs praiſe by her clear ſpring, which in her courſe doth twin
With Wiz, a neater nymph ſcarce of the watry kind;
And though ſhe be but ſmall, ſo pleaſing Waver's mind,
That they entirely mix'd, the Iriſh ſeas embrace,
But earneſtly proceed in our intended race.
At Eden now arriv'd, whom we have left too long,
Which being com'n at length, the Cumbrian hills among,
As ſhe for Carliſle coaſts, the floods from every there,
Prepare each in their courſe, to entertain her where,
From Skidow her tall ſire, firſt Cauda clearly ſprings,
In Eden all her wealth; ſo Petterell from her briogs
(Not far from Skidow's foot, whence dainty Cauda creeps)
Along to overtake her ſovereign Eden ſweeps,
To meet that great concourſe, which ſeriouſly attend
That dainty Cumbrian queen; when Gilland down doth ſend
Her riverets to receive queen Eden in her courſe,
As Irthing coming in from her moſt plenteous ſource,
Through many a cruel crag, though ſhe be ſore'd to crawl,
Yet working forth her way to grace herſelf withal,

(*f*) A hill in Scotland.

Firſt Pultroſſe is her page, then Gelt ſhe gets her guide,
Which ſpringeth on her ſouth, on her ſeptentrion
She crooked Cambeck calls, to wait on her along,
And Eden overtakes amongſt the watry throng.
To Carliſle being come, clear Bruſcath beareth in,
To greet her with the reſt, when Eden as to win
Her grace in Carliſle's ſight, the court of all her ſtate,
And Cumberland's chief town, lo! thus ſhe doth dilate.

' What giveth more delight, (brave city) to thy ſeat,
Than my ſweet lovely ſelf? a river ſo complete,
With all that nature can a dainty flood endow,
That all the northern nymphs me worthily allow
Of all their Naiades kind the neateſt, and ſo far
Tranſcending, that oft times they in their amorous war,
Have offered by my courſe, and beauties to decide
The maſtery, with her moſt vaunting in her pride,
That mighty Roman (g) fort, which of the Picts we call,
But by them near thoſe times was ſtyl'd Severus' wall,
Of that great emperor nam'd, which firſt that work began,
Betwixt the Iriſh ſea, and German ocean,
Doth cut me in his courſe near Carliſle, and doth end
At Boulneſſe, where myſelf I on the ocean ſpend.
And for my country here, (of which I am the chief
Of all her watry kind) know that ſhe lent relief
To thoſe old Britons once, when from the Saxons they
For ſuccour hither fled, as far out of their way,
Amongſt her mighty wilds, and mountains freed from fear,
And from the Britiſh race, reſiding long time here,
Which in their genuine tongue, themſelves did Kimbri name,
Of Kimbri-land, the name of Cumberland came;
And in her praiſe be't ſpoke, this ſoil whoſe beſt firſt is mine,
That fountain bringeth forth, from which the ſouthern Tyne,
(So nam'd for that of North, another hath that ſtyle)
This to the eaſtern ſea, that makes forth many a mile,
Her firſt beginning takes, and Vent, and Aine doth lend,
To wait upon her forth; but farther to tranſcend
To theſe great things of note, which many countries call all,
Their wonders, there is not a tract amongſt them
Can ſhew the like to mine, at the leſs Salkeld, near
To Eden's bank, the like is ſcarcely any where,
Stones ſeventy-ſeven ſtand, in manner of a ring,
Each full ten foot in height, but yet the ſtrangeſt thing,
Their equal diſtance is, the circle that compoſe,
Within which other ſtones lie flat, which do incloſe
The bones of men long dead, (as there the people ſay;)
So near to Loder's ſpring, from thence not far away,
Be others nine foot high, a mile in length that run,
The victories for which thoſe trophies were begun,
From dark oblivion thou, O Time, ſhould'ſt have protected;
For mighty were their minds, them thus that firſt erected:
And near to this again, there is a piece of ground,
A little riſing bank, which of the table round,
Men in remembrance keep, and Arthur's table name.'
But whilſt theſe more and more, with glory her inflame,
Suppoſing of herſelf in theſe her wonders great,
All her attending floods, fair Eden do entreat,
To lead them down to ſea, when Leven comes along,
And by her double ſpring, being mighty them among,
There overtaketh Eſk, from Scotland that doth hie,
Fair Eden to behold, who meeting by and by,
Down from theſe weſtern ſands into the ſea do fall,
Where I this Canto end, as alſo therewithall
My England do conclude, for which I undertook
This ſtrange Herculean toil, to this my thirtieth book.

(g) See to the 29th ſong.

ELEGIES

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Of his LADY'S *not coming to London.*

THAT ten years travell'd Greek return'd from sea
Ne'er joy'd so much to see his Ithaca
As I should you, who are alone to me [be.
More than wide Greece could to that wanderer
The winter winds still easterly do keep,
And with keen frosts have chained up the deep;
The sun's to us a niggard of his rays,
But revelleth with our Antipodes;
And seldom to us when he shews his head,
Muffled in vapours, he straight hies to bed.
In those bleak mountains can you live, where snow
Maketh the vales up to the hills to grow;
Whereas mens breaths do instantly congeal,
And atom'd mists turn instantly to hail.
Belike you think, from this more temperate coast,
My sighs may have the power to thaw the frost,
Which I from hence should swiftly send you thither,
Yet not so swift, as you come slowly hither.
How many a time hath Phœbe from her wane,
With Phœbus' fires fill'd up her horns again?
She through her orb, still on her course doth range,
But you keep your's still, nor for me will change.
The sun that mounted the stern lion's back,
Shall with the fishes shortly drive the brack,
But still you keep your station, which confines
You, nor regard him travelling the signs.
Those ships which when you went, put out to sea,
Both to our Greenland, and Virginia,
Are now return'd, and custom'd, have their freight,
Yet you arrive not, nor return me ought.

The Thames was not so frozen yet this year,
As is my bosom, with the chilly fear
Of your not coming, which on me doth light,
As on those climes, where half the world is night.
Of every tedious hour you have made two,
All this long winter here, by missing you:
Minutes are months, and when the hour is past,
A year is ended since the clock struck last,
When your remembrance puts me on the rack,
And I should swoon to see an Almanack
To read what silent weeks away are slid,
Since the dire fates you from my sight have hid.
I hate him who the first deviser was
Of this same foolish thing. the hour-glass,
And of the watch, whose dribbling sands and wheel,
With their slow strokes, make me too much to feel
Your slackness hither, O how I do ban
Him that these dials against walls began,
Whose snaily motion of the moving hand,
(Although it go) yet seem to me to stand;
As though at Adam it had first set out,
And had been stealing all this while about,
And when it back to the first point should come,
It shall be then just at the general doom.
The seas into themselves retract their flows,
The changing wind from every quarter blows,
Declining winter in the spring doth call,
The stars rise to us, as from us they fall;
Those birds we see, that leave us in the prime,
Again in autumn re-salute our clime.
Sure, either nature you from kind hath made,
Or you delight else to be retrograde.

But I perceive by your attractive powers,
Like an inchantress you have charm'd the hours,
Into short minutes, and have drawn them back,
So that of us at London, you do lack
Almost a year, the spring is scarce begun
There where you live, and autumn almost done.
With us more eastward, surely you devise,
By your strong magic, that the sun shall rise
Where now it sets, and that in some few years
You'll alter quite the motion of the spheres.
Yes, and you mean, I shall complain my love
To gravell'd walks, or to a stupid grove,
Now your companions; and that you the while
(As you are cruel) will sit by and smile,
To make me write to these, while passers by
Slightly look in your lovely face, where I
See beauteous heaven, whilst silly blockheads, they
Like laden asses, plod upon their way,
And wonder not, as you should point a clown
Up to the Guards, or Ariadne's crown;
Of constellations, and his dullness tell,
He'd think your words were certainly a spell:
Or him some piece from Crete, or Marcus show,
In all his life which till that time ne'er saw
Painting: except in ale-house or old hall
Done by some druzzler, of the prodigal.
Nay do, stay still, whilst time away shall steal
Your youth, and beauty, and yourself conceal
From me, I pray you, you have now inur'd
Me to your absence, and I have endur'd
Your want thus long, whilst I have starved been
For your short letters, as you held it sin
To write to me, that to appease my woe,
I read o'er those, you wrote a year ago.
Which are to me, as though they had been made,
Long time before the first Olympiad.
For thanks and curt'sies sell your presence then
To tatling women, and to things like men,
And be more foolish than the Indians are
For bells, for knives, for glasses, and such ware,
That sell their pearl and gold, but here I stay,
So would I not have you but come away.

To Mr. GEORGE SANDYS, *Treasurer for the English Colony in Virginia.*

FRIEND, if you think my papers may supp'
You with some strange omitted novelty,
Which others letters yet have left untold;
You take me off, before I can take hold
Of you at all; I put not thus to sea,
For two months voyage to Virginia,
With news which now, a little something here,
But will be nothing ere it can come there.
I fear; as I do stabbing, this word, state,
I dare not speak of the Palatinate,
Although some men make it their hourly theme,
And talk what's done in Austria, and in Beam,
I may not so; what Spinola intends,
Nor with his Dutch which way prince Maurice bends;
To other men, although these things be free,
Yet (George) they must be mysteries to me.
I scarce dare praise a virtuous friend that's dead
Lest for my lines he should be censured;
It was my hap before all other men
To suffer shipwreck by my forward pen:
When King James enter'd; at which joyful time
I taught his title to this isle in rhime:
And to my part did all the muses win,
With high-pitch Pæans to applaud him in:
When cowardice had ty'd up every tongue,
And all stood silent, yet for him I sung:
And when before by danger I was dar'd,
I flick'd her from me, nor a jot I spar'd.
Yet had not my clear spirit in fortune's scorn,
Me above earth and her afflictions born;
He next my God on whom I built my trust,
Had left me trodden lower than the dust:
But let this pass; in the extremest ill,
Apollo's brood must be courageous still,
Let pyes, and daws sit dumb before their death,
Only the swan sings at the parting breath.
And (worthy George) by industry and use,
Let's see what lines Virginia will produce;
Go on with Ovid, as you have begun,
With the first five books; let your numbers run
Glib as the former, so shall it live long,
And do much honour to the English tongue:
Entice the muses thither to repair,
Entreat them gently, train them to that air,
For they from hence may thither hap to fly,
T'wards the sad time which but too fast doth hie,
For poesy is follow'd with such spight,
By groveling drones that never raught her height,
That she must hence, she may no longer stay:
The dreary fates prefixed have the day
Of her departure, which is now come on,
And they command her straightways to be gone;
That bestial herd so hotly her pursue,
And to her succour there be very few,
Nay none at all, her wrongs that will redress,
But she must wander in the wilderness,
Like to the woman, which that holy John
Beheld in Pathmos in his vision.
As th' English now, so did the stiff-neck Jews,
Their noble prophets utterly refuse,
And of those men such poor opinions had,
They counted Esay and Ezekiel mad;
When Jeremy his Lamentations writ,
They thought the wizard quite out of his wit,
Such sots they were, as worthily to lie
Lock'd in the chains of their captivity;
Knowledge hath still her eddy in her flow,
So it hath been, and it will still be so.
That famous Greece where learning flourish'd most,
Hath of her muses long since left to boast,
Th' unletter'd Turk, and rude Barbarian trades,
Where Homer sang his lofty Iliads;
And this vast volume of the world hath taught,
Much may to pass in little time be brought.
As if to symptoms we may credit give,
This very time, wherein we two now live,
Shall in the compass, wound the muses more,
Than all th' old English ignorance before;
Base baladry is so belov'd and sought,
And those brave numbers are put by for naught,

Which rarely read, were able to awake,
Bodies from graves, and to the ground to ſhake
The wandring clouds, and to our men at arms,
'Gainſt pikes and muſkets were moſt powerful charms.
That, but I know, enſuing ages ſhall
Raiſe her again, who now is in her fall;
And out of duſt reduce our ſcatter'd rhimes,
Th' rejected jewels of theſe ſlothful times,
Who with the muſes would miſpend an hour,
But let blind Gothiſh barbariſm devour
Theſe ſeverous dog-days, bleſt by no record,
But to be everlaſtingly abhor'd.
If you vouchſafe reſcription, ſtuff your quill
With natural bounties, and impart your ſkill
In the deſcription of the place that I
May become learned in the ſoil thereby;
Of noble Wyat's health, and let me hear,
The governor; and how our people there
Increaſe and labour, what ſupplies are ſent,
Which I confeſs ſhall give me much content;
But you may ſave your labour if you pleaſe,
To write to me ought of your ſavages.
As ſavage ſlaves be in Great Britain here,
As any one that you can ſhew me there.
And though for this I'll ſay I do not thirſt,
Yet I ſhould like it well to be the firſt,
Whoſe numbers hence into Virginia flew,
So (noble Sandys) for this time adieu.

To my noble friend Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, *of the evil time.*

DEAR friend, be ſilent and with patience ſee,
What this mad time's cataſtrophe will be;
The world's firſt wiſemen certainly miſtook
Themſelves, and ſpoke things quite beſide the book,
And that which they have ſaid of God, untrue,
Or elſe expect ſtrange judgment to enſue.
This iſle is a mere Bedlam, and therein,
We all lie raving, mad in every ſin,
And him the wiſeſt moſt men uſe to call,
Who doth (alone) the maddeſt thing of all;
He whom the maſter of all wiſdom found,
For a mark'd fool, and ſo did him propound,
The time we live in, to that paſs is brought,
That only he a cenſor now is thought;
And that baſe villain, (not an age yet gone)
Which a good man would not have look'd upon,
Now like a God with divine worſhip follow'd,
And all his actions are accounted hallow'd.
This world of ours, thus runneth upon wheels,
Set on the head, bolt upright with her heels;
Which makes me think of what the Ethnics told
Th' opinion, the Pythagoriſts uphold,
That the immortal ſoul doth tranſmigrate;
Then I ſuppoſe by the ſtrong power of fate,
That thoſe which at confuſed Babel were,
And ſince that time now many a lingering year,
Through fools, and beaſts, and lunatics have paſt,
Are here embodied in this age at laſt,
And though ſo long we from that time be gone,
Yet taſte we ſtill of that confuſion,
For certainly there's ſcarce one found that now
Knows what t' approve, or what to diſallow,
All arſey-verſey, nothing is it's own,
But to our proverb, all turn'd upſide down;
To do in time, is to do out of ſeaſon,
And that ſpeeds beſt, that's done the farth'ſt from reaſon,
He's high'ſt that's loweſt, he's ſureſt in that's out,
He hits the next way that goes farth'ſt about,
He getteth up unlike to riſe at all,
He ſlips to ground as much unlike to fall;
Which doth enforce me partly to prefer,
The opinion of that mad philoſopher,
Who taught, that thoſe all-framing powers above
(As 'tis ſuppos'd) made man not out of love
To him at all, but only as a thing,
To make them ſport with, which they uſe to bring
As men do monkeys, puppets, and ſuch tools
Of laughter: ſo men are but the Gods fools.
Such are by titles lifted to the ſky,
As wherefore no man knows, God ſcarcely why;
The virtuous man depreſſeth like a ſtone
For that dull ſot to raiſe himſelf upon;
He who ne'er thing yet worthy man durſt do,
Never durſt look upon his country's foe,
Nor durſt attempt that action which might get
Him fame with men: or higher might him ſet
Than the baſe beggar (rightly if compar'd;)
This drone yet never brave attempt that dar'd,
Yet dares be knighted, and from thence dares grow
To any title empire can beſtow;
For this believe, that impudence is now
A cardinal virtue, and men it allow
Reverence, nay more, men ſtudy and invent
New ways, nay glory to be impudent.
Into the clouds the devil lately got,
And by the moiſture doubting much the rot,
A medicine took to make him purge and caſt;
Which in ſhort time began to work ſo faſt,
That he fell to't, and from his backſide flew
A rout of raſcal a rude ribald crew
Of baſe Plebeians, which no ſooner light
Upon the earth, but with a ſudden flight
They ſpread this iſle; and as Deucalion once
Over his ſhoulder back, by throwing ſtones
They became men, even ſo theſe beaſts became
Owners of titles from an obſcure name,
He that by riot, of a mighty rent,
Hath his late goodly patrimony ſpent,
And into baſe and wilful begg'ry run,
This man as he ſome glorious act had done,
With ſome great penſion, or rich gift reliev'd,
When he that hath by induſtry atchiev'd
Some noble thing, contemned and diſgrac'd.
In the forlorn hope of times is plac'd,
As though that God had careleſsly left all
That being hath on this terreſtrial ball,
To fortune's guiding, nor would have to do
With man, nor ought that doth belong him to
Or at the leaſt God having given more
Power to the devil, then he did of yore,
Over this world: the fiend as he doth hate
The virtuous man; maligning his eſtate,

All noble things, and would have by his will,
To be damn'd with him, uſing all his ſkill,
By his black helliſh miniſters to vex
All worthy men, and ſtrangely to perplex
Their conſtancy, there by them ſo to fright,
That they ſhould yield them wholly to his might.
But of theſe things I vainly do but tell,
Where hell is heaven, and heav'n is now turn'd hell;
Where that which lately blaſphemy hath been,
Now godlineſs, much leſs accounted ſin;
And a long while I greatly marvel'd why
Buffoons and bawds ſhould hourly multiply,
Till that of late I conſtru'd it, that they
To preſent thrift had got the perfect way,
When I concluded by their odious crimes,
It was for us no thriving in theſe times.
As men oft laugh at little babes, when they
Hap to behold ſome ſtrange thing in their play,
To ſee them on the ſudden ſtrucken ſad,
As in their fancy ſome ſtrange forms they had,
Which they by pointing with their fingers ſhow,
Angry at our capacities ſo ſlow,
That by their countenance we no ſooner learn
To ſee the wonder which they ſo diſcern:
So the celeſtial powers do ſit and ſmile
At innocent and virtuous men the while,
They ſtand amazed at the world o'er-gone,
So far beyond imagination,
With ſlaviſh baſeneſs, that they ſilent ſit
Pointing like children in deſcribing it,
Then, noble friend, the next way to controul
Theſe worldly croſſes, is to arm thy ſoul
With conſtant patience; and with thoughts as high
As theſe below, and poor, winged to fly
To that exalted ſtand, whither yet they
Are got with pain, that ſith out of the way
Of this ignoble age, which raiſeth none
But ſuch as think their black damnation
To be a trifle; ſuch, ſo ill, that when
They are advanc'd thoſe few poor honeſt men
That yet are living, into ſearch do run
To find what miſchief they have lately done,
Which ſo prefers them; ſay thou he doth riſe,
That maketh virtue his chief exerciſe.
And in this baſe world come whatever ſhall,
He's worth lamenting, that for her doth fall.

Upon the three ſons of the LORD SHEFFIELD, *drowned in Humber.*

LIGHT ſonnets hence, and to looſe lovers fly,
And mournful maidens ſing an elegy
On thoſe three Sheffields, overwhelm'd with waves,
Whoſe loſs the tears of all the muſes craves;
A thing ſo full of pity as this was,
Methinks for nothing ſhould not flightly paſs.
Treble this loſs was, why ſhould it not borrow,
Through this iſle's treble parts, a treble ſorrow:
But fate did this, to let the world to know,
That ſorrows which from common cauſes grow,
Are not worth mourning for, the loſs to bear,
But of one only ſon, 's not worth one tear.
Some tender hearted man, as I, may ſpend
Some drops (perhaps) for a deceaſed friend.
Some men (perhaps) their wife's late death may rue;
Or wives their huſbands, but ſuch be but few.
Cares that have us'd the hearts of men to touch
So oft, and deeply, will not now be ſuch;
Who'll care for loſs of maintenance, or place,
Fame, liberty, or of the prince's grace;
Or ſuits in law, by baſe corruption croſs'd,
When he ſhall find, that this which he hath loſt,
Alas, is nothing to his, which did loſe,
Three ſons at once ſo excellent as thoſe;
Nay, it is fear'd that this in time may breed
Hard hearts in men to their own natural ſeed;
That in reſpect of this great loſs of theirs,
Men will ſcarce mourn the death of their own heirs.
Through all this iſle their loſs ſo public is,
That every man doth take them to be his,
And as a plague which had beginning there,
So catching is, and reigning every where,
That thoſe the fartheſt off as much do rue them,
As thoſe the moſt familiarly that knew them;
Children with this diſaſter are wax'd ſage,
And like to men that ſtricken are in age;
Talk what it is three children at one time
Thus to have drown'd, and in their very prime;
Yea, and do learn to act the ſame ſo well,
That than old folk they better can it tell.
Invention, oft that paſſion us'd to feign,
In ſorrows of themſelves but ſlight, and mean,
To make them ſeem great, here it ſhall not need,
For that this ſubject doth ſo far exceed
All forc'd expreſſion, that what poeſy ſhall
Happily think to grace itſelf withal
Falls ſo below it, that it rather borrows
Grace from their grief, than addeth to their ſorrows.
For ſad miſchance thus in the loſs of three,
To ſhew itſelf the utmoſt it could be:
Exacting alſo by the ſelf ſame law,
The utmoſt tears that ſorrow had to draw,
All future times hath utterly prevented
Of a more loſs, or more to be lamented.
Whilſt in fair youth they lively flouriſh'd here,
To their kind parents they were only dear:
But being dead, now every one doth take
Them for their own, and do like ſorrow make
As for their own begot, as they pretended
Hope in the iſſue, which ſhould have deſcended
From them again; nor here doth end our ſorrow,
But thoſe of us, that ſhall be born to morrow
Still ſhall lament them, and when time ſhall count
To what vaſt number paſſed years ſhall mount,
They from their death ſhall duly reckon ſo,
As from the deluge, former us'd to do.
O cruel Humber, guilty of their gore,
I now believe more than I did before
The Britiſh ſtory, whence thy name begun
Of kingly Humber, an invading Hun,
By thee devoured, for 'tis likely thou
With blood wert chriſten'd, blood-thirſty till now

The Ouſe, the Done. And thou far clearer Trent,
To drown theſe Sheffields as you gave conſent,
Shall curſe the time, that e'er you were infus'd
Which have your waters baſely thus abus'd.
The groveling boor ye hinder not to go,
And at his pleaſure ferry to and fro;
The very beſt part of whoſe ſoul and blood,
Compared with theirs, is viler than your mud.
But wherefore paper do I idly ſpend,
On thoſe deaf waters to ſo little end?
And up to ſtarry heaven do I not look,
In which, as in an everlaſting book,
Our ends are written? O let times rehearſe
Their fatal loſs in their ſad anniverſe.

To the noble Lady, the Lady I. S. *of worldly croſſes.*

MADAM, to ſhew the ſmoothneſs of my vein,
Neither that I would have you entertain
The time in reading me, which you would ſpend
In fair diſcourſe with ſome known honeſt friend,
I write not to you. Nay, and which is more,
My powerful verſes ſtrive not to reſtore,
What time and ſickneſs have in you impair'd,
To other ends my elegy is ſquar'd.
Your beauty, ſweetneſs, and your graceful parts,
That have drawn many eyes, won many hearts,
Of me get little, I am ſo much man,
That let them do their utmoſt that they can,
I will reſiſt their forces; and they be
Though great to others, yet not ſo to me.
The firſt time I beheld you, I then ſaw
That (in itſelf) which had the power to draw
My ſtay'd affection, and thought to allow
You ſome deal of my heart; but you have now
Got far into it, and you have the ſkill
(For ought I ſee) to win upon me ſtill.
When I do think how bravely you have born
Your many croſſes, as in fortune's ſcorn,
And how neglectful you have ſeem'd to be,
Of that which hath ſeem'd terrible to me;
I thought you ſtupid, nor that you had felt
Thoſe griefs which (often) I have ſeen to melt
Another woman into ſighs and tears,
A thing but ſeldom in your ſex and years.
But when in you I have perceiv'd again,
(Noted by me, more than by other men)
How feeling and how ſenſible you are
Of your friend's ſorrows, and with how much care
You ſeek to cure them, then myſelf I blame,
That I your patience ſhould ſo much miſname,
Which to my underſtanding maketh known
"Who feels another's grief, can feel their own."
When ſtraight methinks, I hear your patience ſay,
Are you the man that ſtudied Seneca:
Pliny's moſt learned letters; and muſt I
Read you a lecture in philoſophy,
T' avoid the afflictions that have us'd to reach you;
I'll learn you more, Sir, than your books can teach you.
Of all your ſex, yet never did I know,
Any that yet ſo actually could ſhow
Such rules for patience, ſuch an eaſy way,
That whoſo ſees it ſhall be forc'd to ſay,
Lo what before ſeem'd hard to be diſcern'd,
Is of this lady, in an inſtant learn'd.
It is heaven's will that you ſhould wronged be
By the malicious, that the world might ſee
Your dove-like meekneſs; for had the baſe ſcum,
The ſpawn of fiends, been in your ſlander dumb,
Your virtue then had periſh'd, never priz'd,
For that the ſame you had not exercis'd;
And you had loſt the crown you have, and glory,
Nor had you been the ſubject of my ſtory.
Whilſt they feel hell, being damned in their hate,
Their thoughts, like devils them excruciate,
Which by your noble ſufferings do torment
Them with new pains, and gives you this content
To ſee your ſoul an Innocent, hath ſuffer'd,
And up to heaven before your eyes be offer'd:
Your like we in a burning glaſs may ſee,
When the ſun's rays therein contracted be
Bent on ſome object, which is purely white,
We find that colour doth diſpierce the light,
And ſtands untainted; but if it hath got
Some little ſully; or the leaſt ſmall ſpot,
Then it ſoon fires it; ſo you ſtill remain
Free, becauſe in you they can find no ſtain.
God doth not love them leaſt, on whom he lays
Th' great'ſt afflictions; but that he will praiſe
Himſelf moſt in them, and will make them fit
Near'ſt to himſelf who is the Lamb to fit:
For by that touch, like perfect gold he tries them,
Who are not his, until the world denies them.
And your example may work ſuch effect,
That it may be the beginning of a ſect
Of patient women; and that many a day
All huſbands may for you their founder pray.
Nor is to me your innocence the leſs,
In that I ſee you ſtrive not to ſuppreſs
Their barbarous malice; but your noble heart
Prepar'd to act ſo difficult a part,
With unremoved conſtancy is ſtill
The ſame it was, that of your proper ill,
The effect proceeds from your own ſelf the cauſe,
Like ſome juſt prince, who to eſtabliſh laws
Suffers the breach at his beſt lov'd to ſtrike,
To learn the vulgar to endure the like.
You are a martyr thus, nor can you be
Leſs to the world ſo valued by me:
If as you have begun, you ſtill perſevere,
Be ever good, that I may love you ever.

An elegy upon the death of Lady PENELOPE CLIFTON.

MUST I needs write, who's he that can refuſe,
He wants a mind, for her that hath no muſe,
The thought of her doth heav'nly rage inſpire,
Next powerful, to thoſe cloven tongues of fire.
Since I knew ought, time never did allow
Me ſtuff fit for an elegy, till now;
When France and England's Henry's dy'd, my quill,
Why, I know not, but it that time lay ſtill.
'Tis more than greatneſs that my ſpirit muſt raiſe,
To obſerve cuſtom I uſe not to praiſe;

Nor the leaſt thought of mine yet e'er depended
On any one from whom ſhe was deſcended;
That for their favour I this way ſhould woo,
As ſome poor wretched things (perhaps) may do;
I gain the end, whereat I only aim,
If by my freedom I may give her fame.
Walking then forth being newly up from bed,
O Sir (quoth one) the Lady Clifton's dead.
When, but that reaſon my ſtern rage withſtood,
My hand had ſure been guilty of his blood.
If ſhe be ſo, muſt thy rude tongue confeſs it.
(Quoth I) and com'ſt ſo coldly to expreſs it;
Thou ſhould'ſt have given a ſhriek, to make me fear thee,
That might have ſlain whatever had been near thee,
Thou ſhould'ſt have come like Time, with thy ſcalp bare,
And in thy hands thou ſhouldſt have brought thy hair,
Caſting upon me ſuch a dreadful look,
As ſeen a ſpirit, or th'adſt been thunderſtruck,
And gazing on me ſo a little ſpace,
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſhot thine eye-ballsin my face,
Then falling at my feet, thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid,
O ſhe is gone; and nature with her dead.
With this ill news amaz'd by chance I paſs'd,
By that near grove, whereas both firſt and laſt,
I ſaw her, not three months before ſhe dy'd;
When (though full ſummer 'gan to veil her pride,
And that I ſaw men lead home ripen'd corn,
Beſides advis'd me well) I durſt have ſworn
The ling'ring year, the autumn had adjourn'd,
And the freſh ſpring had been again return'd,
Her delicacy, lovelineſs, and grace,
With ſuch a ſummer bravery deck'd the place:
But now, alas! it look'd forlorn and dead;
And where ſhe ſtood, the fading leaves were ſhed,
Preſenting only ſorrow to my ſight,
O God! (thought I) this is her emblem right.
And ſure I think it cannot but be thought,
That I to her by providence was brought.
For that the fates fore-dooming ſhe ſhould die,
Shewed me this wond'rous maſter-piece, that I
Should ſing her funeral, that the world ſhould know it,
That heaven did think her worthy of a poet;
My hand is fatal, nor doth fortune doubt,
For what it writes, not fire ſhall ere raze out.
A thouſand ſilken puppets ſhould have died,
And in their fulſome coffins putrified,
Ere in my lines you of their names ſhould hear
To tell the world that ſuch there ever were,
Whoſe memory ſhall from the earth decay,
Before thoſe rags were worn they gave away,
Had I her god-like features never ſeen,
Poor ſlight report had told me ſhe had been
A handſome lady, comely, very well,
And ſo might I have died an infidel,
As many do which never did her ſee,
Or cannot credit, what ſhe was, by me.
Nature, herſelf, that before art prefers
To go beyond all our coſmographers,
By charts and maps exactly that have ſhown
All of this earth that ever can be known,
For that ſhe would beyond them all deſcry
What art could not by any mortal eye;
A map in heaven by her rare features drew,
And that ſhe did ſo lively and ſo true,
That any ſoul but ſeeing it, might ſwear,
That all was perfect heavenly that was there.
If ever any painter were ſo bleſt,
To draw that face, which ſo much heav'n expreſs'd,
If in his beſt of ſkill he did her right,
I wiſh it never may come in my ſight,
I greatly doubt my faith (weak man) leſt I
Should to that face commit idolatry.
Death might have tith'd her ſex, but for this one,
Nay, have ta'en half to have let her alone;
Such as their wrinkled temples to ſupply,
Cement them up with fluttiſh Mercury,
Such as undreſs'd were able to affright,
A valiant man approaching him by night;
Death might have taken ſuch, her end deſer'd,
Until the time ſhe had been climacter'd;
When ſhe would have been at threeſcore years and three,
Such as our beſt at three and twenty be,
With envy then, he might have overthrown her,
When age nor time had power to ſeize upon her.
But when the unpitying fates her end decreed,
They to the ſame did inſtantly proceed,
For well they knew (if ſhe had languiſh'd ſo)
As thoſe which hence by natural cauſes go,
So many prayers, and tears for her had ſpoken,
As certainly their iron laws had broken,
And had wak'd heav'n, who clearly would have ſhow'd
That change of kingdoms to her death it ow'd;
And that the world ſtill of her end might think,
It would have let ſome neighbouring mountain ſink;
Or the vaſt ſea it in on us to caſt,
As Severn did about ſome five years paſt:
Or ſome ſtern comet his curl'd top to rear,
Whoſe length ſhould meaſure half our hemiſphere,
Holding this height, to ſay ſome will not ſtick,
That now I rave, and am grown lunatic;
You of what ſex ſoe'er you be, you lie,
'Tis thou thyſelf is lunatic, not I.
I charge you in her name that now is gone,
That may conjure you, if you be not ſtone,
That you no harſh, nor ſhallow rhimes decline,
Upon that day wherein you ſhall read mine.
Such as indeed are falſely termed verſe,
And will but ſit like moths upon her hearſe;
Nor that no child, nor chambermaid, nor page,
Diſturb the room, the whilſt my ſacred rage
In reading is; but whilſt you hear it read,
Suppoſe, before you, that you ſee her dead,
The walls about you hung with mournful black,
And nothing of her funeral to lack;
And when this period gives you leave to pauſe,
Caſt up your eyes, and ſigh for my applauſe.

Upon the noble Lady ASTON'S *departure for Spain.*

I MANY a time have greatly marvell'd why
Men ſay, their friends depart when as they die,
How well that word, a dying, doth expreſs,
I did not know (I truly muſt confeſs,)

Till her departure for whose missed sight,
I am enforc'd this elegy to write:
But since resistless fate will have it so,
That she from hence must to Iberia go,
And my weak wishes can her not detain,
I will of heaven in policy complain,
That it so long her travel should adjourn,
Hoping thereby to hasten her return.
Can those of (a) Norway for their wage pro-[cure
By their black spells, a wind that shall endure
Till from aboard the wished landmen see,
And fetch the harbour, where they long to be,
Can they by charms do this, and cannot I
Who am the priest of Phœbus, and so high
Sit in his favour, win the poet's god,
To send swift Hermes with his snaky rod,
To Æolus' cave, commanding him with care,
His prosperous winds that he for her prepare,
And from that hour wherein she takes the seas,
Nature bring on the quiet Halcion days,
And in that hour that bird begin her nest,
Nay, at that very instant, that long rest
May seize on Neptune, who may still repose,
And let that bird ne'er till that hour disclose,
Wherein she landeth, and for all that space
Be not a wrinkle seen on Thetis' face,
Only so much breath with a gentle gale,
As by the easy swelling of her sail,
May at Sebastian's safely set her down,
Where, with her goodness she may bless the town,
If heaven in justice would have plagu'd by thee
Some pirate, and grim Neptune thou should'st be
His executioner; or what is his worse,
The gripple merchant, born to be the curse
Of this brave island; let them for her sake,
Who to thy safeguard doth herself betake,
Escape undrown'd, unwreck'd; nay rather let
Them be at ease in some safe harbour set,
Where with much profit they may vend their wealth
That they have got by villainy and stealth,
Rather, great Neptune, than when thou dost rave,
Thou once should'st wet her sail but with a wave.
Or if some prouling rover should but dare
To seize the ship wherein she is to fare,
Let the fell fishes of the main appear [were
And tell those sea-thieves, that once such they
As they are now, till they assay'd to rape
Grape-crowned Bacchus in a stripling's shape,
That came aboard them, and would fain have sail'd
To vine-spread (b) Naxus, but that him they fail'd,
Which he perceiving, them so monstrous made,
And warn them how they passengers invade.
Ye south and western winds now cease to blow,
Autumn is come, there be no flowers to grow,
Yea from that place respire, to which she goes,
And to her sails should show yourself but foes,
But Boreas and ye eastern winds arise,
To send her soon to Spain, but be precise,
That in your aid you seem not still so stern,
As we a summer should no more discern,
For til that here again I may her see,
It will be winter all the year with me.
Ye (c) swan begotten lovely brother stars,
So oft auspicious to poor mariners,
Ye twin-bred lights of lovely Leda's brood,
Jove's egg-born issue, smile upon the flood,
And in your mild'st aspect do ye appear
To be her warrant from all future fear.
And if thou ship, that bear'st her, do prove [good,
May never time by worms consume thy wood,
Nor rust thy iron, may thy tacklings last,
Till they for relics be in temples plac'd;
May'st thou be ranged with that mighty ark
Wherein just Noah did all the world embark,
With that which after Troy's so famous wreck,
From ten years travel brought Ulysses back,
That Argo which to Colchis went from Greece,
And in her bottom brought the golden fleece
Under brave Jason: or that fame of Drake,
Wherein he did his famous voyage make
About the world; or Candish's that went
As far as his, about the continent.
And ye mild winds that now I do implore,
Not once to raise the least sand on the shore,
Nor once on forfeit of yourselves respire:
When once the time is come of her retire,
If then it please you, but to do your due,
What for those winds I did, I'll do for you;
I'll woo you then, and if that not suffice,
My pen shall prove you to have deities,
I'll sing your loves in verses that shall flow,
And tell the stories of your weal and woe,
I'll prove what profit to the earth you bring,
And how 'tis you that welcome in the spring;
I'll raise up altars to you, as to show,
The time shall be kept holy, when you blow.
O blessed winds! your will that it may be,
To send health to her, and her home to me.

(a) The witches of the northerly regions sell winds to passengers.
(b) An isle for the abundance of wine supposed to be the habitation of Bacchus.

To my dearly loved Friend, HENRY REYNOLDS, *Esq. of Poets and Poesy.*

My dearly loved friend, how oft have we,
In winter evenings (meaning to be free,)
To some well chosen place us'd to retire,
And there with moderate meat, and wine, and fire,
Have pass'd the hours contentedly with chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then discours'd of that,
Spoke our own verses, 'twixt ourselves, if not
Other mens lines, which we by chance had got,
Or some stage pieces famous long before,
Of which your happy memory had store;
And I remember you much pleased were,
Of those who lived long ago to hear,
As well as of those, of these latter times,
Who have enrich'd our language with their rhimes,
And in succession how still up they grew,
Which is the subject that I now pursue;
For from my cradle (you must know that) I
Was still inclin'd to noble poesy,

(c) Castor and Pollux.

And when that once pueriles I had read,
And newly had my Cato construed,
In my small self I greatly marvell'd then,
Amongst all other, what strange kind of men
These poets were, and pleased with the name,
To my mild tutor merrily I came,
(For I was then a proper goodly page,
Much like a pigmy, scarce ten years of age)
Clasping my slender arms about his thigh.
'O my dear master! cannot you (quoth I)
'Make me a poet? Do it, if you can,
'And you shall see, I'll quickly be a man,'
Who me thus answer'd, smiling, 'Boy, quoth he,
'If you'll not play the wag, but I may see
'You ply your learning, I will shortly read
'Some poets to you;' Phœbus be my speed,
To't hard went I, when shortly he began,
And first read to me honest Mantuan,
Then Virgil's Eclogues, being enter'd thus,
Methought I straight had mounted Pegasus,
And in his full career could make him stop,
And bound upon Parnassus' by-clift top.
I scorn'd your ballad then though it were done
And had for Finis, William Elderton.
But soft, in sporting with this childish jest,
I from my subject have too long digress'd,
Then to the matter that we took in hand,
Jove and Apollo for the Muses stand.

That noble Chaucer, in those former times,
The first enrich'd our English with his rhimes,
And was the first of ours that ever brake
Into the muses treasure, and first spake
In weighty numbers, delving in the mine
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,
And coin for current, and as much as then
The English language could express to men,
He made it do; and by his wond'rous skill,
Gave us much light from his abundant quill.

And honest Gower, who in respect of him,
Had only sip'd at Aganippa's brim,
And though in years this last was him before,
Yet fell he far short of the other's store.

When after those, four ages very near,
They with the muses which conversed, were
That princely Surrey, early in the time
Of the eighth Henry, who was then the prime
Of England's noble youth; with him there came
Wyat; with reverence whom we still do name
Amongst our poets, Brian had a share
With the two former, which accounted are
That time's best makers, and the authors were
Of those small poems, which the title bear,
Of songs and sonnets, wherein oft they hit
On many dainty passages of wit.

Gascoine and Churchyard after them again
In the beginning of Eliza's reign,
Accounted were great meterers many a day,
But not inspired with brave fire, had they
Liv'd but a little longer, they had seen
Their works before them to have buried been.

Grave moral Spencer after these came on,
Than whom I am persuaded there was none
Since the blind Bard his Iliads up did make,
Fitter a task like that to undertake,
To set down boldly, bravely to invent,
In all high knowledge, surely excellent.

The noble Sidney, with this last arose,
That heroe for numbers, and for prose.
That throughly pac'd our language as to show,
The plenteous English hand in hand might go
With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use;
Taking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words, and idle similies,
As the English apes and very zanies be
Of everything, that they do hear and see,
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They speak and write, all like mere lunatics.

Then Warner, though his lines were not so trim'd,
Nor yet his poem so exactly limn'd
And neatly jointed, but the critic may
Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say:
For my old friend, some passages there be
In him, which I protest have taken me
With almost wonder, so fine, clear, and new,
As yet they have been equalled by few.

Neat Marlow bathed in the Thespian springs
Had in him those brave translunary things,
That the first poets had, his raptures were,
All air, and fire, which made his verses clear,
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

And surely Nashe, though he a prose were,
A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear,
Sharply satiric was he, and that way
He went, since that his being, to this day
Few have attempted, and I surely think
These words shall hardly be set down with ink,
Shall scorch and blast so as his could, where he
Would inflict vengeance; and be it said of thee,
Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain,
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,
As any one that traffic'd with the stage.

Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom if I
May speak of, but to censure do deny,
Only have heard some wise men him rehearse,
To be too much historian in verse;
His rhimes were smooth, his meters well did close,
But yet his manner better fitted prose:
Next these, learn'd Johnson, in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,
Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
And long was lord here of the theatre,
Who in opinion made our learn'st to stick,
Whether in poems rightly dramatic,
Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,
Should bear the buskin, or the sock away.
Others again have lived in my days,
That have of us deserved no less praise
For their translations, than the daintiest wit
That on Parnassus thinks, he high'st doth sit,
And for a chair may 'mongst the muses call,
As the most curious maker of them all;
As reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us,
Musæus, Homer, and Hesiodus
Out of the Greek; and by his skill hath rear'd
Them to that height, and to our tongue endear'd,

That were thoſe poets at this day alive,
To ſee their books thus with us to ſurvive,
They would think, having neglected them ſo long,
They had been written in the Engliſh tongue.
And Silveſter who from the French more weak,
Made Bartas of his ſix days labour ſpeak
In natural Engliſh, who, had he there ſtaid,
He had done well, and never had bewray'd
His own invention to have been ſo poor,
Who ſtill wrote leſs, in ſtriving to write more.
Then dainty Sands, that hath to Engliſh done
Smooth ſliding Ovid, and hath made him run
With ſo much ſweetneſs and unuſual grace,
As though the neatneſs of the Engliſh pace,
Should tell the jetting Latin that it came
But ſlowly after, as though ſtiff and lame.
So Scotland ſent us hither, for our own
That man whoſe name I ever would have known
To ſtand by mine, that moſt ingenious knight,
My Alexander, to whom in his right,
I want extremely, yet in ſpeaking thus
I do but ſhew the love, that was 'twixt us,
And not his numbers, which were brave and high,
So like his mind, was his clear poeſy.
And my dear Drummond to whom much I owe
For his much love, and proud was I to know
His poeſy, for which two worthy men,
I Menſtry ſtill ſhall love, and Hawthornden.
Then the two Beaumonts and my Brown aroſe,
My dear companions whom I freely choſe
My boſom friends; and in their ſeveral ways,
Rightly born poets, and in theſe laſt days,
Men of much note, and no leſs nobler parts,
Such as have freely told to me their hearts,
As I have mine to them; but if you ſhall
Say in your knowledge, that theſe be not all
Have writ in numbers, be inform'd that I
Only myſelf, to theſe few men do tie,
Whoſe works oft printed, ſet on every poſt,
To public cenſure ſubject have been moſt;
For ſuch whoſe poems, be they ne'er ſo rare,
In private chambers that incloiſter'd are,
And by tranſcription daintily muſt go;
As though the world unworthy were to know,
Their rich compoſures, let thoſe men that keep
Theſe wond'rous relics in their judgment deep,
And cry them up ſo, let ſuch pieces be
Spoke of by thoſe that ſhall come after me,
I paſs not for them, nor do mean to run
In queſt of theſe, that them applauſe have won,
Upon our ſtages in theſe latter days,
That are ſo many, let them have their bays
That do deſerve it; let thoſe wits that haunt
Thoſe public circuits, let them freely chant
Their fine compoſures, and their praiſe purſue,
And ſo, my dear friend, for this time adieu.

IDEAS.

I.

Like an advent'rous ſea-farer am I,
Who hath ſome long and dang'rous voyage been,
And call'd to tell of his diſcovery,
How far he ſail'd, what countries he had ſeen?
Proceeding from the port whence he put forth,
Shews by his compaſs how his courſe he ſteer'd;
When eaſt, when weſt, when ſouth, and when by north,
As how the pole to ev'ry place was rear'd,
What capes he doubled, of what continent,
The gulphs and ſtraits that ſtraogely he had paſt,
Where moſt becalm'd, where with foul weather ſpent,
And on what rocks in peril to be caſt?
Thus in my love, time calls me to relate
My tedious travels, and oft-varying fate.

II.

My heart was ſlain, and none but you and I;
Who ſhould I think the murder ſhould commit?
Since but yourſelf there was no creature by,
But only I; guiltleſs of murd'ring it.
It ſlew itſelf; the verdict on the view
Do quit the dead, and me not acceſſary:
Well, well, I fear it will be prov'd by you,
The evidence ſo great a proof doth carry.
But O, ſee, ſee, we need inquire no further,
Upon your lips the ſcarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murder,
Your cheeks yet pale, ſince firſt he gave the wound.
By this I ſee, however things be paſt,
Yet heav'n will ſtill have murder out at laſt.

III.

Taking my pen, with words to caſt my woe,
Duly to count the ſum of all my cares,
I find, my griefs innumerable grow,
The reck'nings riſe to millions of deſpairs,
And thus dividing of my fatal hours,
The payments of my love, I read, and croſs,
Subſtracting, ſet my ſweets unto my ſours,
My joys arrearage leads me to my loſs;
And thus mine eyes a debtor to thine eye,
Which by extortion gaineth all their looks,
My heart hath paid ſuch grievous uſury,
That all their wealth lies in thy beauty's books,
And all is thine which hath been due to me,
And I a bankrupt, quite undone by thee.

IV.

Bright ſtar of beauty, on whoſe eye-lids ſit
A thouſand nymph-like and enamour'd graces,
The goddeſſes of memory and wit,
Which there in order take their ſeveral places,
In whoſe dear boſom ſweet delicious Love
Lays down his quiver which he once did bear:
Since he that bleſſed paradiſe did prove,
And leaves his mother's lap to ſport him there,
Let others ſtrive to entertain with words,
My ſoul is of a braver metal made,
I hold that vile, which vulgar wit affords;
In me's that faith which time cannot invade.
Let what I praiſe be ſtill made good by you:
Be you moſt worthy, whilſt I am moſt true.

V.

Nothing but No and I, and I and No:
How falls it out ſo ſtrangely you reply?
I tell you (fair) I'll not be anſwer'd ſo,
With this affirming No, denying I.
I ſay, I love, you ſlightly anſwer I:
I ſay, You love, you peule me out a No:
I ſay, I die, you echo me with I:
Save me, I cry, you ſigh me out a No.
Muſt Woe and I have nought but No and I?
No I, am I, if I no more can have;
Anſwer no more, with ſilence make reply,
And let me take myſelf what I do crave:
Let No and I, with I and you be ſo:
Then anſwer No and I, and I and No.

VI.

How many paltry, fooliſh, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every ſtreet,

Shall be forgotten, whom no poets ſings,
E'er they be well wrap'd in their winding ſheet?
Where I to thee eternity ſhall give,
When nothing elſe remaineth of theſe days,
And queens hereafter ſhall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy ſuperfluous praiſe;
Virgins and matrons reading theſe my rhimes,
Shall be ſo much delighted with thy ſtory,
That they ſhall grieve they liv'd not in theſe times,
To have ſeen thee, their ſex's only glory:
So thou ſhalt fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to ſurvive in my immortal ſong.

VII.

Love in a humour play'd the prodigal,
And bad my ſenſes to a ſolemn feaſt;
Yet more to grace the company withal,
Invites my heart to be the chiefeſt gueſt:
No other drink would ſerve this glutton's turn
But precious tears diſtilling from mine eyne,
Which with my ſighs this epicure doth burn,
Quaffing carouſes in this coſtly wine;
Where, in his cups o'ercome with foul exceſs,
Straightways he plays a ſwaggering ruffi'n's part,
And at the banquet in his drunkenneſs,
Slew his dear friend, my kind and trueſt heart:
A gentle warning (friends) thus may you ſee,
What 'tis to keep a drunkard company.

VIII.

There's nothing grieves me, but that age ſhould haſte,
That in my days I may not ſee thee old,
That where thoſe two clear ſparkling eyes are plac'd,
Only two loop-holes then I might behold.
That lovely, arched, ivory, poliſh'd brow,
Defac'd with wrinkles, that I might but ſee;
Thy dainty hair, ſo curl'd and criſped now,
Like grizzled moſs upon ſome aged tree;
Thy cheek, now fluſh with roſes, ſunk and lean,
Thy lips, with age, as any wafer thin,
Thy pearly teeth out of thy head ſo clean,
That when thou feed'ſt thy noſe ſhall touch thy chin:
Theſe lines that now thou ſcorn'ſt, which ſhould delight thee,
Then would I make thee read, but to deſpight thee.

IX.

As other men, ſo I myſelf do muſe,
Why in this ſort I wreſt invention ſo,
And why theſe giddy metaphors I uſe,
Leaving the path the greater part do go;
I will reſolve you: I am lunatic,
And ever this in mad-men you ſhall find,
What they laſt thought of when the brain grew ſick,
In moſt diſtraction they keep that in mind.
Thus talking idly in this bedlam fit,
Reaſon and you (you muſt conceive) are twain,
'Tis nine years now ſince firſt I loſt my wit,
Bear with me then, though troubled be my brain:
With diet and correction men diſtraught,
(Not too far paſt) may to their wits be brought.

X.

To nothing fitter can I thee compare,
Than to the ſon of ſome rich penny-father,
Who having now brought on his end with care,
Leaves to his ſon all he had heap'd together;
This new rich novice, laviſh of his cheſt,
To one man gives, doth on another ſpend,
Then here he riots, yet amongſt the reſt,
Haps to lend ſome to one true honeſt friend.
Thy gifts thou in obſcurity doſt waſte,
Falſe friends thy kindneſs, born but to deceive thee;
Thy love that is on the unworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy beauty, which with age will leave thee;
Only that little which to me was lent,
I give thee back when all the reſt is ſpent.

XI.

You not alone, when You are ſtill alone,
O God, from You that I could private be,
Since You one were, I never ſince was one,
Since You in me, myſelf ſince out of me,
Tranſported from myſelf into Your being,
Though either diſtant, preſent yet to either,
Senſeleſs with too much joy, each other ſeeing,
And only abſent when we are together.
Give Me myſelf, and take Yourſelf again,
Deviſe ſome means but how I may forſake You,
So much is mine that doth with You remain,
That taking what is mine, with Me I take You;
You do bewitch me, O that I could fly,
From myſelf You, or from your own ſelf I.

XII. *To the Soul.*

That learned father, which ſo firmly proves
The ſoul of man immortal and divine,
And doth the ſev'ral offices define,
Anima Gives her that name, as ſhe the body moves,
Amor Then is ſhe love, embracing charity,
Animus Moving a will in us, it is the mind;
Mens Retaining knowledge, ſtill the ſame in kind,
Memoria As intellectual, it is Memory,
Ratio In judging, Reaſon only is her name,
Senſus In ſpeedy apprehenſion it is ſenſe,
Conſcientia In right or wrong they call her conſcience,
Spiritus The ſpirit, when it to Godward doth inflame:
Theſe of the ſoul the ſev'ral functions be,
Which my heart lighten'd by the love doth ſee.

XIII. *To the Shadow.*

Letters and lines we ſee are ſoon defaced,
Metals do waſte, and fret with canker's ruſt,
The diamond ſhall once conſume to duſt,
And freſheſt colours with foul ſtrains diſgraced:
Paper and ink can paint but naked words,
To write with blood, of force offends the ſight;
And if with tears, I find them all too light,
And ſighs and ſigns a ſilly hope affords.

O ſweeteſt ſhadow, how thou ſerv'ſt my turn!
Which ſtill ſhalt be as long as there is ſun;
Nor whilſt the world is, never ſhall be done,
Whilſt moon ſhall ſhine, or any fire ſhall burn:
That ev'ry thing whence Shadow doth proceed,
May in his Shadow my love's ſtory read.

XIV.

If he, from heav'n that filch'd that living fire,
Condemn'd by Jove to endleſs torment be,
I greatly marvel how you ſtill go free,
That far beyond Prometheus did aſpire:
The fire he ſtole, although of heavenly kind,
Which from above he craftily did take,
Of lifeleſs clods, us living men to make,
He did beſtow in temper of the mind:
But you broke into heav'n's immortal ſtore,
Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty lay;
Which taking thence you have eſcap'd away,
Yet ſtand as free as e'er you did before:
Yet old Prometheus puniſh'd for his rape:
Thus poor thieves ſuffer, when the greater 'ſcape.

XV. *His remedy for love.*

Since to obtain thee, nothing me will ſtead,
I have a med'cine that ſhall cure my love,
The powder of her heart dry'd, when ſhe's dead,
That gold nor honour ne'er had power to move;
Mix'd with her tears that ne'er her true love croſs'd
Nor at fifteen ne'er long'd to be a bride,
Boil'd with her ſighs in giving up the ghoſt,
That for her late deceaſed huſband dy'd;
Into the ſame then let a woman breathe,
That being chid, did never word reply,
With one thrice-marry'd's pray'rs, that did be-[queath
A legacy to ſtale virginity:
If this receipt have not the pow'r to win me,
Little I'll ſay, but think the Devil's in me.

XVI. *In alluſion to the Phœnix.*

'Mongst all the creatures in this ſpacious round,
Of the birds kind, the Phœnix is alone,
Which beſt by you of living things is known;
None like to that, none like to you is found.
Your beauty is the hot and ſplend'rous ſun,
The precious ſpices be your chaſte deſire,
Which being kindled by that heav'nly fire,
Your life ſo like the Phœnix's begun;
Yourſelf thus burned in that ſacred flame,
With ſo rare ſweetneſs all the heav'ns perfuming,
Again increaſing, as you are conſuming,
Only by dying, born the very ſame;
And wing'd by fame, you to the ſtars aſcend,
So you of time ſhall live beyond the end.

XVII. *To Time.*

Stay, ſpeedy Time, behold before thou paſs,
From age to age what thou haſt ſought to ſee,
One, in whom all the excellencies be,
In whom, heav'n looks itſelf as in a glaſs:
Time, look thou too in this tralucent glaſs,
And thy youth paſt in this pure mirror ſee,
As the world's beauty in his infancy,
What it was then, and thou before it was;
Paſs on, and to poſterity tell this,
Yet ſee thou tell, but truly, what hath been,
Say to our nephews, that thou once haſt ſeen,
In perfect human ſhape all heav'nly bliſs;
And bid them mourn, nay more, deſpair with
That ſhe is gone, her like again to ſee. [thee,

XVIII. *To the celeſtial numbers.*

To this our world, to learning, and to heaven,
Three Nines there are, to every one a Nine,
One number of the earth, the other both divine,
One woman now makes three odd numbers even.
Nine orders firſt of angels be in heaven,
Nine muſes do with learning ſtill frequent,
Theſe with the gods are ever reſident.
Nine worthy women to the world were given:
My worthy one to theſe nine worthies addeth,
And my fair muſe, one muſe unto the nine,
And my good angel (in my ſoul divine)
With one more order theſe nine orders gladdeth:
My muſe, my worthy, and my angel then,
Makes every one of theſe three nines a ten.

XIX. *To Humour.*

You cannot love, my pretty heart, and why?
There was a time you told me that you would:
But now again you will the ſame deny,
If it might pleaſe you, would to God you could.
What will you hate? nay that you will not neither;
Nor love, nor hate, how then! what will you do?
What will you keep a mean then betwixt either?
Or will you love me, and yet hate me too?
Yet ſerves not this: what next, what other ſhift?
You will, and will not, what a coil is here?
I ſee your craft, now I perceive your drift,
And all this while, I was miſtaken there:
Your love and hate is this, I now do prove you,
You love in hate, by hate to make me love you.

XX.

An evil ſpirit your beauty haunts me ſtill,
Wherewith (alas!) I have been long poſſeſt,
Which ceaſeth not to tempt me to each ill,
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's reſt;
In me it ſpeaks, whether I ſleep or wake,
And when by means to drive it out to try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in moſt extremity;
Before my face it lays down my deſpairs,
And haſtes me on unto a ſudden death;
Now tempting me to drown myſelf in tears,
And then in ſighing to give up my breath:
Thus am I ſtill provok'd to every evil,
By this good wicked ſpirit, ſweet Angel Devil.

XXI.

A witleſs gallant, a young wench that woo'd,
(Yet his dull ſpirit her not one jot could move)

Entreated me, as e'er I wiſh'd his good,
To write him but one ſonnet to his love:
When I, as faſt as e'er I wiſh'd his good,
Pour'd out what firſt from quick invention came;
Nor never ſtood one word thereof to blot,
Much like his wit that was to uſe the ſame:
But with my verſes he his miſtreſs won,
Who doted on the dolt beyond all meaſure,
But ſee, for you to heav'n for phraſe I run,
And ranſack all Apollo's golden treaſure;
Yet by my froth this fool his love obtains,
And I loſe you for all my wit and pains.

XXII. *To Folly.*

With fools and children good diſcretion bears;
Then honeſt people bear with love and me,
Nor older yet, nor wiſer made by years,
Amongſt the reſt of fools and children be:
Love ſtill a Baby, plays with gawdes and toys,
And like a wanton ſports with every feather;
And idiots ſtill are running after boys,
Then fools and children fitt'ſt to go together:
He ſtill as young as when he firſt was born,
No wiſer I, than when as young as he.
You that behold us, laugh us not to ſcorn,
Give nature thanks ye are not ſuch as we:
Yet fools and children ſometimes tell in play,
Some wiſe in ſhew, more fools indeed than they.

XXIII.

Love baniſh'd heaven, in earth was held in ſcorn,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddeſs born,
Yet crav'd the alms of ſuch as paſſed by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring gueſt,
With ſighs and tears ſtill furniſhing his table,
With what might make the miſerable bleſt;
But this ungrateful, for my good deſert,
Entic'd my thoughts againſt me to conſpire,
Who gave conſent to ſteal away my heart,
And ſet my breaſt, his lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
No marvel then though charity grow cold.

XXIV.

I hear ſome ſay, this man is not in love:
Who? can he love? a likely thing, they ſay;
Read but his verſe, and it will eas'ly prove.
O, judge not raſhly (gentle Sir) I pray,
Becauſe I looſely trifle in this ſort,
As one that fain his ſorrows would beguile:
You now ſuppoſe me all this time in ſport,
And pleaſe yourſelf with this conceit the while.
Ye ſhallow cens'rers, ſometimes ſee ye not,
In greateſt perils ſome men pleaſant be,
Where fame by death is only to be got,
They reſolute? ſo ſtands the caſe with me;
Where other men in depth of paſſion cry,
I laugh at fortune, as in jeſt to die.

XXV.

Oh, why ſhould nature niggardly reſtrain,
That foreign nations reliſh not our tongue!
Elſe ſhould my lines glide on the waves of Rhene,
And crown the Pyren's with my living ſong:
But bounded thus, to Scotland get you forth,
Thence take you wing unto the Orcades,
There let my verſe get glory in the north,
Making my ſighs to thaw the frozen ſeas;
And let the Bards within that Iriſh iſle,
To whom my muſe with fiery wings ſhall paſs,
Call back the ſtiff-neck'd rebels from exile,
And mollify the ſlaught'ring Galliglaſs;
And when my flowing numbers they rehearſe,
Let wolves and bears be charmed with my verſe.

XXVI. *To Deſpair.*

I ever love, where never hope appears,
Yet hope draws on my never-hoping care,
And my life's hope would die, but for deſpair.
My never-certain joy breeds ever-certain fears,
Uncertain bread gives wings unto my hope;
Yet my hope's wings are laden ſo with fear,
As they cannot aſcend to my hope's ſphere;
Though fear gives them more than a heav'nly ſcope,
Yet this large room is bounded with deſpair,
So my love is ſtill fetter'd with vain hope,
And liberty deprives him of his ſcope,
And thus am I impriſon'd in the air:
Then, ſweet Deſpair, a while hold up thy head,
Or all my hope for ſorrow will be dead.

XXVII.

Is not love here, as 'tis in other climes,
And diff'reth it, as do the ſeveral nations?
Or hath it loſt the virtue with the times,
Or in this iſland alt'reth with the faſhions?
Or have our paſſions leſſer pow'r than theirs,
Who had leſs art them lively to expreſs?
Is nature grown leſs powerful in their heirs,
Or in our fathers did ſhe more tranſgreſs?
I'm ſure my ſighs come from a heart as true,
As any man's that memory can boaſt,
And my reſpects and ſervices to you,
Equal with his, that loves his miſtreſs moſt:
Or nature muſt be partial in my cauſe,
Or only you do violate her laws.

XXVIII.

To ſuch as ſay thy love I over-prize,
And do not ſtick to term my praiſes folly;
Againſt theſe folk, that think themſelves ſo wiſe,
I thus oppoſe my reaſon's forces wholly:
Though I give more than well affords my ſtate,
In which expence the moſt ſuppoſe me vain,
Which yields them nothing at the eaſieſt rate,
Yet at this price returns me treble gain.

They value not unskilful how to use,
And I give much, because I gain thereby:
I that thus take, or they that thus refuse,
Whether are these deceived then, or I?
In ev'ry thing I hold this maxim still,
The circumstance doth make it good or ill.

XXIX. *To the Senses.*

When conqu'ring love did first my heart assail,
Unto mine aid I summon'd every sense,
Doubting, if that proud tyrant should prevail,
My heart would suffer for mine eyes offence;
But he with beauty first corrupted sight,
My hearing brib'd with her tongue's harmony,
My taste by her sweet lips drawn with delight,
My smelling won with her breath's spicery:
But when my touching came to play his part,
(The king of Senses, greater than the rest)
He yields Love up the keys unto my heart,
And tells the other how they should be blest:
And thus by those of whom I hop'd for aid,
To cruel Love my soul was first betray'd.

XXX. *To the Vestals.*

Those priests which first the vestal fire begun,
Which might be borrow'd from no earthly flame,
Devis'd a vessel to receive the sun,
Being stedfastly opposed to the same:
Where, with sweet wood, laid curiously by art,
On which the sun might by reflection heat,
Receiving strength from every secret part,
The fuel kindled with celestial heat.
Thy blessed eyes, the sun which lights this fire,
My holy thoughts, they be the vestal flame,
The precious odours be my chaste desire,
My breasts the vessel which includes the same:
Thou art my Vesta, thou my goddess art,
Thy hallow'd temple only is my heart.

XXXI. *To the Critic.*

Methinks I see some crooked mimic jeer,
And tax my muse with this fantastic grace,
Turning my papers, asks, What have we here?
Making withal some filthy antic face.
I fear no censure, nor what thou canst say,
Nor shall my spirit one jot of vigour lose;
Think'st thou my wit shall keep the pack-horse way,
That every dudgen low invention goes?
Since sonnets thus in bundles are impress'd,
And ev'ry drudge doth dull our satiate ear;
Think'st thou my love shall in those rags bedress'd,
That every dowdy, ev'ry trull doth wear?
Up to my pitch no common judgment flies,
I scorn all earthly dung-bred scarabies.

XXXII. *To the River Ankor.*

Our floods-queen Thames, for ships and swans is crown'd,
And stately Severn for her shore is prais'd,
The crystal Trent for fords and fish renown'd,
And Avon's fame to Albions cliffs is rais'd,
Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee,
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell,
The Peake her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
And Kent will say, her Medway doth excel,
Cotswold commends her Isis to the Tame,
Our northern borders boast of Tweeds fair flood,
Our western parts extol their Wilis' fame,
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood;
Arden's sweet Ankor, let thy glory be,
That fair *Idea* only lives by thee.

XXXIII. *To Imagination.*

Whilst yet mine eyes do surfeit with delight,
My woful heart imprison'd in my breast,
Wisheth to be transformed to my sight,
That it, like those, by looking might be blest:
But whilst mine eyes thus greedily do gaze,
Finding their objects over-soon depart,
These now the others happiness do praise,
Wishing themselves that they had been my heart;
That eyes were heart, or that the heart were eyes,
As covetous the others use to have:
But finding Nature their request denies,
This to each other mutually they crave;
That since the one cannot the other be,
That eyes could think of that my heart could see.

XXXIV. *To Admiration.*

Marvel not, love, 'though I thy pow'r admire,
Ravish'd a world beyond the farthest thought,
And knowing more than ever hath been taught,
That I am only starv'd in my desire;
Marvel not, love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wisdom's self to minister direction,
That I am only starv'd in my desire;
Marvel not, love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Though my conceit I further seem to bend,
Than possibly invention can extend,
And yet am only starv'd in my desire:
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, love,
That this to me doth yet no wonder prove.

XXXV. *To Miracle.*

Some misbelieving and profane in love,
When I do speak of miracles by thee,
May say, that thou art flattered by me,
Who only write my skill in verse to prove;
See miracles, ye unbelieving, see,
A dumb-born muse made to express the mind,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame, by kind,
One by thy name, the other touching thee;
Blind were mine eyes till they were seen of thine,
And mine ears deaf, by thy fame healed be,
My vices cur'd by virtues sprung from thee,
My hopes reviv'd, which long in grave had lyen:
All unclean thoughts foul spirits cast out in me,
Only by virtue that proceeds from thee.

XXXVI. *Cupid Conjured.*

Thou purblind boy, since thou hast been so slack
To wound her heart, whose eyes have wounded me,

And ſuffer'd her to glory in my wrack,
Thus to my aid I laſtly conjure thee;
By helliſh Styx (by which the thund'rer ſwears)
By thy fair mother's unavoided power,
By Hecat's names, by Proſerpine's ſad tears,
When ſhe was rapt to the infernal bower;
By thine own loved Pſyche, by the fires
Spent on thine altars, flaming up to heav'n,
By all true lover's ſighs, vows, and deſires,
By all the wounds that ever thou haſt given,
I conjure thee by all that I have nam'd,
To make her love, or Cupid be thou damn'd.

XXXVII.

Dear, why ſhould you command me to my reſt,
When now the night doth ſummon all to ſleep?
Methinks this time becometh lovers beſt;
Night was ordain'd together friends to keep:
How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day diſjoin by ſeveral flight,
The quiet ev'ning yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night?
O, thou that elſe ſo courteous art to all!
Why ſhouldſt thou, night, abuſe me only thus,
That ev'ry creature, to his kind do'ſt call,
And yet 'tis thou do'ſt only ſever us?
Well could I wiſh it would be ever day,
If when night comes, you bid me go away.

XXXVIII.

Sitting alone, love bids me go and write;
Reaſon plucks back, commanding me to ſtay,
Boaſting, that ſhe doth ſtill direct the way,
Or elſe love were unable to endite.
Love growing angry, vexed at the ſpleen,
And ſcorning reaſon's maimed argument,
Straight taxeth reaſon, wanting to invent,
Where ſhe with love converſing hath not been.
Reaſon reproached with this coy diſdain,
Deſpiteth love, and laugheth at her folly;
And love contemning reaſon's reaſon wholly,
Thought it in weight too light by many a grain:
Reaſon put back, doth out of ſight remove,
And love alone picks reaſon out of love.

XXXIX.

Some, when in rhime they of their loves do tell,
With flames and lightnings their exordiums paint,
Some call on heaven, ſome invocate on hell,
And fates and furies with their woes acquaint.
Elyſium is too high a ſeat for me,
I will not come in Styx or Phlegeton,
The thrice-three muſes but too wanton be,
Like they that luſt, I care not, I will none.
Spiteful Erennes frights me with her looks,
My manhood dares not with foul Ate mell,
I quake to look on Hecate's charming books,
I ſtill fear hug-bears in Apollo's cell:
I paſs not for Minerva, nor Aſtrea,
Only I call on my divine Idea.

XL.

My heart the anvil, where my thoughts do beat,
My words the hammers, faſhi'ning my deſire,
My breaſt the forge, including all the heat,
Love is the fuel, which maintains the fire;
By ſighs the hollows, which the flame increaſeth,
Filling mine ears with noiſe and nightly groaning,
Toiling with pain, my labour never ceaſeth,
In grievous paſſions my woes ſtill bemoaning;
My eyes with tears againſt the fire ſtriving,
Whoſe ſcorching gleed my heart to cinders turneth;
But with thoſe drops the flame again reviving,
Still more and more it to my torment burneth:
With Siſiphus thus do I roll the ſtone,
And turn the wheel with damned Ixion.

XLI. *Love's Lunacy.*

Why do I ſpeak of joy, or write of love,
When my heart is the very den of horror,
And in my ſoul the pains of hell I prove,
With all his torments and infernal terror?
What ſhould I ſay? what yet remains to do?
My brain is dry with weeping all too long,
My ſighs be ſpent in utt'ring of my woe,
And I want words, wherewith to tell my wrong?
But ſtill diſtracted in love's lunacy,
And bedlam-like thus raving in my grief,
Now rail upon her hair, then on her eye;
Now call her goddeſs, then I call her thief:
Now I deny her, then I do confeſs her,
Now do I curſe her, then again I bleſs her.

XLII.

Some men there be, which like my method well,
And much commend the ſtrangeneſs of my vein:
Some ſay, I have a paſſing pleaſing ſtrain,
Some ſay, that in my humour I excel;
Some, who not kindly reliſh my conceit,
They ſay (as poets do) I uſe to feign,
And in bare words paint out my paſſion's pain;
Thus ſundry men their ſundry minds repeat:
I paſs not, I, how men affected be,
Nor who commends nor diſcommends my verſe;
It pleaſeth me, if I my woes rehearſe,
And in my lines, if ſhe my love may ſee:
Only my conſort ſtill conſiſts in this,
Writing her praiſe, I cannot write amiſs.

XLIII.

Why ſhould your fair eyes with ſuch ſov'reign grace,
Diſperſe their rays on ev'ry vulgar ſpirit,
Whilſt I in darkneſs in the ſelf-ſame place,
Get not one glance to recompenſe my merit?
So doth the plowman gaze the wand'ring ſtar,
And only reſt contented with the light,
That never learn'd what conſtellations are,
Beyond the bent of his unknowing ſight.
O, why ſhould beauty (cuſtom to obey)
To their groſs ſenſe apply herſelf ſo ill!

Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill;
Only compell'd on this poor good to boast,
Heav'ns are not kind to them that know them most.

XLIV.

Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where, in the map of all my misery
Is model'd out the world of my disgrace;
Whilst in despite of tyrannising rhimes,
Medea-like, I make thee young again, [rhimes,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing
And murther'st virtue with thy coy disdain:
And though in youth, my youth untimely perish,
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhimes shall cherish,
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

XLV.

Muses which sadly sit about my chair,
Drown'd in the tears extorted by my lines;
With heavy sighs whilst thus I break the air,
Painting my passions in these sad designs,
Since she disdains to bless my happy verse,
The strong-built trophies to her living fame,
Ever henceforth my bosom be your hearse,
Wherein the world shall now intomb her name;
Enclose my music, you poor senseless walls,
Sith she is deaf, and will not hear my moans,
Soften yourselves with every tear that falls,
Whilst I, like Orpheus, sing to trees and stones;
Which with my plaint seem yet with pity mov'd,
Kinder than she whom I so long have lov'd.

XLVI.

Plain path'd experience, the unlearned's guide,
Her simple followers evidently shews
Sometimes what schoolmen scarcely can decide,
Nor yet wise reason absolutely knows:
In making trial of a murther wrought,
If the vile actors of the hainous deed
Near the dead body hapely be brought, [bleed.
Oft 't 'ath been prov'd, the breathless corse will
She coming near, that my poor heart hath slain,
Long since departed (to the world no more)
The ancient wounds no longer can contain,
But fall to bleeding, as they did before:
But what of this? should she to death be led,
It furthers justice, but helps not the dead.

XLVII.

In pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my lab'ring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name,
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those the thronged theatres that press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove;
Where, the full praise I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move,
With shouts and claps at ev'ry little pause,
When the proud round on ev'ry side hath rung,
Sadly I sit unmov'd with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No public glory vainly I pursue,
All that I seek, is to eternize you.

XLVIII.

Cupid, I hate thee, which I'd have thee know,
A naked starveling ever may'st thou be,
Poor rogue, go pawn thy fascia and thy bow,
For some few rags, wherewith to cover thee
Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,
To some base rustic do thyself prefer,
And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,
Practise thy quiver, and turn crow-keeper;
Or being blind (as fittest for the trade)
Go hire thyself some bungling harper's boy;
They that are blind, are minstrels often made,
So may'st thou live to thy fair mother's joy:
That whilst with Mars she holdeth her old way,
Thou, her blind son may'st sit by them and play.

XLIX.

Thou leaden brain, which censur'st what I write,
And say'st, my lines be dull, and do not move;
I marvel not thou feel'st not my delight,
Which never felt'st my fiery touch of love:
But thou, whose pen hath like a pack-horse serv'd,
Whose stomach unto gall hath turn'd my food,
Whose senses, like poor pris'ners hunger-starv'd,
Whose grief hath parch'd thy body, dry'd thy blood;
Thou which hath scorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, sober, glad, and sorry; [birth
Thou which hast bann'd thy thoughts, and curs'd thy
With thousand plagues more than in purgatory:
Thou, thus whose spirit love in his fire refines,
Come thou and read, admire, applaud my lines.

L.

As in some countries far remote from hence,
The wretched creature, destined to die,
Having the judgment due to his offence,
By surgeons begg'd on him their art to try,
Which on the living work without remorse,
First make incision on each mast'ring vein,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transpierce the corse,
And with their balm recure the wounds again;
Then poison, and with physic him restore:
Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more:
Ev'n so my mistress works upon my ill;
By curing me, and killing me each hour,
Only to shew her beauty's sov'reign pow'r.

LI.

Calling to mind since first my love begun,
Th' uncertain times oft varying in their course.

How things ſtill unexpectedly have run,
As't pleaſe the fates by their reſiſtleſs force;
Laſtly, mine eyes amazedly have ſeen
Eſſex' great fall, Tyrone his peace to gain,
The quiet end of that long-living queen,
Thisking's fair entrance, and our peace with Spain,
We and the Dutch at length ourſelves to ſever;
Thus the world doth, and evermore ſhall reel;
Yet to my goddeſs am I conſtant ever,
Howe'er blind fortune turn her giddy wheel:
Though heaven and earth prove both to me untrue,
Yet am I ſtill inviolate to you.

LII.

What do'ſt thou mean to cheat me of my heart,
To take all mine, and give me none again?
Or have thine eyes ſuch magic, or that art,
That what they get, they ever do retain?
Play not the tyrant, but take ſome remorſe,
Rebate thy ſpleen, if but for pity's ſake;
Or cruel, if thou can'ſt not, let us ſcorſe,
And for one piece of thine my whole heart take.
But what of pity do I ſpeak to thee,
Whoſe breaſt is proof againſt complaint or prayer?
Or can I think what my reward ſhall be
From that proud beauty, which was my betrayer?
What talk I of a heart, when thou haſt none?
Or if thou haſt, it is a flinty one.

LIII. *Another to the river Ankor,*

Clear Ankor, on whoſe ſilver-ſanded ſhore,
My ſoul-ſhrin'd ſaint, my fair Idea lies,
O bleſſed brook, whoſe milk-white ſwans adore
Thy cryſtal ſtream refined by her eyes,
Where ſweet myrrh-breathing zephyr in the ſpring
Gently diſtils his nectar-dropping ſhowers,
Where nightingales in Arden ſit and ſing,
Amongſt the dainty dew-impearled flowers;
Say thus, fair brook, when thou ſhalt ſee thy queen,
Lo, here thy ſhepherd ſpent his wand'ring years,
And in theſe ſhades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
And here to thee he ſacrific'd his tears:
Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, ſweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

LIV.

Yet read at laſt the ſtory of my woe,
The dreary abſtracts of my endleſs cares,
With my life's ſorrow interlined ſo,
Smok'd with my ſighs, and blotted with my tears,
The ſad memorials of my miſeries,
Pen'd in the grief of mine afflicted ghoſt,
My life's complaint in doleful elegies,
With ſo pure love, as time could never boaſt;
Receive the incenſe which I offer here,
By my ſtrong faith aſcending to thy fame:
My zeal, my hope, my vows, my praiſe, my pray'r,
My ſoul's oblations to thy ſacred name;
Which name my muſe to higheſt heav'ns ſhall raiſe,
By chaſte deſire, true love, and virtuous praiſe.

LV.

My fair, if thou wilt regiſter my love,
A world of volumes ſhall thereof ariſe:
Preſerve my tears, and thou thyſelf ſhalt prove
A ſecond flood, down raining from my eyes:
Note but my ſighs, and thine eyes ſhall behold
The ſun-beams ſmother'd with immortal ſmoke;
And if by thee my prayers may be enroll'd,
They heaven and earth to pity ſhall provoke:
Look thou into my breaſt, and thou ſhalt ſee
Chaſte holy vows for my ſoul's ſacrifice; [thee,
That ſoul (ſweet maid) which ſo hath honour'd
Erecting trophies to thy ſacred eyes,
Thoſe eyes to my heart ſhining ever bright,
When darkneſs hath obſcur'd each other light.

LVI. *An alluſion to the Eaglets.*

When like an eaglet I firſt found my love,
For that the virtue I thereof would know.
Upon the neſt I ſet it forth to prove,
If it were of that kingly kind or no:
But it no ſooner ſaw my ſun appear,
But on her rays with open eyes it ſtood,
To ſhew that I had hatch'd it for the air,
And rightly came from that brave mounting brood;
And when the plumes were ſumm'd with ſweet deſire,
To prove the pinions, it aſcends the ſkies;
Do what I could, it need'ſly would aſpire
To my ſoul's ſun, thoſe two celeſtial eyes:
Thus from my breaſt, where it was bred alone,
It after thee is like an eaglet flown.

LVII.

You beſt diſcern'd of my mind's inward eyes,
And yet your graces outwardly divine,
Whoſe dear remembrance in my boſom lies,
Too rich a relic for ſo poor a ſhrine:
You, in whom nature choſe herſelf to view,
When ſhe her own perfection would admire,
Beſtowing all her excellence on you;
At whoſe pure eyes love lights his hallow'd fire,
Ev'n as a man that in ſome trance hath ſeen,
More than his wond'ring utt'rance can unfold,
That wrapp'd in ſpirit, in better worlds hath been,
So muſt your praiſe diſtractedly be told;
Moſt of all ſhort, when I ſhould ſhew you moſt
In your perfections ſo much am I loſt.

LVIII.

In former times, ſuch as had ſtore of coin,
In wars at home, or when for conqueſts bound,
For fear that ſome their treaſure ſhould purloin,
Gave it to keep to ſpirits within the ground;
And to attend it, them as ſtrongly ty'd,
Till they return'd; home when they never came,
Such as by art to get the fame have try'd,
From the ſtrong ſpirit by no means force the fame;
Nearer men come, that further flies away,
Striving to hold it ſtrongly in the deep;
Ev'n as this ſpirit, ſo you alone do play
With theſe rich beauties heaven gives you to keep:

Pity ſo left to th' coldneſs of your blood,
Not to avail you, nor do others good.

LIX. *To Proverbs.*

As love and I late harbour'd in one inn
With proverbs thus each other entertain:
In love there is no lack, thus I begin;
Fair words make fools, replieth he again;
Who ſpares to ſpeak, doth ſpare to ſpeed, (quoth I);
As well (ſaith he) *too forward, as too ſlow:*
Fortune aſſiſts the boldeſt, I reply;
A baſhy man (quoth he) *ne'er wanted woe:*
Labour is light, where love (quoth I) *doth pay;*
(Saith he) *Light burdens heavy, if far borne:*
(Quoth I) *The main loſt, caſt the by away;*
I've have ſpun a fair thread, he replies in ſcorn.
And having thus a while each other thwarted,
Fools as we met, ſo fools again we parted.

LX.

Define my weal, and tell the joys of heaven,
Expreſs my woes, and ſhew the pains of hell,
Declare what fate unlucky ſtars have given,
And aſk a world upon my life to dwell,
Make known the faith that fortune could not move,
Compare my worth with others baſe deſert,
Let virtue be the touch-ſtone of my love,
So may the heavens read wonders in my heart;
Behold the clouds which have eclips'd my ſun,
And view the croſſes which my courſe do let
Tell me, that ever ſince the world begun,
So fair a riſing had ſo foul a ſet:
And ſee if time (if he would ſtrive to prove)
Can ſhew a ſecond to ſo pure a love.

LXI.

Since there's no help, come let us kiſs and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus ſo clearly I myſelf can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not ſeen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain;
Now at the laſt gaſp of love's lateſt breath,
When his pulſe failing, paſſion ſpeechleſs lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is cloſing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'ſt, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'ſt him yet recover.

LXII.

When firſt I ended, then I firſt began,
Then more I travell'd further from my reſt,
Where moſt I loſt, there moſt of all I wan,
Pined with hunger, riſing from a feaſt.
Methinks I fly, yet want I legs to go,
Wiſe in conceit, in act a very ſot,
Raviſh'd with joy amidſt a hell of woe,
What moſt I ſeem, that ſureſt am I not.
I build my hopes a world above the ſky,
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth,
In plenty I am ſtarv'd with penury,
And yet I ſurfeit in the greateſt dearth:
I have, I want, deſpair, and yet deſire,
Burn'd in a ſea of ice, drown'd 'midſt a fire.

LXIII.

Truce, gentle love, a parly now I crave.
Methinks 'tis long ſince firſt theſe wars begun,
Nor thou, nor I, the better yet can have,
Bad is the match, where neither party won.
I offer free conditions of fair peace,
My heart for hoſtage that it ſhall remain,
Diſcharge our forces, here let malice ceaſe,
So for my pledge thou give me pledge again:
Or if nothing but death will ſerve thy turn,
Still thirſting for ſubverſion of my ſtate;
Do what thou canſt, raze, maſſacre, and burn,
Let the world ſee the utmoſt of thy hate:
I ſend defiance, ſince if overthrown,
Thou vanquiſhing, the conqueſt is mine own.

THE OWL.

To the Honourable

SIR WALTER ASTON, KNIGHT.

For the ſhrill trumpet, and ſtern tragic ſounds,
Objects outrageous and ſo full of fear;
Our Pen late ſteep'd in Engliſh Barons wounds,
Sent warlike accents to your tuneful ear.
Our active Muſe, to gentler moral dight;
Her ſlight conceits, in humbled tunes doth ſing;
And with the bird regardleſs of the light,
Slowly doth move her late high-mounting wing.
The wreath is Ivy that ingirts our brows,
Wherein this night-bird harb'reth all the day:
We dare not look at other crowning boughs,
But leave the Laurel unto them that may.
Low as the earth, though our invention move;
High yet as heaven to you, our ſpotleſs love.

M. DRAYTON.

TO THE READER.

Reader, to him that may (perhaps) ſay my ſubject is idle and worthleſs, I might this anſwer (if he will ſee in reading, or read with underſtanding) that the greateſt maſters in this art (though myſelf, not for any affectation of ſingularity) have written upon as ſlight a matter. As the princes of the Greeks and Latins, the firſt of the Frogs War, the latter of a poor Gnat; and Vida very wittily of the Cheſs-play and Silk-worm; beſides many other that I could recite of the like kind. By how much immaterial, ſo much the more difficult, to handle with any encomiaſtic defence, or paſſionate compariſon, (as their ſtrong teſtimony) who can give Virtue her due, and by the Powerfulneſs of wit, maintain Vice not viciouſly. Some other likewiſe in a paradoxical manner, as Iſocrates's Oration in praiſe of Helen, whom all the world diſpraiſeth: Agrippa's declamation upon the Vanity of the Scienees, which knowledge all the world admireth. Thus leaving thee favourably to cenſure of my poor labours, I end.

M. DRAYTON

IN NOCTUAM DRAYTONI.

Quæ nova Lemniacas deturbant tela Volucres?
Quis furor? aligero perſtringit corpore Graios,
Transfixo, Proceres? Poſita Pæantius irâ,
Contulit Herculeas ad Troica fata Pharetras.
Fallimur? an puro tonuit pater altus Olympo?
Aut tremuit ſonitu Phœbæi Cœliſer arcus?
Novimus augurium: tanto Deus ille tumultu
Sacrorum exagitat mortalia Pectora Vatum.
Hinc furor in ſylvas Draytonum mittit: oberrat
Hinc ſaltus nullo ſignatos tramite Muſa;
Hinc & in aëriam libratur machina gentem:
Quæ ferit immemores (iterato verbere) Reges:
Protcrit & Vulgus (audaci more) profanum.
Eia, age: dum crebrò fugiat tremebundus ab ictu
Immitis ſervus vitii, decedat ab oris
Anglorum longè; luſtratis lampade ſancta
Cujus conjuncti exultant fulgore Britanni.

A. GRENEWAI.

THE OWL.

What time the ſun by his all-quick'ning power,
Gives life and birth to every plant and flower,
The ſtrength and fervour of whoſe pregnant ray
Buds every branch, and bloſſoms every ſpray;
As the firm ſap (the yearly courſe aſſign'd)
From the full root, doth ſwell the plenteous rind:
The vital ſpirits long nouriſh'd at the heart,
Fly with freſh fire to each exterior part:
Which ſtirs deſire in hot and youthful bloods;
To breathe their dear thoughts to the liſt'ning woods. [frequent,
With thoſe light flocks, which the fair fields
This frolic ſeaſon luckily I went,
And as the reſt did, did I frankly too,
"Leaſt is he mark'd, that doth as moſt men do."
But whether by ſome caſual defect,
All flowers alike the time did not reſpect:
Some whoſe new roots ne'er ſaw a former May
Flouriſh now fair, thoſe wither'd quite away,
Into my thoughts that incidently brings
Th' inconſtant paſſage of all worldly things.
The rareſt work whereat we wonder long,
Obſcur'd by time that envy could not wrong.
And what in life can mortal man deſire,
That ſcarcely com'n, but quickly doth retire!
The monarchies had time to grow to head,
And at the height their conquer'd honours fled:
And by their wane thoſe latter kingdoms roſe,
That had their age to win, their hour to loſe,
Which with much ſorrow brought into my mind,
Their wretched ſouls ſo ignorantly blind,
(When ev'n the great'ſt things in the world unſtable)
That climb to fall, and damn them for a Babel.
Whilſt thus my thoughts were ſtrongly entertain'd, [gain'd;
The greateſt lamp of heaven his height had
Seeking ſome ſhade to lend content to me,
Lo, near at hand, I ſpy'd a goodly tree;
Under th' extenſure of whoſe lordly arms,
The ſmall birds warbled their harmonious charms.
Where ſitting down to cool the burning heat,
Through the moiſt pores evap'rating by ſweat,
Yielding my pleas'd thought to content (by chance)
I on a ſudden dropt into a trance;
Wherein methought ſome God or Power divine
Did my clear knowledge wond'rouſly refine.
For that amongſt thoſe ſundry varying notes,
Which the birds ſent from their melodious throats,
Each ſylvan ſound I truly underſtood,
Become a perfect linguiſt of the wood:
Their flight, their ſong, and every other ſign,
By which the world did anciently divine,
As the old Tuſcans, in that * ſkill profound,
Which firſt great Car, and wiſe Threſias found,
To me bequeath'd their knowledge to deſcry,
The depth and ſecrets of their augury.
One I could hear appointing with his ſweeting,
A place convenient for their ſecret meeting:
Others, when winter ſhortly ſhould decline,
How they would couple at St. (b) Valentine:
Some other birds that of their loves forſaken,
To the cloſe deſerts had themſelves betaken,
And in the dark groves where they made abode,
Sung many a ſad and mournful Palinod.
And every bird ſhew'd in his proper kind,
What virtue nature had to him aſſign'd.
The pretty Turtle, and the kiſſing Dove,
Their faiths in wedlock, and chaſte nuptial love:
The Hens (to women) ſanctity expreſs,
Hallowing their eggs: the Swallow cleanlineſs,
Sweeting her neſt, and purging it of dung,
And every hour is picking of her young.
The Hern, by ſoaring ſhews tempeſtuous ſhowers,
The princely Cock diſtinguiſheth the hours.
The Kite, his train him guiding in the air,
Preſcribes the helm, inſtructing how to ſteer.
The Crane to labour, fearing ſome rough flaw,
With ſand and gravel burthening his craw:
Noted by man, which by the ſame did find
To ballaſt ſhips for ſteadineſs in wind.
And by the form and order in his flight,
To march in war, and how to watch by night.
The firſt of houſe that e'er did groundſel lay,
Which then was homely, of rude lome and clay,
Learn'd of the Mertin: Philomel in ſpring,
Teaching by art her little one to ſing;

(a) Divination by Birds.
(b) The time when birds couple.

By whoſe clear voice ſweet muſic firſt was ſound,
Before Amphion ever knew a ſound.
Covering with moſs the dead's unclofed eye,
The little Red-breaſt teacheth charity.
So many there in ſundry things excel,
Time ſcarce could ſerve their properties to tell.
I cannot judge if it the place ſhould be,
That ſhould preſent this pretty dream to me,
That near the eaves and ſhelter of a ſtack
(Set to ſupport it) at a beech's back,
In a ſtubb'd tree with ivy overgrown,
On whom the ſun had ſcarcely ever ſhone,
A broad-fac'd creature, hanging of the wing,
Was ſet to ſleep whilſt every bird did ſing.
His drowſy head ſtill leaning on his breaſt,
For all the ſweet tunes Philomel expreſt:
No ſign of joy did in his looks appear,
Or ever mov'd his melancholy cheer.
Aſcállaphus (*c*), that brought into my head,
In Ovid's changes metamorphoſed,
Or very like but him I read arighr,
Solemn of looks as he was ſlow of ſight;
And to aſſure me that it was the ſame;
The birds about him ſtrangely wond'ring came.
'Fie, quoth the Linnet, tripping on the ſpray;
Rouſe thee, thou ſluggiſh bird, this mirthful May,
For ſhame come forth, and leave thy luskiſe nelt,
And haunt theſe foreſts bravely as the beſt.
Take thy delight in yonder goodly tree,
Where the ſweet Merle, and warbling Mavis be.'
Next, quoth the Titmouſe, which at hand did ſit,
'Shake off this moody melancholy fit.
See the ſmall brooks as through theſe groves they travel,
Sporting for joy upon the ſilver gravel,
Mock the ſweet notes the neighb'ring Sylvans ſing,
With the ſmooth cadence of their murmuring.
Each Bee with honey on her laden thigh,
From Palm to Palm (as careleſsly they fly)
Catch the ſoft wind, and him his courſe bereaves,
To ſtay and dally with th' enamoured leaves.'
This while the Owl, which well himſelf could bear,
That to their ſhort ſpeech lent a liſt'ning ear:
Begins at length to rouſe him in the beech,
And to the reſt thus frames his reverend ſpeech:
(*d*) 'O all you feather'd Choriſters of nature,
That power which hath diſtinguiſh'd every creature,
Gave ſeveral uſes unto every one,
As ſeveral ſeeds and things to live upon:
Some, as the Lark, that takes delight to build
Far from reſort, amidſt the vaſtie field;
The Pelican in deſerts far abroad,
Her dear-lov'd iſſue ſafely doth unload;
The Sparrow and the Robinet agen,
To live near to the manſion place of men;
And nature wiſely which hath each thing taught,
This place beſt fitting my content forethought,
For I preſume not of the ſtately trees,
Yet where foreſight leſs threat'ning danger ſees,
The tempeſt thrilling from the troubled air,
Strikes not the ſhrub, the place of my repair.

(*c*) Aſcallaphus in Bubonem.
(*d*) The Owl's ſpeech to the other birds.

The fowlers ſnares in ambuſh are not lay'd
T' intrap my ſteps, which oft have you betray'd.
A ſilent ſleep, my gentle fellow birds,
By day a calm of ſweet content affords;
By night I tower the heaven, devoid of fear,
Nor dread the Gryphon to ſurpriſe me there.
And into many a ſecret place I peep,
And ſee ſtrange things while you ſecurely ſleep.
Wonder not, birds, although my heavy eyes
By day ſeem dim to ſee your vanities.'
"Happy's that ſight the ſecret'ſt things can ſpy,
By ſeeming purblind to community;
And bleſt are they that to their own content,
See that by night which ſome by day repent.
Did not mine eyes ſeem dim to others ſight,
Without ſuſpect they could not ſee ſo right.
Oh! ſilly creatures, happy is the ſtate,
That weighs not pity, nor reſpecteth hate:
Better's that place, though homely and obſcure,
Where we repoſe in ſafety and ſecure,
Then where great birds with lordly tallons ſeize
Not what they ought, but what their fancies pleaſe:
And by their power prevailing in this ſort,
To rob the poor, account it but a ſport:
Therefore of two, I choſe the leſſer evil,
Better ſit ſtill, then riſe to meet the devil."
Thus the poor Owl, unhappily could preach,
Some that came near in compaſs of his reach,
Taking this item, with a general ear
("A guilty conſcience feels continual fear)
Soon to their ſorrow ſecretly do find,
"Some that had wink'd, not altogether blind.
And finding now which they before had heard,
"Wiſdom not all, in every gariſh bird,
Shrewdly ſuſpect, that breviting by night,
Under pretence that he was ill of ſight,
Slily had ſeen which ſecretly not kept,
Simply they walk'd; he ſubtily had ſlept.
The envious Crow, that is ſo full of ſpight,
The hareful Buzzard, and the ravenous Kite,
The greedy raven, that for death (*e*) doth call,
Spoiling poor lambs as from their dams they fall,
That picketh out the dying creature's eye;
The thieviſh Daw, and the diſſembling Pye,
That only live upon the poorers ſpoil,
That feed on Dung-hills of the lothſome foil:
The Wood-pecker, whoſe hard'ned beak hath broke,
And pierc'd the heart of many a ſolid oak:
That where the kingly Eagle wont to prey,
In the calm ſhade in heat of ſummer's day:
Of thouſands of fair trees there ſtands not one
For him to perch or ſet his foot upon.
And now they ſee they ſafely had him here,
T' eſchew th' effect of every future fear:
Upon the ſudden all theſe murd'rous fowl,
Faſten together on the harmleſs Owl,
The cruel Kite, becauſe his claws were keen,
Upon his broad-face wreaks his angry teen.
His weaſant next, the ravenous Raven plies,
The Pye and Buzzard tugging at his eyes.
The Crow is digging at his breaſt amain;
The ſharp nebb'd Hecco ſtabbing at his brain;

(*e*) Pliny.

That had the Falcon not by chance been near,
That (*f*) lov'd the Owl, and held him only dear,
Come to his refcue at the prefent tide,
The honeft Owl undoubtedly had dy'd.
And whilft the gentle fowl do yet purfue
The riot done by this rebellious crew,
The leffer birds that keep the lower fpring,
Thereat much grieve with woeful murmuring,
Yet wanting power to remedy his wrongs,
Who took their lives reftrained not their tongues:
The Lark, the Linnet, and the gentler fort,
Thofe fweet muficians, with whofe fhrill report,
The fenfelefs woods, and the obdurate rock,
Have oft been mov'd: the warbling Throftle Cock,
The Oufel and the Nightingale among,
That charms the night calm with her powerful fong,
In Phœbus' laurel that do take delight, [fmite.
Whom Jove's fierce thunder hath no power to
'Juftice, fay they, ah! whether art thou fled?
Or this vile world haft thou abandoned?
O, why, fair Virtue, wer't thou made in vain?
Freedom is loft, and liberty is flain:
Whilft fome whofe power reftrained not their rage,
Loudly exclaim upon the envious age,
That rocks for pity did refume them ears,
The earth fo wet with plenty of their tears.
But thus it hapt in heat of all thefe things,'
"As kings rule realms, God rules the hearts of kings.
The princely Eagle, leaving his abode,
Was from his court ftolen fecretly abroad:
And from the covert, clofely where he ftood,
To find how things were cenfur'd in the wood;
Far in the thickets might a chatt'ring hear,
To which foon lending an officious ear,
With a ftill flight his eafy courfe doth make
Towards where the found he perfectly doth take.
At every ftroke (with his imperial wings)
The gentle air unto his feathers clings;
And through his foft and callow down doth flow,
As loth fo foon his prefence to forego,
And being at laft arrived at the place,
He found the Owl in miferable cafe,
(For whom much forrow every where was heard)
Sadly bemoan'd of many a helplefs bird.
But when this princely jovial fowl they faw,
As now deliver'd from their former awe:
Each little creature lifted up a wing,
With Ave Cæfar, to their fovereign king.
Who feeing the Owl, thus miferably forlorn,
Spoil'd of his feathers, mangled, fcratcht and torn,
Will'd him his name and quality to fhew,
How and wherefore he fuffered all this woe:
Which the Owl hearing, taking heart thereby,
Though fomewhat dannted with his piercing eye,
(With a deep figh) (*g*) 'My fovereign liege,
quoth he,
Though now this poor and wretched as you fee,
Athens fometime the Muſes nurfery,
The fource of fcience and philofophy,
Allow'd me freedom in her learned bowers,
Where I was fet in the Cecropian towers.
Armed Bellona (goddefs of the field)
Honour'd my portrait in the warlike fhield.
And far my ftudy (of all other fowl)
The wife Minerva challenged the Owl:
For which, thofe grave and ftill-authentic fages,
Which fought for knowledge in thofe golden ages,
Of whom we hold the fcience that we have,
For wifdom, me their Hieroglyphic gave.
The fruitful Ceres to great Saturn born,
That firft with fickle crop'd the rip'ned corn,
She bore the fwarthy Acheron, whofe birth,
Scarcely then perfect, lothing of the earth,
And flying all community with men,
Thruft his black head into the Stygian fen;
Where the nymph Orphine in th' infernal fhade,
As in his ftream fhe carelefsly did wade,
The flood embracing craftily beguil'd;
By whom foon after fhe conceiv'd with child;
Of her dear fon Afcallaphus, (*b*) whofe youth
So cherifh'd juftice, and refpected truth;
As to the gods he faithfully did tell,
The tafted fruit by Proferpine in hell:
Which an offence imagined fo foul,
Ceres transform'd into the harmlefs Owl.
To our difgrace, though it be urg'd by fome,
Our harmlefs kind to Crete doth never come;
The Cretians are ftill lyars, nor come we thither,
For truth and falfehood cannot live together.
But thofe that fpurn at our contented ftate,
With viperous envy and degenerate hate;
Strive to produce us from that Lefbian bed,
Where with blind luft the fleftily lecher led,
On his own child, unnaturally did pray,
(For that foul fact) transform'd Nyctimene, (*i*)
But feldom feen into the public eye,
The fhrieking Litch-Owl that doth never cry,
But boding death, and quick herfelf inters
In darkfome graves and hollow fepulchres.
Thus much, my Sovereign, whence my father
came.
Now for the caufe of this my prefent fhame,'
"Few words may ferve a mifchief to unfold,
For, in fhort fpeech long forrow may be told.'
'But for my freedom that I us'd of late,
To lance th' infection of a poifon'd ftate,
Wherein my free and uncorrupted tongue,
Lightly gave tafte of their injurious wrong.
The Kite, the Crow, and all the birds of prey,
That they liege people havock night and day;
Rufhing upon me, with moft foul defpite,
Thus have they dreft me in this piteous plight.'
The Eagle now, a ferious ear that lent
To the religious and devout intent
Of the good Owl, whom too injurious fate
Had thus rewarded, doth commiferate
The poor diftreffed bird, hoping to hear
What all the reft through negligence and fear
Smother'd in filence, and had buried ftill,
Covering the fore of many a feftter'd ill;
Not only grants him liberty of fpeech,
But further deigning kindly to befeech
The virtuous bird no longer to refrain:
Who thus emboldened by his fovereign,
At length his filence refolutely brake,
And thus the Eagle's majefty befpake.

(*f*) The natural love of the Falcon to the Owl. *Pliny.*
(*g*) The Owl's fpeech to the Eagle.
(*b*) Ovid's Metam. Lib. 5.
(*i*) Ibid. Lib. 2.

(*k*) 'Mighty, said he, though my plain homely words
Have not that grace that elegance affords;
Truth of itself is of sufficient worth,
Nor needs it gloss of art to set it forth.
These hoary plomes like moss upon that oak,
By seeing much, yet suffering more I took.
Long have I seen the world's inconstant change,
Joy moves not me, affliction is not strange.
I care not for contempt, I seek not fame,
Knowledge I love, and glory in the same.
Th' ambitious judgment-seat I never sought,
Where God is sold for coin, the poor for nought.
I am a helpless bird, a harmless wretch,
Wanting the power that needful is to teach.
Yet care of your great good and general weal,
Unlocks my tongue, and with a fervent zeal
Breaks through my lips, which otherwise were pent
To that severe grave (*l*) Samnite's document.
I know, before my harmless tale be told,
The gripple Vulture argues me too bold
The Cormorant (whom spoil cannot suffice)
Sticks not to charge and slander me with lies,
The Parrot tax me to be vainly proud,
And all cry shame, the Owl should be allow'd.
Which with his Axiom doth them all confute,'
" When kings did speak, what subject can be mute?
The lateſt winter that forewent our prime,
O mighty prince, upon a certain time
I got into thy palace on a night,
There to revive my melancholy spright,
And there (for darkness) waiting all alone,
To view (by night) what lords by day look on,
Where I beheld so many candles light,
As they had mock'd the rapers of the night.
Where, for it grew upon the time of rest,
And many great sincerity profest,
Expecting Prayer should presently proceed,
To ask forgiveness for the day's misdeed,
There in soft down the liquorous Sparrow sat,
Pamper'd with meats, full spermatic and fat.
His drugs, his drinks, and sirups doth apply,
To heat his blood and quicken luxury;
Which by his billing female was embrac'd,
Clasping her wings about his wanton waist.
O God, thought I, what's here by light within,
Where some in darkness should have fear'd to sin?
The Cormorant set closely to devise,
How he might compass strange monopolies.
The gaudy Goldfinch and his courtly mate,
My madam Bunting powerful in the state,
Quickly agreed, and but at little stick,
To share a thousand for a bishopric,
And scramble up some feathers from the Lark,
What though a pastor and a learned clerk?
And for his reverence, (*m*) though he wear a cowl,
Yet at his entrance he must pay them toll.
I saw a Buzzard scorning of the black,
That but of late did clothe his needy back
With Ostrich feathers had trict up his crest,
As he were bred a falcon at the least.
Thus struts he daily in his borrow'd plume,
And but for shame he boldly durst presume
With princely Eaglets to compare his sight:
Not the proud Iris in her colours dight,
Could with this base Kite equally compare.
What fowl before him stood not humbly bare?
No less than lords attending every beck,
At his command his betters brook his check.
But, O my liege, the birds of noble race
Know whence he is, and who affords him grace,
And inly grieve to see a servile mate,
Crept up by favour, to outbrave a state.
The poor implumed Birds that by offence,
Or some disgrace have lost pre-eminence,
Can point and say, This feather once was mine:
Some wink, some would, some grieve, and some repine.
Besides all this, I saw a bird did scour
A serpent's teeth, that daily did devour
Widows and orphans, yet th' Egyptian saws
Commend this bird for cleansing serpents jaws.
For the base Trochyle (*n*) thinketh it no pain,
To scour vile carrion for a savoury gain.
When soon I saw about the serpent's nest,
Whilst this base slave his nasty grinders dress,
A thousand thousand silly little birds
Covering the fields, as do the summer's herds;
A thousand larger fowls, that strangely carp,
Did curse the beak that made his gums so sharp.
Yet in this base bird I might well descry
The prosperous fruit of thriving policy.
Casting mine eye, and looking through a glass,
I saw a Gos-Hawk (that in state did pass)
That by fair shews did mens affection feel,
Gold (his attendant) always at his heel.
Whose manners did him reverence as he staid,
Whose name (if written) could possession plead
In any lordship that adjoined his:
Law was his Vassal, he and purchase kiss.
Zeal was his fool, and learning was his jester,
Yet pride his page, and gluttony his taster.
A thousand suiters waited at his hand,
Some call'd his honour patron of the land;
The sole commander of the commonweal,
And unto him they humbly all appeal.
When in a closet strangely I beheld,
That was adjoining to a pleasant field,
How every suiter, when he was retir'd,
Bought out his peace, or his promotion hir'd;
Yet what he won with curses was rewarded,
When the poor birds, for bribes alone regarded.
To th' secret of all secrets when I came,
Having mine eyes glew'd up with grief and shame
I tell not how the Vulture sat apart,
Spending the blood and marrow of his heart,
And by all means his faculties t' apply,
To taint the Phœnix by his surquedry,
That of her kind had she been more than one,
(*o*) Parent and infant to herself alone)
This heavenly bird (in touching their defame)
Had had her purpose foiled with their shame.
And for the turtle would not be unchaste,
Her did they banish to the barren waste.

(*k*) The Owl's complaint to the king.
(*l*) Pythagoras.
(*m*) Mantuan. Bardocuculatus caput, &c.
(*n*) Trochylus. Avis, Plin.
(*o*) Claudian. de Phœnice.

I dare not say how every sort were search'd,
Nor dare I tell how Avarice was perch'd
Under the pillow of the gravest head,
(That freedom with the golden world is dead)
How age had cast off a religious life,
Humour of late became Opinion's wife.
Counsel secure, nor 'company'd with care,
The wit that wounds eth zeal, accounted rare.
But whither wand'reth my high-ravish'd Muse?
O, pardon liege, the fierce exclaims I use;
And let my bark (by gales of your good grace)
Through these rough seas bear sail a little space.
Scarce had these words sound utt'rance through my lips
But therewithal a prattling Parrot skips
About the private lodging of his peers:
His eyes were watchful, open were his ears:
He had a tongue for every language fit,
A cheverel conscience, and a searching wit,
Coming in haste as he had cross'd the main,
And brought some strange intelligence from Spain:
Yet even at midnight (for the rogue was poor)
I found him knocking at a great man's door;
And where of course the wise were turn'd away,
His errand brook'd no dilatory stay,
But presently (conducted by a light)
Into a chamber very richly dight,
Where sat the Vulture with a dreadful frown,
Proud and ambitious, gaping for renown:
His talons red with blood of murder'd fowls,
His full eye quickly every way he rolls.
Whom when this Parrot stedfastly beheld,
His feathers bristled and his stomach swell'd;
And to the Vulture openeth where he sat,
(Whose ears attentive list'ned still thereat)
The state and 'haviour of each private man,
Laid out for searching avarice to scan.
Where by strict rule and subtilties in art,
Such traps were set, as not a man could start.
And where th' offender's maintenance was great,
Their working heads they busily did beat,
By some strange quiddit or some wrested clause,
To find him guilty of the breach of laws,
That he this present injury to shift,
To buy his own, accounts a princely gift:
And for a cloke to their corrupt decrees,
The Vulture with this subtle bird agrees,
That they which thus convicted are apart,
Shall be surpris'd by policy and art.
Then pick they forth such thieves as hate the light,
The black-ey'd Bat (the watchman of the night)
That to each private family can pry,
And the least slip can easily descry;
And since his conscience is both loose and large,
Is only set to undergo this charge;
Address'd to drink of every private cup,
And not a word slips but he takes it up,
To minister occasion of discourse,
And therewithal, some dangerous theme enforce,
To urge a doubtful speech up to the worst,
To broach new treasons, and disclose them first,
Whereby himself he clears, and unawares
Intraps the fowl, unskilful of these snares.
And (against law he bears his lord's protection,
As a fit mean, and by the states direction.
O worthy bird, prevent this ill in time,
And suffer not this ravenous Bat to climb,
That is occasion of the best's offence,
The brat of riot and of indigence,
The moth and canker of the commonweal,
Bred by corruption to disquiet zeal.
Holla! thou wand'ring infant of my brain,
Whither thus fling'st thou? yet divert thy strain,
Return we back unto our former gate,
From which a little we digress'd of late,
And leave this monster beating of his head,
The honest Owl hath quickly struck him dead.
And forth again the Parrot let us find,
That winning credit so the world doth blind,
Under protection of so dread a hand,
Spoils families, and ransacketh thy land
The Pelican that by his father's teaching,
Hath with devout zeal follow'd wholesome preaching.
That rent his bosom, and enforc'd his rongue,
To teach his tender and beloved young:
When now these fauters of all vile abuse,
Have found a stand where they may note his use,
How father-like he gives affliction bread,
Converting souls, by blindfold error led;
The naked orphan in his bosom wraps,
With thee poor widow doth bewail her haps;
And never reaps his plenteous field so clean,
But leaves his harvest that the poor may glean;
Steps in this false spy, this promoting wretch,
Closely betrays him that he gives to each:
And for his deeds of charity and grace,
Roots up his godly hospitable place.
Most like to that sharp-sighted Alcatras (p),
That beats the air above the liquid glass;
The new-world's bird, that proud imperious Owl:
Whose dreadful presence frights the harmless fowl,
That on the land not only works his wish,
But on the ocean kills the flying fish.
Which, since the Owl has truly done his arrant t
O, princely Eagle, look unto this tyrant.
But if my words thou wilfully impugn,
Thy peaceful empire that hath flourish'd long,
Headlong at length shall to confusion run,
As was this great globe e'er the world begun,
When in an huge heap and unwieldy mass,
This all was shut and nature smother'd was;
And in this lump and chaos out of frame,
The contraries convers'd and one became,
Strictly together th' elements were clasp'd,
And in their rough hands one the other grasp'd;
That each did other's quality deface,
Beauty was buried, light could find no place.
But when th' all-seeing sovereign did disperse,
Each to his place upon the universe,
To his own region and his contrary,
Envy'd his place, impugn'd his quality.
Fire, air, earth, water in their mansion fate,
By that Great God to them appropriate.
All was compos'd within this goodly room,
A perfect shape this embryo was become;
Which thus disseverd by their friendly jars,
Contrive the world's continuance by their wars.

(p) The Alcatras,

So in confuſion members are incloſ'd,
To frame a ſtate, if orderly diſpos'd:
For to the proud malevolent aſpect
Of angry Saturn that would all direct,
The long-exiled, but imperious Jove,
When for his regal ſovereignty he ſtrove,
With godlike ſtate and preſence of a king,
Calms Saturn's rage, his fury limiting.
But leave we thoſe unto their own decay,
Other occaſions haſten us away:
Let princes view what their poor ſubjects try;'
" Blind is that ſight, that's with another's eye;"
' It is full time that we ſhould get us hence,
O mighty ſovereign, oceans of offence,
Stand here oppoſed in my paſſing by,
When in a chamber near thy majeſty,
A jetting Jay accompliſhed and brave,
That well could ſpeak, well could himſelf behave;
His congées courtly, his demeanour rare,
And ſtrangely faſhion'd as the clothes he ware;
Which could each man with compliment ſalute,
He to the Woodcock fram'd a ſpecial ſuit:
Who him embracing like a brainleſs fool,
Deſir'd him ſit, commanding him a ſtool.
The jolly Jay thus graced by a peer,
Plucks up his ſpirits, and with a formal cheer
Breaks therewithal into moſt ſtrange reports,
Of Flemiſh news, ſurpriſing towns and forts;
Of troubles rais'd in France againſt the king,
Spaniſh Armado's, and embattling,
Proteſting method in intelligence,
To be a thing of mighty conſequence;
And pawns his ſoul, he can deviſe a way,
Which put in act, the leaguers loſe the day.
To frame a bridge of bow-ſtring o'er the Rhine,
Supplant the Alps, and lay them ſmooth and plain,
And that if the great princes of the north
Will with an army royal ſet him forth,
Before the year expir'd that is to come,
He will with Bourbon new beleaguer Rome.
Then of his knowledge in the cabaliſt,
And what pertaineth to an exorciſt:
As of phiacters what their uſes be,
Homer's Nepenthe how in each degree;
Each ſeveral uſe in practice what it is;
How much he wants that doth theſe ſecrets miſs;
And by ſome little pillar in that place,
To give ſome window or ſome chimney grace,
He to proportion preſently doth run,
And talks of the Coloſſus of the ſun:
Of columns the diameters doth tell,
Even from the baſe, up to the capital.
And to the roof he ſomething doth allude,
And doth demonſtrate of the magnitude.
And what is all this from his addle pate,
But like a Starling, that is taught to prate?
And with a liſping garb this moſt rare man
Speaks French, Dutch, Spaniſh, and Italian.
No day doth paſs, he doth his compaſs miſs,
To ſend to that lord, or to viſit this,
And kiſſing of his claw, his coxcomb bare,
Is come to ſee how their good graces fare.
And preſently he to their face reports,
Their rare perfections wonder'd at in courts;
Scratching the idiot by his itching ears;
Heaven ſpit down vengeance, or diſſolve in tears,
And ſend the (q) Ibis to repulſe our ſhame,
To drive theſe locuſts to whence firſt they came.
Woe to theſe ſlaves whoſe ſhape the devil took,
To tempt the holy Eſay at his Book.
O moral Mantuan, live thy verſes long,
Honour attend thee, and thy reverend ſong!
Who ſeeks for truth (ſay'ſt thou) muſt tread the path
Of the ſweet private life, which envy's wrath,
Which poiſon'd tongues, with vain affected praiſe,
Cannot by ſcorn ſurpreſs, by flattery raiſe.
For adulation, but if ſearch be made
His daily manſion, his moſt uſual trade,
Is in the monarch's court, in princes halls,
Where goodly zeal he by contempt enthrals.
There calls he evil good, the good terms evil,
And makes a ſaint of an incarnate devil.
Theſe boldly cenſure, and dare ſet at nought
The nobleſt wit, the moſt heroic thought.
This carrion Jay, approaching to the ſpring,
Where the ſweet Muſes wont to ſit and ſing,
With filthy ordure ſo the ſame defil'd,
As they from thence are utterly exil'd.
Baniſh'd their iſſue, from whoſe ſacred rage
Flows the full glory of each plenteous age,
Still with the prophets challenging their parts,
The ſweet companions of the lib'ral arts.
Thoſe rare Promethii, fetching fire from heaven;
To whom the functions of the gods are given,
Raiſing frail duſt with their redoubled flame,
Mounted with hymns upon the wings of fame;
Ordain'd by nature (truch-men for the great)
To fire their noble hearts with glorious heat.
You ſun-bred aycry, whoſe immortal birth
Bears you aloft beyond the ſight of earth,
The heaven-touch'd feathers of whoſe ſprightly wings
Strikes (from above) the palaces of kings.
By how much nearer you aſcend the ſky,
Do leſſen ſtill to every mortal eye;
Who in this time contemptful greatneſs late
Scorn'd and diſgrac'd, which erſt renown'd her ſtate.
O baſtard minds unto this vileneſs brought,
To loath the means which firſt your honours wrought!
But who their great profeſſion can protect,
That rob themſelves of their own due reſpect?
For they whoſe minds ſhould be exhal'd and high,
As free and noble as clear poeſy,
In the ſlight favour of ſome lord to come,
Baſely do crouch to his attending groom.
Immortal gift that art not bought with gold,
That thou to peaſants ſhould be baſely ſold!
Hence as I went, I chanc'd to look aſide,
And near at hand I happily eſpy'd
The Hedge-Sparrow, and her compeer the Wren,
(Which ſimple people call our Lady's-Hen)
Out of the way, i' th' bottom of a ditch,
Which though the place poor, yet the feeding rich,
For near at hand grew the brown winter-cherry,
The hip, the haw, the ſlow, the bramble-berry;

(q) The bird Ibis, a deſtroyer of the locuſts. *Pliny.*

And as together calmly they were set,
(Where oft before I might perceive they met)
Quoth the Wren, "Gossip, be you rul'd by me,
And though men say, the weaker sex we be,
Whate'er they think, yet, gossip, they shall know,
That we were made for something else than show.
Few things shall pass that now in working are,
But you and I therein will have a share:
They say, the Robin roosteth in my nest;
Gossip, 'tis true: to you it is confest,
My cock's a slug, and doth me little ease:
He must be quick, his female that will please.
And of all birds although I be the least,
Yet few with me in number have increas'd,
I thank my friend; but let this secret lurk,
And by my Robin, you and I must work:
For when the eagle shapes him for above,
As oft he useth to confer with Jove,
To have his pinions, in sound perfect plight,
When they should fit him for so long a flight,
He oils his feathers, and with wondrous skill,
From the short'st flag, even to the longest quill,
Sees that each one be in due order set:
When as my fine and nimble Robinet
(Whilst each one seems as busy as a Bee,
T' attire their sovereign, and none more than he,)
Watcheth his time, and aptly when he finds,
That the small birds, according to their kinds,
Shrink, when the Eagle doubled strength assumes:
As he stands proudly rousing up his plumes,
Nor never dreams what treachery intends,
Up by his train the crafty bird ascends,
And in the deep down closely doth him hide:
For the great Eagle, betwixt strength and pride,
His poor small body not so much as feels;
And thus this bird the king himself beguiles,
And in this sort transported to the spheres,
His sovereign's counsels, and Jove's secrets hears.
And when the wearied Eagle can no more,
Fresh from his back he into heaven doth soar;
And coming thence, doth all to me relate,
And by this means we two will rule the state."
King, look to these, that they do not o'er-hear thee,
This crafty bird I doubt is but too near thee.
And thus even cloy'd with business of the court,
To neighbour groves inviting my resort,
Where I suppos'd the solitary Owl
Might live secure, unseen of any fowl;
Lo, in a valley peopled thick with trees,
Where the soft day continual evening sees,
Where, in the moist and melancholy shade,
The grass grows rank, but yields a bitter blade,
I found a poor Crane sitting all alone,
That from his breast sent many a throbbing groan;
Grov'ling he lay, that sometime stood upright;
Maim'd of his joints in many a doubtful fight:
His ashy coat that bore a gloss so fair,
So often kiss'd of the enamour'd air;
Worn all to rags, and fretted so with rust,
That with his feet he trod it in the dust:
And wanting strength to bear him to the springs,
The spiders wove their webs even in his wings:
And in his train their filmy netting cast,
He eat not worms, worms eat on him so fast.
His wakeful eyes, that in his foes despight,
Had watch'd the walls in many a winter's night,
And never wink'd, nor from their object fled,
When heaven's dread thunder rattled o'er his head,
Now cover'd over with dim cloudy kells,
And shrunken up into their slimy shells.
Poor bird that striving to bemoan thy plight,
I cannot do thy miseries their right;
Perceiving well he found me where I stood,
And he alone thus poorly in the wood:
To him I stept, desiring him to show
The cause of his calamity and woe.
"Night's-bird (quoth he) what mak'st thou in this place,
To view my wretched miserable case?
Ill orators are aged men at arms,
That want to wreak, and not bewail their harms:
And repetition where there wants relief,
In less'ning sorrow, but redoubleth grief.
Seven sundry battles serv'd I in the field,
Against the Pigmies, in whose batter'd shield,
My prowess stands apparently express;
Besides the scars upon my manly breast:
Along the mid-land coasts my troops I led,
And Afric's pride with fear astonished;
And maim'd I was of this decrepit wing,
When as the fowl from the Propontic (*a*) spring,
Fill'd all th' Egean with their stemming oars,
And made the isles even tremble from the shores.
I saw when from the Adriatic seas;
The cross-adoring fowls to Europe's praise,
Before Lepanto and Moræa fought,
Where heaven by wind, earth's wonder strangely wrought,
Weary at length, and trusting to my worth,
I took my flight into the happy North:
Where nobly bred, as I was well ally'd,
I hop'd to have my fortune there supply'd:
But there arriv'd, disgrace was all my gain,
Experience scorn'd of every scurvy swain.
Other had got, for which I long did serve;
Still fed with words, whilst I with wants did starve.
Having small means, but yet a mighty heart,
Howe'er in fame, not honour'd for desert,
That small I had, I forced was to gage,
To cure my wounds, and to sustain my age;
Whilst those that scarce did e'er behold a foe,
Exult and triumph in my overthrow.
And seeing in vain with misery I strove,
Retir'd me to this solitary grove;
Where in despair (even loathing of my breath)
I long to dwell in the cold arms of death."
Here sank down in a swoon and could no more,
And I return from whence I came before.
Where by the way the country Rook deplor'd,
The grip and hunger of his ravenous lord.
The cruel Castrel, which with devilish claws
Scratcheth out of the miserable jaws
Of thee poor tenant, to his ruin bent,
Raising new fines, redoubling ancient rent;
And by th' inclosure of old common land,
Racks the dear sweat from his laborious hand,
Whilst he that digs for breath out of the stones,
Cracks his stiff sinew, and consumes his bones;

(*a*) The sea from Hellespont to Bosphorus Thracius.

Yet fore'd to reap continually with ſtrife,
Snarling contention feeding on his life.
Yet hoping fortune better'd by his heirs,
They are content to part with what is theirs;
Lab'ring to keep him in his quiet ſtate,
When envy doth his gath'red mannors threat:
And being favour'd of ſome higher peer,
By whom their landlord keeps them ſtill in fear,
They by their clowniſh induſtry and art,
Soon to the court reduce him from the cart,
With their proviſion and defray his charge,
Whilſt with his grain he ballaſts many a barge,
And ſo his gripple avarice he ſerve,
What recks this rank hind, if his country ſtarve?
Hell on the wealth that's purchaſed with ſhame,
Gold in the trunk, and in the grave deſame:
Yet his claws blunt, and when he can no more,
The needy Rook is turn'd out of the door:
And laſtly doth his wretchedneſs bewail,
A bond-ſlave to the miſerable jail.

Thus wearied with the ſight of worldly crimes,
The wane of kingdoms, and the change of times;
I took myſelf, by ſearching to eſpy,
What ſins in ſecret did in cities lie:
For there I deem'd, where law had chiefeſt force,
Strongly to limit every lewder courſe,
Things turn'd to nature, and diſdain'd exceſs,
That plaguy foe to human happineſs.
And as I went (with buſy ſearch about)
Caſting by cunning how to find them out,
I found the Pheaſant that the Hawk doth fear,
Seeking for ſafety bred his ayery there,
Yet is accus'd through cloſe informing hate,
By lawleſs lending to offend the ſtate.
Who being rich, and loving coin and eaſe,
Still buildeth low, for fear he ſhould diſpleaſe.
Yet the bald Buzzard being pointed judge,
To this baſe, muddy, miſerable drudge:
A pair of young ones taketh from his neſt,
And leaves this fearful recreant the reſt,
And gives him thanks his goodneſs would ſo do,
That might take th' ayery, and the old one too.
He lived beſt, that moſt liv'd out of ſight:
I dare not ſay the birds were all upright;
For ſome had golden beaks, but brazen claws,
That held the guilds to miniſter their laws.

The Caſtrel for poſſeſſion of his heir,
Is by the Ring-tail offer'd wondrous fare,
To have a match betwixt their goodly breed,
T' increaſe their lands, and raiſe their happy ſeed.
But the coy Caſtrel turns it to a mock,
And ſcorns to match in his ignoble ſtock,
For which the Ring-tail by a ſecret plot,
Suborns the Starling, which hath cloſely got
To be the broker, ſolely to ſeduce
The Caſtrel's heir, by giving thriftleſs uſe,
And in ſtrong ſtatutes to enthral him ſo,
To line him ſure which way ſoe'er he go.
For this young fowl (drawn from his fathers eye)
Will with the fond world ſwim in vanity.
The ſubtil Ring-tail never thus doth leave,
Till he the Caſtrel cunningly deceive,
And catch his young one in the city's ſnare,
So gets his mannors e'er he be aware.

'Mongſt which the Daw (by giving of a bribe)
Became a clerk amongſt the learned tribe;
That being a bankrupt, a diſhoneſt debtor,
Can get his living only by the letter,
Whilſt arts go beg, and in a ſervile weed,
Are made the ſlaves to penury and need.

The Gooſe exiled, humbly doth appeal
To all the birds, profeſſing faith and zeal.
And though he proveth by the Roman (*b*) book,
What care to keep the Capitol he took;
Yet is not heard: the (*c*) Dove without a gall,
Is left forſaken, and contemn'd of all.
There grows ſuch diff'rence and ſuch ſtrange confuſions
'Twixt old decrees, and later Inſtitutions:
Yet being inſpir'd, deſiſteth not to ſpeak,
To edify the conſcience that is weak,
And, by approved argument's of's own,
By ſcriptures, fathers, and great writers known,
Diſcovereth their abominable trade;
So that the Stork their umpire being made,
Judgeth, the Daw ſhould from the church be driven,
To prate in corners, and to preach by even.
And ſince his art and cunning was ſo ſcant,
To have no patron but the ignorant;
And by his doctrine only teaching fools,
To be exil'd, and hiſs'd out of the ſchools.

Hence like the ſeed Thebes-builder Cadmus threw,
More armed miſchiefs ſuddenly up-grew:
The Bittor brings his action 'gainſt the Quail,
And on th' arreſt allows him hardly bail;
Becauſe he durſt preſume amongſt the reeds,
To leave his lemmon, where his female breeds.
And miſtreſs Tirmouſe, a neat merry dame,
With her friend Wag-tail, one of ſpecial name,
Who fu'd by th' Cuckow, in his proper wrong,
For him accuſing with their ſland'rous tongue,
Who to the bar his advocate doth bring,
That hath by rote the acts of many a king,
The laws, the ſtatutes, and decrees aſſign'd,
Cuſtom ſo old, as almoſt out of mind.
"A day of hearing, good my lord, cries he,
For maſter Cuckow that retaineth me;
Whom the lewd Wag-tail baſely had abus'd
In ſo vile terms, as cannot be excus'd;
The parties likewiſe preſent here in court,
And 'tis a caſe that well deſerves report:
For which a jury's ſummoned with ſpeed,
And to the trial preſently proceed."
The brain-bald Coot, a formal witleſs As,
Muſt now the fore-man on this matter paſs:
The ſottiſh Dott'ril, ignorant and dull;
And next to him the maw-cram'd gluttonous Gull,
The lecherous Mallard, call'd unto the book,
The ſqueaking Lapwing, the ridiculous Rook,
The witleſs Wood-cock, and his neighbour Snite;
That will be hir'd to paſs on every right,
With all the reſt empannelled to wait:
Which when the jury laſtly was complete,
Call'd to the bar, admitted and allow'd:
Upſtarts the Peacock, inſolent and proud;

(*b*) Plutarch. (*c*) Columba ſine felle.

Of goodly ſtature and of gracious port,
In preſence of the honourable court:
And for the plaintiff learnedly began;
" My lord (ſaith he) was never worthy man,
So nobly bred, and of ſo high deſcent,
Of ſo fair lively-hood, and ſo large a rent,
As is the Cuckow, ſo abus'd hereby,
Nor yet ſo ſlander'd, as my plea ſhall try:
Firſt, for the worth and honour of his name,
That you may better cenſure his defame;
Form mighty birds deſcending every way,
And by his birth, the meſſenger to May;
His houſe ſtill loyal, and his coat as fair,
His father's tunes he never did impair.
His name and nature do ſo well agree,
As ſhews his blood re-purify'd to be.
In fruitful Sparta, it is ſince now long,
That famous Greece took notice of his wrong,
When for her wanton and unchaſte deſire,
A thouſand ſhips ſtuft with revengeful fire,
To Tenedos the proud Ægean lades,
Whence ſprang thoſe high immortal Iliads.
And ſince the Romans from the Aſian broils,
Return'd with conqueſt and victorious ſpoils,
The Cuci here continually have been,
As by their ancient evidence is ſeen,
Of conſul Cuccus, from whoſe mighty name,
Theſe living Cuccos lineally came.
To him the ancients temples did erect,
Which with great pomp and ornament were deck'd.
Th' Italians call him Becco (of a nod)
With all the reverence that belongs a god.
What though in love ſuppoſed to be us'd,
What is his virtue need not be excus'd:
The wiſeman tells (if nature be our guide)
In following her, we ſeldom ſlip aſide.)
And in this bird who can her power deny,
If nature fram'd him to community?
Then wiſely thus conſidering his profeſſion,
You reverend judges of this lawful ſeſſion:
As you are patrons of the righteous cauſe,
Vouchſafe my client judgment." Here doth pauſe.
Scarce could the Peacock his concluſion make,
When ſtraight his turn the Turky-cock doth take,
A learned lawyer (worthy of his gown)
Of reputation both in court and town:
And to the bench for audience having cry'd,
Thus to the Peacock learnedly reply'd:
" Grave reverend fathers of the law (he ſaid)
The matter that our adverſaries plead,
Is vain and idle; we the point enforce
Againſt the Cuckow and his lawleſs courſe.
The Peacock here a cunning ſpeech hath made,
To help his client and uphold his trade;
But ſtrip this maſk that doth conceal the cauſe,
Examine each particular and clauſe
'Gainſt proof ſo poor, ſo indigent to truth,
The baſtard Cuckow bringing from his youth:
Firſt laid and hatch'd up in anothers neſt,
Such vileneſs reign'd in his baſe parents breaſt,
Who ſince that time they never fought for ſhame,
Nor but their vice he dares for's birth-right claim:
The Hedge-ſparrow, this wicked bird that bred,
That him ſo long and diligently fed,
(By her kind tendance) getting ſtrength and power,
His careful nurſe doth cruelly devour:
Baſe as his birth, ſo baſer is his trade,
And to the world a by-word now is made:
No nation names the Cuckow but in ſcorn,
And no man hears him, but he fears the horn:
No month regards him but laſcivious May,
Wherein whilſt youth is dallying with the day,
His ſong ſtill tends to vanity and luſt,
Amorous deceits, polygamies unjuſt,
But to cut off theſe tedious allegations,
The law commands, theſe public defamations
Be ſtrictly puniſh'd in the nobleſt men:
Why ſhould you ſpare the curſed Cuckow then;
Who all his life to lewdneſs being bent,
Rightly deſerves the public'ſt puniſhment?
Then, gentle jurors, good men, and elect,
As you your ſafeties carefully reſpect,
If love's ſweet muſic and his bliſsful cheer,
E'er touch'd your hearts, or mollify'd your ear;
Tender the caſe, and evermore the wed
Shall praiſe your conſcience both at board and bed."
Thus ſaid, he ceas'd, the jurors ſtept aſide,
Wiſely conſulting, warily they try'd
The circumſtance of every ſecret ſin;
Thus they return'd and brought their verdict in:
Caſt is the Cuckow, guilty of the deed,
And for a fine, for his deſerved meed,
Allows to miſtreſs Titmouſe for her charge,
That ſhe ſhall after have her tail at large:
And when ſhe revels, as ſhe did before,
T' exclude the Cuckow freely out of doar:
And ſuch offenders as they could preſent,
Likewiſe adjudg'd deſerved puniſhment.
The Ring-dove, plagu'd with maggots in the maw,
The Woodcock gets the ſwelling of the craw.
The Crow, with dropſy (whilſt yet living) rots:
The Quail, a leper fill'd with loathſome ſpots.
The Buzzard, of the lethargy is ſick:
The Kite, with fevers falleth lunatic.
The epilepſy grew upon the Jay:
And of a ſweat the Bunting drops away.
But how about my fantaſy it brought,
Now know not I: but ſuddenly methought
The princely Eagle out of ſight was gone,
And left the wiſe and honeſt bird alone,
To govern things, both for his proper heal,
And for the great good of the public weal.
When more the Owl that with a vigilant eye,
All theſe dimenſions perfectly could try,
Foreſaw the peril threat'ned unto all,
Apt by their looſe credulity to fall,
And whoſe prevention if he did fore-ſlow,
Their utter ſpoil immediately ſhould grow.
" My friends (quoth he) look warily about,
Many the dangers which you are to doubt;
This gallant oak wherein ſo oft you play,
Perhaps (at length) your ſafety may betray.
And though his ſhade be delicate and ſweet,
His trunk bears lime that may intrap your feet.
If, fearing what is requiſite and fit,
You like my judgment, and allow my wit;
Yours is the good: but if you fondly deem,
Things be within, as outwardly they ſeem;

Head-long run on, and fall into the ſnare,
And ſay, a friend once warn'd you to beware."
Thus ſpake the Owl, whoſe talk could not be heard.
" So little fools good counſel do regard."
But thinking, frenzy him his wits beguil'd,
The honeſt bird deſpightfully revil'd.
But mark their end, who ſet advice at nought,
" Fools ſtill too dear have found experience bought;
The huſbandman ſurveying of his ground,
'Mongſt all the trees this oak had quickly found:
And by all ſigns and likelihood of trade,
The birds therein their nightly rooſting made.
And by the lime that iſſued from the tree,
They all entangled eaſily might be.
Taking the ſame, he ſpreads it on the ſprays,
And through the thicket cloſely creeps his ways.
When the ſad Arndern ſhutting in the light,
Wan-ſighted Cynthia (Lady of the Night)
Proudly aſcending the ætherial ſtate,
Whence the bright Phœbus but diſmounted late,
The dull ey'd Evening his moiſt vapours threw,
Strewing the ſtill earth with ſweet ſhowers of dew;
When every bird repleniſhed with food,
Came on his ſtretch'd wings lively from the wood,
And on each ſmall branch of this large-limb'd oak,
Their pretty lodgings careleſsly they took,
No ill ſuſpecting, fondly unawares,
Were all entangled in the fowler's ſnares:
Whoſe mournful chirping, and their chattering cries,
Incites the Owl before his hour to riſe.
And hearing from his melancholy ſeat,
The birds themſelves thus wofully to beat,
(The deed diſcover'd with the morning's light)
Flew from his perch: though grieved at the ſight,
Yet with a ſmile, his wiſdom that became,
Which mock'd their folly, though bemoan'd their ſhame,
Quoth he, 'You fooliſh burghers of the field,
That in contempt my counſels lewdly held,
That, whereat late you did but laugh and jeer,
Now to your ruin plainly doth appear,
The greateſt thing you lightly are to loſe,
Only your plumes that fortune can diſpoſe.
'Tis yet a comfort in the depth of ſmart;
Envy but feizeth on the outward part.
But preſent peril in a thing of price,
Rather craves action, then doth ſtay advice.
Therefore to help you, I'll my power aſſay:'
Wherewith his wing doth preſently diſplay,
And with his claws, the birds of every kind
Plucks from the lime, which left their plumes behind.
The little Robin featherleſs and free,
Regreets the Owl with many a cap and knee.
The warbling Mevis mirthful Peans ſung,
The Nightingale with her melodious tongue,
Gave him ſuch muſic (to declare their thanks)
That ſprings and rivers danc'd above their banks:
That (with the repercuſſion of the air)
Shook the great Eagle ſitting in his chair:
Which from the mountain (with a radiant eye)
Brav'd the bright creſſit of the glorious ſky;
Moving his princely majeſty to ſee,
Whence this applauſe ſo ſuddenly ſhould be,
Whoſe ſinewed wings (in their reſiſtleſs courſe)
Beat the thin air, with ſuch a violent force,
That the light birds dropt headlong from the ſkies,
The rocks and foreſts trembling with the noiſe,
Somewhat amaz'd at this unuſual ſight,
To ſee his people in this pitious plight:
His ſovereign's ear doth preſently addreſs,
Willing to hear the cauſe of their diſtreſs:
To whom the poor Owl (his obedience done)
Thus to his liege lord, reverently begun:
'Monarch of all that beat the air with wings,
Thou bird of Jove, beloved amongſt kings;
Here ſtands an oak well timber'd, largely ſpread,
That many a day hath borne his curled head
Above his fellows dwelling far and near,
That in the foreſt never found his peer;
Whoſe root well faſten'd in the fruitful ground,
His bark ſo lovely, and his heart ſo ſound,
(Through his great wealth) grew inſolent and proud,
Becauſe the birds that in his boughs did ſhrowd,
To his high praiſe continually did ſing,
And kept their vigils to th' enamour'd ſpring.
The virgin-huntreſs ſworn to Dian's bow,
Here in this ſhade her quarries did beſtow,
And for their Nymphals, building amorous bowers,
Oft dreſt this tree with anadems of flowers;
And Flora choſe her nurs'ry here to ſhield,
Her tender buds, the infants of the field.
By which, this tree grew arrogant in time,
And in his rank ſap bred a loathſome ſlime,
Whoſe nature and vile quality is ſuch,
Strongly to hold whatever it doth touch;
And not content to miniſter this mean,
Which in ſhort time might have undone us clean;
But even his boughs the birds have honoured ſo,
He hath employed unto their general woe,
That when thy ſubjects, dreading no deceit,
Came to this tree, as to their ſafe retreat,
They were betray'd, and he that ſped the beſt,
Hardly eſcap'd, with feathers at the leaſt.
Thoſe that I could, as I had power and might,
Though with much pain, I laſtly did acquite.
The reſt, whoſe freedom doth exceed my reach,
O king of birds, I humbly thee beſeech
In mercy, let thy mightineſs purvey,
To ranſom from this imminent decay.'
When now the Eagle cutting off his tale,
And even for ſorrow waxing wan and pale;
At which ſad ſight, this poor implumed crew,
Stand faintly trembling in their ſovereign's view;
And having ſtretched his lordly talons forth,
To ſhew th' acceptance of this deed of worth;
'You ſilly birds, you wretched fowls (quoth he)
Henceforth let this a friendly warning be.
Had you (as nature and our laws admit)
Built where your noble anceſtors did ſit,
Wiſely providing to maintain their ſtate,
Whoſe names and freedoms you participate,
You had not thus been ſpoiled of your goods,
For ſubtilty now dwelleth in the woods.
For if too high and haughtily you ſoar,
Thoſe ſee your falls that hover near the ſhore.
If in the cedar you your neſts diſpoſe,
The dreadful lightning ever threat'neth thoſe.
If in the low earth (in the flattering ſhade)
The fowler's ſnares there ſecretly are laid.

Then, my dear ſubjects, as you wiſh my good,
Or have reſpect to your ſucceeding brood,
Let your wiſe fathers an example give,
And by their rules learn thriftily to live. [fight,
Let thoſe weak birds, that want wherewith to
Submit to thoſe that are of grip and might.
Let thoſe of power the weaker ſtill protect,
So none ſhall need his ſafety to ſuſpect;
Suppreſſing thoſe enormities that are,
Whoſe cure belongs unto our ſovereign care.
For when wealth grows into a few men's hands,
And to the great the poor in many bands;
The pride in court doth make the country lean,
The abject rich hold ancient honour mean.
Men's wits employ'd to baſe and ſervile ſhifts,
And lay-men taught by learn'd men's ſubtil drifts,
Ill with the ſtate 't muſt incidently fare.
For even as from th' infection of the air,
Sundry contagious ſickneſſes proceed,
Theſe miſchiefs more continually do breed.
Shun beaſtly luſt (you young well-feather'd fowl)
That wounds the body and confounds the ſoul;
That, as the ſubtil'ſt of the Syrens brood,
Binds all the ſpirits, and overcomes the blood;
Dark'ning the pureneſs of the inward light,
Weak'neth the ſenſe and murd'reth reaſon quite,
And you that ſit as judges of the law,
Let not vile gain your equal balance draw.
O! ſtill retain the Ethiopians guiſe,
(As juſt and upright, as ſelect and wiſe)
That in their judgments (ſacred and profound)
Diſpos'd them ever meekly on the ground;
To ſhew the angels (ſitting over head)
Them were to judge, as they had cenſured,'
Thus ſpake the Eagle when with mutt'ring noiſe,
The reſt attentive to his powerful voice,
Giving a ſignal of their admiration,
The Owl this while in ſerious contemplation
Softly replies, 'O mighty ſovereign!
With all the ſynod of thy winged train,
'Th' abundant joys that in my heart do throng,
Require more organs than the only tongue.
O bleſſed birds! how ſweet is your ſubjection,
Under the ſafe and abſolute protection
Of ſo exact and excellent a king,
So ſole and perfect in his governing:
'The reaſon this (my grave ſelected peers)
Becauſe 'tis known, that in theſe latter years,
The peaceful prepoſt'rouſly diſturb'd
By ſuch, whoſe power the great have hardly curb'd.
The jocund Throſtle, for his varying note,
Clad by the Eagle in a ſpeckled coat;'
Becauſe his voice had judgment for the palm,
Suppos'd himſelf ſole patron of our calm.
All ſay, for ſinging he had never peer:
But there were ſome that did his virtue fear.
Why ſhouldſt thou then ambitiouſly deſpiſe
The manly Falcon? on whoſe courage lies
The kingdom's ſafety, which abroad doth roam,
By foreign wars to keep us ſafe at home.
I know, the ſtrain of an alluring tongue
Can tye the full ear, and detain it long,
But other fortunes, and the altered place,
Crave new directions, and an active grace.
The former virtue may conſiſt alone,
But better two, (if firmly join'd in one)
Experience once (by ſervice in the wars)
Did quote his ſtrong authorities in ſcars;
But in this latter time it hath been ſaid,
The tongue doth all, contemning th' other's aid.
Virtue, whoſe chief praiſe in the act doth ſtand,
Could wiſh the tongue ſtill coupled with the hand.
But in the Cock which death untimely wrack'd,
In him was both the elegance and act.
O! when that bird was raviſh'd from our ſight,
(Entombing him) the world entomb'd delight.
Let never mournful accent paſs my pen,
That leaves his fame unregiſter'd to men.
The muſes veil'd with ſad cypreſs-tree,
Upon his grave ſhall pour their tears with me.
O! if the world can weep ſo many tears
As his loſs craves, or if in heaven appears
More plenteous ſorrow; let them both agree,
T' lament that hour that reft the earth of thee.
O! thought I not ſome ſpirit could give thee more
Than this ſmall portion of my ſcantled ſtore!
I would not leave (I firſt would leave to liv e)
To give thee fame: O who can greater give?'
This ſaid, he ſunk, as growing faint with ſpeaking, [ing.
Sighing with all, as though his heart were break-
The princely Eagle pitying of his plight,
To cheer the poor Owl doing all he might;
The birds applauding with a free conſent,
Followed the Eagle (with devout intent)
To the great mountain, to have all amended.
Thus I awak'd, and here my dream was ended.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Of all the tales that ever have been told,
By homely ſhepherds lately, or of old,
The Mooned Man, although the laſt in place,
Is not the leaſt; and thus befell the caſe.
It was the time when (for their good eſtate)
The thankful ſhepherds yearly celebrate
A feaſt, and bonefires on the vigils keep,
To the great Pan, preſerver of their ſheep:
Which whilſt in high ſolemnity they ſpend,
Laſtly the long day grew unto an end:
When as by night with a devout intent,
About the field religiouſly they went, [fray,
With hollowing charms the * Warwolf thence to
That them and theirs awaited to betray.
And now the ſun near half his courſe had run
Under the earth, when coming every one
Back to the place where uſually they met,
And on the ground together being ſet:
It was agreed, to paſs away the time, [rhyme:
That ſome one ſhepherd ſhould rehearſe ſome
Long as they could their drooping hearts to glad,
Blame not poor ſwains, though inly they were ſad:
For ſome amongſt them perfectly there knew,
That the ſad times were ſhortly to enſue,
When they of all the ſorts of men neglected,
In barren fields ſhould wander unreſpected.
For careful ſhepherds that do watch by night,
In the vaſt air ſee many a fearful ſight:
From whoſe obſervance they do wiſely gather
The change of times, as well as of the weather.
But whilſt they ſtrove this ſtory who ſhould tell,
Amongſt the reſt to Rowland's lot it fell,
By general voice, in time that then was grown
So excellent, that ſcarce there had been known
Him that excell'd in piping or in ſong:
When not a man the company among
That was not ſilent. Now the goodly Moon
Was in the full, and at her nighted noon,
Shew'd her great glory, ſhining now ſo bright,
Quoth Rowland, 'She that gently lends us light
Shall be our ſubject, and her love alone,
Borne to a ſhepherd, wiſe Endymion,
Sometime on Latmus (*b*) that his flock did keep,
Rapted that was in admiration deep
Of her perfections, that he us'd to lie,
All the long night contemplating the ſky,
At her high beauties; often of his ſtore,
As to the god he only did adore,
And ſacrific'd: ſhe perfect in his love,
For the high gods enthroniſed above:
From their clear manſions plainly do behold
All that frail man doth in this groſſer mould:
For whom bright Cynthia gliding from her ſphere,
Uſed oft-times to recreate her there:
That oft her want unto the world was ſtrange,
Fearing that heaven the wonted courſe would change,
And Phœbus, her oft miſſing did inquire,
If that elſewhere ſhe borrowed other fire:
But let them do to croſs her what they could,
Down unto Latmus every month ſhe would.
So that in heaven about it there was odds,
And as a queſtion troubled all the gods,
Whether without their general conſent,
She might depart, but nath'leſs to prevent
Her lawleſs courſe; they labour'd all in vain,
Nor could their laws her liberty reſtrain:
For of the ſeven, ſince ſhe the loweſt was,
Unto the earth nought hinder'd her to paſs:
Before the reſt of which ſhe had the charge,
No leſs her power was in the waters large:
From her deriving naturally their ſource:
Beſides ſhe being ſwifteſt in her courſe,
Of all the planets, therefore him defies,
That her, her ancient liberty denies.
That many a time apparelled in green,
Arm'd with her dart, ſhe huntreſs-like was ſeen:
Her hair tuck'd up in many a curious plait,
Sometimes in fields found feeding of her neat;
A country maiden, then amongſt the ſwains,
A ſhepherdeſs, ſhe kept upon the plains;
Yet no diſguiſe her deity could ſmother,
So far in beauty ſhe excelled other:
Such was the virtue of the world, that then
The gods did uſe t' accompany with men
In human ſhapes, deſcending from their powers,
Often were ſeen in homely ſhepherds bowers.
But he her courſe that ſtudied ſtill to know,
Muſe not though oft he malcontent did go,
Seldom in one ſtate that her ever found, [round;
Horned ſometime, now half-fac'd (*c*) and then

(*a*) Men by ſorcery turning themſelves into wolves.
(*b*) A mountain of Ionia; where Endymion is feigned to have enjoyed the Moon.

(*c*) Pro vario ad ſolem aſpectu varias induit figuras.

Shining on that part, then another more,
Then there moſt darken'd, where moſt light before;
Now all night ſhining, now a piece and then,
Obſerves the day, and in her courſe again;
Sometime to ſouth, then northward ſhe doth ſtir,
Him ſo amazing, he ſuppoſed her
Vain and inconſtant, now herſelf t' attire,
And help her beauties with her brother's fire,
When moſt of all accompliſh'd is her face,
A ſudden darkneſs doth her quite diſgrace.
For that the earth, by nature cold and dry,
By the much groſeneſs and obſcurity,
Whoſe globe exceeds her compaſs being fixt,
Her (*d*) ſurface and her brother's beams betwixt:
Within whoſe ſhadow when ſhe haps to fall,
Foreeth her darkneſs to be general;
That he reſolv'd ſhe ever would be ſtrange:
Yet marking well he found upon her change,
If that her brow with bloody red were ſtain'd,
Tempeſts ſoon after; and if black, it rain'd:
By his obſervance that he well diſcern'd,
That from her courſe things greater might be learn'd.

Whilſt that his brain he buſied yet doth keep,
Now from the ſpleen the melancholy deep
Pierceth the veins, and like a raging flood,
Rudely itſelf extending through the blood,
Appalls the ſpirits, (*e*) denying their defence
Unto the organs, when as every ſenſe
Ceaſeth the office, then the labouring mind,
Strongeſt in that which all the powers doth bind,
Strives to high knowledge, being in this plight,
Now the ſun's ſiſter, miſtreſs of the night,
His ſad deſires long languiſhing to cheer,
Thus at the laſt on Latmus doth appear,
Her brother's beams enforc'd to lay aſide.
Herſelf for his ſake ſeeming to divide.
For had ſhe come apparell'd in her light,
Then ſhould the ſwain have periſh'd in her ſight.
Upon a bull (*f*) as white as milk ſhe rode,
Which like a huntreſs bravely ſhe beſtrode,
Her brow with beauty gloriouſly replete,
Her count'nance lovely with a ſwelling teat;
Gracing her broad breaſt curiouſly enchas'd,
With branched veins all bared to the waiſt.
Over the ſame ſhe wore a vapour thin,
Thorough the which her clear and dainty ſkin
To the beholder amiably did ſhow,
Like damaſk roſes lightly clad in ſnow.
Her bow and quiver at her back behind,
That eas'ly moving with the wanton wind,
Made a ſoft ruſtling, ſuch as you do hear
Amongſt the reeds ſome gliding river near,
When the fierce Boreas thorough them doth ride,
Againſt whoſe rage the hollow canes do chide;
Which breath her mantle (*g*) amorouſly did ſwell,
From her ſtrait ſhoulders careleſsly that fell.
Now here, now there, now up and down that flew,
Of ſundry colours, wherein you might view
A ſea, that ſomewhat ſtraitned by the land,
Two furious tides raiſe their ambitious hand,
One 'gainſt the other, warring in their pride,
Like two fond worldlings that themſelves divide
For ſome ſlight trifle, oppoſite in all,
Till both together ruined, they fall,
Some coming in, ſome out again doth go,
And the ſame way, and the ſame wind doth blow,
Both fails their courſe each labouring to prefer,
By th' hand of either's helpful mariner:
Outrageous tempeſt, ſhipwrecks overſpread
All the rude Neptune, whilſt that pale-fac'd dread
Seizeth the ſhip-boy, that his ſtrength doth put
The anchor'd cable preſently to cut.
All above board, the ſturdy Eolus caſts
Into the wide ſeas, whilſt on planks and maſts
Some 'ſay to ſwim; and there you might behold,
Whilſt the rude waters enviouſly did ſcold,
Others upon a promontory high,
Thruſting his blue top through the bluer ſky,
Looking upon thoſe luſt upon the ſeas;
Like worldly rich men that do ſit at eaſe,
Whilſt in this vain world others live in ſtriſe,
Warring with ſorrow every where ſo riſe;
And oft amongſt the monſters of the main,
Their horrid foreheads through the billows ſtrain,
Into the vaſt air driving on their breaſts
The troubled water, that ſo ill digeſts
Their ſway, that it them enviouſly aſſails,
Hanging with white jaws on their marble ſcales;
And in another inland part again,
Where ſprings, lakes, rivers, mariſhes and fen,
Wherein all kinds of water-fowl did won,
Each in their colours excellently done,
The greedy ſea-maw fiſhing for the fry;
The hungry ſhell-fowl, from whoſe rape doth fly
Th' unnumber'd ſholes; the mallard there did feed;
The teale and morecoot raking in the weed;
And in a creek where waters leaſt did ſtir,
Set from the reſt the nimble divedopper,
That comes and goes ſo quickly and ſo oft,
As ſeems at once both under and aloft:
The jealous ſwan, there ſwimming in his pride,
With his arch'd breaſt the waters did divide,
His ſaily wings him forward ſtrongly puſhing,
Againſt the billows with ſuch fury ruſhing,
As from the ſame, a foam ſo white aroſe,
As ſeem'd to mock the breaſt that them oppoſe:
And here and there the wand'ring eye to feed,
Of ſcatter'd tufts of bulruſhes and reed, [ſpray,
Segges, long-leav'd willow, on whoſe bending
The py'd king's-fiſher, having got his prey,
Sate with the ſmall breath of the water ſhaken,
Till he devour'd the fiſh that he had taken.
The long-neck'd hern, there watching by the brim,
And in a gutter near again to him
The bidling ſnite, the plover on the moor,
The curlew, ſcratching in the ouſe and ore:
And there a fowler ſet his lime and gin,
Watching the birds unto the ſame to win;
Sees in a boat a fiſher near at hand,
Tugging his net full laden to the land,
Keep off the fowl, whereat the other's blood
Chaf'd; from the place where ſecretly he ſtood

(*d*) Eclip. Lunae.
(*e*) The depth of contemplation.
(*f*) The exaltation of the Moon in Taurus, therefore not improperly ſaid to ride upon a bull.
(*g*) In this ſuppoſed mantle is deſcribed the ſurface of a ſea and land in landſkip.

Makes signs, and closely beck'neth him away,
Shaketh his hand, as threat'ning if he stay,
In the same stained with such natural grace,
That rage was lively pictured in his face:
Whilst that the other eagerly that wrought,
Having his sense still settled on his draught
More than before, beats, plunges, hales the cord,
Nor but one look, the other can afford.
Buskins she wore, which of the sea did bear
The pale green colour, which like waved were
To that vast Neptune, of two colours mixt,
Yet none could tell the difference was betwixt,
With rocks of crystal lively that were set,
Covering whose feet with many a curious fret,
Were groves of coral, which not feeling weather,
Their limber branches were so lap'd together,
As one enamour'd had of other been,
Jealous the air t' have intercourse between:
'Mongst which clear (*b*) amber jellied seem'd to be,
Through whose transparence you might easily see
The beds of (*i*) pearl whereon the gum did sleep,
Cockles, broad scallops, and their kind that keep
The precious seed which of the waters come,
Some yet but thriving, when as other some,
More than the rest that strangely seem to swell,
With the dear fruit that grew within the shell;
Others again wide open there did yawn,
And on the gravel spew'd their orient spawn:
That he became amazed at her sight,
Even as a man is troubled at the light
Newly awaked, and the white and red,
With his eyes twinkling, gathered and fled:
Like as a mirror to the sun oppos'd
Within the margin equally enclos'd,
That being moved, as the hand directs,
It at one instant taketh and reflects:
For the affection by the violent heat,
Forming it, passion taketh up the seat
In the full heart, whereby the joy or fear,
That it receives either by th' eye or ear,
Still as the object altereth the mood,
Either attracts, or forceth from the blood:
That from the chief part violently sent,
In either kind thereby is vehement.

Whilst the sad shepherd in this woful plight
Perplex'd; the goddess with a longing sight
Him now beheld; for worshipped by men,
The heavenly powers so likewise love again
To shew themselves, and make their glories known:
And one day marking when he was alone,
Unto him coming, mildly him bespake'
Quoth she, 'Know, shepherd, only for thy sake.
I first chose Latmus, as the only place
Of my abode, and have refus'd to grace
My Menalus, well known in every coast,
To be the mount that once I loved most:
And since alone of wretched mortals, thou
Hast labour'd (*k*) first my wand'ring course to know;
To times succeeding thou alone shalt be,
By whom my motion shall be taught, quoth she,

(*b*) Amber found in the Ligustic deeps.
(*i*) Pearls bred in shells.
(*k*) Endymion first found out the course of the moon.

For those first simple that my face did mark,
In the full brightness suddenly made dark,
Ere knowledge did the cause thereof disclose,
To be enchanted long did me suppose:
With sounding brass and all the while did ply,
The incantation thereby to untye,

But to our purpose, when our mother went,
The bright Latona, (*l*) (and her womb distent)
With the great burden that by Jove (*m*) she bare,
Me and my brother, the great thunderer's care:
Whom floating Delos wand'ring in the main,
From jealous Juno hardly could contain:
Then much distress'd, and in a hard estate,
Cœus, fair daughter by our stepdame's hate,
Betwixt a laurel and an olive-tree,
Into the world did bring the sun and me.
When I was born (as I have heard her say)
Nature alone did rest her on that day:
In Jove's high house the gods assembled all,
To whom he held a sumptuous festival;
The well wherein my mother bath'd me first,
Hath that high virtue, that he shall not thirst,
Thereof that drinks, and hath the pain appeas'd
Of th' inward griev'd, and outwardly diseas'd:
And being young, the gods that haunt the deep,
Stealing to kiss me softly laid to sleep;
And having felt the sweetness of my breath,
Missing me, mourn'd, and languished to death.
I am the rectress of this globe below,
And with my course the sea (*n*) doth ebb and flow,
When from aloft my beams I oblique cast,
Straitways it ebbs, and floweth then as fast;
Downward again my motion when I make,
Twice doth it swell, twice every day doth flake;
Sooner or later shifting of the tide
As far or near my wand'ring course doth guide.

That kindly moisture that doth life maintain,
In every creature proves how I do reign
In fluxive humour, which is ever found,
As I do wane or wax up to my round;
Those fruitful trees of victory and peace,
The palm and olive, still with my increase.
Shoot forth new branches; and to tell my power,
As my great brother, so have I a (*o*) flower
To me peculiar, that doth ope and close,
When as I rise, and when I me repose.
No less than these that green and living be,
The precious gems do sympathize with me:
As most that (*p*) stone that doth the name derive
From me, with me that lesseneth or doth thrive,
Darkneth and shineth, as I do, her queen.
And as in these, in beasts my power is seen
As he whose grim face all the lesser fears,
The cruel panther, on his shoulder bears
A spot that daily changeth as I do.
And as that creature me affecteth too,

(*l*) Tibul. Elegia 8. Juven. Satyr. 6. Plutar. vi. Aemi.
(*m*) Apollo and Phœbe, feigned to be the twins of Jupiter and Latona. Vide Ovid. l. 6. Metam. & Plin. l. 27. c. 44.
(*n*) Secundum motum diurnum singulis diebus bis fluens, bis refluens.
(*o*) Selenetropium, the flower of the moon.
(*p*) The Selenite, or [illegible]

It whoſe deep craft ſcarce any creature can,
Seeming with reaſon to divide with man,
The nimble (*q*) Babion mourning all the time,
Nor eats betwixt my waning and my prime.
The ſpotted cat, whoſe ſharp and ſubtil ſight
Pierceth the vapour of the blackeſt night,
My want and fulneſs in her eye doth find,
So great am I and powerful in that kind.
As thoſe great burghers of the foreſt wild,
The hart, the goat, and (*r*) he that ſlew the child
Of wanton Mirrah, in their ſtrength do know
The due obſervance nature doth me owe.
And if thou think me heavenly not to be,
That in my face thou often ſeem'ſt to ſee
A paleneſs, where thoſe other in the ſky
Appear ſo purely glorious in thine eye:
Thoſe (*a*) freckles thou ſuppoſeſt me diſgrace,
Are thoſe pure parts that in my lovely face,
By their ſo much tenuity do light,
My brother's beams aſſiſting me with light,
And keep that clearneſs as doth me behove,
Of that pure heaven me ſet wherein to move.
My leaſt ſpot ſeen unto the earth ſo near,
Wherefore that (*b*) compaſs that doth oft appear
About my body, is the dampy miſt,
From earth ariſing, ſtriving to reſiſt
The rays my full orb plenteouſly projects
On the groſs cloud, whoſe thickneſs it reflects,
And mine own light about myſelf doth fling
In equal parts, in faſhion of a ring;
For near'ſt to mortals though my ſtate I keep,
Yet not the colour of the troubled deep,
Thoſe ſpots ſuppoſed, nor the fogs that riſe
From the dull earth, me any whit agriſe;
Whoſe perfect beauty no way can endure,
But what like me is excellently pure;
For moiſt and cold although I do reſpire,
Yet in myſelf had I not (*c*) genuine fire,
When the groſs earth divided hath the ſpace
Betwixt the full orb and my brother's face,
Though I confeſs much leſſen'd be my light,
I ſhould be taken utterly from ſight:
And for I ſo irregularly go,
Therein wiſe nature moſt of all doth ſhew
Her ſearchleſs judgment: for did I in all
Keep on in that way, which ſtar-gazers call
The (*d*) line ecliptic, as my glorious brother
Doth in his courſe, one oppoſite to other;
Twice every month, th' eclipſes of our light
Poor mortals ſhould prodigiouſly affright;
Yet by proportion certainly I move,
In rule of number, and the moſt I love
That which you call full, that moſt perfect ſeven
Of three (*e*) and four made, which for odd and even
Are male and female, which by mixture frame,
It moſt myſterious, that as mine I claim;
Quarter'd thereby, firſt of which ſeven my prime,
The ſecond ſeven accompliſheth the time
Unto my fulneſs, in the third I range
Leſs'ning again, the fourth then to my change:
To which four ſevens the eight and (*f*) twenty make,
Through the bright circle of the zodiac
In which I paſs, whoſe (*g*) quarters do appear
As the four ſeaſons of my brother's year.
Firſt in my birth am moiſten'd as his ſpring;
Hot as the ſummer, he illumining
My orb, the ſecond; my third quarter dry,
As is his autumn; when from him I fly,
Depriv'd his bright beams, and as waxing old,
Laſtly, my wane is as his winter cold.'

Whereat ſhe paus'd; who all the while ſhe ſpake,
The buſtling winds their murmur often brake;
And being ſilent ſeemed yet to ſtay,
To liſten if ſhe had ought elſe to ſay. [thought,
When now the while much troubled was his
And her fair ſpeech ſo craftily had caught
Him, that the ſpirits ſoon ſhaking off the load
Of the groſs fleſh, and hating her abode;
Being thoroughly heated in theſe amorous fires,
Wholly tranſported with the dear deſires
Of her embraces: for the living ſoul,
Being individual, uniform and whole,
By her unwearied faculties doth find
That which the fleſh of duller earth by kind
Not apprehends, and by her function makes
Good her own ſtate; Endymion now forſakes
All the delights that ſhepherds do preſer,
And ſets his mind ſo gen'rally on her,
That all neglected to the groves and ſprings,
He follows Phœbe, that him ſafely brings
(As their great queen) unto the nymphiſh bowers,
Wherein clear rivers beautified with flowers,
The ſilver (*h*) Naides bathe them in the brack.
Sometime with her the ſea-horſe he doth back,
Amongſt the blue (*i*) Nereides; and when
Weary of waters, goddeſs like again,
She the high mountains actively aſſays,
And there amongſt the light (*k*) Oriades,
That ride the ſwift roes, Phœbe doth reſort;
Sometime amongſt thoſe that with them comport,
The (*l*) Hamadriades, doth the woods frequent;
And there ſhe ſtays not; but incontinent,
Calls down the Dragons that her chariot draw,
And with Endymion pleaſed that ſhe ſaw,
Mounteth thereon, in twinkling of an eye,
Stripping the winds, beholding from the ſky
The earth in roundneſs of a perfect ball,
Which as a point but of this mighty all,
Wiſe nature fix'd, that permanent doth ſtay,
Whereas the ſpheres by a diurnal ſway
Of the firſt Mover carried are about.
And how the ſeveral elements throughout,
Strongly enfolded, and the vaſt air ſpread
In ſundry regions, in the which are bred
Thoſe ſtrange impreſſions often that appear
To fearful mortals, and the cauſes there,

(*q*) Cinnphal the Babion, or Baboon.
(*r*) Adonis ſlain by a boar.
(*a*) Partes Lunae rariores & proinde minus lucidae.
(*b*) The cauſe of that circle which the philoſophers call Halo, which we often ſee about the moon.
(*c*) Luna lumen habet congenitum.
(*d*) The line ſuppoſed to divide the zodiac.
(*e*) Numerus impar mas par foemina.
(*f*) The month of the year, of the moon.
(*g*) The four quarters of the month reſemble the four ſeaſons of the year. Macro.
(*h*) The nymphs of the waters.
(*i*) Nymphs of the ſea.
(*k*) Nymphs of the mountains.
(*l*) Nymphs of the woods.

And light'ned by her piercing beams, he ſees
The powerful Planets, how in their degrees,
In their due ſeaſons they do fall and riſe:
And how the Signs (*m*) in their triplicities
Be ſympathiſing in their trine conſents,
With whoſe inferior forming elements,
From which our bodies the complexions take,
Natures and number: ſtrongly and do make
Our diſpoſitions like them, and on earth
The power the heavens have over mortal birth,
That their effects which men call fortune, are
As is that good or inauſpicious ſtar,
Which at the frail nativity doth reign.
Yet here her love could Phœbe not contain,
And knowledge him ſo ſtrongly doth inſpire,
That in moſt plenty, more he doth deſire;
Raiſing him up to thoſe excelling ſights,
The glorious heaven, where all the fixed lights,
Whoſe images ſuppos'd to be therein,
Are fram'd of ſtars, whoſe names did firſt begin
By thoſe wiſe ancients, not to ſtelliſy
The firſt world's heroes only, but imply
To teach their courſes, for diſtinguiſhed
In Conſtellations, a delight firſt bred
In ſlothful man, into the ſame to look,
That from thoſe figures nomination took,
Which they reſembled her on earth below,
And the bright Phœbe ſubtilly doth know
The heavenly motions high her orb above,
As well as thoſe that under her do move.
For with long titles do we her inveſt,
So theſe great three moſt powerful of the reſt,
Phœbe, Diana, Hecate, do tell,
Her ſovereignty in heaven, in earth and hell:
And wiſe Apollo, that doth likewiſe ſend
Her his pure beams, with them doth likewiſe ſend
His wond'rous knowledge, for that god moſt bright,
King of the Planets, (*n*) fountain of the light:
That ſeeth all things, will have her to ſee,
So far as where the ſacred angels be.
Thoſe hierarchies that Jove's great will ſupply,
Whoſe orders formed in triplicity,
Holding their places by the treble trine,
Make up that holy (*o*) theologic nine:
(*p*) Thrones, Cherubin, and Seraphin that riſe,
As the firſt three; when Principalities,
With Dominations, Poteſtates are plac'd
The ſecond, and the Ephionian laſt,
Which Virtues, Angels, and Archangels be.
Thus yonder Man that in the Moon you ſee,
Rapt up from Latmus, thus ſhe doth preſer,
And goes about continually with her:
Over the world that every month doth look,
And in the ſame there's ſcarce that ſecret nook
That he ſurveys not, and the places hidden
Whence ſimple truth and candle-light forbidden
Dare not approach, he peepeth with his light;
Whereas ſuſpicious policy by night
Conſults with Murder, Baſeneſs at their hand,
Armed to act whatever they command,
With guilty conſcience and intent ſo foul,
That oft they ſtart at whooping of an owl,
And ſlily peering at a little pore,
See one ſometimes content to keep the door;
One would not think the bawd that did not know,
Such a brave body could deſcend ſo low.
And the baſe churl, the ſun that dare not truſt,
With his old gold, yet ſmelling it doth ruſt,
Lays it abroad, but locks himſelf within
Three doubled locks, or ere he dare begin
To ope his bags, and being ſure of all;
Elſe, yet therewith dare ſcarcely truſt the wall:
And with a candle in a filthy ſtick,
The greaſe not fully covering the wick,
Pores o'er his baſe god, forth a flame that fries,
Almoſt as dim as his foul bleared eyes:
Yet like to a great murderer, that gave
Some ſlight reward unto ſome bloody knave,
To kill, the ſecond ſecretly doth ſlay,
Fearing leſt he the former ſhould betray:
He the poor candle murd'reth ere burnt out,
Becauſe that he the ſecrecy doth doubt;
And oftentimes the Mooned Man outſpies
The eve-dropper, and circumſpectly eyes
The thief and lover, 'ſpecially which two
With night and darkneſs have the moſt to do.
And not long ſince, beſides this, did behold
Some of you here, when you ſhould 'tend your fold,
A nights were wenching: thus he me doth tell.
With that, they all in ſuch a laughter fell.
That the field rang: when from a village near
The watchful Cock crew, and with notes full clear
The early Lark ſoon ſummoned the day,
When they departed every one their way.

(*m*) The Signs in their triplicities ſympathiſe with the elements.
(*n*) Sol, fons lucis.
(*o*) Nine the moſt holy number.
(*p*) The nine orders of the angels.

O D E S:

WITH OTHER

LYRIC POESIES.

To the Worthy Knight, and my Noble Friend,

SIR HENRY GOODERE,

A GENTLEMAN of his MAJESTY'S PRIVY CHAMBER.

THESE lyric pieces, ſhort and few,
Moſt worthy Sir, I ſend to you,
To read them be not weary:
They may become John Hewes his lyre,
Which oft at Powlſworth by the fire
Hath made us gravely merry.

Believe it, he muſt have the trick
Of rhyming with invention quick,
That ſhould do lyrics well:
But how I have done in this kind,
Though in myſelf I cannot find,
Your judgment beſt can tell.

Th' old Britiſh bards, upon their harps,
For falling flats, and riſing ſharps,
That curiouſly were ſtrung;
To ſtir their youth to warlike rage,
Or their wild fury to aſſuage,
In their looſe numbers ſung.

No more I for fools cenſures paſs,
Than for the braying of an aſs,
Nor once mine ear will lend them:
If you but pleaſe to take in gree
Theſe odes, ſufficient 'tis to me;
Your liking can commend them.

Yours, &c.

M. DRAYTON.

TO THE READER.

Odes I have called theſe my few poems; which how happy ſoever they prove, yet criticiſm itſelf cannot ſay, that the name is wrongfully uſurped: for (not to begin with definitions againſt the rule of oratory, nor *ab ovo*, againſt the preſcript rule of poetry in a poetical argument, but ſomewhat only to ſeaſon thy palate with a ſlight deſcription) an ode is known to have been properly a ſong, modelled to the ancient harp, and neither too ſhort breathed, as haſting to the end, nor compoſed of the longeſt verſes, as unfit for the ſudden turns and loſty tricks with which Apollo uſed to manage it. They are (as the learned ſay) divers: Some tranſcendently loſty, and far more high than the epic (commonly called the heroic poem) witneſs thoſe of the inimitable Pindar, conſecrated to the glory and renown of ſuch as returned in triumph from Olympus, Elis, Iſthmus, or the like: Others among the Greeks are amorous, ſoft, and made for chambers, as others for theatres; as were Anacreon's, the very delicacies of the Grecian Erato, which muſe ſeemed to have been the minion of that Teian old man, which compoſed them: Of a mixed kind were Horace's, and may truly therefore be called his mixed; whatſoever elſe are mine, little partaking of the high dialect of the firſt:

> Though we be all to ſeek
> Of Pindar that great Greek;

Nor altogether of Anacreon, the arguments being amorous, moral, or what elſe the muſe pleaſeth. To write much in this kind, neither know I how it will reliſh, nor in ſo doing, can I but injuriouſly preſuppoſe ignorance or ſloth in thee, or draw cenſure upon myſelf, for ſinning againſt the decorum of a preface, by reading a lecture, when it is enough to ſum the points. New they are, and the work of playing hours; but what other commendation is theirs, and whether inherent in the ſubject, muſt be thine to judge. But to act the go-between of my poems and thy applauſe, is neither my modeſty nor confidence, that oftener than once have acknowledged thee kind, and do not doubt hereafter to do ſomewhat in which I ſhall not fear thee juſt: And would at this time alſo gladly let thee underſtand what I think above the reſt, of the laſt ode of this number, or if thou wilt, ballad in my book: for both the great maſter of Italian rhymes Petrarch, and our Chaucer, and other of the upper houſe of the muſes, have thought their canzons honoured in the title of a ballad; which for that I labour to meet truly therein with the old Engliſh garb, I hope as able to juſtify, as the learned Colin Clout his roundelay. Thus requeſting thee in thy better judgment, to correct ſuch faults as have eſcaped in the printing, I bid thee farewell.

M. DRAYTON.

ODES.

To Himſelf and the Harp.

And why not I, as he
That's greateſt, if as free,
(In ſundry ſtrains that ſtrive,
Since there ſo many be)
Th' old Lyric kind revive?

I will, yea, and I may;
Who ſhall oppoſe my way?
For what is he alone,
That of himſelf can ſay,
He's heir of Helicon?

Apollo, and the Nine,
Forbid no man their ſhrine,
That cometh with hands pure;
Elſe they be ſo divine,
They will him not endure.

For they be ſuch coy things,
That they care not for kings,
And dare let them know it;
Nor may he touch their ſprings,
That is not born a poet.

The Phocean (*a*) it did prove,
Whom when foul luſt did move,
Thoſe maids unchaſte to make,
Fell, as with them he ſtrove,
His neck, and juſtly, brake.

That inſtrument ne'er heard,
Struck by the ſkilful bard,
It ſtrongly to awake;
But it th' infernals ſcar'd,
And made Olympus quake.

As thoſe prophetic ſtrings (*b*)
Whoſe ſounds with fiery wings
Drove fiends from their abode,
Touch'd by the beſt of kings,
That ſong the holy ode.

So his (*c*), which women ſlew,
And it int' Hebrus threw,
Such ſounds yet forth it ſent,
The banks to weep that drew,
As down the ſtream it went.

That by the tortoiſe-ſhell,
To (*d*) Maya's ſon it ſell,
The moſt thereof no doubt,
But ſure ſome power did dwell
In him who found it out.

The wildeſt of the field,
The air, with rivers t' yield,
Which mov'd; that ſturdy glebes,
And maſſy oaks could wield
To raiſe the piles of (*e*) Thebes.

And diverſely though ſtrong,
So anciently we ſung
To it, that now ſcarce known,
If firſt it did belong
To Greece or if our own.

The (*f*) Druides imbru'd
With gore, on altars rude
With ſacrifices crown'd
In hollow woods bedew'd,
Ador'd the trembling ſound.

Though we be all to ſeek
Of (*g*) Pindar that great Greek,
To finger it aright,
The ſoul with power to ſtrike,
His hand retain'd ſuch might.

(*a*) Pyreneus, king of Phocis attempting to raviſh the Muſes. (*b*) Sam. lib. 1. cap. 16.

(*c*) Orpheus the Thracian poet. Caput Hebre lyramque Exip. &c. Ovid. lib. 11. Metam.

(*d*) Mercury inventor of the harp, as Horace, ode 10. lib. 7. curvaeq. lyrae parentem.

(*e*) Thebes feigned to have been raiſed by muſic.

(*f*) The ancient Britiſh prieſts, ſo called from their abode in woods.

(*g*) Pindar prince of the Greek lyric, of whom Horace: Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet, &c. Od. 2. lib. 4.

Or (*b*) him that Rome did grace,
Whoſe airs we all embrace,
That ſcarcely found his peer,
Nor giveth Phœbus place
For ſtrokes divinely clear.

The (*i*) Iriſh I admire,
And ſtill cleave to that lyre,
As our muſic's mother,
And think, till I expire,
Apollo's ſuch another.

As Britons, that ſo long
Have held this antique ſong,
And let all our carpers
Forbear their fame to wrong,
Th' are right ſkilful harpers.

(*k*) Southern, I long thee ſpare,
Yet wiſh thee well to fare,
Who me pleaſed'ſt greatly,
As firſt, therefore more rare,
Handling thy harp neatly.

To thoſe that with deſpight
Shall term theſe numbers ſlight,
Tell them their judgment's blind,
Much erring from the right,
It is a noble kind.

Nor is't the verſe doth make,
That giveth or doth take,
'Tis poſſible to climb,
To kindle, or to ſlake,
Although in (*l*) Skelton's rhyme.

To the New Year.

Rich ſtatue, double-fac'd,
With marble temples grac'd,
To raiſe thy godhead higher,
In flames where altars ſhining,
Before thy prieſts diviniog,
Do od'rous fumes expire.

Great Janus, I thy pleaſure,
With all the Theſpian treaſure,
Do ſeriouſly purſue;
To the paſs'd year returning,
As though the old adjourning,
Yet bringing in the new.

Thy ancieot vigils yearly
I have obſerved clearly,
Thy feaſts yet ſmoking be;
Since all thy ſtore abroad is,
Give ſomething to my goddeſs,
As hath been us'd by thee.

Give her th' Eoan brightneſs,
Wing'd with that ſubtil lightneſs,
That doth tranſpierce the air;
The roſes of the morning
The riſing heav'n adorning,
To meſh with flames of hair.

Thoſe ceaſeleſs ſounds, above all,
Made by thoſe orbs that move all,
And every ſwelling there,
Wrap'd up in numbers flowing,
Them actually beſtowing,
For jewels at her ear.

O rapture great and holy,
Do thou tranſport me wholly,
So well her form to vary,
That I aloft may bear her,
Whereas I will inſphere her
In regions high and ſtarry.

And in my choice compoſures
The ſoft and eaſy cloſures
So amorouſly ſhall meet;
That ev'ry lively ceaſure
Shall tread a perfect meaſure,
Set on ſo equal feet.

That ſpray to fame ſo fertile,
The lover-crowning myrtle,
In wreaths of mixed bows,
Within whoſe ſhades are dwelling
Thoſe beauties moſt excelling,
Enthron'd upon her brows.

Thoſe parallels ſo even,
Drawn on the face of heaven,
That curious art ſuppoſes,
Direct thoſe gems, whoſe clearneſs
Far off amaze by nearneſs,
Each globe ſuch fire encloſes.

Her boſom full of bliſſes,
By nature made for kiſſes,
So pure and wond'rous clear,
Whereas a thouſand graces
Behold their lovely faces,
As they are bathing there.

O, thou ſelf-little blindneſs,
The kindneſs of unkindneſs,
Yet one of thoſe divine;
Thy brands to me were lever,
Thy faſcia, and thy quiver,
And thou this quill of mine.

This heart ſo freſhly bleeding,
Upon its own ſelf feeding,
Whoſe wounds ſtill dropping be;
Of love, thy ſelf confounding,
Her coldneſs ſo abounding,
And yet ſuch heat in me.

Yet if I be inſpired,
I'll leave thee ſo admired,
To all that ſhall ſucceed,

(*b*) Horace, firſt of the Romans in that kind.
(*i*) The Iriſh harp.
(*k*) Southern an Engliſh lyric.
(*l*) An old Engliſh rhymer.

That were they more than many,
'Mongſt all, there is not any
That time ſo oft ſhall reed.

Nor adamant engraved,
That hath been choicely'ſt ſaved,
Idea's name out-wears;
So large a dower as this is,
The greateſt often miſſes,
The diadem that bears.

To his Valentine.

Muse, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth chooſe a make,
This day's Saint Valentine's;
For that good biſhop's ſake
Get up, and let us ſee,
What beauty it ſhall be,
That fortune us aſſigns.

But lo, in happy hour,
The place wherein ſhe lies,
In yonder climbing tow'r,
Gilt by the glitt'ring riſe;
O Jove! that in a ſhow'r,
As once that thund'rer did,
When he in drops lay hid,
That I could her ſurpriſe.

Her canopy I'll draw,
With ſpangled plumes bedight,
No mortal ever ſaw
So raviſhing a ſight;
That it the gods might awe,
And pow'rfully tranſpierce
The globy univerſe,
Out-ſhooting ev'ry light.

My lips I'll ſoftly lay
Upon her heav'nly cheek,
Dy'd like the dawning day,
As poliſh'd ivory ſleek:
And in her ear I'll ſay;
O, thou bright morning-ſtar,
'Tis I that come ſo far,
My Valentine to ſeek.

Each little bird, this tide,
Doth chooſe her loved pheer,
Which conſtantly abide
In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide:
So may we two be true,
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

The ſparrow, ſwan, the dove,
Though Venus' birds they be,
Yet are they are not for love
So abſolute as we:
For reaſon us doth move;
They but by billing woo:
Then try what we can do,
To whom each ſenſe is free.

Which we have more than they,
By livelier organs ſway'd,
Our appetite each way
More by our ſenſe obey'd:
Our paſſions to diſplay,
This ſeaſon us doth fit;
Then let us follow it,
As nature us doth lead.

One kiſs in two let's break,
Confounded with the touch,
But half words let us ſpeak,
Our lip's employ'd ſo much;
Until we both grow weak,
With ſweetneſs of thy breath;
O ſmother me to death:
Long let our joys be ſuch.

Let's laugh at them that chooſe
Their Valentines by lot,
To wear their names that uſe,
Whom idly they have got:
Such poor choice we refuſe,
Saint Valentine befriend;
We thus this morn may ſpend,
Elſe, Muſe, awake her not.

The Heart.

If thus we needs muſt go,
What ſhall our one heart do,
This one made of our two?

Madam, two hearts we break,
And from them both did take
The beſt, one heart to make.

Half this is of your heart,
Mine in the other part,
Join'd by our equal art.

Were it cemented, or ſown,
By ſhreds or pieces known,
We each might find our own.

But 'tis diſſolv'd, and fix'd,
And with ſuch cunning mix'd,
No diff'rence that betwixt.

But how ſhall we agree,
By whom it kept ſhall be,
Whether by you, or me?

It cannot two breaſts fill,
One muſt be heartleſs ſtill,
Until the other will.

It came to me to-day,
When I will'd it to ſay,
With whether it would ſtay?

It told me, In your breaſt,
Where it might hope to reſt:
For if it were my gueſt,

For certainty it knew,
That I would ſtill anew
Be ſending it to you.

Never, I think, had two
Such work, ſo much to do,
A unity to woo.

Yours was ſo cold and chaſte,
Whilſt mine with zeal did waſte,
Like fire with water plac'd.

How did my heart entreat,
How pant, how did it beat,
Till it could give yours heat!

Till to that temper brought,
Through our perfection wrought,
That bleſſing either's thought.

In ſuch a height it lies,
From this baſe world's dull eyes,
That heaven it not envies.

All that this earth can ſhow,
Our heart ſhall not once know,
For it too vile and low.

The Sacrifice to Apollo.

Priests of Apollo, ſacred be the room,
For this learn'd meeting: let no barbarous groom,
How brave ſoe'er he be,
Attempt to enter;
But of the Muſes free,
None here may venture;
This for the Delphian prophets is prepar'd:
The profane vulgar are from hence debarr'd.

And ſince the feaſt ſo happily begins,
Call up thoſe fair Nine, with their violins;
They are begot by Jove,
Then let us place them,
Where no clown in may ſhove,
That may diſgrace them:
But let them near to young Apollo ſit;
So ſhall his foot-pace overflow with wit.

Where be the Graces, where be thoſe fair three?
In any hand they may not abſent be:
They to the gods are dear,
And they can humbly
Teach us ourſelves to bear,
And do things comely;
They, and the Muſes, riſe both from one ſtem,
They grace the Muſes, and the Muſes them.

Bring forth your flaggons (fill'd with ſparkling wine)
Whereon ſwoln Bacchus, crowned with a vine,
Is graven; and fill out,
It well beſtowing,
To ev'ry man about,
In goblets flowing:
Let not a man drink, but in draughts profound;
To our god Phœbus let the health go round.

Let your jeſts fly at large; yet therewithal
See they be ſalt, but yet not mix'd with gall:
Not tending to diſgrace,
But fairly given,
Becoming well the place,
Modeſt and even;
That they with tickling pleaſure may provoke
Laughter in him, on whom the jeſt is broke.

Or if the deeds of heroes ye rehearſe,
Let them be ſung in ſo well-order'd verſe,
That each word have its weight,
Yet run with pleaſure;
Holding one ſtately height,
In ſo brave meaſure,
That they may make the ſtiffeſt ſtorm ſeem weak,
And damp Jove's thunder, when it loud'ſt doth ſpeak.

And if ye liſt to exerciſe your vein,
Or in the ſock, or in the buſkin'd ſtrain,
Let art and nature go
One with the other;
Yet ſo, that art may ſhew
Nature her mother;
The thick-brain'd audience lively to awake,
Till with ſhrill claps the theatre do ſhake.

Sing hymns to Bacchus then, with hands uprear'd,
Offer to Jove, who moſt is to be fear'd;
From him the Muſe we have,
From him proceedeth
More than we dare to crave;
'Tis he that feedeth
Them, whom the world would ſtarve; then let the lyre
Sound, whilſt his altars endleſs flame expire.

To Cupid.

Maidens, why ſpare ye?
Or whether not dare ye
Correct the blind ſhooter?
Becauſe wanton Venus,
So oft that doth pain us,
Is her ſon's tutor.

Now in the ſpring
He proveth his wing,
The field is his bower,

And as the ſmall bee
About flyeth he,
From flower to flower.

And wantonly roves
Abroad in the groves,
And in the air hovers,
Which when it him deweth,
His feathers he meweth,
In ſighs of true lovers.

And ſince doom'd by fate,
(That well knew his hate)
That he ſhould be blind;
For very deſpite,
Our eyes be his white,
So wayward his kind.

If his ſhafts loſing,
(Ill his mark chooſing)
Or his bow broken;
The moan Venus maketh,
And care that ſhe taketh,
Cannot be ſpoken.

To Vulcan commending
Her love, and ſtraight ſending
Her doves and her ſparrows,
With kiſſes unto him,
And all but to woo him,
To make her ſon arrows.

Telling what he hath done,
(Saith ſhe, Right mine own ſon)
In her arms him ſhe cloſes,
Sweets on him fans,
Laid in down of her ſwans,
His ſheets leaves of roſes.

And feeds him with kiſſes;
Which oft when he miſſes,
He ever is froward:
The mother's o'erjoying
Makes by much coying
The child ſo untoward.

Yet in a fine net,
That a ſpider ſet;
The maidens had caught him,
Had ſhe not been near him,
And chanced to hear him,
More good they had taught him.

An Amouret Anacreontic.

Most good, moſt fair,
Or things as rare,
To call you's loſt;
For all the coſt
Words can beſtow,
So poorly ſhow
Upon your praiſe,
That all the ways
Senſe hath, come ſhort:
Whereby report
Falls them under;
That when wonder
More hath ſeized,
Yet not pleaſed,
That in kind
Nothing can find,
You to expreſs:
Nevertheleſs,
As by globes ſmall,
This mighty All
Is ſhew'd, though far
From life, each ſtar
A world being:
So we ſeeing
You, like as that,
Only truſt what
Art doth us teach;
And when I reach
At moral things,
And that my ſtrings
Gravely ſhould ſtrike,
Straight ſome miſlike
Blotteth mine Ode.
As with the load
The ſteel we touch,
Forc'd ne'er ſo much,
Yet ſtill removes
To that it loves,
Till there it ſtays;
So to your praiſe
I turn ever,
And though never
From you moving,
Happy ſo loving.

Love's Conqueſt.

Were't granted me to chooſe,
How I would end my days,
Since I this life muſt loſe,
It ſhould be in your praiſe;
For there is no bays
Can be ſet above you.

S'impoſſibly I love you
And for you ſit ſo high,
Whence none may remove you
In my clear poeſy,
That I oft deny
You ſo ample merit.

The freedom of my ſpirit
Maintaining ſtill my cauſe,
Your ſex not to inherit,
Urging the Salique laws;
But your virtue draws
From me every due.

Thus ſtill you me purſue,
That no where I can dwell,
By fear made juſt to you,
Who naturally rebel,
Of you that excel
That ſhould I ſtill endite,

Yet will you want ſome rite,
That loſt in your high praiſe
I wander to and fro,
As ſeeing ſundry ways:
Yet which the right not know
To get out of this maze.

To the Virginian Voyage.

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honour ſtill purſue,
Whilſt loit'ring hinds
Lurk here at home, with ſhame.
Go, and ſubdue,

Britons, you ſtay too long,
Quickly aboard beſtow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your ſtretch'd ſail,
With vows as ſtrong,
As the winds that blow you.

Your courſe ſecurely ſteer,
Weſt and by ſouth forth keep,
Rocks, lee-ſhores, nor ſhoals,
When Eolus ſcowls,
You need not fear,
So abſolute the deep.

And cheerfully at ſea,
Succeſs you ſtill entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only paradiſe.

Where nature hath in ſtore
Fowl, veniſon, and fiſh,
And the fruitful'ſt ſoil,
Without your toil,
Three harveſts more,
All greater than your wiſh.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple maſſe,
The cedar reaching high
To kiſs the ſky,
The cypreſs, pine,
And uſeful ſaſſafras.

To whoſe, the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares that 'tend,
But them to defend
From winter's age,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luſcious ſmell
Of that delicious land,
Above the ſeas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your heart's to ſwell
Approaching the dear ſtrand.

In kenning of the ſhore
(Thanks to God firſt given)
O you the happy'ſt men,
Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth,
As thoſe from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that ſtar
Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel every where,
Apollo's ſacred tree,
You it may ſee,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may ſing there.

Thy voyages attend,
Induſtrious Hackluit,
Whoſe reading ſhall inflame
Men to ſeek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

An Ode written in the Peak.

This while we are abroad,
Shall we not touch our lyre?
Shall we not ſing an Ode?
Shall that holy fire,
In us that ſtrongly glow'd,
In this cold air expire?

Long ſince the ſummer laid
Her luſty brav'ry down,
The autumn half is way'd,
And Boreas 'gins to frown,
Since now I did behold
Great Brute's firſt builded town.

Though in the utmoſt Peak
A while we do remain,
Amongſt the mountains bleak
Expos'd to ſleet and rain,
No ſport our hours ſhall break
To exerciſe our vein.

What though bright Phœbus' beams
Refresh the southern ground,
And though the princely Thames
With beauteous nymphs abound,
And by old Camber's streams
Be many wonders found;

Yet many rivers clear
Here glide in silver swathes,
And what of all most dear,
Buxton's delicious baths,
Strong ale and noble cheer,
T' assuage breem winter's scathes.

Those grim and horrid caves,
Whose looks affright the day,
Wherein nice Nature saves
What she would not bewray,
Our better leisure craves.
And doth invite our lay.

In places far or near,
Or famous, or obscure,
Where wholesome is the air,
Or where the most impure,
All times, and every where,
The muse is still in ure.

His Defence against the Idle Critic.

The rhyme nor mars, nor makes,
Nor addeth it, nor takes,
From that which we propose;
Things imaginary
Do so strangely vary,
That quickly we them lose.

And what's quickly begot,
As soon again is not,
This do I truly know:
Yea, and what's borne with pain,
That sense doth long'st retain,
Gone with a greater flow.

Yet this critic so stern,
But whom, none must discern,
Nor perfectly have seeing,
Strangely lays about him,
As nothing without him
Were worthy of being.

That I myself betray
To that most public way,
Where the world's old bawd,
Custom, that doth humour,
And by idle rumour,
Her dotages applaud.

That whilst she still prefers
Those that be wholly hers,
Madness and ignorance,
I creep behind the time,
From spertling with their crime,
And glad too with my chance.

O wretched world the while,
When the evil most vile
Beareth the fairest face,
And inconstant lightness,
With a scornful slightness,
The best things doth disgrace.

Whilst this strange knowing beast,
Man, of himself the least,
His envy declaring,
Makes virtue to descend,
Her title to defend,
Against him, much preparing.

Yet these me not delude,
Nor from my place extrude,
By their resolved hate;
Their vileness that do know,
Which to myself I shew,
To keep above my fate.

To his Rival.

Her lov'd I most,
By thee that's lost;
Though she were won with leisure;
She was my gain,
But to my pain,
Thou spoil'st me of my treasure.

The ship full fraught
With gold, far fought,
Though ne'er so wisely helmed,
May suffer wreck
In sailing back.
By tempest overwhelmed.

But she, good sir,
Did not prefer
You, for that I was ranging;
But for that she
Found faith in me,
And she lov'd to be changing.

Therefore boast not
Your happy lot,
Be silent now you have her;
The time I knew
She slighted you,
When I was in her favour.

None stands so fast,
But may be cast
By fortune, and disgraced:
Once did I wear
Her garter there,
Where you her glove have placed.

I had the vow
That thou haſt now,
And glances to diſcover
Her love to me,
And ſhe to thee
Reads but old leſſons over.

She hath no ſmile
That can beguile,
But as my thought I know it;
Yea, to a hair,
Both when and where.
And how ſhe will beſtow it.

What now is thine
Was only mine,
And firſt to me was given;
Thou laugh'ſt at me,
I laugh at thee,
And thus we two are even.

But I'll not mourn,
But ſtay my turn,
The wind may come about, ſir.
And once again
May bring me in,
And help to bear you out, ſir.

A Skeltoniad.

The muſe ſhould be ſprightly,
Yet not handling lightly
Things grave; as much loth,
Things that be ſlight, to clothe
Curiouſly: to retain
The comelineſs in main,
Is true knowledge and wit.
Nor me forc'd rage doth fit,
That I thereto ſhould lack
Tobacco, or need ſack,
Which to the colder brain
Is the true Hippocrene;
Nor did I ever care
For great fools, nor them ſpare.
Virtue, though neglected,
Is not ſo dejected,
As vilely to deſcend
To low baſeneſs their end;
Neither each rhyming ſlave
Deſerves the name to have
Of poet: ſo the rabble
Of fools, for the table,
That have their jeſts by heart,
As an actor his part,
Might aſſume them chairs
Amongſt the muſes heirs.
Parnaſſus is not clome
By every ſuch mome;
Up whoſe ſteep ſide who ſwerves
It behoves t' have ſtrong nerves:
My reſolution ſuch,
How well, and not how much
To write, thus do I ſare,
Like ſome, few good that care
(The evil ſort among)
How well to live, and not how long.

The Cryer.

Good folk, for gold or hire,
But help me to a cryer;
For my poor heart is run aſtray
After two eyes, that paſs'd this way.
O yes, o yes, o yes,
If there be any man,
In town or country, can
Bring me my heart again,
I'll pleaſe him for his pain;
And by theſe marks I will you ſhew,
That only I this heart do owe.
It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet ſticks the dart,
Ev'ry piece ſore hurt throughout it,
Faith, and troth, writ round about it:
It was a tame heart, and a dear,
And never us'd to roam;
But having got this haunt, I fear
'Twill hardly ſtay at home.
For God's ſake, walking by the way,
If you my heart do ſee,
Either impound it for a ſtray,
Or ſend it back to me.

TO HIS COY LOVE,

A Canzonet.

I pray thee love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that ſaint adore,
That can, but will not ſave me:
Theſe poor half kiſſes kill me quite;
Was ever man thus ſerved?
Amidſt an ocean of delight,
For pleaſure to be ſtarved.

Shew me no more thoſe ſnowy breaſts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilſt mine eye with plenty feaſts,
Yet is my thirſt not ſtanched.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in thoſe dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, theſe are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthral me.

But ſee how patient I am grown,
In all this coyle about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

AN HYMN

To his Lady's Birth-place.

Coventry, that doſt adorn
The country wherein I was born,
Yet therein lies not thy praiſe,
Why I ſhould crown thy tow'rs with bays:
'Tis not thy (*a*) wall me to thee weds,
Thy ports, nor thy proud pyramids,
Not thy trophies of the (*b*) boar,
But that ſhe which I adore,
Which ſcarce goodneſs ſelf can pair,
Firſt there breathing bleſt thy air.
Idea, in which name I hide
Her, in my heart deify'd,
For what good man's mind can ſee,
Only her Ideas be;
She, in whom the virtues came
In woman's ſhape, and took her name,
She ſo far paſt imitation,
As but nature our creation
Could not alter, ſhe had aimed
More than woman to have framed:
She, whoſe truly written ſtory,
To thy poor name ſhall add more glory,
Than if it ſhould have been thy chance
T' have bred our kings that conquer'd France.
Had ſhe been born the former age,
That houſe had been a pilgrimage,
And reputed more divine,
Then (*c*) Walſingham or (*c*) Becket's ſhrine.
That (*d*) princeſs, to whom thou doſt owe
Thy freedom, whoſe clear-bluſhing ſnow
The envious ſun ſaw, when as ſhe
Naked rode to make thee free,
Was but her type, as to foretel,
Thou ſhould'ſt bring forth one, ſhould excel
Her bounty, by whom thou ſhould'ſt have
More honour than ſhe freedom gave;
And that great (*e*) queen, which but of late
Rul'd this land in peace and ſtate,
Had not been, but heaven had ſworn,
A maid ſhould reign when ſhe was born.
Of thy ſtreets which thou hold'ſt beſt,
And moſt frequent of the reſt,
Happy (*f*) Mich-Parke of the year,
On the (*g*) fourth of Auguſt there,
Let thy Maids from Flora's bowers,
With their choice and daintieſt flowers
Deck thee up, and from their ſtore,
With brave garlands crown that door.
The old man paſſing by that way,
To his ſon in time ſhall ſay,
There was that lady born, which long
To after-ages ſhall be ſung;
Who unawares being paſſed by,
Back to that houſe ſhall caſt his eye,
Speaking my verſes as he goes,
And with a ſigh ſhut ev'ry cloſe.
Dear city, travelling, by thee,
When thy riſing ſpires I ſee,
Deſtined her place of birth;
Yet methinks the very earth
Hallowed is, ſo far as I
Can thee poſſibly deſcry:
Then thou dwelling in this place,
Hearing ſome rude hind diſgrace
Thy city with ſome ſcurvy thing,
Which ſome jeſter forth did bring,
Speak theſe lines where thou do'ſt come,
And ſtrike the ſlave for ever dumb.

(*a*) Coventry finely walled.
(*b*) The ſhoulder-bone of a boar of mighty bigneſs.
(*c*) Two famous pilgrimages, the one in Norfolk the other in Kent.
(*d*) Godiva, duke Leofrick's wife, who obtained the freedom of the city, of her huſband, by riding through it naked.
(*e*) Queen Elizabeth.
(*f*) A noted ſtreet in Coventry.
(*g*) His miſtreſs's birth-day.

To the Cambro-Britons, *and their* Harp,

His Ballad of Agincourt.

Fair ſtood the wind for France,
When we our ſails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furniſh'd in warlike ſort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmiſhing day by day
With thoſe that ſtop'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ranſom to provide
To the king ſending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile
Yet with an angry ſmile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet, have we well begun
Battles ſo bravely won
Have ever to the ſun
By fame been raiſed.

And for myſelf, quoth he,
This my full reſt ſhall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more eſteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie ſlain,
Never ſhall ſhe ſuſtain
Loſs to redeem me.

Poitiers and Creſſy tell,
When moſt their pride did ſwell,
Under our ſwords they fell,
No leſs our ſkill is,
Than when our grandſire great,
Claiming the regal feat,
By many a warlike feat,
Lop'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York ſo dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry ſped,
Amongſt his henchmen.
Exceſter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord how hot they were
On the falſe Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour ſhone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear, was wonder;
That with cries they make,
The very earth did ſhake,
Trumpet to trumpet ſpake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the ſignal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a ſtorm ſuddenly,
The Engliſh archery
Stuck the French horſes.

With Spaniſh yew ſo ſtrong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to ſerpents ſtung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow ſtarts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true Engliſh hearts,
Stuck cloſe together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew;
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from ſhoulders ſent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peaſants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad ſword brandiſhing,
Down the French hoſt did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood beſprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruiſed his helmet.

Glo'ſter, that duke ſo good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England ſtood,
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in ſteel ſo bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce ſuch another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel ſlaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Criſpin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when ſhall Engliſhmen
With ſuch acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

PASTORALS:

CONTAINING

ECLOGUES.

To the Honour of my Noble Patron

SIR WALTER ASTON:

As other my Poems, ſo I conſecrate theſe my PASTORAL POSIES.

M. DRAYTON,

TO THE READER OF HIS PASTORALS.

SOMEWHAT is to be ſaid, by way of general preparative, touching the name, and nature of Paſtoral poeſy, before I give thee my Paſtorals. Paſtorals, as they are a ſpecies of poeſy, ſigniſy feigned dialogues, or other ſpeeches in verſe, fathered upon herdſmen, whether *opiliones*, *bubulci*, &c. that is to ſay, ſhepherds, neat-herds, &c. who are ordinary perſons in this kind of poem, worthily therefore to be called baſe, or low. This, as all other forms of poeſy (excepting perhaps the admirable Latin Piſcatories of that noble Neapolitan Sanazara) hath been received from the Greeks, and as at the ſecond hand, from the Romans. The ſubject of Paſtorals, as the language of it ought to be poor, ſilly, and of the coarſeſt woof in appearance; nevertheleſs, the moſt high, and moſt noble matters of the world may be ſhadowed in them, and for certain ſometimes are: But he who hath almoſt nothing paſtoral in his Paſtorals, but the name (which is my caſe) deals more plainly, becauſe *detracto velamine*, he ſpeaks of moſt weighty things. The Greek Paſtorals of Theocritus have the chief praiſe. Whether Virgil in his Bucolics hath kept within paſtoral humbleneſs, let Scaliger, and the nation of learned cenſors diſpute: the bleſſing which came in them to the teſtimonial majeſty of the Chriſtian name, out of Sibyls monuments, cited before Chriſt's birth muſt ever make Virgil venerable with me: And in the angels ſong to ſhepherds at our Saviour's nativity, Paſtoral poeſy ſeems conſecrated. It is, not of this time and place to ſhew the originals of this invention; let it here ſuffice to have pointed out the beſt, and them ſo old, as may ſerve for preſcription. The chief law of Paſtorals is the ſame which is of all poeſy, and of all wiſe carriage, viz, Decorum, and that not to be exceeded without leave, or without at leaſt fair warning. For ſo did Virgil, when he wrote,

———*Paulò majora canamus.*

Maſter Edmund Spenſer had done enough for the immortality of his name, had he only given us his Shepherd's Kalendar, a maſter-piece if any. The Colin Clout of Skoggan, under King Henry the VII. is pretty: But Barkley's Ship of Fools hath twenty wiſer in it. Spenſer is the prime Paſtoraliſt of England. My Paſtorals hold upon a new ſtrain, muſt ſpeak for themſelves, and the tabor ſtriking up, if thou haſt in thee any country quickſilver, thou hadſt rather be at the ſport, than hear thereof. Farewell.

ECLOGUE I.

Phœbus full out his yearly course had run,
(The woeful Winter labouring to outwear)
And though 'twas long first, yet at length begun
To heave himself up to our hemisphere,
For which pleas'd heaven to see this happy hour,
O'ercome with joy wept many a silver shower.

When Philomel, the augur of the Spring,
Whose tunes expres a brother's trait'rous fact,
Whilst the fresh groves with her complaints do ring,
To Cynthia her sad tragedy doth act.
The jocund mirl preach'd on the highest spray,
Sings his love forth, to see the pleasant May.

The crawling snake against the morning sun,
Like Iris shews his sundry colour'd coat,
The gloomy shades and enviously doth shun,
Ravish'd to hear the warbling birds to rot,
The buck forsakes the lawns where he hath fed,
Fearing the hunt should view his velvet head.

Through every part dispersed is the blood,
The lusty Spring in fulness of her pride:
Man, bird, and beast, each tree and every flood,
Highly rejoicing in this goodly tide:
Save Rowland, leaning on a (*a*) ranpike tree,
Wasted with age, forlorn with woe was he.

Great God, quoth he, (with hands rear'd to the sky)
Thou wise Creator of the starry light,
Whose wond'rous works thy essence do imply,
In the dividing of the day and night:
The earth relieving with the teeming Spring,
Which the late winter low before did bring,

O thou strong builder of the firmament,
Who plac'd Phœbus in his fiery carr,
And for the planets wisely did invent
Their sundry mansions, that they should not jar,
Appointing Phœbus mistres of the night,
From Titans flames to fetch her forked light.

From that bright place where thou reign'st alone,
Whose floor with stars is gloriously inchas'd;
Before the foot-stool of whose glittering throne
Those thy high orders severally are plac'd,
Receive my vows, that may thy court ascend;
Where thy clear presence all the powers attend.

Shepherds great Sovereign, graciously receive,
Those thoughts to thee continually erected,
Nor let the world of comfort me bereave,
Whilst I before it sadly lie dejected,
Whose sins, like fogs that overcloud the air,
Darken those beams which promis'd me so fair.

My hopes are fruitless, and my faith is vain,
And but mere shews, disposed me to mock,
Such are exalted basely that can feign,
And none regards just *Rowland of the Rock.*
To those fat pastures, which flocks health ful keep,
Malice denys me entrance with my sheep.

Yet nill I nature enviously accuse,
Nor blame the Heavens thus hapless me to make,
What they impose, but vainly we refuse,
When not our power their punishment can slake,
Fortune the world that towzes to and fro,
Fickle to all, is constant in my woe.

This only rests, time shall devour my sorrow,
And to affliction minister relief,
When as there never shall succeed a morrow,
Whose labouring hours shall lengthen out my grief,
Nor in my breast care sit again so deep,
Tiring the sad night with distemper'd sleep.

And when that time expired hath the date,
What wears out all things, lastly perish must,
And that all-searching and impartial fate
Shall take account of long-forgotten dust,
When every being silently shall cease,
Lock'd in the arms of everlasting peace.

Now in the ocean Titan quench'd his flame,
That summon'd Cynthia, to set up her light,
And she the near'st of the celestial frame,
Sat the most glorious on the brow of night;
When the poor swain, with heavines oppres,
To the cold earth sunk sadly down to rest.

(*a*) A tree with age beginning to decay at the top.

ECLOGUE. II.

Motto.

Might my youth's mirth become the aged years,
My gentle shepherd, father of us all,
Wherewith I wonted to delight my peers,
When to their sports they pleased me to call.

Now would I tune my (*b*) miſkins on this green,
And frame my verſe, the virtues to unfold
Of that ſole Phœnix bird, my life's ſole queen,
Whoſe locks do ſtain the three times burniſh'd gold.

But melancholy ſettled in thy ſpleen,
My rhymes ſeem harſh to thy unreliſh'd taſte,
Thy wits that long repleniſh'd have not been,
Wanting kind moiſture, do unkindly waſte.

WINKEN.

Well, wanton, laugh not my old age to ſcorn
Nor twit me ſo, my ſenſes to have loſt,
The time hath been, when as my hopeful morn
Promis'd as much as now thy youth can boaſt.

My direful cares been drawn upon my face,
In crooked lines with age's iron pen,
The morphew quite diſcoloured the place,
Which had the power t' attract the eyes of men.

What mock'd the lily, bears this tawny dye,
And this once crimſon, looks thus deadly pale,
Sorrow hath ſet his foot upon mine eye,
And hath for ever periſhed my ſale.

A cumber-world, yet in the world am left,
A fruitleſs plot with brambles overgrown:
Of all thoſe joys, that pleas'd my youth, bereft,
And now too late my folly but bemoan.

Thoſe dainty ſtrains of my well-turned reed,
Which many a time have pleas'd the curious ears,
In me no more thoſe pleaſing thoughts do breed,
But tell the errors of my wand'ring years.

Thoſe pois'ning pills been hiding at my heart,
Thoſe loathſome drugs unſeaſon'd youth did chaw,
Not once ſo ſweet, but now they be as tart;
Not in the mouth, what they are in the maw.

MOTTO.

Even ſo I ween; for thy old age's fever
Deems ſweeteſt potions bitter as the gall,
And thy cold palate, having loſt the ſavour,
Receives no comfort by a cordial.

WINKEN.

As thou art, once was I a gameſome boy,
Ill winter'd now, and aged as you ſee,
And well I know, thy ſwallow-wioged joy
Quickly ſhall vaniſh as 'tis fled from me.

When on the arch of thy eclipſed eyes,
Time ſhall have deeply character'd thy death,
And ſun-burnt age thy kindly moiſture dries,
Thy waſted lungs be niggards of thy breath;

Thy brawn-fall'n arms and thy declining back
To the ſad burthen of thy years ſhall yield,
And that thy legs their wonted force ſhall lack,
Able no more thy wretched trunk to wield.

Now am I like the knotty aged oak,
Whom waſting time hath made a tomb for duſt,
That of his branches reſt by tempeſt's ſtroke,
His bark conſumes with canker-worms and ruſt.

And though thou ſeem'ſt like to the bragging brier,
And ſpread'ſt thee like the morn-lov'd marygold,
Yet ſhall thy ſap be ſhortly dry and ſeer,
Thy gaudy bloſſoms blemiſhed with cold.

Even ſuch a wanton and unruly ſwain,
Was little Rowland, when as lately he
Upon the verge of yonder neighb'ring plain,
Carved this rhyme upon a beechen tree.

Then this great univerſe no leſs
Can ſerve her praiſes to expreſs:
Betwixt her eyes, the poles of love,
The hoſt of heavenly beauties move,
Depainted in their proper ſtories,
As well the fix'd as wandering glories,
Which from their proper orbs not go
Whether they gyre ſwift or ſlow:
Where from their lips, when ſhe doth ſpeak,
The muſic of thoſe ſpheres do break,
Which their harmonious motion breedeth:
From whoſe cheerful breath proceedeth
That balmy ſweetneſs that gives birth
To every offspring of the earth:
The ſtructure of whoſe gen'ral frame,
And ſtate wherein ſhe moves the ſame,
Is that proportion, heaven's beſt treaſure,
Whereby it doth all poize and meaſure,
So that alone her happy ſight
Contains perfection and delight.

MOTTO.

O divine love, which ſo aloft can raiſe,
And lift the mind out of the earthly mire,
And doſt inſpire us with ſo glorious praiſe,
As with the heavens doth equal man's deſire;

What doth not help to deck the holy ſhrine,
With Venus' myrtle and Apollo's tree?
Who will not ſay that thou art moſt divine,
At leaſt, confeſs a deity in thee?

WINKEN.

A fooliſh boy, full ill is he repay'd:
For now the wanton pines in endleſs pain,
And ſore repents what he before miſſaid.
So may they be, which can ſo lewdly feign.

Now hath this yonker torn his treſſed locks,
And broke his pipe which was of found ſo ſweet,
Forſaking his companions and their flocks,
And caſts his garland looſely at his feet.

And being ſhrowded in a homely coat,
And full of ſorrow (I him ſitting by,)
He turn'd his rebeck to a mournful note,
And thereto ſung this doleful elegy.

Upon a bank with roſes ſet about,
Where turtles oft ſit joining bill to bill,
And gentle ſprings ſteal ſoftly murm'ring out,
Waſhing the foot of pleaſure's ſacred hill:
There little Love ſore wounded lies,
His bow and arrows broken,

(*b*) A little bagpipe.

Bedew'd with tears from Venus' eyes,
Oh, grievous to be ſpoken!

Bear him my heart, ſlain with her ſcornful eye,
Where ſticks the arrow which that heart did kill,
With whoſe ſharp pile, requeſt him e'er he die,
About the ſame to write his lateſt will;
And bid him ſend it back to me,
At inſtant of his dying,
That cruel, cruel ſhe, may ſee,
My faith and her denying.

His chapel be a mournful cypreſs' ſhade,
And for a chantry Philomel's ſweet lay,
Where prayers ſhall continually be made
By pilgrim lovers paſſing by that way,
With nymphs and ſhepherds yearly moan,
His timeleſs death beweeping,
In telling that my heart alone
Hath his laſt will in keeping.

MOTTO.

Woe's me for him that pineth ſo in pain,
Alas, poor Rowland, how for him I grieve!
That ſuch a bait ſhould breed ſo foul a bane,
Yet ſhe not deign his ſorrow to relieve.

WINKEN.

Beware by him, thou fooliſh wanton ſwain,
By others harms thus may'ſt thou learn to heed:
Beauty and wealth been fraught with high diſdain,
The night draws on: come, homeward let us ſpeed.

ECLOGUE III.

PERKIN.

Rowland, for ſhame, awake thy drowſy Muſe,
Time plays the Hunt's-up to thy ſleepy head;
Why ly'ſt thou here, whilſt we are ill beſtead,
Foul idle ſwain?

Who ever heard thy pipe and pleaſing vein,
And now doth hear this ſcurvy minſtrelſy,
Tending to nought, but beaſtly ribaldry
That doth not Muſe?

Then ſlumber not with dull Endymion,
But tune thy reed to dapper verilayes,
And ſing a while of bleſſed Beta's praiſe,
Of none but ſhe.

Above the reſt ſo happy may'ſt thou be,
For learned Colin lays his pipes to gage,
And is to Fayrie gone a pilgrimage,
The more our moan.

ROWLAND.

What, Beta, ſhepherd? ſhe is Pan's belov'd,
Fair Beta's praiſe beyond our ſtrain doth ſtretch,
A note too high for my poor pipe to reach,
An oaten reed.

The moſt unfit to ſpeak of worthy's deed,
I'll ſet my ſong unto a lower key,
Whereas a horn-pipe I may ſafely play,
And unreprov'd.

With flattery my Muſe could never fadge,
Nor could this vain ſcurrility affect,
From looſer youth to win a light reſpect,
Too baſe and vile.

Me that doth make, that I care not the while,
Myſelf above Tom Piper to advance,
Which ſo beſtirs him at the Morrice dance,
For penny wage.

PERKIN.

Rowland, ſo toys eſteemed often are,
And faſhions ever vary with the time,
But ſince the ſeaſon doth require ſome rhyme,
With luſty glee,

Let me then hear that roundelay of thee,
Which once thou ſang'ſt to me in Janevier,
When Robin Redbreaſt ſitting on a brier,
The burthen bare.

ROWLAND.

Well, needs I muſt, yet with a heavy heart,
Yet were not Beta, ſure, I would not ſing,
Whoſe praiſe the echoes ceaſe not yet to ring
Up to the ſkies.

PERKIN.

Be blithe, good Rowland then, and clear thine eyes,
And ſince good Robin to his rooſt is gone,
Supply his want, and put two parts in one,
To ſhew thy art.

ROWLAND.

Stay, Thames, to hear my ſong, thou great and famous flood,
Beta alone the Phœnix is of all thy watry brood,
The queen of virgins only ſhe,
The king of floods allotting thee
Of all the reſt, be joyful then to ſee this happy day,
Thy Beta now alone ſhall be the ſubject of my lay,

With dainty and delightſome ſtrains of dapper verilayes:
Come lovely ſhepherds, ſit by me, to tell our Beta's praiſe;
And let us ſing ſo high a verſe,
Her ſovereign virtues to rehearſe, [ſing,
That little birds ſhall ſilent ſit to hear us ſhepherds
Whilſt rivers backward bend their courſe, and flow up to their ſpring.

Range all thy ſwans, fair Thames, together on a rank,
And place them each in their degree upon thy winding bank,
And let them ſet together all,
Time keeping with the waters fall:
And crave the tuneful nightingale to help them with her lay.
The woofel and the troſtle-cock, chief muſic of our May.

See what a troop of nymphs, come leading hand in hand,
In ſuch a number that well-near they take up all the ſtrand:
And hark how merrily they ſing,
That makes the neighbouring meadows ring,

And Beta comes before alone, clad in a purple pall,
And as the queen of all the reſt, doth wear a coronal.

Trim up her golden treſſes with Apollo's ſacred tree,
Whoſe tutage and eſpecial care I wiſh her ſtill to be,
That for his darling hath prepar'd
A glorious crown as her reward,
Not ſuch a golden crown as haughty Cæſar wears,
But ſuch a glittering ſtarry one as Ariadne bears.

Maids, get the choiceſt flowers, a garland and entwine,
Nor pinks, nor panſies, let there want, be ſure of eglantine,
See that there be ſtore of lilies,
(Call'd of ſhepherds daffadillies)
With roſes damaſk, white, and red, the deareſt fleur-de-lis,
The cowſlip of Jeruſalem, and clove of Paradiſe.

O thou great eye of heaven, the day's moſt deareſt light,
With thy bright ſiſter Cynthia, the glory of the night,
And thoſe that make ye ſeven,
To us the near'ſt of heaven,
And thou O gorgeous Iris, with all thy colours dy'd,
When ſhe ſtreams forth her rays, then daſht is all your pride.

In thee whilſt ſhe beholds. (O flood, her heavenly face,
The ſea-gods in their wat'ry arms would gladly her embrace,
Th' enticing Syrens in their lays,
And Tritons do reſound her praiſe,
Haſting with all the ſpeed they can unto the ſpacious ſea,
And through all Neptune's court proclaim our Beta's holy day.

O evermore refreſh the root of the fat olive tree,
In whoſe ſweet ſhadow ever may thy banks preſerved be,
With bays that poets do adorn,
And myrtle of chaſte lovers worn,
That fair may be the fruit, the boughs preſerved by peace,
And let the mournful cypreſs die, and here for ever ceaſe.

We'll ſtrew the ſhore with pearl, where Beta walks alone,
And we will pave her ſummer bower with the rich Indian ſtone,
Perfume the air and make it ſweet,
For ſuch a goddeſs as is meet,
For if her eyes for purity contend with Titan's light,
No marvel then although their beams do dazzle human ſight.

Sound loud your trumpets then from London's loftieſt towers,
To beat the ſtormy tempeſts back, and calm the raging ſhowers,
Set the cornet with the flute
The orpharion to the lute,
Tuning the tabor and the pipe to the ſweet violins,
And mock the thunder in the air with the loud clarions.

Beta, long may thine altars ſmoke with yearly ſacrifice
And long thy ſacred temples may their high days ſolemnize,
Thy ſhepherds watch by day and night,
Thy maids attend thy holy light,
And thy large empire ſtretch her arms from eaſt into the weſt,
And Albion on the Appenin's advance her conquering creſt.

PERKIN.

Thanks, gentle Rowland, for thy roundelay,
And as for Beta, burden of thy ſong,
The ſhepherds gooddeſs may ſhe flouriſh long,
And happy be,

And not diſdain to be belov'd of thee:
Triumphing Albion, clap thy hands for joy,
That haſt ſo long not taſted of annoy,
Nor that thou may.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, and when my milk-white ewes have yean'd,
Beta ſhall have the firſtling of the fold,
Yea though the horns were of the pureſt gold,
And the fine fleece, the richeſt purple grain.

PERKIN.

Believe me, as I am true ſhepherds ſwain,
Then for thy love all others I forſake,
And unto thee myſelf I do betake,
With faith unfeign'd.

ECLOGUE IV.

MOTTO.

SHEPHERD, why creep we in this lowly vein,
As though our ſtore no better us affords?
And in this ſeaſon when the ſtirring ſwain
Makes the wide field ſound with great thund'ring word.?

Not as 'twas wont, now rural be our rhymes,
Shepherds of late are waxed wond'rous neat.
Though they were richer in the former times,
We be enraged with more kindly heat.

The wither'd laurel freſhly grows again,
Which ſimply ſhadow'd the Pierian ſpring,
Which oft invites the ſolitary ſwain
Thither, to hear thoſe ſacred virgins ſing:

Then if thy muſe have ſpent her wonted zeal,
With wither'd twiſts thy forehead ſhall be bound:
But if with theſe ſhe dare advance her ſail,
Amongſt the beſt then may ſhe be renown'd.

GORBO.

Shepherd, theſe men at mighty things do aim,
And therefore preſs into the learned troop,
With filed phraſe to dignify their name,
Elſe with the world ſhut in this ſhameful coop.

But ſuch a ſubject ill beſeemeth me,
For I muſt pipe amongſt the lowly ſort,
Thoſe ſilly herd-grooms who have laugh'd to ſee,
When I by moon-ſhine made the fairies ſport.

Who of the toils of Hercules will treat,
And put his hand to an eternal pen,
In ſuch high labours it behoves he ſweat,
To ſoar beyond the uſual pitch of men:

Such monſter-tamers who would take in hand,
As have ty'd up the triple-headed hound,
Or of thoſe giants which 'gainſt heaven durſt ſtand,
Whoſe ſtrength the gods it troubled to confound:

Who liſteth with ſo mighty things to mell,
And dares a taſk ſo great to undertake,
Should raiſe the black inhabitants of hell,
And ſtir a tempeſt on the Stygian lake.

He that to worlds pyramids will build
On thoſe great heroes got by heavenly powers,
Should have a pen moſt plentifully fill'd
In the full ſtreams of learned Maro's ſhowers,

Who will foretel mutations, and of men,
Of future things and wiſely will inquire,
Before ſhould ſlumber in that ſhady den,
That often did with propheſy inſpire.

Soothſaying Sybils ſleeping long agone,
We have their reed, but few have con'd their art,
And the (*a*) Welſh wizard cleaveth to a ſtone,
No oracles more wonders ſhall impart.

When (*b*) him this round that neareſt over-ran,
His labouring mother to this light did bring,
The ſweat that then from Orpheus' ſtatue ran,
Foretold the prophets had whereon to ſing.

When virtue had allotted her a prize,
The oaken garland, and the laurel crown,
Fame then reſum'd her lofty wings to riſe,
And plumes were honour'd with the purple gown.

When firſt religion with a golden chain
Men unto fair civility did draw,
Who ſent from heaven brought juſtice forth again,
To keep the good, the viler ſort to awe.

That ſimple age as ſimple ſung of love,
Till thirſt of empire and of earthly ſways,
Drew the good ſhepherd from his laſs's glove,
To ſing of ſlaughter, and tumultuous frays.

Then Jove's love-theft was privily deſcry'd,
How he play'd falſe play in Amphitrio's bed,
And young Apollo in the mount of Ide,
Gave Oenon phyſic for her maidenhead.

The tender graſs was then the ſofteſt bed:
The pleaſant'ſt ſhades eſteem'd the ſtatelieſt halls:
No belly-churl with Bacchus banqueted,
Nor painted rags then cover'd rotten walls:

Then ſimple love, by ſimple virtue ſway'd,
Flowers the favours, which true faith revealed,
Kindneſs again with kindneſs was repay'd,
And with ſweet kiſſes covenants were ſealed.

And beauty's ſelf by herſelf beautify'd,
Scorn'd paintings pergit, and the borrow'd hair,
Nor monſtrous forms deformities did hide,
The foul to varniſh with compounded fair.

The pureſt fleece then cover'd the pure ſkin:
For pride as then with Lucifer remain'd;
Ill-favour'd faſhions then were to begin,
Nor wholeſome clothes with poiſoned liquor ſtain'd.

But when the bowels of the earth were ſought,
Whoſe golden entrails mortals did eſpy,
Into the world all miſchief then was brought,
This fram'd the mint, that coin'd our miſery.

The lofty pines were preſently hew'd down,
And men, ſea-monſters, ſwam the braky flood,
In wainſcot tubs to ſeek out worlds unknown,
For certain ill, to leave aſſured good.

The ſteed was tam'd and fitted to the field,
That ſerves a ſubject to the rider's laws,
He that before ran in the paſtures wild,
Felt the ſtiff curb controul his angry jaws.

The Cyclops then ſtood ſweating to the fire,
The uſe thereof in ſoft'ning metals found,
That did ſtraight limbs in ſtubborn ſteel attire,
Forging ſharp tools the tender fleſh to wound.

The city builder then entrench'd his towers;
And laid his wealth within the walled town,
Which afterward in rough and ſtormy ſtow'rs
Kindled the fire that burnt his bulwarks down.

This was the ſad beginning of our woe,
That was from hell on wretched mortals hurl'd,
And from this font did all thoſe miſchiefs flow,
Whoſe inundation drowneth all the world.

MOTTO.

Well, ſhepherd, well, the golden age is gone,
Wiſhes no way revoke that which is paſt:
Small wit there were to make two griefs of one;
And our complaints we vainly ſhould but waſte.

Liſten to me then, lovely ſhepherd lad,
And thou ſhalt hear, attentive if thou be,
A pretty tale I of my grandame had,
One winter's night when there were none but we.

GORBO.

Shepherd, ſay on, ſo may we paſs the time,
There is no doubt, it is ſome worthy rhyme.

(*a*) Merlin.
(*b*) Alexander the Great.

MOTTO.

Far in the country of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Caſſamen,
As bold as Iſenbras:
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.
He had, as antique ſtories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowſabel,
A maiden fair and free.
And for ſhe was her father's heir,
Full well ſhe was yeond the leir
Of mickle courteſy.
The ſilk well couth ſhe twiſt and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle-work:
And ſhe couth help the prieſt to ſay
His mattins on a holy-day
And ſing a pſalm in kirk.
She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,
Which ſeemly was to ſee;
A hood to that ſo neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
I wrought full ſeatouſly.
Her features all as freſh above,
As is the graſs that grows by Dove,
And lythe as laſs of Kent.
Her ſkin as ſoft as Lemſter wool.
As white as ſnow, on Peakiſh Hull,
Or ſwan that ſwims in Trent.
This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,
To get ſweet ſetywall,
The honey-ſuckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-ſmock,
To deck her ſummer hall.
Thus as ſhe wander'd here and there,
And picked off the bloomy brier,
She chanced to eſpy
A ſhepherd ſitting on a bank,
Like Chanty-clear he crowned crank,
And pip'd full merrily.
He learn'd his ſheep, as he him liſt,
When he would whiſtle in his fiſt,
To feed about him round.
Whilſt he full many a carrol ſang,
Until the fields and meadows rang,
And all the woods did ſound.
In favour this ſame ſhepherd ſwain
Was like the bedlam Tamerlane,
Which held proud kings in awe:
But meek as any lamb might be;
And innocent of ill as he
Whom his lewd brother ſlaw.
The ſhepherd wore a ſheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the fineſt lock,
That could be cut with ſheer.
His mittens were of bauzons ſkin,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
His hood of minniveer.
His aul and lingel in a thong,
His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
His breech of Cointree blue.
Full criſp and curled were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
So like a lover true.
And piping ſtill he ſpent the day,
So merry as the popinjay,
Which liked Dowſabel;
That would ſhe ought, or would ſhe nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love-longing fell.
At length ſhe tucked up her frock,
White as a lily was her ſmock,
She drew the ſhepherd nigh:
But then the ſhepherd pip'd a good,
That all his ſheep forſook their food,
To hear this melody.
Thy ſheep, quoth ſhe, cannot be leao,
That have a jolly ſhepherd ſwain,
The which can pipe ſo well:
Yea but (ſaith he) their ſhepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowſabel.
Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,
Quoth ſhe, look well unto thy ſheep,
Leſt they ſhould hap to ſtray.
Quoth he, ſo had I done full well,
Had I not ſeen fair Dowſabel
Come forth to gather May.
With that ſhe 'gan to vail her head,
Her cheeks were like the roſes red,
But not a word ſhe ſaid,
With that the ſhepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid.
Saith ſhe, I may not ſtay till night,
And leave my ſummer hall undight,
And all for love of thee.
My cote, ſaith he, nor yet my fold,
Shall neither ſheep nor ſhepherd hold,
Except thou favour me.
Saith ſhe, yet lever I were dead,
Than I ſhould loſe my maidenhead,
And all for love of men.
Saith he, yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then.
And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Roſalind,
Of courteſy the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth ſhe,
As ever maiden yet might be
Unto her paramour.
With that ſhe bent her ſnow-white knee,
Down by the ſhepherd kneeled ſhe,
And him ſhe ſweetly kiſt.
With that the ſhepherd whoop'd for joy,
Quoth he, there's never ſhepherd's boy
That ever was ſo bleſt.

GORBO.

Now by my ſheephook, here's a tale alone,
Learn me the ſame, and I will give thee hire,
This was as good as curds for our Joan,
When at a night we ſitten by the fire.

MOTTO.

Why gentle Gorbo, I'll not ſtick for that,
When we ſhall meet upon ſome merry day:

But ſee, whilſt we have ſet us down to chat,
Yon tykes of mine began to ſteal away.

And if thou pleaſe to come unto our green,
On Lammas day, when as we have our feaſt,
Thou ſhalt ſit next untn the ſhepherds queen,
And there ſhall be the only welcome gueſt.

ECLOGUE V.

COME, let us frolic merrily, my ſwain,
Let's ſee what ſpirit there quickens yet in thee,
If there ſo much be leſt but as a grain
Of the great ſtock of antique poeſy,
Or living but one ſlip of Phœbus' ſacred tree.

Or if reſerv'd from time's devouring rage,
With his ſad ruins ſcorning once to fall,
Any memorial left thee as a gage:
Or the delight of ſimple paſtoral,
May thee revive, whom care ſeems to appal.

To fortune's orphans nature hath bequeath'd
What mightieſt monarchs ſeldom have poſſeſt,
From higheſt heaven this influence is breath'd,
The moſt divine impreſſion of the breaſt,
And whom th' one pines, the other oft doth feaſt

Nor doth't affect this fond gentility,
Whereon the fool world open mouthed gazes,
Thinking itſelf of great ability.
That it a great great grandſire's glory blazes,
And paints out fictions in untimely phraſes.

Idly we think that honour can inflame
Theſe moving pictures, made but for the ſtreet,
(We daily find) that over-live their name,
And black oblivion is their winding ſheet,
Their glory trodden under vulgar feet.

Envy diſcharging all her poiſon'd darts,
The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,
At her fierce looſe that weakly never ſtarts,
But in deſpight, doth force her to retire,
With careleſs feet and ſpurns her in the mire.

ROWLAND.

I may not ſing of ſuch as fall or climb,
Nor chant of arms, and of heroic deeds,
It fitteth not a ſhepherd's rural rhyme,
Nor is agreeing with my oaten reeds:
Nor from my ſong groſs flattery proceeds.

On the world's idols I do hate to ſmile,
Nor ſhall their names e'er in my page appear,
To bolſter baſeneſs I account it vile,
'Tis not their looks, nor greatneſs that I fear,
Nor ſhall't be known by me, that ſuch there were.

No fatal dreads, nor fruitleſs vain deſires,
Low caps and curt'ſies to a painted wall,
Nor heaping rotten ſticks on needleſs fires,
Ambitious ways to climb, nor fears to fall,
Nor things ſo baſe do I affect at all.

MOTTO.

If theſe, nor theſe may like thy varying quill,
As of too high, or of too low a ſtrain,
That do not aptly parallel thy ſkill,
Nor well agreeing with a ſhepherd's vein,
Subjects (ſuppos'd) ill to beſeem a ſwain.

Then tune thy pipe to thy Idea's praiſe,
And teach the woods to wonder at her name,
Thy lowly notes ſo may'ſt thou lightly raiſe,
And thereby others happily inflame:
Yet thou the whilſt ſtand fartheſt off from blame.

Thy temples then with laurel ſhall be dight,
When as thy muſe got high upon her wing,
With nimble pinions ſhall direct her flight
To th' place from whence all harmonies do ſpring,
To rape the fields with touches of her ſtring.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, ſince thou ſo ſtrongly doſt perſuade,
And her juſt worth ſo amply us affords,
O ſacred fury, all my powers invade,
All fulneſs flows from thy abundant hoards,
Her praiſe requires the excelleneſt words.

Shall I then firſt ſing of her heavenly eye,
To it attracting every other ſight?
May a poor ſhepherd's praiſe aſpire ſo high,
Which if the ſun ſhould give us up to night,
The ſtars from it ſhould fetch a purer light.

Or that fair brow, where Beauty keeps her ſtate,
There ſtill reſiding as her proper ſphere,
Which when the world ſhe meaneth to amate,
Wonder invites to ſtand before her there,
Throughout the world the praiſe thereof to bear.

Or touch her cheek, dear nature's treaſury,
Whereas ſhe ſtores th' abundance of her bliſs,
Where of herſelf ſhe 'xacts ſuch uſury,
That ſhe's elſe needy by inwealthying this,
And like a miſer her rich cheſt doth kiſs.

Or thoſe pure hands, in whoſe delicious palms
Love takes delight the palmeſter to play,
Whoſe cryſtal fingers dealing heavenly alms,
Give the whole wealth of all the world away.
O, who of theſe ſufficiently can ſay!

Or th' ivory columns, which this fane upbear,
Where Dian's nuns their goddeſs to adore,
Before her, ever ſacrificing there,
Her hallow'd altars kneeling ſtill before, more.
Where more they do perform, their zeal the

Unconning ſhepherd of theſe praiſe I none,
Although ſurpaſſing, yet let I them paſs,
Nor in this kind her excellence is ſhewn,
To ſing of theſe not my intent it was,
Our muſe muſt undergo a weightier maſs,

And be directed by a ſtraighter line,
Which me muſt unto higher regions guide,
That I her virtues rightly may define,

From me myſelf that's able to divide,
Unleſs by them my weakneſs be ſupply'd.

That be the end wherein I only aim,
Which to perform, I faithfully muſt ſtrive,
Fair as I can to build this goodly frame,
And every part ſo aptly to contrive,
That time from this example may derive.

In whom, as on ſome well prepared ſtage,
Each moral virtue acts a princely part,
Where every ſcene pronounced by a ſage,
Hath the true fulneſs both of wit and art,
And wiſely ſtealeth the ſpectator's heart;

That every cenſure worthily doth brook,
And unto it a great attention draws,
Int' which when wiſdom doth ſeverely look,
Often therewith ſhe forced is to pauſe,
To yield a free and general applauſe.

Who unto goodneſs can ſhe not excite,
And in the ſame not teacheth to be wiſe,
And deeply ſeen in each obſequious rite,
Wherein of that ſome myſtery there lies,
Which her ſole ſtudy is, and only exerciſe?

But the great'ſt volume, nor exacteſt comment,
Wherein art ever abſoluteſt ſhined,
Nor the ſmall'ſt letter filling up the margent,
Yet every ſpace with matter interlined,
In th' higheſt knowledge, rightly her defined.

O! if but ſenſe effectually could ſee,
What is in her t' be worthily admired,
How infinite her excellencies be,
The date of which can never be expired,
From her high praiſe the world could not be hired.

But ſince that heaven muſt only be the mirror,
Wherein the world can her perfections view,
And Fame is ſtricken ſilent with the terror,
Wanting wherewith to pay what is her due,
Colours can give her nothing that is new.

Then ſince there wants ability in colours,
Nor pencil yet ſufficiently can blaze her,
For her I'll make a mirror of my dolours,
And in my tears ſheeſt look herſelf and praiſe her;
Happy were I, if ſuch a glaſs might pleaſe her.

Go, gentle winds, and whiſper in her ear,
And tell Idea, how much I adore her,
And you, my flocks, report ye to my fair,
How far ſhe paſſeth all that went before her,
And as their goddeſs all the plains adore her.

And thou, clear brook, by whoſe pure ſilver ſtream
Grow thoſe tall oaks, where I have carv'd her name,
Convey her praiſe to Neptune's wat'ry realm,
And bid the Tritons to ſound forth her fame,
Until wide Neptune ſcarce contain the ſame.

MOTTO.

Stay there, good Rowland, whither art thou rapt,
Beyond the moon that ſtriveſt thus to ſtrain?
Into what frenzy lately art thou hapt,
That in this ſort intoxicates thy brain,
Much diſagreeing from a ſhepherd's vein?

ROWLAND.

Motto, why me ſo ſtrangely ſhouldſt thou tempt
Above my ſtrength with th' magic of her ſtyle?
The ſcope of which from limits is exempt,
As be all they that of it do compile,
Able to raiſe the ſpirit that is moſt vile.

Didſt thou me firſt unto her praiſes ſtir,
And now at laſt doſt thou again refuſe me?
What if perhaps with too much love I err,
And that therein the forward muſe abuſe me?
The cauſe thou gav'ſt is able to excuſe me.

MOTTO.

Rowland then ceaſe, reſerve thy plenteous muſe,
Till future time, thy ſimple oaten reed
Shall with a far more glorious rage infuſe,
To ſing the glory of ſome worthy's deed:
For this I think, but little ſhall thee ſteed.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, farewell, the ſkies begin to low'r,
Yon pitchy cloud, that hangeth in the weſt,
Shews us, ere long, that we ſhall have a ſhower:
Come, let us home, for I ſo think it beſt,
For to their cotes our flocks are gone to reſt.

MOTTO.

Content, and if thou'lt come to my poor cote,
Although, God knows, my cheer be very ſmall,
For wealth with me was never yet afloat:
Yet take in gree whatever do befall,
We'll ſit and turn a crab, and tune a madrigal.

ECLOGUE VI.

GORBO.

Well met, good Winken, whither doſt thou wend?
How haſt thou far'd, old ſhepherd, many a year?
His days in darkneſs thus can Winken ſpend,
Who I have known for piping had no peer?

Where be thoſe fair flocks thou wert wont to guide?
What, be they dead, or hapt in ſome miſchance?
Or miſchief thee their maſter doth betide?
Or lordly love hath caſt thee in a trance?

What, man, let's ſtill be merry while we may,
And take a truce with ſorrow for a time,
The whilſt we paſs this weary winter's day,
In reading riddles, or in making rhyme.

WINKEN.

A woe's me, Gorbo, mirth is far away,
Nor may it ſojourn with ſad diſcontent,
O! blame me not (to ſee this diſmal day)
Then, though my poor heart it in pieces rent,

My tune is turn'd into a swan-like song,
That best becomes me drawing to my death,
Till which, methinks, that every hour is long,
My breast become a prison to my breath.

Nothing more lothsome than the cheerful light,
Com'o is my night, when once appears the day:
The blessed sun is odious to my sight,
Nor sound me liketh, but the screech owl's lay.

GORBO.

What, mayst thou be that old Winken de Word,
That of all shepherds wert the man alone, [board,
Which once with laughter shook'st the shepherds
With thine own madness lastly overthrown?

I think, thou dost in thy declining age,
Or for the looseness of thy youth art sorry,
And therefore vow'st some solemn pilgrimage,
To holy (*c*) Hayle's or (*d*) Patrick's purgatory.

Come, sit we down under this hawthorn tree,
The morrow's light shall lend us day enough,
And let us tell of Gawen, or Sir Guy,
Of Robin Hood, or of old Clem a Clough.

Or else some rmmant unto us areed,
By former shepherds taught thee in thy youth,
Of noble lords and ladies gentle deed,
Or of thy love, or of thy lass's truth.

WINKEN.

Shepherd, no, no, that world with me is past,
Merry was it, when we those toys might tell:
But 'tis not now as when thou saw'st me last,
A great mischance me since that time befell.

Elphin is dead, and in his grave is laid,
O! to report it, how my heart it grieveth!
Cruel that fate, that so the time betray'd,
And of our joys untimely us depriveth.

GORBO.

Is it for him thy tender heart doth bleed?
For him that living was the shepherds pride:
Never did death so mercileſs a deed,
Ill hath he done, and ill may him betide:

Nought hath he got, nor of much more can boast,
Nature is paid the utmost of her due,
Pan hath receiv'd so dearly that him cost:
O heavens, his virtues did belong to you!

Do not thou then incessantly complain,
Best doth the mean befit the wise in mourning:
And to recall that, labour not in vain,
Which is by fate prohibited returning.

WINKEN.

Wer't for the hest this present world affords,
Shepherd, our sorrows might be eas'ly cast,
But, oh, his loss requireth more than words,
Nor it so slightly can be overpast.

When his fair flocks he fed upon the downs,
The poorest shepherd suffered not annoy:
Now are we subject to those beastly clowns,
That all our mirth would utterly destroy.

Long after he was shrowded in the earth,
The birds for sorrow did forbear to sing,
Shepherds forewent their wonted summer's mirth,
Winter therewith outwore a double spring.

That had not nature lastly call'd to mind
The near approaching of her own decay,
Things should have gone contrary unto kind,
And to the *Chaos* all was like to sway.

The nymphs forbear in silver springs to look,
With sundry flowers to braid their yellow hair,
And to the deserts sadly them betook,
So much oppress, and overcome with care.

And for his sake the early wanton lambs,
That 'mongst the hillocks wont to skip and play,
Sadly ran bleating to their careful dams,
Nor would their soft lips to the udders lay,

The groves, the mountains, and the pleasant heath,
That wonted were with roundelays to ring,
Are blasted now with the cold northern breath,
That not a shepherd takes delight to sing.

Who would not die when Elphin now is gone?
Living, that was the shepherds true delight.
With whose blest spirit (attending him alone)
Virtue to heaven directly took her flight.

Only from fools he from the world did fly, [bring,
Knowing the time strange monsters forth should
That should his lasting poesy deny,
His worth and honour rashly censuring:

Whilst he aloft with glorious wings is borne,
Singing with angels in the gorgeous sky,
Laughing even kings and their delights to scorn,
And all those sots that them do deify.

And, learned shepherd, thou to time shalt live,
When their false names are utterly forgotten,
And fame to thee eternity shall give,
When with their bones their sepulchres are rotten.

Nor mournful cypress, nor sad widowing yew,
About thy tomb to prosper shall be seen,
But bay and myrtle which be ever new,
In spite of winter flourishing and green.

Summer's long'st day shall shepherds not suffice,
To sit and tell full stories of thy praise,
Nor shall the longest winter's night comprise
Their sighs for him, the subject of their lays.

And, gentle shepherds, (as sure some there be)
That living yet his virtues do inherit,
Men from base envy and detraction free,
Of upright hearts and of as humble spirit:

Thou, that down from the goodly western waste,
To drink at Avon driv'st thy sunned sheep.

(*c*) An ancient pilgrimage in Gloucestershire, called the Holy-Rood of Hayles.
(*d*) That famous cave of Ireland.

Good Meliboeus, that ſo wiſely haſt
Guided the flocks deliver'd thee to keep,

Forget not Elphin; and thou gentle ſwain,
That doſt thy pipe by ſilver Doven found,
Alexis, that doſt with thy flocks remain,
Far off within thy Caledonian ground,

Be mindful of that ſhepherd that is dead:
And thou too long that I to pipe have taught,
Unhappy Rowland, that from me art fled,
And let'ſt old Winken and his words at nought;

And like a graceleſs and untutor'd lad,
Art now departed from my aged ſight,
And need'ſt by to the ſouthern fields wilt gad,
Where thou doſt live in thriftleſs vain delight;

Thou wanton boy, as thou can'ſt pipe as well
As any he, a bagpipe that doth bear,
Still let thy rounds of that good ſhepherd tell,
To whom thou haſt been evermore ſo dear.

Many, you ſeeming, to excel in fame,
And ſay as they, that none can pipe ſo high,
Scorning well-near a ſhepherd's ſimple name,
So puff'd and blown with worldly vanity:

Theſe, if an aged man may umpire be,
Whoſe pipes are well near worn out of his hand,
The higheſt ſkill, that in their ſongs I ſee,
Scarce reach the baſe whereon his praiſes ſtand.

And all thoſe toys that vainly you allure
Shall in the end no other guerdon have,
But living ſhall you mickle woe procure,
And laſtly bring you to an unknown grave.

Then, gentle ſhepherds, whereſoe'er you reſt,
In hill or dale, whoever that you be,
Whether with love or worldly care oppreſt,
Or be you bond, or happily be free:

The cloſing evening 'ginning to be dark,
When as the ſmall birds ſing the ſun to ſleep,
You fold your lambs; or, with the early lark,
Into the fair fields drive your harmleſs ſheep:

Still let your pipes be buſied in his praiſe,
Until your flocks be learnt his loſs to know,
And tattling echo many ſundry ways
Be taught by you to warble forth our woe.

GORBO.

Ceaſe, ſhepherd, ceaſe, from future plaints refrain,
See but of one, how many do ariſe,
That by the tempeſt of my troubled brain,
The floods already ſwelling up mine eyes.

And now the ſon beginneth to decline:
Whilſt we in woes the time away do wear,
See where yon little moping lamb of mine
Itſelf hath tangled in a crawling brier.

ECLOGUE VII.

BATTE.

Borril, why ſit'ſt thou muſing in thy cote,
Like dreaming Merlin in his drowſy cell?
With too much learning doth the ſhepherd dote?
Or art enchanted with ſome magic ſpell?
A hermit's life or mean'ſt thou to profeſs?
Or to thy beads fall like an anchoreſs?

See how fair Flora decks our fields with flowers,
And clothes our groves in gawdy ſummer's green,
And wanton Ver diſtils herſelf in ſhowers
To haſten Ceres, harveſt's hallowed queen,
Near-hand that in her yellow robe appears,
Crowning full ſummer with her ripen'd ears.

Now ſhepherds lay their winter weeds away,
And in neat jackets minſen on the plains,
And at the rivers fiſhing day by day,
Now who ſo frolic as the ſhepherd ſwains?
Why lig'ſt thou here then in thy lothſome cave,
Like as a man put quick into his grave?

BORRIL.

Batte, my cote from tempeſt ſtandeth free,
When ſtately towers been often ſhak'd with wind:
And wilt thou, Batte, come and ſit with me,
The happy life here ſhalt thou only find,
Free from the world's vile and inconſtant qualms,
And herry Pan with orizons and alms,

And ſcorn the crowd of ſuch as cog for pence,
And waſte their wealth in ſinful bravery,
Whoſe gain is loſs, whoſe thrift is lewd expence,
Content to live in golden ſlavery,
Wond'ring at toys, as fooliſh wordlings doon
Like to the dog that barketh at the moon?

Here may'ſt thou range the goodly pleaſant field,
And ſearch out ſimples to procure thy heal,
What ſundry virtues, ſundry herbs do yield,
'Gainſt grief which may thy ſheep or thee aſſail:
Here may'ſt thou hunt the little harmleſs hare,
Or laugh t' entrap falſe Reynard in a ſnare.

Or if thee pleaſe in antique romants read
Of gentle lords and ladies that of yore,
In foreign lands did many a famous deed,
And been renown'd from eaſt to weſtern ſhore,
Or ſhepherds ſkill i' th' courſe of heaven to know,
When this ſtar falls, when that itſelf doth ſhow.

BATTE.

Shepherd, theſe things been all too coy for me,
Whoſe youth is ſpent in jollity and mirth,
Sike hidden arts been better fitting thee,
Whoſe days are faſt declining to the earth:
May'ſt thou ſuppoſe that I ſhall e'er endure
To follow that no pleaſure can procure?

Theſe been for ſuch them votaries do make,
And do accept the mantle and the ring,
And the long night continually do wake,
Muſing themſelves how they to heaven may bring,

That whiſper ſtill of ſorrow in their bed,
And do deſpiſe both love and luſtyhead.

Like to the cur with anger well near wood,
Who makes his kennel in the ox's ſtall,
And ſnarleth when he ſeeth him take his food,
And yet his chaps can chew no hay at all:
Borril, even ſo it with thy ſtate doth fare,
And with all thoſe that ſuch like wizards are.

BORRIL.

Sharp is the thorn ſoon I perceive by thee,
Bitter the bloſſom when the fruit is ſour,
And early crook'd that will a camock be;
Loud is the wind before a ſtormy ſhower:
Pity thy wit ſhould be ſo much miſled,
And thus ill-guided by a giddy head.

Ah, fooliſh elf, I at thy madneſs grieve,
That art abus'd by thy lewd brain-ſick will,
Thoſe hidden baits that canſt not yet perceive,
Nor find the cauſe that breedeth all thy ill,
Thou think'ſt all gold, that hath a golden ſhow,
But art deceiv'd, and that I truly know.

Such one art thou, as is the little fly,
Who is ſo crowſe and gameſome with the flame,
Till with her bus'neſs and her nicety.
Her nimble wings are ſcorched with the ſame:
Then falls ſhe down with piteous buzzing note,
And in the fire doth ſinge her mourning coat.

BATTE.

Alas, goodman, thou now begin'ſt to rave,
Thy wits do err and miſs the cuſhion quite,
Becauſe thy head is gray, and words be grave,
Thou think'ſt thereby to draw me from delight;
Tuſh, I am young, nor ſadly can I ſit,
But muſt do all that youth and love befit.

Thy back is crook'd, thy knees do bend for age,
Whilſt I am ſwift and nimble as the roe;
Thou, like a bird, art ſhut up in a cage,
And in the fields I wander to and fro;
Thou muſt do penance for thy old miſdeeds,
On the world's joys the whilſt my fancy feeds.

Say what thou canſt, yet me it ſhall not let:
For why, my fancy ſtraineth me ſo ſore,
That day and night my mind is wholly ſet,
How to enjoy, and pleaſe my paramour:
Only on love I ſet my whole delight,
The ſummer's day, and all the winter's night.

That pretty Cupid, little god of love,
Whoſe imped wings with ſpeckled plumes are dight,
Who woundeth men below, and gods above,
Roving at random with his feather'd flight:
Whilſt lovely Venus ſtands to give the aim,
Smiling to ſee her wanton bantling's game.

Upon my ſtaff his ſtatue will I carve,
His bow and quiver on his winged back;
His forked heads for ſuch as them deſerve,
And not of his one implement ſhall lack,
And in her coach fair Cypria ſet above,
Drawn with a ſwan, a ſparrow, and a dove.

And under them Thiſbe of Babylon,
With Cleopatra Egypt's chief renown,
Phillis that dy'd for love of Demophon,
And lovely Dido, queen of Carthage town:
Who ever held god Cupid's laws ſo dear,
To whom we offer ſacrifice each year.

BORRIL.

A wilful boy, thy folly now I find,
And it is hard a fool's talk to endure,
Thou art as deaf, as thy poor god is blind,
Such as the ſaint, ſuch is the ſervitor.
Then of this love wilt pleaſe thee hear a ſong,
That's to the purpoſe, though it be not long?

BATTE.

Borril, ſing on, I pray thee, let us hear,
That I may laugh to ſee thee ſhake thy beard;
But take heed, ſhepherd, that thy voice be clear,
Or (by my hood) thou'lt make us all afraid;
Or 'tis a doubt that thou wilt fright our flocks,
When they ſhall hear thee bark ſo like a fox.

BORRIL,

Now, fie upon thee, wayward love,
Woe to Venus which did nurſe thee.
Heaven and earth thy plagues do prove,
Gods and men have cauſe to curſe thee!
What art thou but th' extremeſt madneſs,
Nature's firſt and only error,
That conſum'ſt our days in ſadneſs,
By the mind's continual terror:
Walking in Cymerian blindneſs,
In thy courſes void of reaſon,
In thy truſt the higheſt treaſon?
Sharp reproof thy only kindneſs,
Both the nymph and ruder ſwain,
Vexing with continual anguiſh,
Which doſt make the old complain,
And the young to pine and languiſh:
Who thee keeps his care doth nurſe,
That ſeduceſt all to folly,
Bleſſing, bitterly doſt curſe,
Tending to deſtruction wholly.
Thus of thee as I began,
So again, I make an end:
Neither god, neither man,
Neither fairy, neither fiend.

BATTE.

Now ſurely, ſhepherd, here's a goodly ſong,
Upon my word, I never heard a worſe;
Away, old fool, and learn to rule thy tongue,
I would thy clap were ſhut up in my purſe,
It is thy life, if thou may'ſt ſcold and brawl,
Though in thy words there be no wit at all.

And for the wrong that thou to love haſt done,
I will revenge it, and defer no time,
And in this manner as thou haſt begun,
I will recite thee a ſubſtantial rhyme;
That to thy teeth ſufficiently ſhall prove,
There is no power to be compar'd to love.

BORRIL.

Come on, good boy, I pray thee let us hear,
Much will be ſaid, and ne'er a whit the near.

BATTE.

What is love, but the deſire
Of that thing the fancy pleaſeth?
A holy and reſiſtleſs fire,
Weak and ſtrong, alike that ceaſeth,
Which not heaven hath power to let,
Nor wiſe nature cannot ſmother.
Whereby Phœbus doth beget
On the univerſal mother,
That the everlaſting chain,
Which together all things ty'd,
And unmov'd doth them retain,
And by which they ſhall abide:
That conſent we clearly find,
Which doth things together draw,
And ſo ſtrong in every kind,
Subjects them to nature's law,
Whoſe high virtue number teaches,
In which every thing doth move,
From the loweſt depth that reaches,
To the height of heaven above:
Harmony that wiſely found,
When the cunning hand doth ſtrike,
Whereas every amorous ſound
Sweetly marries with the like.
The tender cattle ſcarcely take
From their dams the fields to prove,
But each ſeeketh out a mate;
Nothing lives that doth not love:
Not ſo much as but the plant,
As nature every thing doth pair,
By if it the male do want,
Doth diſlike and will not bear.
Nothing then is like to love,
In the which all creatures be,
From it ne'er let me remove,
Nor let it remove from me.

BORRIL.

Remove from thee? Alas, poor ſilly lad,
Too ſoon ſhalt thou be weary of thy gueſt:
For where he rules, no reaſon can be had,
That is an open enemy to reſt:
I grieve to think, ere many years be ſpent,
How much thou ſhalt thy time in love repent.

BATTE.

Gramercy, Borril, for thy company,
For all thy jeſts, and all thy merry bourds,
Upon thy judgment much I ſhall rely,
Becauſe I find ſuch wiſdom in thy words:
Would I might watch, whenever thou doſt ward,
So much thy love and friendſhip I regard.

ECLOGUE VIII.

PERKIN.

It joys me, Gorbo, yet we meet at laſt,
'Tis many a month ſince I the ſhepherd ſaw,
Methinks thou look'ſt as thou wert much aghaſt,
What is't ſo much that ſhould thy courage awe?
What, man? have patience, wealth will come and go,
And to the end the world ſhall ebb and flow.

The valiant man, whoſe thoughts be firmly plac'd,
And ſees ſometime how fortune liſts to rage;
That by her frowns he would not be diſgrac'd,
By wiſdom his ſtraight actions ſo doth gage,
That when ſhe fawns, and turns her ſquinting eye,
He laughs to ſcorn her looſe inconſtancy.

When as the cullian, and the viler clown,
That like the ſwine on draff ſets his deſire,
Feeling the tempeſt, ſadly lays him down,
Whilſt that blind ſtrumpet treads him in the mire:
Yet taſting weal, the beaſt will quickly bray,
But feeling woe, as ſoon conſumes away.

GORBO.

Perkin, I thy philoſophy approve,
And know who well hath learn'd her ſacred ways,
The ſtorms of fortune not ſo eas'ly move,
With her high precepts arm'd at all aſſays,
When other folk her force may not endure,
Becauſe they want that med'cine for their cure.

Yet altogether blam'd let me not paſs,
Though often I, and worthily admire,
Wiſe men diſgraced, and the barbarous aſs
Unto high place and dignity aſpire:
What ſhould I ſay, that fortune is to blame?
Or unto what ſhould I impute the ſhame?

PERKIN.

Why, ſhe is queen here of this world below,
That at her pleaſure all things doth diſpoſe,
And blind, her gifts as blindly doth beſtow,
Yet where ſhe raiſes, ſtill ſhe overthrows:
Therefore her emblem is a turning wheel,
From whoſe high top the high ſoon'ſt downward reel.

Gave ſhe her gifts to virtuous men and wiſe,
She would confirm this worldly ſtate ſo ſure,
That very babes her godhead would deſpiſe,
Nor longer here her government endure:
Beſt ſhe may give from whom ſhe ever takes,
Fools ſhe may mar, for fools ſhe ever makes.

For her own ſake we wiſdom muſt eſteem,
And not how other baſely her regard:
For howſoe'er diſgraced ſhe doth ſeem,
Yet ſhe her own is able to reward,
And none are ſo eſſentially high,
As thoſe that on her bounty do rely.

GORBO.

O but, good ſhepherd, tell me where been they,
That as a god did virtue ſo adore?
And for her imps did with ſuch care purvey
Ah, but in vain, their want we do deplore,
Long time ſince ſwaddled in their winding ſheet:
And ſhe, I think, is buried at their feet,

PERKIN.

Nay, ſtay, good Gorbo, virtue is not dead,
Nor been her friends gone all that wonned here,

But to a nymph for ſurcour ſhe is fled,
Which her doth cheriſh, and moſt holdeth dear,
In her ſweet boſom ſhe hath built her neſt,
And from the world, there doth ſhe live at reſt

This is that nymph, on that great weſtern waſte
Her flocks far whiter than the driven ſnow,
Fair ſhepherdeſs clear (a) Willy's banks that grac'd,
Yet ſhe them both for pureneſs doth out-go:
To whom all ſhepherds dedicate their lays,
And on her altars offer up their bays.

Siſter ſometime ſhe to that ſhepherd was,
That yet for piping never had his peer,
Elphin, that did all other ſwains ſurpaſs,
To whom ſhe was of living things moſt dear,
And on his dearth-bed by his lateſt will,
To her bequeath'd the ſecrets of his ſkill.

GORBO.

May we yet hope then in their weaker kind,
That there be ſome, poor ſhepherds that reſpect:
The world elſe univerſally inclin'd
To ſuch an inconſiderate neglect,
And the rude times their ord'rous matter fling
Into the ſacred and once hallowed ſpring.

Women be weak, and ſubject moſt to change,
Nor long to any can they ſtedfaſt be,
And as their eyes, their minds do ever range,
With every object varying that they ſee:
Think'ſt thou in them that poſſibly can live,
Which nature moſt denieth them to give?

No other is the ſtedfaſtneſs of thoſe
On whom even nature wills us to rely,
Frail is it that the elements compoſe,
Such is the ſtate of all mortality,
That as the humour in the blood doth move,
Laſtly do hate, what they did lately love.

So did great Olcon, which a Phœbus ſeem'd,
Whom all good ſhepherds gladly flock'd about,
And as a god of Rowland was eſteem'd,
Which to his praiſe drew all the rural rout:
For, after Rowland, as it had been Pan,
Only to Olcon every ſhepherd ran.

But he forſakes the herd-groom and his flocks,
Nor of his bag-pipes takes at all no keep,
But to the ſtern wolf and deceitful fox
Leaves the poor ſhepherd and his harmleſs ſheep,
And all thoſe rhymes that he of Olcon ſung,
The ſwain diſgrac'd, participate his wrong.

PERKIN.

Then ſince the world's diſtemp'rature is ſuch,
And man made blind by her deceitful ſhew,
Small virtue in their weaker ſex is much,
And to it in them much the muſes owe,
And praiſing ſome may happily inflame,
Others in time with liking of the ſame.

As thoſe two ſiſters moſt diſcreetly wiſe,
That virtue's hefts religious obey,

(a) A river running by Wilton, near to the plain of Salisbury.

Whoſe praiſe my ſkill is wanting to compriſe,
Th' eld'ſt of which is that good Panape,
In ſhady (a) Arden her dear flock that keeps,
Where mournful Ankor for her ſickneſs weeps.

The younger then, her ſiſter not leſs good,
Bred where the other laſtly doth abide,
Modeſt Idea, flower of womanhood,
That Rowland hath ſo highly deify'd:
Whom Phœbus' daughters worthily preſer,
And give their gifts abundantly to her.

Driving her flocks up to the fruitful (b) Meene,
Which daily looks upon the lovely Stowre,
Near to that (c) vale, which of all vales is queen,
Laſtly, forſaking of her former bow'r:
And of all places holdeth Cotſwold dear,
Which now is proud, becauſe ſhe lives it near.

Then is dear Sylvia one the beſt alive,
That once in (d) Moreland by the ſilver Trent,
Her harmleſs flocks as harmleſsly did drive,
But now allured to the fields of Kent:
The faithfull'ſt nymph wherever that ſhe won,
That at this day doth live under the ſun.

Near (e) Ravenſburn in cottage low ſhe lies,
There now content her calm repoſe to take,
The perfect clearneſs of whoſe lovely eyes
Hath oft enforc'd the ſhepherds to forſake
Their flocks, and folds, and on her ſet their keep,
Yet her chaſte thought's ſtill ſettled on her ſheep.

Then that dear nymph that in the muſes joys,
That in wild (f) Charnwood with her flocks doth go,
Mirtilla, ſiſter to thoſe hopeful boys,
My loved Thyrſis, and ſweet Palmeo:
That oft to (g) Soar the ſouthern ſhepherds bring,
Of whoſe clear waters they divinely ſing.

So good ſhe is, ſo good likewiſe they be,
As none to her might brother be but they,
Nor none a ſiſter unto them, but ſhe,
To them for wit few like, I dare will ſay:
In them as nature truly meant to ſhow,
How near the firſt, ſhe in the laſt could go.

GORBO.

Shepherd, their praiſe thou doſt ſo clearly ſing,
That even when groves their nightingales ſhall want,
Nor valleys heard with rural notes to ring:
And every where when ſhepherds ſhall be ſcant:
Their names ſhall live from memory unraz'd,
Of many a nymph and gentle ſhepherd prais'd.

(a) A river in the confines of Warwick and Leiceſterſhire, in ſome parts dividing the ſhires.
(b) A mountain near Cotſwold.
(c) The vale of Eufham.
(d) A part of Staffordſhire, famous for breeding cattle.
(e) A river falling at Dart'ord into the Thames.
(f) A foreſt in Leiceſterſhire.
(g) A river under the ſame foreſt.

ECLOGUE IX.

Late 'twas in June, the fleece when fully grown,
In the full compaſs of the paſſed year,
The ſeaſon well by ſkilful ſhepherds known,
That them provide immediately to ſheer.

Their lambs late wax'd ſo luſty and ſo ſtrong,
That time did them their mothers teats forbid,
And in the fields the common flocks among,
Eat of the ſame graſs that the greater did.

When not a ſhepherd any thing that could.
But greaz'd his ſtart-ups black as autumn ſloe,
And for the better credit of the wold,
In their freſh ruſſets every one doth go.

Who now a poſie pins not in his cap?
And not a garland baldrick-wiſe doth wear?
Some, of ſuch flowers as to his hand doth hap;
Others, ſuch as a ſecret meaning bear:

He from his laſs him lavender hath ſent,
Shewing her love, and doth requital crave,
Him roſemary his ſweet-heart, whoſe intent
Is that he her ſhould in remembrance have.

Roſes, his youth and ſtrong deſire expreſs;
Her ſage, doth ſhew his ſov'reignty in all;
The July-flower declares his gentleneſs;
Thyme, truth; the panſie, heart's-eaſe maidens call:

In cotes ſuch ſimples, ſimply in requeſt,
Wherewith proud courts in greatneſs ſcorn to mell,
For country toys become the country beſt,
And pleaſe poor ſhepherds, and become them well.

When the new-waſh'd flock from the river's ſide,
Coming as white as January's ſnow,
The ram with noſegays bears his horns in pride,
And no leſs brave the bell-wether doth go.

After their fair flocks in a luſty rout,
Came the gay ſwains with bag-pipes ſtrongly blown,
And buſied, though this ſolemn ſport about,
Yet had each one an eye unto his own.

And by the ancient ſtatutes of the field,
He that his flocks the earlieſt lamb ſhould bring,
(As it fell out then, Rowland's charge to yield)
Always for that year was the ſhepherds king.

And ſoon preparing for the ſhepherds board,
Upon a green that curiouſly was ſquar'd,
With country cates be'ng plentifully ſtor'd:
And 'gainſt their coming handſomely prepar'd.

New whig, with water from the cleareſt ſtream,
Green plumbs, and wildings, cherries chief of feaſt,
Freſh cheeſe, and dowſets, curds, and clouted cream,
Spic'd ſyllibubs, and cyder of the beſt:

And to the ſame down ſolemnly they ſit,
In the freſh ſhadow of their ſummer bowers,
With ſundry ſweets them every way to fit,
Their neighb'ring vale deſpoiled of her flowers.

And whilſt together merry thus they make,
The ſun to weſt a little 'gan to lean,
Which the late fervour ſoon again did ſlake,
When as the nymphs came forth upon the plain.

Here might you many a ſhepherdeſs have ſeen,
Of which no place, as Cotſwold, ſuch doth yield,
Some of it native, ſome for love I ween,
Thither were come from many a fertile field.

There was the widow's daughter of the glen,
Dear Roſalynd, that ſcarcely brook'd compare,
The moorland-maiden, ſo admir'd of men,
Bright Goldy-Locks, and Phillida the fair.

Lettice and Parnel, pretty lovely peats,
Cuſſe of the fold, the virgin of the well,
Fair Ambry with the alabaſter teats,
And more, whoſe names were here too long to tell.

Which now came forward following their ſheep,
Their batning flocks on graſſy leas to hold,
Thereby from ſkathe and peril them to keep,
Till evening come, that it were time to fold.

When now, at laſt, as lik'd the ſhepherds king,
(At whoſe command they all obedient were)
Was pointed, who the roundelay ſhould ſing,
And who again the under-ſong ſhould bear.

The firſt whereof he Batte doth bequeath.
A wittier wag on all the wold's not found,
Gorbo, the man, that him ſhould ſing beneath,
Which his loud bag-pipe ſkilfully could ſound.

Who amongſt all the nymphs that were in ſight,
Batte his dainty Daffadil there miſt,
Which, to inquire of, doing all his might,
Him his companion kindly doth aſſiſt.

BATTE.

Gorbo, as thou cam'ſt this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or, as thou, through the fields did ſtray,
Saw'ſt thou my Daffadil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her ſight,
And never hath her beauty ſeen,
But through a veil of white.

Than roſes richer to behold,
That trim up lovers bowers,
The panſie and the marigold,
Though Phœbus' paramours.

Gorbo. Thou well deſcrib'ſt the daffadil,
It is not full an hour,
Since by the ſpring, near yonder hill,
I ſaw that lovely flower.

Batte. Yet my fair flower thou didſt not meet,
Nor news of her didſt bring,
And yet my Daffadil's more ſweet
Than that by yonder ſpring.

Gorbo. I ſaw a ſhepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his ſheep)
A wreath of daffadillies.

Batte. Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'ſt me ſtill,
My flower thou didſt not ſee;
For, know, my pretty Daffadil
Is worn of none but me.

To ſhew itſelf but near her ſeat
No lily is ſo bold,
Except to ſhade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

Gorbo. Through yonder vale as I did paſs,
Deſcending from the hill,
I met a ſmerking bonny laſs,
They call her Daffadil:

Whoſe preſence, as along ſhe went,
The pretty flowers did greet;
As though their heads they downward bent,
With homage to her feet.

And all the ſhepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the vallies loud did cry,
There goes ſweet Daffadil.

I, gentle ſhepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks doſt fill,
That's ſhe alone, kind ſhepherd boy,
Let us to Daffadil.

The eaſy turns and quaintneſs of the ſong,
And ſlight occaſion whereupon 'twas rais'd,
Not one this jolly company among,
(As moſt could well judge) highly that not prais'd.

When Motto next with Perkin pay their debt,
The moorland-maiden Sylvia that eſpy'd,
From th' other nymphs a little that was ſet,
In a near valley by a river's ſide.

Whoſe ſov'reign flowers her ſweetneſs well expreſs'd,
And honour'd ſight a little not them mov'd:
To whom their ſong they reverently addreſs'd,
Both as her loving, both of her belov'd.

Motto. Tell me, thou ſkilful ſhepherd ſwain,
Who's yonder in the valley ſet?
Perkin. O! it is ſhe, whoſe ſweets do ſtain
The lily, roſe, the violet.

Motto. Why doth the ſun againſt his kind,
Stay his bright chariot in the ſkies?
Perkin. He pauſeth, almoſt ſtricken blind,
With gazing on her heavenly eyes.

Motto. Why do thy flocks forbear their food,
Which ſometime was their chief delight?
Perkin Becauſe they need no other good,
That live in preſence of her ſight.

Motto. How come thoſe flowers to flouriſh ſtill,
Not withering with ſharp winter's breath?
Perkin. She hath robb'd nature of her ſkill,
And comforts all things with her breath.

Motto. Why ſlide theſe brooks ſo ſlow away,
As ſwift as the wild roe that were?
Perkin. O! muſe not ſhepherd that they ſtay,
When they her heavenly voice do hear.

Motto. From whence come all thoſe goodly ſwains,
And lovely girls attir'd in green?
Perkin. From gathering garlands on the plains,
To crown thy Syl: our ſhepherds queen.

Motto. The ſun that lights this world below,
Flocks, brooks, and flowers can witneſs bear.
Perkin. Theſe ſhepherds, and theſe nymphs do know,
Thy Sylvia is as chaſte as fair.

Laſtly, it came unto the clowniſh king,
Who, to conclude this ſhepherds yearly feaſt,
Bound as the reſt, his roundelay to ſing,
As all the other him were to aſſiſt.

When ſhe (whom then they little did expect,
The faireſt nymph that ever kept in field)
Idea did her ſober pace direct
Towards them, with joy that every one beheld.

And whereas other drave their careful keep,
Hers did her follow duly at her will,
For, through her patience ſhe had learnt her ſheep,
Where'er ſhe went, to wait upon her ſtill.

A milk-white dove upon her hand ſhe brought,
So tame, 'twould go, returning at her call,
About whoſe neck was in a collar wrought,
Only like me, my miſtreſs hath no gall.

To whom her ſwain (unworthy though he were)
Thus unto her his roundelay applies,
To whom the reſt the under part did bear,
Caſting upon her their ſtill longing eyes.

Rowland. Of her pure eyes (that now is ſeen,)
Chorus. Come, let us ſing, ye faithful ſwains.
Rowland. O! ſhe alone the ſhepherds queen.
Chorus. Her flock that leads,
The goddeſs of theſe meads,
The mountains and theſe plains.

Rowland. Thoſe eyes of hers that are more clear,
Chorus. Than can poor ſhepherds ſongs expreſs:
Rowland. They be his beams that rules the year,
Chorus. Fie on that praiſe,
In ſtriving things to raiſe:
That doth but make them leſs.

Rowland. That do the flow'ry ſpring prolong.
Chorus. So all things in her ſight do joy,
Rowland. And keeps the plenteous ſummer young:
Chorus. And do aſſuage
The wrathful winter's rage,
That would our flocks annoy.

Rowland. Jove ſaw her breaſt that naked lay,
Chorus. A ſight moſt fit for Jove to ſee:
Rowland. And ſwore it was the milky way,
Chorus. Of all moſt pure,
The path (we us aſſure)
To his bright court to be.

Rowland. He ſaw her treſſes hanging down,
Chorus. That moved with the gentle air,
Rowland. And ſaid that Ariadne's crown
Chorus. With thoſe compar'd,
The gods ſhould not regard,
Nor Bereniee's hair.

Rowland. When ſhe hath watch'd my flocks by night,
Chorus. O happy flocks that ſhe did keep,
Rowland. They never needed Cynthia's light,
Chorus. That ſoon gave place,
Amazed with her grace,
That did attend thy ſheep.

Rowland. Above, where heaven's high glories are,
Chorus. When ſhe is placed in the ſkies,
Rowland. She ſhall be call'd the ſhepherds ſtar.
Chorus. And evermore,
We ſhepherds will adore
Her ſitting and her riſe.

ECLOGUE X.

What time the weary weather-beaten ſheep,
To get them fodder, hie them to the fold,
And the poor herds that lately did them keep,
Shudder'd with keenneſs of the winter's cold:
The groves of their late ſummer pride forlorn,
In moſſy mantles ſadly ſeem'd to mourn.

That ſilent time, about the upper world,
Phœbus had forc'd his fiery-footed team,
And down again the ſteep Olympus whirl'd
To waſh his chariot in the weſtern ſtream,
In night's black ſhade, when Rowland all alone,
Thus him complains his fellow ſhepherd's gone.

You flames, quoth he, wherewith thou heaven art dight,
That me (alive) the woful'ſt creature view,
You, whoſe aſpects have wrought me this deſpight
And me with hate yet ceaſeleſsly purſue,
For whom too long I tarried for relief,
Now aſk but death, that only ends my grief.

Yearly my vows, O heavens, have I not paid,
Of the beſt fruits, and firſtlings of my flock?
And oftentimes have bitterly inveigh'd
'Gainſt them that you profanely dar'd to mock?
O, who ſhall ever give what is your due,
If mortal man be uprighter than you?

If the deep ſighs of an afflicted breaſt,
O'erwhelm'd with ſorrow, or th' erected eyes
Of a poor wretch with miſeries oppreſt,
For whoſe complaints, tears never could ſuffice,
Have not the power your deities to move,
Who ſhall e'er look for ſuccour from above?

O night, how ſtill obſequious have I been;
To thy ſlow ſilence whiſpering in thine ear,
That thy pale ſovereign often hath been ſeen
Stay to behold me ſadly from her ſphere,
Whilſt the ſlow minutes duly I have told,
With watchful eyes attending on my fold.

How oft by thee the ſolitary ſwain,
Breathing his paſſion to the early ſpring,
Hath left to hear the nightingale complain,
Pleaſing his thoughts alone to heat me ſing!
The nymphs forſook their places of abode,
To hear the ſounds that from my muſic flow'd.

To purge their ſprings, and ſanctify their grounds,
The ſimple ſhepherds learned I the mean,
And ſov'reign ſimples to their uſe I found,
Their teeming ewes to help when they did yean:
Which when again in ſummer time they ſhare,
Their wealthy fleece my cunning did declare.

In their warm cotes, whilſt they have ſoundly ſlept,
And paſs'd the night in many a pleaſant bower,
On the bleak mountains I their flocks have kept,
And bid the brunt of many a cruel ſhower,
Warring with beaſts, in ſafety mine to keep;
So true was I, and careful of my ſheep.

Fortune and time, why tempted you me forth,
With thoſe your flattering promiſes of grace,
Fickle, ſo falſely to abuſe my worth,
And now to fly me, whom I did embrace?
Both that at firſt encourag'd my deſire,
Laſtly againſt me lewdly do conſpire.

Or nature, didſt thou prodigally waſte
Thy gifts on me unfortunateſt ſwain,
Only thereby to have thyſelf diſgrac'd?
Virtue, in me why wert thou plac'd in vain?
If to the world predeſtined a prey,
Thou wert too good to have been caſt away.

There's not a grove that wond'reth not my woe,
Nor not a river weeps not at my tale,
I hear the echoes (wand'ring to and fro)
Refound my grief through every hill and dale;
The birds and beaſts yet in their ſimple kind
Lament for me, no pity elſe that find.

None elſe there is gives comfort to my grief,
Nor my miſhaps amended with my moan,
When heaven and earth have ſhut up all relief,
Nor care avails what cureleſs now is grown:
And tears I find do bring no other good,
But as new ſhowers increaſe the riſing flood.

When on an old tree, under which e'er now
He many a merry roundelay had ſung,
Upon a leafleſs canker-eaten bough
His well tun'd bag-pipe careleſsly he hung:
And by the ſame, his ſheep-hook, once of price,
That had been carv'd with many a rare device.

He call'd his dog, (that ſometime had the praiſe)
Whitefoot, well known to all that keep the plain,
That many a wolf had worried in his days,
A better cur there never followed ſwain;
Which, though as he his maſter's ſorrows knew,
Wag'd his cut tail, his wretched plight to rue.

Poor cur, quoth he, and him therewith did ſtroke;
Go to our cote, and there thyſelf repoſe,
Thou with thine age, my heart with ſorrow broke.
Be gone, e'er death my reſtleſs eyes do cloſe,
The time is come thou muſt thy maſter leave,
Whom the vile world ſhall never more deceive.

With folded arms thus hanging down his head,
He gave a groan, his heart in ſunder cleſt,
And as a ſtone, already ſeemed dead,
Before his breath was fully him bereſt:
The faithful ſwain here laſtly made an end,
Whom all good ſhepherds ever ſhall defend.

THE

MUSES ELYSIUM.

To the Right Honourable

EDWARD EARL OF DORSET,

Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, of his Majeſty's Privy Council, and Lord Chamberlain to her Majeſty.

My moſt honoured Lord,

I HAVE ever found that conſtancy in your favours, ſince your firſt acknowledging of me, that their durableneſs have now made me one of your family, and I am become happy in the title to be called yours: that for retribution, could I have found a fitter way to publiſh your bounties, my thankfulneſs before this might have found it out; I crave of your Lordſhip the patronage of my Elyſium, which, if the Muſe fail me not, ſhall not be altogether unworthy of your protection. I have often adventured upon deſperate untrodden ways, which hath drawn ſome ſevere cenſures upon many of my labours; but that neither hath, nor can ever trouble me. The Divine Poems in this ſmall volume inſerted, I conſecrate to your religious Conteſs, my moſt worthy lady. And ſo I reſt

The honourer of you, and your noble family,

M. DRAYTON.

THE

DESCRIPTION OF ELYSIUM.

A PARADISE on earth is found,
Though far from vulgar ſight,
Which with thoſe pleaſures doth abound
That it Elyſium highr.

Where, in delights that never fade,
The Muſes lulled be,
And ſit at pleaſure in the ſhade
Of many a ſtately tree,

Which no rough tempeſt makes to reel,
Nor their ſtrait bodies bows,
Their lofty tops do never feel
The weight of winter's ſnows;

In groves that evermore are green,
No falling leaf is there,
But Philomel (of birds the queen)
In muſic ſpends the year.

The merl upon her myrtle perch
There to the mavis ſings,
Who from the top of ſome curl'd berch
Thoſe notes redoubled rings;

There daiſies damaſk every place,
Nor once their beauties loſe,
That when proud Phœbus hides his face
Themſelves they ſcorn to cloſe.

The panſy and the violet here,
As ſeeming to deſcend,
Both from one root, a very pair,
For ſweetneſs do contend,

And pointing to a pink to tell
Which bears it, it is loath
To judge it; but replies. for ſmell
That it excels them both;

Wherewith diſpleas'd they hang their heads,
So angry ſoon they grow,
And from their odoriferous beds
Their ſweets at it they throw.

The winter here a ſummer is,
No waſte is made by time,
Nor doth the autumn ever miſs
The bloſſoms of the prime.

The flower that July ſorth doth bring
In April here is ſeen,
The primroſe that puts on the ſpring
In July decks each green.

The ſweets for ſov'reignty contend,
And ſo abundant be,
That to the very earth they lend,
And bark of every tree.

Rills riſing out of every bank,
In wild meanders ſtrain,
And playing many a wanton prank
Upon the ſpeckled plain,

In gambols and laſcivious gyres
Their time they ſtill beſtow,
Nor to their ſountains none retires,
Nor on their courſe will go.

Thoſe brooks with lilies bravely deck'd,
So proud and wanton made,
That they their courſes quite neglect,
And ſeem as though they ſtaid.

Fair Flora in her ſtate to view
Which through thoſe lilies looks,
Or as thoſe lilies lean'd to ſhew
Their beauties to the brooks;

That Phœbus in his lofty race
Oft lays aſide his beams,
And comes to cool his glowing face
In theſe delicious ſtreams;

Oft ſpreading vines climb up the cleeves,
Whoſe ripen'd cluſters there
Their liquid purple drop, which drives
A vintage through the year;

Thoſe cleeves whoſe craggy ſides are clad
With trees of ſundry ſuits,
Which make continual ſummer glad,
Even bending with their fruits,

Some rip'ning, ready ſome to fall,
Some bloſſom'd, ſome to bloom,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
Of ſome rich princely room:

Pomegranates, lemons, citrons, ſo
Their laded branches bow,
Their leaves in number that outgo,
Nor roomth will them allow.

There in perpetual ſummer's ſhade,
Apollo's prophets ſit,
Among the flowers that never fade,
But flouriſh like their wit.

To whom the nymphs upon their lyres
Tune many a curious lay,
And with their moſt melodious quires
Make ſhort the longeſt day.

The thrice three virgins heavenly clear,
Their trembling timbrels ſound,
Whilſt the three comely graces there
Dance many a dainty round.

Decay nor age there nothing knows,
There is continual youth,
As time on plant or creatures grows,
So ſtill their ſtrength renew'th.

The poets paradiſe this is,
To which but few can come;
The Muſes only bower of bliſs,
Their dear Elyſium.

Here happy ſouls, (their bleſſed bowers,
Free from the rude reſort
Of beaſtly people) ſpend the hours
In harmleſs mirth and ſport.

Then on to the Elyſian plains
Apollo doth invite you,
Where he provides with paſtoral ſtrains,
In nymphals to delight you.

NYMPHAL I.

RODOPE, DORIDA.

This nymphal of delights doth treat,
Choice beauties, and proportions neat,
Of curious ſhapes and dainty features
Deſcrib'd in two moſt perfect creatures.

WHEN Phœbus with a face of mirth
Had flung abroad his beams,
To blanch the boſom of the earth,
And glaze the gliding ſtreams;
Within a goodly myrtle grove,
Upon that hallow'd day
The nymphs to that bright queen of love
Their vows were us'd to pay.
Fair Rodope and Dorida
Met in thoſe ſacred ſhades,
Than whom the ſun in all his way
Ne'er ſaw two daintier maids.
And through the thickets thrill'd his fires,
Suppoſing to have ſeen
The ſovereign goodeſs of deſires,
Or Jove's imperious queen:
Both of ſo wond'rous beauties were,
In ſhape both ſo excel,
That to be paralell'd elſewhere,
No judging eye could tell.

And their affections to ſurpaſs,
As well it might be deem'd,
That th' one of them the other was,
And but themſelves they ſeem'd.
And whilſt the nymphs that near this place
Diſpoſed were to play
At barley-break and priſon baſe,
Do paſs the time away:
This peerleſs pair together ſet,
The other at their ſport,
None near their free diſcourſe to let,
Each other thus they court.

Dorida. My ſweet, my ſovereign Rodope,
My dear delight, my love,
That lock of hair thou ſent'ſt to me,
I to this bracelet wove;
Which brighter every day doth grow
The longer it is worn,

As its delicious fellows do,
Thy temples that adorn.

Rodope. Nay, had I thine, my Dorida,
I would them ſo beſtow,
As that the wind upon my way
Might backward make them flow,
So ſhould it in its great'ſt exceſs
Turn to becalmed air,
And quite forget all boiſt'rouſneſs
To play with every hair.

Dorida. To me like thine had nature given
A brow, ſo arch'd, ſo clear,
A front, wherein ſo much of heaven
Doth to each eye appear;
The world ſhould ſee, I would ſtrike dead
The Milky Way that's now,
And ſay that nectar Hebe ſhed
Fell all upon my brow.

Rodope. O had I eyes like Dorida's,
I would enchant the day,
And make the ſun to ſtand at gaze,
Till he forgot his way:
And cauſe his ſiſter Queen of Streams,
When ſo I liſt by night,
By her much bluſhing at my beams
T' eclipſe her borrowed light.

Dorida. Had I a cheek like Rodope's,
In midſt of which doth ſtand
A grove of roſes, ſuch as theſe,
In ſuch a ſnowy land:
I would make the lily which we now
So much for whiteneſs name,
As drooping down the head to bow,
And die for very ſhame.

Rodope. Had I a boſom like to thine,
When I it pleas'd to ſhew,
T' what part o' th' ſky I would incline
I would make the etherial bow;
My ſwanniſh breaſt branch'd all with blue,
In bravery like the ſpring:
In winter to the general view
Full ſummer forth ſhould bring.

Dorida. Had I a body like my dear,
Were I ſo ſtrait, ſo tall,
O, if ſo broad my ſhoulders were,
Had I a waiſt ſo ſmall;
I would challenge the proud Queen of Love
To yield to me for ſhape,
And I ſhould fear that Mars or Jove
Would venture for my rape.

Rodope. Had I a hand like thee, my girl,
(This hand O let me kiſs)
Theſe ivory arrows pil'd with pearl,
Had I a hand like this;
I would not doubt at all to make
Each finger of my hand
To taſk ſwift Mercury to take
With his enchanting wand.

Dorida. Had I a thigh like Rodope's;
Which 'twas my chance to view,
When lying on yon bank at eaſe
The wind thy ſkirt up blew;
I would ſay it were a column wrought
To ſome intent divine,
And for our chaſte Diana ſought
A pillar for her ſhrine.

Rodope. Had I a leg but like to thine,
That were ſo neat, ſo clean,
A ſwelling calf, a ſmall ſo fine,
An ancle round and lean;
I would tell nature ſhe doth miſs
Her old ſkill; and maintain,
She ſhewed her maſterpiece in this,
Not to be done again.

Dorida. Had I that foot hid in thoſe ſhoes
(Proportion'd to my height)
Short heel, thin inſtep, even toes,
A ſole ſo wond'rous ſtrait;
The forreſters and nymphs at this
Amazed all ſhould ſtand,
And kneeling down ſhould meekly kiſs
The print left in the ſand.

By this the nymphs came from their ſport,
All pleaſed wond'rous well,
And to thoſe maidens make report
What lately them befell:
One ſaid the dainty Lelipa
Did all the reſt outgo,
Another would a wager lay
She would outſtrip a roe;
Says one, how like ye Florimel,
There is your dainty face:
A fourth reply'd, ſhe lik'd that well,
Yet better lik'd her grace;
She's counted, I confeſs, quoth ſhe,
To be our only pearl,
Yet have I heard her oft to be
A melancholy girl.
Another ſaid, ſhe quite miſtook,
That only was her art,
When melancholy had her look
Then mirth was in her heart.
And hath ſhe then that pretty trick?
Another doth reply,
I thought no nymph could have been ſick
Of that diſeaſe but I.
I know you can diſſemble well,
Quoth one, to give you due,
But here be ſome (who I'll not tell)
Can do't as well as you.
Who thus replies, I know that too,
We have it from our mother,
Yet there be ſome this thing can do
More cunningly than other:
If maidens but diſſemble can
Their ſorrow and their joy,
Their poor diſſimulation then,
Is but a very toy.

NYMPHAL II.

LALUS, CLEON, LIROPE.

The Muſe new courtſhip doth deviſe,
By nature's ſtrange varieties,
Whoſe rarities ſhe here relates,
And gives you paſtoral delicates.

LALUS a jolly youthful lad,
With Cleon no leſs crown'd
With virtues; both their beings had
On the Elyſium ground.
Both having parts ſo excellent,
That it a queſtion was,
Which ſhould be the moſt eminent,
Or did in ought ſurpaſs.
This Cleon was a mountaineer,
And of the wilder kind,
And from his birth had many a year
Been nurſt up by a hind:
And as the ſequel well did ſhew,
It very well might be;
For never hart, nor hare, nor roe,
Were half ſo ſwift as he.
But Lalus in the vale was bred
Amongſt the ſheep and neat,
And by thoſe nymphs there choicely fed
With honey, milk, and wheat;
Of ſtature goodly, fair of ſpeech,
And of behaviour mild,
Like thoſe there in the valley rich,
That bred him of a child.
Of falconry they had the ſkill,
Their hawks to ſeed and fly,
No better hunters e'er clomb hill,
Nor hollowed to a cry:
In dingles deep, and mountains hore,
Oft with the bearded ſpear
They combated the tuſky boar,
And ſlew the angry bear.
In muſic they were wond'rous quaint,
Fine airs they could deviſe;
They very curiouſly could paint,
And neatly poetize;
That wagers many times were laid
On queſtions that aroſe,
Which ſong the witty Lalus made,
Which Cleon ſhould compoſe.
The ſtately ſteed they manag'd well,
Of fence the art they knew,
For dancing they did all excel
The girls that to them drew;
To throw the ſledge, to pitch the bar,
To wreſtle and to run,
They all the youth excell'd ſo far,
That ſtill the prize they won.
Theſe ſprightly gallants lov'd a laſs,
Call'd *Lirope the Bright*,
In the whole world there ſcarcely was
So delicate a wight.
There was no beauty ſo divine
That ever nymph did grace,
But it beyond itſelf did ſhine
In her more heavenly face:
What form ſhe pleas'd each thing would
That e'er ſhe did behold,
Of pebbles ſhe could diamonds make,
Groſs iron turn to gold:
Such power there with her preſence came
Stern tempeſts ſhe allay'd,
The cruel tiger ſhe could tame,
She raging torrents ſtay'd.
She chid, ſhe cheriſh'd, ſhe gave life,
Again ſhe made to die,
She rais'd a war, appeas'd a ſtrife,
With turning of her eye.
Some ſaid a god did her beget,
But much deceiv'd were they,
Her father was a Rivulet,
Her mother was a Fay.
Her lineaments ſo fine that were,
She from the fairy took,
Her beauties and complexion clear,
By nature from the brook.
Theſe rivals waiting for the hour
(The weather calm and fair)
When as ſhe us'd to leave her bower
To take the pleaſant air:
Accoſting her, their compliment
To her their goddeſs done;
By gifts they tempt her to conſent,
When Lalus thus begun.

Lalus. Sweet Lirope I have a lamb
Newly weaned from the dam,

Of the right kind, it is (*a*) notted,
Naturally with purple ſpotted,
Into laughter it will put you,
To ſee how prettily 'twill butt you;
When on ſporting it is ſet,
It will beat you a curvet,
And at every nimble bound
Turn itſelf above the ground;
When 'tis hungry it will bleat
From your hand to have its meat,
And when it hath fully fed,
It will fetch jumps about your head,
As innocently to expreſs
Its ſilly ſheepiſh thankfulneſs.
When you bid it, it will play,
Be it either night or day:
This Lirope, I have for thee,
So thou alone wilt live with me.

Cleon. From him O turn thine ear away,
And hear me, my lov'd Lirope,
I have a kid as white as milk,
His ſkin as ſoft as Naples ſilk,
His horns in length are wond'rous even,
And curiouſly by nature writhen;
It is of th' Arcadian kind,
There's not the like 'twixt either Ind;
If you walk, 'twill walk you by,
If you ſit down, it down will lie,
It with geſture will you woo,
And counterfeit thoſe things you do;
O'er each hillock it will vault,
And nimbly do the ſummer-ſault,
Upon the hinder legs 'twill go,
And follow you a furlong ſo;
And if by chance a tune you rote,
'Twill foot it finely to your note;
Seek the world and you may miſs
To find out ſuch a thing as this:
This my love I have for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

Lirope. Believe me, youths, your gifts are rare,
And you offer wond'rous fair;
Lalus for lamb, Cleon for kid,
'Tis hard to judge which moſt doth bid,
And have you two ſuch things in ſtore,
And I ne'er knew of them before?
Well yet I dare a wager lay
That Brag my little dog ſhall play
As dainty tricks when I ſhall bid,
As Lalus' lamb, or Cleon's kid.
But 't may fall out that I may need them.
Till when ye may do well to feed them;
Your goat and mutton pretty be,
But, youths, theſe are no baits for me:
Alas, good men, in vain ye woo,
'Tis not your lamb nor kid will do.

Lalus. I have two ſparrows white as ſnow,
Whoſe pretty eyes like ſparks do ſhew;
In her boſom Venus hatch'd them
Where her little Cupid watch'd them,
Till they too fledge their neſts forſook,
Themſelves and to the fields betook,
Where by chance a fowler caught them
Of whom I full dearly bought them;
They'll fetch you conſerve from the (*b*) hip,
And lay it ſoftly on your lip,
Through their nibbling bills they'll chirrup
And fluttering feed you with the ſirup,
And if thence you put them by
They to your white neck will fly,
And if you expulſe them there,
They'll hang upon your braided hair;
You ſo long ſhall ſee them prattle
Till at length they'll fall to battle;
And when they have fought their fill,
You will ſmile to ſee them bill:
Theſe birds my Lirope's ſhall be,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

Cleon. His ſparrows are not worth a ruſh,
I'll find as good in every buſh;
Of doves I have a dainty pair,
Which when you pleaſe to take the air,
About your head ſhall gently hover
Your clear brow from the ſun to cover,
And with their nimble wings ſhall fan you,
That neither cold nor heat ſhall tan you.
And like umbrella's with their feathers
Shields you in all ſorts of weathers:
They be moſt dainty coloured things,
They have damaſk backs and checquer'd wings;
Their necks more various colours ſhew
Than there be mixed in the bow;
Venus ſaw the leſſer dove,
And therewith was ſar in love,
Offering for't her golden ball,
For her ſon to play withal:
Theſe my Lirope's ſhall be
So ſhe'll leave him and go with me.

Lirope. Then for ſparrows, and for doves,
I am fitted 'twixt my loves;
But Lalus, I take no delight
In ſparrows, for they'll ſcratch and bite;
And though join'd, they are ever wooing,
Always billing if not doing;
'Twixt Venus' breaſts if they have lien,
I much fear they'll infect mine:
Cleon, your doves are very dainty,
Tame pigeons elſe you know are pleaty,
Theſe may win ſome of your marrows,
I am not caught with doves nor ſparrows.
I thank ye kindly for your coſt,
Yet your labour is but loſt.

Lalus. With full-leav'd lilies I will ſtick
Thy braided hair all o'er ſo thick,
That from it a light ſhall throw
Like the ſun's upon the ſnow.
Thy mantle ſhall be violet leaves,
With the fin'ſt the ſilk-worm weaves,
As finely woven, whoſe rich ſmell
The air about thee ſo ſhall ſwell

(*a*) Without horns.

(*b*) The red fruit of the ſmooth bramble.

That it ſhall have no power to move.
A ruff of pinks thy robe above
About thy neck ſo neatly ſet
That art it cannot counterfeit,
Which ſtill ſhall look ſo freſh and new,
As if upon their roots they grew:
And for thy head I'll have a tire
Of netting, made of ſtrawberry wire;
And in each knot that doth compoſe
A meſh, ſhall ſtick a half blown roſe,
Red, damaſk, white, in order ſet
About the ſides, ſhall run a fret
Of primroſes, the tire throughout
With thriſt and daiſies fring'd about;
All this, fair nymph, I'll do for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

Cleon. Theſe be but weeds and traſh he brings,
I'll give thee ſolid coſtly things;
His will wither and be gone
Before thou well can'ſt put them on;
With coral I will have thee crown'd,
Whoſe branches intricately wound
Shall girt thy temples every way;
And on the top of every ſpray
Shall ſtick a pearl orient and great,
Which ſo the wand'ring birds ſhall cheat,
That ſome ſhall ſtoop to look for cherries.
As other ſor traculent berries.
And wond'ring, caught e'er they be ware
In the curl'd tramels of thy hair:
And for thy neck a cryſtal chain,
Whoſe links ſhap'd like to drops of rain,
Upon thy panting breaſt depending,
Shall ſeem as they were ſtill deſcending;
And as thy breath doth come and go,
So ſeeming ſtill to ebb and flow;
With amber bracelets cut like bees,
Whoſe ſtrange tranſparency who ſees,
With ſilk ſmall as the ſpider's twiſt
Doubled ſo oft about thy wriſt,
Would ſorely think alive they were,
From lilies gathering honey there.
Thy buſkins ivory, carv'd like ſhells
Of ſcollop, which as little bells
Made hollow, with the air ſhall chime,
And to thy ſteps ſhall keep the time:
Leave Lalus, Lirope, for me,
And theſe ſhall thy rich dowry be.

Lirope. Lalus for flowers, Cleon for gems,
For garlands, and for diadems
I ſhall be ſped; why this is brave:
What nymph can choicer preſents have?
With dreſſing, brading, frowncing, flow'ring,
All your jewels on me pouring,
In this bravery being dreſt,
To the ground I ſhall be preſt,
That I doubt the nymphs will fear me,
Nor will venture to come near me;
Never lady of the May
To this hour was half ſo gay;
All in flowers, all ſo ſweet,
From the crown beneath the feet,
Amber, coral, ivory, pearl;
If this cannot win a girl,
There's nothing can, and this ye woo me.
Give me your hands, and truſt ye to me;
(Yet to tell ye I am loth)
That I'll have neither of you both.

Lalus. When thou ſhalt pleaſe to ſtem the flood,
(As thou art of the wat'ry brood)
I'll have twelve ſwans more white than ſnow,
Yok'd for the purpoſe, two and two,
To draw thy barge wrought of fine reed
So well, that it nought elſe ſhall need.
The traces by which they ſhall hail
Thy barge, ſhall be the winding trail
Of woodbine, whoſe brave taſſell'd flowers
(The ſweetneſs of the wood-nymphs bowers)
Shall be the trappings to adorn
The ſwans, by which the barge is borne;
Of flower'd flags I'll rob the bank,
Of water-cans and king-cups rank,
To be the covering of thy boat;
And on the ſtream as thou doſt float,
The Najades that haunt the deep,
Themſelves about thy barge ſhall keep,
Recording moſt delightful lays.
By ſea-gods written in thy praiſe,
And in what place thou hap'ſt to land,
There the gentle ſilvery ſand
Shall ſoften, curled with the air,
As ſenſible of thy repair:
This, my dear love, I'll do for thee,
So thou'lt leave him, and go with me.

[geeſe

Cleon. Tuſh, nymph, his ſwans will prove but
His barge drinks water like a fleece;
A boat is baſe; I'll thee provide
A chariot, wherein Jove may ride,
In which when bravely thou art borne,
Thou ſhalt look like the glorious morn
Uſhering the ſun, and ſuch a one,
As to this day was never known,
Of the rareſt Indian gums,
More precious than your balſamums,
Which I by art have made ſo hard,
That they with tools may well be carv'd
To make a coach of; which ſhall be
Materials of this one for thee,
And of thy chariot, each ſmall piece
Shall inlaid be with amber greaſe,
And gilded with the yellow ore
Produc'd from Tagus' wealthy ſhore;
In which along the pleaſant lawn,
With twelve white ſtags thou ſhalt be drawn,
Whoſe brancht palms of a ſtately height,
With ſeveral noſegays ſhall be dight;
And as thou rid'ſt thy coach about,
For thy ſtrong guard ſhall run a rout
Of oſtriches, whoſe curled plumes,
'Cens'd with thy chariot's rich perfumes,
The ſcent into the air ſhall throw,
Whoſe naked thighs ſhall grace the ſhew;
Whilſt the wood nymphs, and thoſe bred
Upon the mountains, o'er thy head

Shall bear a canopy of flowers,
Tinsell'd with drops of April showers,
Which shall make more glorious shews
Than spangles, or your silver oars:
This, bright nymph, I'll do for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

Tirope. Vie and revie, like chapmen proffer'd,
Would't be received what you have offer'd,
Ye greater honour cannot do me,
If not building altars to me:
Both by water, and by land,
Barge and chariot at command;
Swans upon the streams to taw me,
Stags upon the land to draw me;
In all this pomp should I be seen,
What a poor thing were a queen!
All delights in such excess,
As but ye, who can express:
Thus mounted should the nymphs me see,
All the troop would follow me,
Thinking by this state that I
Would assume a deity.
There be some in love have been,
And I may commit that sin;
And if e'er I be in love,
With one of you I fear 'till prove;
But with which I cannot tell,
So my gallant youths farewell.

NYMPHAL III.

DORON, NAIS, CLORIS, CLAIA, DORILUS, CLOE, MERTILLA, FLORIMEL.

With nymphs and foresters.

Poetic raptures, sacred fires,
With which Apollo his inspires,
This Nymphal gives you; and withal
Observes the Muses festival.

AMONGST th' Elysians many mirthful feasts,
At which the Muses are the certain guests,
Th' observe one day with most imperial state,
To wise Apollo which they dedicate,
The poets god, and to his altars bring
Th' enamell'd bravery of the beauteous spring,
And strew their bowers with every precious sweet,
Which still wax fresh, most trod on with their feet;
With most choice flowers each nymph doth braid her hair,
And not the mean'st but bauldrick wise doth wear
Some goodly garland, and the most renown'd
With curious roseat anadems are crown'd.
These being come into the place where they
Yearly observe the orgies to that day,
The Muses from their Heliconian spring
Their brimful mazers to the feasting bring:
When with deep draughts out of those plenteous bowls,
The jocund youth have swill'd their thirsty souls,
They fall enraged with a sacred heat,
And when their brains do once begin to sweat,
They into brave and stately numbers break,
And not a word that any one can speak
But 'tis prophetic; and so strangely far
In their high fury they transported are,
As there's not one, on any thing can strain,
But by another answered is again
In the same rapture, which all sit to hear;
When as two youths, that soundly liquor'd were,
Dorilus and Doron, two as noble swains
As ever kept on the Elysian plains,
First by their signs attention having won,
Thus they the revels frolickly begun.

Doron. Come, Dorilus, let us be brave,
In lofty numbers let us rave,
With rhymes I will enrich thee.

Dorilus. Content, say I, then bid the base,
Our wits shall run the wild-goose chase,
Spur up, or I will switch thee.

Doron. The sun out of the east doth peep,
And now the day begins to creep
Upon the world at leisure.

Dorilus. The air enamour'd with the greaves,
The west wind strokes the velvet leaves,
And kisses them at pleasure.

Doron. The ſpinners webs 'twixt ſpray and ſpray
The top of every buſh make gay,
By filmy cords there dangling.

Dorilus. For now the laſt day's evening dew
Even to the full itſelf doth ſhew,
Each bough with pearl beſpangling.

Doron. O hoy, how thy abundant vein
Even like a flood breaks from thy brain,
Nor can thy muſe be gaged.

Dorilus. Why nature forth did never bring
A man that like to me can ſing,
If once I be enraged.

Doron. Why, Dorilus, I in my ſkill
Can make the ſwifteſt ſtream ſtand ſtill,
Nay, bear back to his ſpringing.

Dorilus. And I into a trance moſt deep
Can caſt the birds that they ſhall ſleep
When fain'ſt they would be ſinging.

Doron. Why, Dorilus, thou mak'ſt me mad,
And now my wits begin to gad,
But ſure I know not whither.

Dorilus. O Doron, let me hug thee, then,
There never was two madder men,
Then let us on together.

Doron. Hermes the winged horſe beſtrid,
And thorow thick and thin he rid,
And flounder'd through the fountain.

Dorilus. He ſpur'd the tit until he bled,
So that at laſt he ran his head
Againſt the forked mountain.

Doron. How ſay'ſt thou, but py'd Iris got
Into great Juno's chariot,
I ſpake with one that ſaw her.

Dorilus. And there the pert and ſaucy elf
Behav'd her as 'twere Juno's ſelf,
And made the peacocks draw her.

Doron. I'll borrow Phœbus' fiery jades,
With which about the world he trades,
And put them in my plough.

Dorilus. O thou moſt perfect frantic man,
Yet let thy rage be what it can,
I'll be as mad as thou.

Doron. I'll to great Jove, hap good, hap ill,
Though he with thunder threat to kill,
And beg of him a boon.

Dorilus. To ſwerve up one of Cynthia's beams,
And there to bathe thee in the ſtreams,
Diſcover'd in the moon.

Doron. Come, frolic youth, and follow me,
My frantic boy, and I'll ſhew thee
The country of the fairies.

Dorilus. The fleſhy mandrake where 't doth grow
In noonſhade of the miſletoe,
And where the phœnix airies.

Doron. Nay ſhore, the ſwallow's winter bed,
The caverns where the winds are bred,
Since thus thou talk'ſt of ſhewing.

Dorilus. And to thoſe indraughts I'll thee bring
That wonderous and eternal ſpring
Whence th' ocean hath its flowing.

Doron. We'll down to the dark houſe of ſleep,
Where ſnoring Morpheus doth keep,
And wake the drowſy groom.

Dorilus. Down ſhall the doors and windows go,
The ſtools upon the floor we'll throw,
And roar about the room.

The Muſes here commanded them to ſtay,
Commending much the carriage of their lay;
As greatly pleas'd at this their madding bout,
To hear how bravely they had borne it out
From firſt to laſt, of which they were right glad,
By this they found that Helicon ſtill had
That virtue it did anciently retain
When Orpheus, Lynus, and th' Aſcrean ſwain
Took luſty rowſes, which hath made their rhymes
To laſt ſo long to all ſucceeding times.
And now amongſt this beauteous bevie here,
Two wanton nymphs, though dainty ones they were,
Naiis and Cloe in their female fits
Longing to ſhew the ſharpneſs of their wits,
Of the Nine ſiſters ſpecial leave do crave
That the next bout they two might freely have;
Who having got the ſuffrages of all,
Thus to their rhyming inſtantly they fall.

Naiis. Amongſt you all let us ſee
Who is't oppoſes me,
Come on the proudeſt ſhe
To anſwer my ditty.

Cloe. Why, Naiis, that am I,
Who dares thy pride defy;
And that we ſoon ſhall try
Though thou be witty.

Naiis. Cloe, I ſcorn my rhyme,
Should obſerve feet or time,
Now I fall, then I climb,
What is't I dare not.

Cloe. Give thy invention wing,
And let her flirt and fling,
Till down the rock ſhe ding,
For that I care not.

Naiis. This preſence delights me,
My freedom invites me,
The ſeaſon excites me
In rhyme to be merry.

Cloe. And I beyond meaſure,
Am raviſh'd with pleaſure,
To anſwer each ſeizure,
Until thou be'ſt weary.

Naiis. Behold the roſy dawn,
Riſes in tinſell'd lawn,
And ſmiling ſeems to fawn
Upon the mountains.

Cloe. Awaked from her dreams
Shooting forth golden beams,
Dancing upon the ſtreams
Courting the fountains.

Naiis. Theſe more than ſweet ſhowrets,
Entice up theſe flowrets,
To trim up our bowrets,
Perfuming our coats.

Cloe. Whilſt the birds billing
Each one with his dilling,
The thickets ſtill filling
With amorous notes.

Naiis. The bees up in honey roll'd
More than their thighs can hold,
Lap'd in their liquid gold,
Their treaſure us bringing.

Cloe. To theſe rillets purling
Upon the ſtones curling,
And oft about whirling,
Dance tow'rd their ſpringing.

Naiis. The wood-nymphs ſit ſinging,
Each grove with notes ringing
Whilſt freſh Ver is flinging
Her bounties abroad.

Cloe. So much as the turtle
Upon the low myrtle,
To the meads fertile,
Her cares doth unload.

Naiis. Nay 'tis a world to ſee
In every buſh and tree,
The birds with mirth and glee
Woo'd as they woo.

Cloe. The robin and the wren,
Every cock with his hen,
Why ſhould not we and men
Do as they do.

Naiis. The fairies are hopping,
The ſmall flowers cropping,
And with dew dropping,
Skip thorow the greaves.

Cloe. At barley-break they play
Merrily all the day,
At night themſelves they lay
Upon the ſoft leaves.

Naiis. The gentle winds ſally
Upon every vally,
And many times dally
And wantonly ſport.

Cloe. About the fields tracing,
Each other in chaſing,
And often embracing,
In amorous ſort.

Naiis. And Echo oft doth tell
Wond'rous things from her cell,
As her what chance befell,
Learning to prattle.

Cloe. And now ſhe ſits and mocks
The ſhepherds and their flocks,
And the herds from the rocks
Keeping their cattle.

When to theſe maids the muſes ſilence cry,
For 'twas th' opinion of the company,
That were not theſe two taken off, that they
Would in their conflict wholly ſpend the day.
When as the turn to Florimel next came,
A nymph for beauty of eſpecial name,
Yet was ſhe not ſo jolly as the reſt;
And though ſhe were by her companions preſt,
Yet ſhe by no entreaty would be wrought
To ſing, as by th' Elyſian laws ſhe ought:
When two bright nymphs that her companions were,
And of all other only held her dear,
Mild Cloris and Mertilla, with fair ſpeech,
Their moſt beloved Florimel beſeech,
T' obſerve the muſes, and the more to woo her,
They take their turns, and thus they ſing unto her.

Cloris. Sing, Florimel, O ſing and we
Our whole wealth will give to thee,
We'll rob the brim of every fountain,
Strip the ſweets from every mountain,
We will ſweep the curled valleys,
Bruſh the banks that mound our alleys,
We will muſter nature's dainties
When ſhe wallows in her plenties,
The luſcious ſmell of every flower
New waſh'd by an April ſhower,
The miſtreſs of her ſtore we'll make thee
That ſhe for herſelf ſhall take thee;
Can there be a dainty thing,
That's not thine if thou wilt ſing?

Mertilla. When the dew in May diſtilleth,
And the earth's rich boſom filleth,
And with pearl embrouds each meadow,
We will make them like a widow,
And in all their beauties dreſs thee,
And of all their ſpoils poſſeſs thee,

With all the beauties Zephyr brings,
Breathing on the yearly ſprings,
The gaudy blooms of every tree
In their moſt beauty when they be,
What is here that may delight thee,
Or to pleaſure may excite thee,
Can there be a dainty thing
That's not thine if thou wilt ſing?

But Florimel ſtill ſullenly replies
I will not ſing at all, let that ſuffice:
When as a nymph one of the merry ging,
Seeing ſhe no way could be won to ſing;
Come, come, quoth ſhe, ye utterly undo her
With your entreaties, and your reverence to her;
For praiſe nor prayers ſhe careth not a pin;
They that our froward Florimel would win,
Muſt work another way, let me come to her,
Either I'll make her ſing, or I'll undo her.

Claia. Florimel, I thus conjure thee,
Since their gifts cannot allure thee;
By ſtamp'd garlic that doth ſtink
Worſe than common ſewer or ſink;
By henbane, dogſbane, wolfſbane, ſweet
As any clown's or carrier's feet;
By ſtinking nettles, pricking teaſels,
Raiſing bliſters like the meaſles;
By the rough burbreeding docks,
Ranker than the oldeſt fox;
By filthy hemlock, pois'ning more
Than any ulcer or old ſore;
By the cockle in the corn,
That ſmells far worſe than doth burnt horn;
By hemp in water that hath lain,
By whoſe ſtench the fiſh are ſlain;
By toadflax which your noſe may taſte,
If you have a mind to caſt;
May all filthy ſtinking weeds
That e'er bore leaf, or e'er had ſeeds;
Florimel, be given to thee,
If thou'lt not ſing as well as we.

At which the nymphs to open laughter fell,
Amongſt the reſt the beauteous Florimel,
(Pleas'd with the ſpell from Claia that came,
A mirthful girl, and given to ſport and game)
As gameſome grows as any of them all,
And to this ditty inſtantly doth fall.

Florimel. How in my thoughts ſhall I contrive
The image I am framing,
Which is ſo far ſuperlative,
As 'tis beyond all naming?
I would Jove of my counſel make,
And have his judgment in it,
But that I doubt he would miſtake
How rightly to begin it:
It muſt be builded in the air,
And 'tis my thoughts muſt do it,
And only they muſt be the ſtair
From earth to mount me to it:
For of my ſex I frame my lay,
Each hour ourſelves forſaking,
How ſhould I then find out the way,
To this my undertaking?
When our weak fancies working ſtill,
Yet changing every minute,
Will ſhew that it requires ſome ſkill,
Such difficulties in it.
We would things, yet we know not what,
And let our will be granted,
Yet inſtantly we find in that
Something unthought of wanted:
Our joys and hopes ſuch ſhadows are,
As with our motions vary,
Which when we oft have fetch'd from far,
With us they never tarry:
Some worldly croſs doth ſtill attend
What long we have been ſpinning,
And e'er we fully get the end,
We loſe of our beginning.
Our policies ſo peeviſh are,
That with themſelves they wrangle,
And many times become the ſnare
That ſooneſt us entangle;
For that the love we bear our friends,
Though ne'er ſo ſtrongly grounded,
Hath in it certain oblique ends,
If to the bottom ſounded:
Our own well wiſhing making it
A pardonable treaſon;
For that it is deriv'd from wit,
And underprop'd with reaſon.
For our dear ſelves beloved ſake
(Even in the depth of paſſion)
Our centre though ourſelves we make,
Yet is not that our ſtation;
For whilſt our brows ambitious be,
And youth at hand awaits us,
It is a pretty thing to ſee
How finely beauty cheats us.
And whilſt with time we trifling ſtand
To practiſe antick graces,
Age with a pale and wither'd hand
Draws furrows in our faces.

When they which ſo deſirous were before
To hear her ſing; deſirous are far more
To have her ceaſe; and call to have her ſtaid,
For ſhe too much already had bewray'd.
And as the thrice three ſiſters thus had grac'd
Their celebration, and themſelves had plac'd
Upon a violet bank, in order all
Where they at will might view the feſtival,
The nymphs and all the luſty youth that were
At this brave nymphal, by them honour'd there,
To gratify the heavenly girls again
Laſtly prepare in ſtate to entertain
Thoſe ſacred ſiſters, fairly, and confer
On each of them their praiſe particular.
And thus the nymphs to the nine muſes ſung,
When as the youth and foreſters among,
That well prepared for this buſineſs were,
Become the Chorus, and thus ſung they there.

Nymphs. Clio, thou firſt of thoſe celeſtial Nine
That daily offer to the ſacred ſhrine

Of wiſe Apollo; queen of ſtories,
Thou that vindicat'ſt the glories
Of paſt ages, and renew'ſt
Their acts, which every day thou view'ſt,
And from a lethargy doſt keep
Old nodding Time, elſe prone to ſleep.

Chorus. Clio, O crave of Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieſt fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. Melpomene, thou melancholy maid,
Next, to wife Phœbus, we invoke thy aid,
In buſkins that doſt ſtride the ſtage,
And in thy deep diſtracted rage,
In bloodſhed that doſt take delight,
Thy object the moſt fearful ſight,
That lov'ſt the ſighs, the ſhrieks, and ſounds
Of horror, that ariſe from wounds.

Chorus. Sad muſe, O crave of Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieſt fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and birth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. Comic Thalia, then we come to thee,
Thou mirthful maiden, only that in glee
And love's deceits thy pleaſure tak'ſt,
Of which thy varying ſcene that mak'ſt,
And in thy nimble ſock doth ſtir
Loud laughter through the theatre,
That with the peaſant mak'ſt thee ſport,
As well as with the better ſort.

Chorus. Thalia, crave of Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieſt fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. Euterpe, next to thee we will proceed,
That firſt found'ſt out the muſic on the reed,
With breath and fingers giving life
To the ſhrill cornet and the fife,
Teaching every ſtop and key
To thoſe upon the pipe that play,
Thoſe which wind-inſtruments we call,
Or ſoft, or loud, or great, or ſmall.

Chorus. Euterpe, aſk of Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieſt fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. Terpſichore, thou of the lute and lyre,
And inſtruments that ſound with cords and wire,
That art the miſtreſs to command
The touch of the moſt curious hand,
When every quaver doth embrace
His like, in a true diapaſe;
And every ſtring his ſound doth fill,
Touch'd with the finger or the quill.

Chorus. Terpſichore, crave Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieſt fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. Thou, Erato, wiſe muſe, on thee we call
In lines to us that doſt demonſtrate all,
Which, neatly, with thy ſtaff and bow,
Doth meaſure, and proportion ſhow;
Motion and geſture that doſt teach
That every height and depth can'ſt reach;
And doſt demonſtrate by thy art
What nature elſe would not impart.

Chorus. Dear Erato, crave Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieſt fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. To thee, thou brave Caliope, we come,
Thou that maintain'ſt the trumpet and the drum,
The neighing ſteeds that lov'ſt to hear,
Claſhing of arms doth pleaſe thine ear;
In lofty lines that doſt rehearſe
Things worthy of a thund'ring verſe,
And at no time art heard to ſtrain
On ought that ſuits a common vein.

Chorus. Caliope, crave Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieſt fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. Thou, Polyhymnia, moſt delirious maid,
In rhetoric's flowers that art array'd;
In tropes and figures richly dreſt,
The filed phraſe that loveſt beſt,
That are all elocution, and
The firſt that gav'ſt to underſtand
The force of words, in order plac'd,
And with a ſweet delivery grac'd.

Chorus. Sweet muſe, perſuade our Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieſt fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. Lofty Urania, then we call to thee,
To whom the heavens for ever open'd be,
Thou th' aſteriſms by name doſt call,
And ſhew'ſt when they do riſe and fall;
Each planet's force, and doſt divine
His working, ſeated in his ſign;
And how the ſtarry frame ſtill rolls
Between the fixed ſtedfaſt poles.

Chorus. Urania, aſk of Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieſt fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

NYMPHAL IV.

CLORIS, MERTILLA.

Chaſte Cloris doth diſcloſe the ſhames
Of the Felician frantic dames,
Mertilla ſtrives t' appeaſe her woe,
To golden wiſhes then they go.

Mertilla.

WHY, how now Cloris, what, thy head
Bound with forſaken willow?
Is the cold ground become thy bed?
The graſs become thy pillow?
O let not thoſe life-light'ning eyes
In this ſad veil be ſhrowded,
Which into mourning puts the ſkies,
To ſee them over-clouded.

Cloris. O, my Mertilla, do not praiſe
Theſe lamps, ſo dimly burning,
Such ſad and ſullen lights as theſe
Were only made for mourning:
Their objects are the barren rocks
With aged moſs o'er-ſhaded;
Now, whilſt the ſpring lays forth her locks,
With bloſſoms bravely braided.

Mertilla. O, Cloris, can there be a ſpring,
O my dear nymph, there may not,
Wanting thine eyes it forth to bring,
Without which nature cannot:
Say what it is that troubleth thee,
Increas'd by thy concealing,
Speak, ſorrows many times we ſee
Are leſſen'd by revealing.

Cloris. Being of late too vainly bent,
And but at too much leiſure,
Nor with our groves and downs content,
But ſurfeiting in pleaſure;
Felicia's fields I would go ſee,
Where fame to me reported,
The choice nymphs of the world to be
From meaner beauties ſorted;
Hoping that I from them might draw
Some graces to delight me,
But there ſuch monſtrous ſhapes I ſaw,
That to this hour affright me.
Through the thick hair, that thatch'd their brows,
Their eyes upon me ſtared,
Like to thoſe raging frantic froes
For Bacchus' feaſts prepared;
Their bodies, although ſtraight by kind,
Yet they ſo monſtrous make them,
That for huge bags, blown up with wind,
You very well may take them.
Their bowels in their elbows are,
Whereon depend their paunches,
And their deformed arms, by far,
Made larger than their haunches:
For their behaviour and their grace,
Which likewiſe ſhould have priz'd them,
Their manners were as beaſtly baſe
As th' rags that ſo diſguis'd them;
All anticks, all ſo impudent,
So faſhion'd out of faſhion,
As black Cocytus up had ſent
Her fry into this nation,
Whoſe monſtrouſneſs doth ſo perplex,
Of reaſon and deprives me,
That, for their ſakes, I loathe my ſex,
Which to this ſadneſs drives me.

Mertilla. O, my dear Cloris, be not ſad,
Nor with theſe furies daunted,
But let theſe female fools be mad,
With helliſh pride enchanted;
Let not thy noble thoughts deſcend
So low as their affections,
Whom neither counſel can amend,
Nor yet the gods corrections:
Such mad folks ne'er let us bemoan,
But rather ſcorn their folly,
And ſince we two are here alone,
To baniſh melancholy,
Leave we this lowly creeping vein,
Not worthy admiration,
And in a brave and lofty ſtrain
Let's exerciſe our paſſion,
With wiſhes of each other's good,
From our abundant treaſures,
And, in this jocund ſprightly mood
Thus alter we our meaſures.

O I could wiſh this place were ſtrew'd with roſes,
And that this bank were thickly thrumb'd with graſs

As ſoft as ſleave or ſareenet ever was,
Whereon my Cloris her ſweet ſelf repoſes.

Cloris. O that theſe dews roſe-water were for thee,
Theſe miſts perfumes that hang upon theſe thicks,
And that the winds were all aromatics,
Which if my wiſh could make them, they ſhould be.

Mertilla. O that my bottle one whole diamond were
So fill'd with nectar that a fly might ſup,
And at one draught that thou might'ſt drink it up,
Yet a carouſe not good enough I fear.

Cloris. That all the pearl, the ſeas or Indias have
Were well diſſolv'd, and thereof made a lake,
Thou therein bathing, and I by to take
Pleaſure to ſee thee clearer than the wave.

Mertilla. O that the horns of all the herds we ſee
Were of fine gold, or elſe that every horn
Were like to that one of the unicorn,
And of all theſe, not one but were thy fee.

Cloris. O that their hooſs were ivory, or ſome thing
Than the pur'ſt ivory far more cryſtalline,
Fill'd with the food wherewith the gods do dine,
To keep thy youth in a continual ſpring.

Mertilla. O that the ſweets of all the flowers that grow
The labouring air would gather into one,
In gardens, fields, nor meadows leaving none,
And all their ſweetneſs upon thee would throw.

Cloris. Nay that thoſe ſweet harmonious ſtrains we hear,
Amongſt the lively birds melodious lays,
As they recording ſit upon the ſprays.
Were hovering ſtill for muſic at thine ears.

Mertilla. O that thy name were carv'd on every tree,
That as theſe plants, ſtill great, and greater grow,
Thy name, dear nymph, might be enlarged ſo,
That every grove and coppice might ſpeak thee.

Cloris. Nay would thy name upon their rinds were ſet,
And by the nymphs ſo oft and loudly ſpoken,
As that the echoes to that language broken
Thy happy name might hourly counterfeit.

Mertilla. O let the ſpring ſtill put ſtern winter by,
And in rich damaſk let her revel ſtill,
As it ſhould do if I might have my will,
That thou might'ſt ſtill walk on her tapeſtry;
And thus ſince fate no longer time allows
Under this broad and ſhady ſycamore,
Where now we ſit, as we have oft before,
Thoſe yet unborn ſhall offer up their vows.

NYMPHAL V.

CLAIA, LELIPA, CLARINAX—*a Hermit.*

Of garlands, anadems, and wreaths
This nymphal nought but ſweetneſs breathes,
Preſents you with delicious poſies,
And with powerful ſimples cloſes.

Claia.
See where old Clarinax is ſet,
His ſundry ſimples ſorting,
From whoſe experience we may get
What worthy is reporting;
Then, Lelipa, let us draw near,
Whilſt he his weeds is weathering,
I ſee ſome powerful ſimples there
That he hath late been gathering.

Hail, gentle hermit, Jove thee ſpeed,
And have thee in his keeping,
And ever help thee at thy need,
Be thou awake or ſleeping.

Clarinax. Ye pair of moſt celeſtial lights,
O beauties three times burniſh'd,
Who could expect ſuch heavenly wights
With angels' features furniſh'd?

What god doth guide you to this place,
To bleſs my homely bower?
It cannot be but this high grace
Proceeds from ſome high power;
The hours like handmaids ſtill attend,
Diſpoſed at your pleaſure,
Ordained to no other end
But to await your leiſure;
The dews drawn up into the air,
And by your breaths perfumed,
In little clouds do hover there
As loth to be conſumed:
The air moves not but as you pleaſe,
So much, ſweet nymphs, it owes you,
The winds do caſt them to their eaſe,
And amorouſly incloſe you.

Lelipa. Be not too laviſh of thy praiſe,
Thou good Elyſian hermit,
Leſt ſome to hear ſuch words as theſe,
Perhaps may flattery term it;
But of your ſimples ſomething ſay,
Which may diſcourſe afford us,
We know your knowledge lies that way,
With ſubjects you have ſtor'd us.

Claia. We know for phyſic yours you get,
Which thus you here are ſorting,
And upon garlands we are ſet,
With wreaths and poſies ſporting:
Each garden great abundance yields,
Whoſe flowers invite us thither;
But you abroad in groves and fields
Your med'cinal ſimples gather.

Lelipa. The chaplet and the anadem,
The curled treſſes crowning,
We looſer nymphs delight in them,
Not in your wreaths renowning.

Clarinax. The garland long ago was worn,
As time pleas'd to beſtow it,
The laurel only to adorn
The conqueror and the poet.
The palm his due. who, uncontroul'd,
On danger looking gravely,
When fate had done the worſt it could,
Who bore his fortunes bravely.
Moſt worthy of the oaken wreath
The ancients him eſteemed,
Who in a battle had from death
Some man of worth redeemed.
About his temples graſs they tie,
Himſelf that ſo behaved
In ſome ſtrong ſiege by th' enemy
A city that hath ſaved.
A wreath of vervain heralds wear,
Amongſt our garlands named,
Being ſent that dreadful news to bear,
Offenſive war proclaimed.
The ſign of peace who firſt diſplays,
The olive wreath poſſeſſes:
The lover with the myrtle ſprays
Adorns his criſped treſſes.
In love the ſad forſaken wight
The willow garland weareth:
The funeral man, befitting night,
The baleful cypreſs beareth.
To Pan we dedicate the pine,
Whoſe ſlips the ſhepherd graceth:
Again, the ivy and the vine
On his ſwoln Bacchus placeth.

Claia. The boughs and ſprays, of which you tell,
By you are rightly named:
But we with thoſe of precious ſmell
And colours are enflamed;
The noble ancients to excite
Men to do things worth crowning,
Not unperformed leſt a rite
To heighten their renowning:
But they that thoſe rewards devis'd,
And theſe brave wights that wore them,
By theſe baſe times though poorly priz'd,
Yet, hermit, we adore them.
The ſtore of every fruitful field
We nymphs at will poſſeſſing,
From that variety they yield
Get flowers for every dreſſing:
Of which a garland I'll compoſe,
Then buſily attend me,
Theſe flowers I for that purpoſe choſe,
But where I miſs amend me.

Clarinax. Well, Claia, on with your intent,
Let's ſee how you will weave it;
Which done, here for a monument,
I hope, with me you'll leave it.

Claia. Here damaſk roſes, white and red,
Out of my lap firſt take I,
Which ſtill ſhall run along the thread,
My chiefeſt flower this make I:
Amongſt theſe roſes in a row,
Next place I pinks in plenty,
Theſe double daiſies then for ſhew,
And will not this be dainty?
The pretty panſy then I'll tie
Like ſtones ſome chain inchaſing;
And next to them, their near ally,
The purple violet placing.
The curious choice clove July flower,
Whoſe kinds hight the carnation,
For ſweetneſs of moſt ſovereign power,
Shall help my wreath to faſhion;
Whoſe ſundry colours of one kind,
Firſt from one root deriv'd,
Them in their ſeveral ſuits I'll bind,
My garland ſo contrived:
A courſe of cowſlips then I'll ſtick,
And here and there (though ſparely)
The pleaſant primroſe down I'll prick,
Like pearls, which will ſhow rarely;
Then with theſe marygolds I'll make
My garland ſomewhat ſwelling,
Theſe honey ſuckles then I'll take
Whoſe ſweets ſhall help their ſmelling.
The lily and the flower-de-lis,
For colour much contenting,
For that, I them do only prize,
They are but poor in ſcenting:

The daffadil moſt dainty is
To match with theſe in meetneſs;
The columbine compar'd to this,
All much alike for ſweetneſs;
Theſe in their natures only are
Fit to emboſs the border,
Therefore I'll take eſpecial care
To place them in their order:
Sweet-williams, campions, ſops-in-wine
One by another neatly:
Thus have I made this wreath of mine,
And finiſhed it featly.

Lelipa. Your garland thus you finiſh'd have;
Then as we have attended
Your leiſure, likewiſe let me crave
I may the like be friended.
Thoſe gaudy gariſh flowers you chooſe,
In which our nymphs are flaunting,
Which they at feaſt and bridals uſe,
The ſight and ſmell enchanting:
A chaplet me of herbs I'll make,
Than which though yours be braver,
Yet this of mine I'll undertake
Shall not be ſhort in ſavour.
With baſil then I will begin,
Whoſe ſcent is wond'rous pleaſing:
This eglantine I'll next put in,
The ſenſe with ſweetneſs ſeizing.
Then in my lavender I'll lay,
Muſcado put among it,
And here and there a leaf of bay,
Which ſtill ſhall run along it.
Germander, marjoram, and thyme,
Which uſed are for ſtrewing,
With hyſop, as an herb moſt prime,
Here in my wreath beſtowing.
Then balm and mint helps to make up
My chaplet, and for trial,
Coſtmary that ſo likes the cup,
And next it pennyroyal:
Then burnet ſhall bear up with this,
Whoſe leaf I greatly fancy,
Some camomile doth not amiſs,
With ſavory and ſome tanſy;
Then here and there I'll put a ſprig
Of roſemary into it:
Thus not too little nor too big,
'Tis done if I can do it.

Clarinax. Claia, your garland is moſt gay,
Compos'd of curious flowers,
And ſo, moſt lovely Lelipa,
This chaplet is of yours;
In goodly gardens yours you get,
Where you your laps have laded;
My ſimples are by nature ſet
In groves and fields untreaded.
Your flowers moſt curiouſly you twine,
Each one his place ſupplying,
But theſe rough harſher herbs of mine,
About me rudely lying;
Of which ſome dwarfiſh weeds there be,
Some of a larger ſtature,
Some by experience, as we ſee,
Whoſe names expreſs their nature.
Here is my moly of much fame,
In magics often uſed,
Mugwort and night-ſhade for the ſame,
But not by me abuſed;
Here henbane, poppy, hemlock here,
Procuring deadly ſleeping,
Which I do miniſter with fear,
Not fit for each man's keeping:
Here holy vervayne, and here dill,
'Gainſt witchcraft much availing,
Here hornhound 'gainſt the mad dog's ill
By biting, never failing.
Here mandrake that procureth love,
In pois'ning filters mixed,
And makes the barren fruitful prove,
The root about them fixed;
Inchanting lunary here lies,
In ſorceries excelling,
And this is dictam, which we prize,
Shot ſhafts and darts expelling;
Here ſaxifrage againſt the ſtone
That powerful is approved,
Here dodder, by whoſe help alone
Old agues are removed;
Here mercury, here helibore,
Old ulcers mundifying,
And ſhepherd's-purſe, the flux moſt ſore
That helps by the applying;
Here wholſome plantane, that the pain
Of eyes and ears appeaſes;
Here cooling ſorrel that again
We uſe in hot diſeaſes:
The med'cinable mallow here,
Aſſuaging ſudden tumours,
The jagged polypodium there,
To purge old rotten humoors;
Next theſe here egremony is,
That helps the ſerpent's biting,
The bleſſed betony by this,
Whoſe cures deſerving writing:
This all-heal, and ſo nam'd of right,
New wounds ſo quickly healing;
A thouſand more I could recite,
Moſt worthy of revealing,
But that I hinder'd am by fate,
And buſineſs doth prevent me,
To cure a mad man, which of late
Is from Felicia ſent me.

Claia. Nay, then, thou haſt enough to do,
We pity thy enduring,
For they are there infected ſo,
That they are paſt thy curing.

NYMPHAL VI.

SILVIUS, HALCIUS, MELANTHUS.

A woodman, fiſher, and a ſwain
This nymphal through with mirth maintain;
Whoſe pleadings ſo the nymphs do pleaſe,
That preſently they give them bays.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequer'd was the ſky,
Thin clouds like ſcarfs of cobweb lawn
Veil'd heaven's moſt glorious eye.
The wind had no more ſtrength than this,
That leiſurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiſs,
That cloſely by it grew.
The rills that on the pebbles play'd
Might now be heard at will;
This world they only muſic made,
Elſe every thing was ſtill.
The flowers like brave embroider'd girls,
Look'd as they much deſir'd,
To ſee whoſe head with orient pearls
Moſt curiouſly was tyr'd;
And to itſelf the ſubtil air
Such ſovereignty aſſumes,
That it receiv'd too large a ſhare
From nature's rich perfumes,
When the Elyſian youth were met,
That were of moſt account,
And to diſport themſelves were ſet
Upon an eaſy mount:
Near which, of ſtately fir and pine
There grew abundant ſtore,
The tree that weepeth turpentine,
And ſhady ſycamore.
Amongſt this merry youthful train
A foreſter they had,
A fiſher, and a ſhepherd ſwain,
A lively country lad:
Betwixt which three a queſtion grew,
Who ſhould the worthieſt be,
Which violently they purſue,
Nor ſtickled would they be:
That it the company doth pleaſe
This civil ſtrife to ſtay,
Freely to hear what each of theſe
For his brave ſelf could ſay.
When firſt this foreſter, of all
That Silvius had to name,
To whom the lot being caſt doth fall,
Doth thus begin the game.

Silvius. For my profeſſion then, and for the life I lead,
All others to excel, thus for myſelf I plead;
I am the prince of ſports, the foreſt is my fee,
He's not upon the earth, for pleaſure lives like me;
The morn no ſooner puts her roſy mantle on,
But from my quiet lodge I inſtantly am gone,
When the melodious birds from every buſh and brier
Of the wild ſpacious waſtes, make a continual choir;
The mottled meadows then, new varniſh'd with the ſun,
Shoot up their ſpicy ſweets upon the winds that run,
In eaſily ambling gales, and ſoftly ſeem to pace,
That it the longer might their luſciouſneſs embrace.
I am clad in youthful green, I other colours ſcorn,
My ſilken bauldrick bears my bugle or my horn;
Which ſetting to my lips, I wind ſo loud and ſhrill,
As makes the echoes ſhout from every neighbouring hill:
My dog-hook at my belt, to which my Lyam's ty'd,
My ſheaf of arrows by, my wood-knife by my ſide,
My croſs-bow in my hand, my gaffle or my rack
To bend it when I pleaſe, or it I liſt to ſlack;
My hound then in my Lyam, I by the woodman's art
Forecaſt where I may lodge the goodly hie-palm'd hart;
To view the graſing herds, ſo ſundry times I uſe,
Whereby the loftieſt head I know my deer to chooſe,
And to unherd him then, I gallop o'er the ground
Upon my well breath'd nag, to cheer my earning hound.
Sometime I pitch my toils the deer alive to take,
Sometime I like the cry, the deep mouth'd kennel make.
Then underneath my horſe, I ſtalk my game to ſtrike,
And with a ſingle dog to hunt him hurt I like.
The ſilvans are to me true ſubjects, I their king,
The ſtately hart his hind doth to my preſence bring,
The buck his loved doe, the roe his tripping mate,
Before me to my bower, whereas I ſit in ſtate.

The dryads, hamadryads, the ſatyrs and the ſawns,
Oft play at hide and ſeek before me on the lawns;
The friſking fairy oft, when horned Cynthia ſhines,
Before me as I walk dance wanton matachines;
The numerous feather'd flocks, that the wild foreſts haunt,
Their ſilvan ſongs to me, in cheerful ditties chaunt;
The ſhades like ample ſhields, defend me from the ſun,
Through which me to refreſh the gentle rivulets run;
No little bubbling brook from any ſpring that falls,
But on the pebbles plays me pretty madrigals.
I' th' morn I climb the hills, where wholeſome winds do blow,
At noon tide to the vales, and ſhady groves below;
T'wards evening I again the cryſtal floods frequent,
In pleaſure thus my life continually is ſpent.
As princes and great lords have palaces, ſo I
Have in the foreſts here, my hall and gallery
The tall and ſtately woods, which underneath are plain;
The groves my gardens are; the heath and downs again
My wide and ſpacious walks. Then ſay all what ye can,
The foreſter is ſtill your only gallant man.

He of his ſpeech ſcarce made an end,
But him they load with praiſe,
The nymphs moſt highly him commend,
And vow to give him bays:
He's now cry'd up of every one,
And who but only he?
The foreſter's the man alone,
The worthieſt of the three.
When ſome than th' other far more ſtaid,
Will'd them a while to pauſe,
For there was more yet to be ſaid,
That might deſerve applauſe,
When Halcius his turn next plys,
And ſilence having won,
Room for the fiſherman he cries,
And thus his plea begun.

Halcius. No, foreſter, it ſo muſt not be borne away,
But hear what for himſelf the fiſher firſt can ſay;
The cryſtal current ſtreams continually I keep,
Where every pearl-pav'd ford, and every blue-ey'd deep,
With me familiar are; when in my boat being ſet,
My oar I take in hand, my angle and my net
About me; like a prince myſelf in ſtate I ſteer,
Now up, now down the ſtream, now am I here, now there,
The pilot and the fraught myſelf; and at my eaſe
Can land me when I liſt, or in what place I pleaſe;
The ſilver-ſcaled ſhoals, about me in the ſtreams,
As thick as ye diſcern the atoms in the beams,
Near to the ſhady bank where ſlender ſallies grow.
And willows their ſhag'd tops down t'wards the waters bow,
I ſhove in with my boat to ſhield me from the heat,
Where chooſing from my bag ſome prov'd eſpecial bait,
The goodly well-grown trout I with my angle ſtrike,
And with my bearded wire I take the ravenous pike,
Of whom when I have hold he ſeldom breaks away,
Though at my line's full length, ſo long I let him play
Till by my hand I find he well near weary'd be,
When ſoftly by degrees I draw him up to me.
The luſty ſalmon too, I oft with angling take,
Which me above the reſt moſt lordly ſport doth make,
Who feeling he is caught, ſuch friſks and bounds doth fetch,
And by his very ſtrength my line ſo far doth ſtretch,
As draws my floating cork down to the very ground,
And wreſting of my rod, doth make my boat turn round.
I never idle am, ſometime I bait my weels,
With which by night I take the dainty ſilver eels;
And with my draught-net then, I ſweep the ſtreaming flood,
And to my tramel next, and caſt net from the mud,
I beat the ſcaly brood; no hour I idly ſpend,
But weary'd with my work I bring the day to end.
The Naiades and Nymphs that in the rivers keep,
Which take into their care the ſtore of every deep,
Amongſt the flowery flags, the bullruſhes and reed,
That of the ſpawn have charge (abundantly to breed)
Well mounted upon ſwans, their naked bodies lend
To my diſcerning eye, and on my boat attend,
And dance upon the waves, before me (for my ſake)
To th' muſic the ſoft wind upon the reeds doth make.
And for my pleaſure more, the rougher gods of ſeas
From Neptune's court ſend in the blue Neriades,
Which from his bracky realm upon the billows ride,
And bear the rivers back with every ſtreaming tide,
Thoſe billows 'gainſt my boat, borne with delightful gales,
Oft ſeeming as I row to tell me pretty tales,
Whilſt loads of liquid pearl ſtill load my labouring oars,
As ſtretch'd upon the ſtream they ſtrike me to the ſhores:
The ſilent meadows ſeem delighted with my lays,
And ſitting in my boat I ſing my laſs's praiſe.
Then let them that like, the foreſter up-cry,
Your noble fiſher is your only man ſay I.

This ſpeech of Halcius turn'd the tide,
And brought it ſo about,
That all upon the fiſher cry'd,
That he would bear it out;
Him for the ſpeech he made, to clap
Who lent him not a hand?
And ſaid t'would be the waters' hap,
Quite to put down the land.
This while Melanthus ſilent ſits,
(For ſo the ſhepherd hight)
And having heard theſe dainty wits,
Each pleading for his right:

To hear them honour'd in this wiſe,
His patience doth provoke,
When for a ſhepherd room, he cries,
And for himſelf thus ſpoke

Melanthus. Well fiſher you have done, and foreſter for you
Your tale is neatly told, s'are both's to give you due.
And now my turn comes next, then hear a ſhepherd ſpeak:
My watchfulneſs and care gives day ſcarce leave to break
But to the fields I haſte, my folded flock to ſee,
Where when I find, nor wolf, nor fox hath injured me,
I to my bottle ſtrait, and ſoundly baſte my throat,
Which done, ſome country ſong or roundelay I rote
So merrily; that to the muſic that I make,
I force the lark to ſing ere ſhe be well awake;
Then Ball my cut-tail'd cur and I begin to play,
He o'er my ſheephook leaps, now th' one now th' other way.
Then on his hinder feet he doth himſelf advance,
I tune, and to my note, my lively dog doth dance;
Then whiſtle in my fiſt, my fellow ſwains to call,
Down go our hooks and ſcrips, and we to nine-holes fall,
At duſt point, or at quoits, elſe are we at it hard,
All falſe and cheating games, we ſhepherds are debar'd;
Surveying of my ſheep, if ewe or wether look
As though it were amiſs, or with my cur or crook
I take it, and when once I find what it doth ail,
It hardly hath that hurt, but that my ſkill can heal;
And when my careful eye I caſt upon my ſheep,
I ſort them in my pens, and ſorted ſo I keep:
Thoſe that are big'ſt of bone, I ſtill reſerve for breed,
My cullings I put off, or for the chapman feed.
When th' evening doth approach I to my bagpipe take,
And to my grazing flocks ſuch muſic then I make,
That they forbear to feed; then me a king you ſee,
I playing go before, my ſubjects follow me;
My bell wether moſt brave, before the reſt doth ſtalk,
The father of the flock, and after him doth walk
My writhen headed ram, with poſies crown'd in pride
Faſt to his crooked horns with ribbons neatly ty'd;
And at our ſhepherds board that's cut out of the ground,
My fellow ſwains and I together at it round
With green cheeſe, clouted cream, with flawns and cuſtards ſtor'd,
Whig, cyder, and with whey, I domineer a lord.
When ſheering time is come I to the river drive
My goodly well fleec'd flocks, (by pleaſure thus I thrive)
Which being waſh'd at will, upon the ſheering day,
My wool I forth in locks, fit for the winder lay,
Which upon luſty heaps into my cote I heave,
That in the handling feels as ſoft as any ſleeve;
When every ewe two lambs that yeaned hath that year, [wear;
About her new ſhorn neck a chaplet then doth
My tarbox, and my ſcrip, my bagpipe at my back,
My ſheephook in my hand, what can I ſay I lack?
He that a ſceptre ſway'd, a ſheephook in his hand
Hath not diſdain'd to have; for ſhepherds then I ſtand.
Then foreſter, and you my fiſher, ceaſe your ſtrife,
I ſay your ſhepherd leads your only merry life.

They had not cry'd the foreſter,
And fiſher up before,
So much: but now the nymphs prefer
The ſhepherd ten times more,
And all the ging goes on his ſide,
Their minion him they make,
To him themſelves they all apply,
And all his party take;
Till ſome in their diſcretion caſt,
Since firſt the ſtrife begun,
In all that from them there had paſt
None abſolutely won;
That equal honour they ſhould ſhare;
And their deſerts to ſhow,
For each a garland they prepare,
Which they on them beſtow,
Of all the choiceſt flowers that were
Which purpoſely they gather,
With which they crown them, parting there
As they came firſt together.

NYMPHAL VII.

FLORIMEL, LELIPA, NAIIS, CEDRUS—a Ferryman.

The Nymphs the queen of love purſue,
Which oft doth hide her from their view:
But laſtly from th' Elyſian nation
She baniſh'd is by proclamation.

Florimel.

DEAR Lelipa, where haſt thou been ſo long?
Was't not enough for thee to do me wrong,
To rob me of thyſelf, but with more ſpite
To take my Naiis from me, my delight?
Ye lazy girls, your heads where have ye laid,
Whilſt Venus here her antick pranks hath play'd?

Lelipa. Nay, Florimel, we ſhould of you inquire,
The only maiden, whom we all admire
For beauty, wit, and chaſtity, that you
Amonſt the reſt of all our virgin crew,
In queſt of her, that you ſo ſlack ſhould be,
And leave the charge to Naiis and to me.

Florimel. Y'are much miſtaken, Lelipa, 'twas I,
Of all the nymphs, that firſt did her deſcry,
At our great hunting, when as in the chace
Amongſt the reſt, methought I ſaw one face
So exceeding fair, and curious, yet unknown,
That I that face not poſſibly could own.
And in the courſe, ſo goddeſs like a gait,
Each ſtep ſo full of majeſty and ſtate;
That with myſelf, I thus reſolv'd, that ſhe
Leſs than a goddeſs, ſurely, could not be.
Thus as Idalia ſtedfaſtly I ey'd,
A little nymph, that kept cloſe by her ſide,
I noted, as unknown as was the other,
Which Cupid was diſguis'd ſo by his mother,
The little purblind rogue, if you had ſeen,
You would have thought he verily had been
One of Diana's votaries, ſo clad,
He every thing ſo like a huntreſs had:
And ſhe had put falſe eyes into his head,
That very well he might us all have ſped.
And ſtill they kept together in the rear,
But as the boy ſhould have ſhot at the deer,
He ſhot amongſt the nymphs, which when I ſaw,
Cloſer unto them I began to draw;
And fell to hearken, when they nought ſuſpecting,
Becauſe I ſaw them utterly neglecting,
I heard her ſay, My little Cupid to't,
Now, boy, or never, at the bevie ſhoot,
Have at them, Venus, quoth the boy anon,
I'll pierce the proud'ſt, had ſhe a heart of ſtone:
With that I cry'd out, Treaſon, treaſon; when
The nymphs, that were before, turning again
To underſtand the meaning of this cry,
They out of ſight were baniſh'd preſently.
Thus but for me, the mother and the ſon,
Here, in Elyſium, had us all undone.

Naiis. Believe me, gentle maid, 'twas very well;
But now hear me, my beauteous Florimel.
Great Mars his lemman being cry'd out here,
She to Felicia goes, ſtill to be near
Th' Elyſian nymphs, for at us is her aim,
The ſond Felicians are her common game.
I upon pleaſure idly wand'ring thither,
Something worth laughter from thoſe fools to gather,
Found her, who thus had lately been ſurpris'd,
Fearing the like, had her fair ſelf diſguis'd
Like an old witch, and gave out to have ſkill
In telling fortunes, either good or ill:
And that more neatly ſhe with them might cloſe,
She cut the corns of dainty ladies toes;
She gave them phyſic either to cool or move them
And powders too to make their ſweethearts love them:
And her ſon Cupid as her zany went,
Carrying her boxes, whom ſhe often ſent
To know of her fair patients how they ſlept,
By which means ſhe and the blind archer crept
Into their favours, who would often toy,
And took delight in ſporting with the boy;
Which many times, amongſt his waggiſh tricks,
Theſe wanton wenches in the boſom pricks;
That they before which had ſome frantic fits,
Were by his witchcraft quite out of their wits.
Watching this wizard, my mind gave me ſtill
She ſome impoſtor was, and that this ſkill
Was counterfeit, and had ſome other end:
For which diſcovery, as I did attend,
Her wrinkled vizard being very thin,
My piercing eye perceiv'd her clearer ſkin

Through the thick rivels perfectly to shine;
When I perceiv'd a beauty so divine,
As that so clouded, I began to pry
A little nearer, when I chanc'd to 'spy
That pretty mole upon her cheek, which when
I saw; surveying every part again,
Upon her left hand I perceiv'd the scar
Which she received in the Trojan war:
Which when I found, I could not choose but smile;
She who again had noted me the while,
And, by my carriage, found I had descry'd her,
Slipp'd out of sight, and presently doth hide her.

Lelipa. Nay, then, my dainty girls, I make no doubt
But I myself as strangely found her out
As either of you both; in field and town,
When like a pedlar she went up and down:
For she had got a pretty handsome pack,
Which she had fardled neatly at her back:
And opening it, she had the perfect cry,
Come, my fair girls, let's see, what will you buy?
Here be fine night-masks, plaster'd well within,
To supple wrinkles, and to smooth the skin:
Here's crystal, coral, bugle, jet, in heads,
Cornelian bracelets, for my dainty maids:
Then perriwigs and searcloth gloves doth show,
To make their hands as white as swan or snow;
Then takes she forth a curious gilded box,
Which was not open'd but by double locks,
Takes them aside, and doth a paper spread,
In which was painting both for white and red;
And next a piece of silk, wherein there lies
For the decay'd, false breasts, false teeth, false eyes:
And all the while she's opening of her pack,
Cupid, with's wings bound close down to his back,
Playing the tumbler, on a table gets,
And shews the ladies many pretty feats,
I seeing behind him that he had such things;
For well I knew no boy but he had wings,
I view'd his mother's beauty, which to me
Less than a goddess said she could not be:
With that, quoth I to her, The other day,
As you do now, so one that came this way,
Shew'd me a neat piece, with the needle wrought,
How Mars and Venus were together caught
By polt-foot Vulcan in an iron net;
It griev'd me after that I chanc'd to let
It go from me; whereat waxing red,
Into her hamper she hung down her head,
As she had stoop'd some novelty to seek,
But 'twas indeed to hide her blushing cheek:
When she her trinkets trusseth up anon,
Ere we were 'ware, and instantly was gone.

Florimel. But hark you, nymphs, amongst our idle prate,
'Tis current news through the Elysian state,
That Venus and her son were lately seen
Here in Elysium, whence they oft have been
Banish'd by our edict, and yet still merry
Were here in public row'd o'er at the ferry,
Where, as 'tis said, the ferryman and she
Had much discourse, she was so full of glee,
Codrus much wond'ring at the blind boy's bow.

Naiis. And what it was, that easily you may know,
Codrus himself comes rowing here at hand.

Lelipa. Codrus, come hither, let your wherry stand,
I hope upon you ye will take no state,
Because two gods have grac'd your boat of late;
Good ferryman, I pray thee let us hear
What talk they had, aboard thee whilst they were.

Codrus. Why thus, fair nymphs,
As I a fare had lately past,
And thought that side to ply,
I heard one, as it were in haste,
A boat, a boat, to cry;
Which as I was about to bring,
And came to view my fraught,
Thought I, what more than heavenly thing
Hath fortune hither brought?
She seeing mine eyes still on her were,
Soon, smilingly, quoth she,
Sirrah! look to your rudder there,
Why look'st thou thus at me?
And nimbly stepp'd into my boat,
With her a little lad
Naked and blind, yet did I note,
That bow and shafts he had,
And two wings to his shoulders fixt,
Which stood like little sails,
With far more various colours mixt
Than be your peacocks tails:
I seeing this little dapper elf
Such arms as these to bear,
Quoth I, thus softly to myself,
What strange thing have we here?
I never saw the like, thought I,
'Tis more than strange to me,
To have a child have wings to fly,
And yet want eyes to see;
Sure this is some devised toy,
Or it transform'd hath been,
For such a thing, half bird, half boy,
I think was never seen:
And in my boat I turn'd about,
And wistly view'd the lad,
And clearly saw his eyes were out,
Though bow and shafts he had.
As wistly she did me behold,
How lik'st thou him? quoth she.
Why, well, quoth I, and better should,
Had he but eyes to see.
How say'st thou? honest friend, quoth she,
Wilt thou a prentice take?
I think, in time, though blind he be,
A ferryman he'll make.
To guide my passage boat, quoth I,
His fine hands were not made,
He hath been bred too wantonly
To undertake my trade.
Why help him to a master then,
Quoth she, such youths be scant,
It cannot be but there be men
That such a boy do want.

Quoth I, when you your beſt have done,
No better way you'll find,
Than to a harper bind your ſon,
Since moſt of them are blind.
The lovely mother and the boy,
Laugh'd heartily thereat,
As at ſome nimble jeſt or toy,
To hear my homely chat.
Quoth I, I pray you let me know,
Came he thus firſt to light,
Or by ſome ſickneſs, hurt, or blow,
Depriv'd of his ſight?
Nay, ſure, quoth ſhe, he thus was born.
'Tis ſtrange! born blind! quoth I;
I fear you put this as a ſcorn,
On my ſimplicity,
Quoth ſhe, Thus blind I did him bear.
Quoth I, If't be no lie,
Then he's the firſt blind man I'll ſwear,
E'er practis'd archery.
A man! quoth ſhe, nay there you miſs,
He's ſtill a boy as now,
Nor to be elder than he is
The gods will him allow.
To be no elder than he is!
Then ſure he is ſome ſprite,
I ſtrait reply'd. Again at this
The goddeſs laugh'd outright.
It is a myſtery to me,
An archer, and yet blind!
Quoth I again, how can it be,
That he his mark ſhould find?
The gods, quoth ſhe, whoſe will it was
That he ſhould want his ſight,
That he in ſomething ſhould ſurpaſs,
To recompenſe their ſpite,
Gave him this gift, though at his game
He ſtill ſhot in the dark,
That he ſhould have ſo certain aim,
As not to miſs his mark.

By this time we were come aſhore,
When me my fare ſhe pay'd,
But not a word ſhe utter'd more,
Nor had I her bewray'd.
Of Venus nor of Cupid I
Before did never hear,
But that a fiſher coming by
Then told me who they were.

Florimel. Well; againſt them then proceed
As before we have decreed,
That the goddeſs, and her child,
Be for ever hence exil'd,
Which, Lelipa, you ſhall proclaim
In our wiſe Apollo's name.

Lelipa, To all th' Elyſian nymphiſh nation,
Thus we make our proclamation,
Againſt Venus and her ſon,
For the miſchiefs they have done:
After the next laſt of May,
The fix'd and peremptory day,
If ſhe or Cupid ſhall be found
Upon our Elyſian ground,
Our edict mere rogues ſhall make them,
And as ſuch, whoe'er ſhall take them,
Them ſhall into priſon put;
Cupid's wings ſhall then be cut,
His bow broken, and his arrows
Given to boys to ſhoot at ſparrows,
And this vagabond be ſent,
Having had due puniſhment,
To mount Cytheron, which firſt fed him,
Where his wanton mother bred him,
And there out of her protection:
Daily to receive correction;
Then her paſſport ſhall be made,
And to Cyprus iſle convey'd,
And at Paphos in her ſhrine,
Where ſhe hath been held divine,
For her offences found contrite,
There to live an anchorite.

NYMPHAL VIII.

MERTILLA, CLAIA, CLORIS.

A Nymph is married to a Fay,
Great preparations for the day;
All rites of nuptials they recite you,
To the bridal and invite you.

Mertilla.

BUT will our Tita wed this Fay?

Claia. Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

Mertilla. But why ſhould ſhe beſtow herſelf
Upon this dwarfiſh fairy elf?

Claia. Why by her ſmallneſs you may find,
That ſhe is of the fairy kind.
And therefore apt to chooſe her make
Whence ſhe did her beginning take:
Beſides, he's deft and wond'rous airy,
And of the nobleſt of the fairy,
Chief of the crickets of much fame,
In fairy a moſt ancient name,
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,
The pretty wench is woo'd and won.

Cloris. If this be ſo, let us provide
The ornaments to fit our bride;
For they knowing ſhe doth come
From us in Elyſium,
Queen Mab will look ſhe ſhould be dreſt
In thoſe attires we think our beſt;
Therefore ſome curious things let's give her,
Ere to her ſpouſe we her deliver.

Mertilla. I'll have a jewel for her ear,
(Which for my ſake I'll have her wear)
'T ſhall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupids I will have a twin,
Which ſtruggling, with their wings ſhall break
The bubble, out of which ſhall leak
So ſweet a liquor as ſhall move
Each thing that ſmells, to be in love.

Claia. Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And to this pendent, then take mine;
A cup in faſhion of a fly,
Of the lynx's piercing eye,
Wherein there ſticks a ſunny ray,
Shot in through the cleareſt day,
Whoſe brightneſs Venus' ſelf did move,
Therein to put her drink of love.
Which for more ſtrength ſhe did diſtil,
The limbeck was a phœnix' quill;
At this cup's delicious brink,
A fly approaching but to drink,
Like amber, or ſome precious gum,
It tranſparent doth become.

Cloris. For jewels for her ears ſhe's ſped:
But for a dreſſing for her head
I think for her I have a tire,
That all fairies ſhall admire:
The yellows in the full-blown roſe,
Which in the top it doth incloſe,
Like drops of gold-ore ſhall be hung
Upon her treſſes, and among
Thoſe ſcatter'd ſeeds (the eye to pleaſe)
The wings of the cantharides:
With ſome o' th' rainbow that doth rail
Thoſe moons in, in the peacock's tail:
Whoſe dainty colours being mix'd
With th' other beauties, and ſo fix'd,
Her lovely treſſes ſhall appear
As though upon a flame they were.
And to be ſure ſhe ſhall be gay,
We'll take thoſe feathers from the jay;
About her eyes in circlets ſet,
To be our Tita's coronet.

Mertilla. Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt,
But we ſhall neatly ſend her out:
But let's amongſt ourſelves agree,
Of what her wedding gown ſhall be.

Claia. Of panſey, pink, and primroſe leaves,
Moſt curiouſly laid on in threaves:
And all embroidery to ſupply,
Powder'd with flowers of roſemary:
A trail about the ſkirt ſhall run,
The ſilk-worm's fineſt, newly ſpun:
And every ſeam the nymphs ſhall ſew
With th' ſmalleſt of the ſpinner's clue:

And having done their work, again
Theſe to the church ſhall bear her train:
Which for our Tita we will make
Of the caſt ſlough of a ſnake,
Which quivering as the wind doth blow,
The ſun ſhall it like tinſel ſhow.

Cloris. And being led to meet her mate,
To make ſure that ſhe want no ſtate,
Moons from the peacock's tail we'll ſhred,
With feathers from the pheaſant's head:
Mix'd with the plume of (ſo high price)
The precious bird of paradiſe.
Which to make up our nymphs ſhall ply
Into a curious canopy,
Borne o'er her head (by our equerry)
By Elfs, the fitteſt of the fairy.

Mertilla. But all this while we have forgot
Her buſkins, neighbours, have we not?

Claia. We had, for thoſe I'll fit her now,
They ſhall be of the lady-cow:
The dainty ſhell upon her back
Of crimſon ſtrew'd with ſpots of black;
Which as ſhe nolds a ſtately pace,
Her leg will wonderfully grace.

Cloris. But then for muſic of the beſt,
This muſt be thought on for the feaſt.

Mertilla. The nightingale of birds moſt choice
To do her beſt ſhall ſtrain her voice;
And to this bird to make a ſet,
The mavis, merl, and robinet:
The lark the linnet, and the thruſh,
That make a choir of every buſh.
But for ſtill muſic, we will keep
The wren, and titmouſe, which to ſleep
Shall ſing the bride, when ſhe's alone,
The reſt into their chambers gone.
And like thoſe upon ropes that walk
On goſſimer, from ſtalk to ſtalk,
The tripping fairy tricks ſhall play
The evening of the wedding day.

Claia. But for the bride-bed, what were fit,
That hath not yet been talk'd of yet.

Cloris. Of leaves of roſes white and red,
Shall be the covering of her bed:
The curtains, vallens, teſter, all,
Shall be the flower imperial;
And for the fringe, it all along
With azure harebells ſhall be hung;
Of lilies ſhall the pillows be,
With down ſtuft of the butterfly.

Mertilla. Thus far we handſomely have gone,
Now for our prothalamion,
Or marriage ſong, of all the reſt,
A thing that much muſt grace our feaſt.
Let us practiſe then to ſing it
Ere we before the aſſembly bring it;
We in dialogue muſt do it,
Then my dainty girls ſet to it.

Claia. This day muſt Tita married be,
Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us ſee.

Mertilla. But is it certain that ye ſay?
Will ſhe wed the noble Fay?

Cloris, Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
Such as the gods at banquets uſe:
Let herbs and weeds turn all to roſes,
And make proud the poſts with poſies:
Shoot your ſweets into the air,
Charge the morning to be fair,

Claia. } For our Tita is this day
Mertilla. } To be married to a Fay.

Claia. By whom then ſhall our bride be led
To the temple to be wed?

Mertilla. Only by yourſelf and I,
Who that roomth ſhould elſe ſupply?

Cloris. Come, bright girls, come all together,
And bring all your off'rings hither,
Ye moſt brave and bonni bevy,
All your goodly graces levy,
Come in majeſty and ſtate
Our bridal here to celebrate.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Claia. Whoſe lot will't be the way to ſtrow,
On which to church our bride muſt go?

Mertilla. That I think as fit'ſt of all,
To lively Lelipa muſt fall.

Cloris. Summon all the ſweets that are,
To this nuptial to repair;
Till with their throngs themſelves they ſmother,
Strongly ſtifling one another;
And at laſt they all conſume,
And vaniſh in one rich perfume.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Mertilla. By whom muſt Tita married be,
'Tis fit we all to that ſhould ſee?

Claia. The prieſt he purpoſely doth come,
Th' Arch Flamen of Elyſium.

Cloris. With tapers let the temples ſhine,
Sing to Hymen hymns divine;
Load the altars till there riſe
Clouds from the burnt ſacrifice,
With your cenſers fling aloof
Their ſmells, till they aſcend the roof.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Mertilla. But coming back when ſhe is wed,
Who breaks the cake above her head?

Claia. That ſhall Mertilla, for ſhe's talleſt,
And our Tita is the ſmalleſt.

Cloris. Violins, ſtrike up aloud,
Ply the gittern, ſcour the crowd,
Let the nimble hand belabour
The whiſtling pipe, and drumbling tabor:
To the full the bagpipe rack,
'Till the ſwelling leather crack.

Mertilla } For our Tita is this day
Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Claia. But when to dine ſhe takes her ſeat,
What ſhall be our Tita's meat?

Mertilla. The gods this feaſt, as to begin,
Have ſent of their ambroſia in.

Cloris. Then ſerve we up the ſtraw's rich berry.
The reſpas. and Elyſian cherry:
The virgin honey from the flowers
In Hibla, wrought in Flora's bowers:
Full bowls of nectar, and no girl
Carouſe but in diſſolved pearl.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Claia. But when night comes, and ſhe muſt go
To bed, dear nymphs, what muſt we do?

Mertilla. In the poſſet muſt he brought,
And points be from the bridegroom caught.

Cloris. In maſks, in dances, and delight,
And rare banquets ſpend the night:
Then about the room we ramble,
Scatter nuts, and for them ſcramble:
Over ſtools and tables tumble,
Never think of noiſe nor rumble.

Mertilla, } For our Tita is this day
Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

NYMPHAL IX.

Muses and Nymphs.

The Muſes ſpend their lofty lays,
Upon Apollo and his praiſe;
The Nymphs with gems his altars build.
This Nymphal is with Phœbus fill'd.

A TEMPLE of exceeding ſtate,
The nymphs and muſes rearing,
Which they to Phœbus dedicate,
Elyſium ever cheering:
Theſe muſes and theſe nymphs contend
This phane to Phœbus offering,
Which ſide the other ſhould tranſcend,
Theſe praiſe, thoſe prizes proffering.
And at this long appointed day,
Each one their largeſs bringing,
Thoſe nine fair ſiſters led the way
Thus to Apollo ſinging.

The Muſes. Thou youthful god that guid'ſt the hours,
The muſes thus implore thee,
By all thoſe names, due to thy powers,
By which we ſtill adore thee.
Sol, Titan, Delius, Cynthius, ſtyles,
Much rev'rence that have won thee,
Deriv'd from mountains as from iſles
Where worſhip firſt was done thee,
Rich Delos brought thee forth divine,
Thy mother thither driven,
At Delphos thy moſt ſacred ſhrine,
Thy oracles were given,
In thy ſwift courſe from eaſt to weſt,
The minutes miſs to find thee,
That bear'ſt the morning on thy breaſt,
And leav'ſt the night behind thee.
Up to Olympus' top ſo ſteep,
Thy ſtartling courſers curryiog;
Thence down to Neptune's vaſty deep
Thy flamy chariot hurrying.
(a) Eos, Ethon, Phlegon, Pirois, proud,
Their lightning manes advancing,
Breathing forth fire on every cloud
Upon their journey prancing:

(a) The horſes drawing the chariot of the ſun.

Whoſe ſparkling hoofs with gold for ſpeed
Are ſhod, to 'ſcape all dangers,
Where they upon ambroſia feed
In their celeſtial mangers.
Bright (*b*) Colatina, that of hills
Is goddeſs, and hath keeping
Her nymphs, the clear Oreades wills
T' attend thee from thy ſleeping.
Great (*c*) Demogorgon feels thy might,
His mines about him heating;
Who through his boſom dart'ſt thy light,
Within the centre ſweating.
If thou but touch the golden lyre,
Thou (*d*) Minos mov'ſt to hear thee;
The rocks feel in themſelves a fire.
And riſe up to come near thee,
'Tis thou that phyſics didſt deviſe,
Herbs by their natures calling;
Of which ſome opening at thy riſe,
And cloſing at thy falling.
Fair Hyacinth, thy moſt lov'd lad,
That with the ſledge thou ſleweſt,
Hath in a flower the life he had,
Whoſe root thou ſtill reneweſt:
Thy Daphne thy beloved tree,
That ſcorns thy father's thunder,
And thy dear (*e*) Clitia yet we ſee,
Not time can from thee ſunder;
From thy bright bow that arrow flew
(Snatch'd from thy golden quiver)
Which that ſell ſerpent Python ſlew,
Renowning thee for ever.
The (*f*) Actian and the Pythian games
Deviſed were to praiſe thee,
With all th' Apollinary names
That th' ancients thought could raiſe thee.
A ſhrine upon this mountain high
To thee we'll have erected,
Which thou the god of poeſy
Muſt care to have protected:
With thy lov'd Cynthus that ſhall ſhare,
With all his ſhady bowers,
Nor Licia's Cragus ſhall compare
With this, for thee, of ours.

Thus having ſung, the nymphiſh crew
Thruſt in amongſt them thronging,
Deſiring they might have the due
That was to them belonging,
Quoth they, Ye Muſes, as divine,
Are in his glories graced,
But it is we muſt build the ſhrine
Wherein they muſt be placed:
Which of thoſe precious gems we'll make
That nature can afford us,
Which from that plenty we will take,
Wherewith we here have ſtor'd us:
O glorious Phœbus! moſt divine!
Thine altars then we hallow,
And with thoſe ſtones we build a ſhrine
To thee our wiſe Apollo.

The Nymphs. No gem from rocks, ſeas, running ſtreams,
(Their numbers let us muſter)
But hath from thy moſt perfect beams
The virtue and the luſtre;
The diamond, the king of gems,
The firſt is to be placed,
That glory is of diadems,
Them gracing, by them graced:
In whom thy power the moſt is ſeen,
The raging fire refelling:
The emerald then, moſt deeply green,
For beauty moſt excelling,
Reſiſting poiſon often prov'd
By thoſe about that wear it.
The cheerful ruby then, much lov'd
That doth revive the ſpirit,
Whoſe kind to large extenſure grown
The colour ſo inflamed,
Is that admired mighty ſtone
The carbuncle that's named,
Which from it ſuch a flaming light
And radiancy ejecteth,
That in the very darkeſt night
The eye to it directeth.
The yellow jacinth, ſtrengthening ſenſe,
Of which who hath the keeping,
No thunder hurts nor peſtilence,
And much provoketh ſleeping.
The cryſolite that doth reſiſt
Thirſt, prov'd never-failing,
The purple-colour'd amethyſt,
'Gainſt ſtrength of wine prevailing:
The verdant gay green ſmaragdus,
Moſt ſovereign over paſſion:
The ſardonyx, approv'd by us
To maſter incantation.
Then that celeſtial colour'd ſtone
The ſaphyr, heavenly wholly,
Which worn, there wearineſs is none,
And cureth melancholy;
The lazulus whoſe pleaſant blue
With golden veins is graced;
The jaſpis of ſo various hue,
Amongſt our other placed;
The onyx from the ancients brought,
Of wond'rous eſtimation,
Shall in amongſt the reſt be wrought
Our ſacred ſhrine to faſhion;
The topaz we'll ſtick here and there,
And ſea-green colour'd beryl,
And turcoiſe, which who haps to bear
Is often kept from peril:
The ſelenite, of Cynthia's light
So nam'd, with her ſtill ranging,
Which as ſhe wanes or waxeth bright
Its colours ſo are changing.
With opals more than any one
We'll deck thine altar fuller,
For that of every precious ſtone
It doth retain ſome colour.
With bunches of pearl paragon
Thine altar underpropping,
Whoſe baſe is the cornelian,
Strong bleeding often ſtopping:

(*b*) The mountain firſt ſaluting the ſun at his riſing.
(*c*) Suppoſed the god of earth.
(*d*) One of the judges of hell.
(*e*) A nymph lov'd of Apollo, and by him changed into a flower.
(*f*) Plays or games in honour of Apollo.

With th' agate very oft that is
Cut ſtrangely in the quarry,
As nature meant to ſhew in this,
How ſhe herſelf can vary:
With worlds of gems from mines and ſeas
Elyſium well might ſtore us,
But we content ourſelves with theſe
That readieſt lie before us.
And thus, O Phœbus! moſt divine,
Thine altars ſtill we hallow,
And to thy godhead rear this ſhrine,
Our only wiſe Apollo.

NYMPHAL X.

NAIIS, CLAIA, CORBILUS, SATYR.

A Satyr on Elyſium lights,
Whoſe ugly ſhape the Nymphs affrights,
Yet when they hear his juſt complaint,
They make him an Elyſian ſaint.

Corbilus.

WHAT; breathleſs nymphs? bright virgins let me
What ſudden cauſe conſtrains ye to this haſte?
What have you ſeen that ſhould affright you ſo?
What might it be from which ye fly ſo faſt?
I ſee your faces full of pallid fear,
As though ſome peril follow'd on your flight;
Take breath a while, and quickly let me hear
Into what danger ye have lately light.

Naiis. Never were poor diſtreſſed girls ſo glad,
As when kind, loved Corbilus we ſaw,
When our much haſte us ſo much weak'ned had,
That ſcarcely we our wearied breaths could draw.
In this next grove under an aged tree,
So fell a monſter lying there we found,
As till this day, our eyes did never ſee,
Nor ever came on the Elyſian ground.
Half man, half goat, he ſeem'd to us in ſhew,
His upper parts our human ſhape doth bear,
But he's a very perfect goat below,
His crooked cambrils arm'd with hoof and hair.

Claia. Through his lean chops a chattering he doth make,
Which ſtirs his ſtaring beaſtly drivell'd beard,
And his ſharp horns he ſeem'd at us to ſhake
Canſt thou then blame us though we were afraid.

Corbilus. Surely it ſeems ſome Satyr this ſhould be,
Come and go back and guide me to the place,
Be not afraid, ye are ſafe enough with me,
Silly and harmleſs be their ſylvan race.

Claia. How, Corbilus; a Satyr do you ſay?
How ſhould he over high Parnaſſus hit?
Since to theſe fields there's none can find the way,
But only thoſe the Muſes will permit.

Corbilus. 'Tis true; but oft the ſacred ſiſters grace
The ſilly Satyr, by whoſe plainneſs they
Are taught the world's enormities to trace,
By beaſtly mens abominable way;
Beſides he may be baniſh'd his own home
By this baſe time, or be ſo much diſtreſt,
That he the craggy by-clift hill hath clome
To find out theſe more pleaſant fields of reſt.

Naiis. Yonder he ſits, and ſeems himſelf to bow
At our approach; what, doth our preſence awe him?
Methinks he ſeems not half ſo ugly now,
As at the firſt, when I and Claia law him,

Corbilus, 'Tis an old Satyr, nymph, I now diſcern,
Sadly he ſits, as he were ſick or lame,
His looks would ſay, that we may eas'ly learn
How, and from whence, he to Elyſium came.
Satyr, theſe fields how cam'ſt thou firſt to find?
What fate firſt ſhew'd thee this moſt happy ſhore?
When never any of thy ſylvan kind
Set foot on the Elyſian earth before?

Satyr. O never aſk, how I came to this place,
What cannot ſtrong neceſſity find out?
Rather bemoan my miſerable caſe,
Conſtrain'd to wander the wide world about.
With wild Silvanus and his woody crew,
In foreſts I, at liberty and free,
Liv'd in ſuch pleaſure as the world ne'er knew,
Nor any rightly can conceive but we.
This jocund life we many a day enjoy'd,
Till this laſt age, thoſe beaſtly men forth brought,
That all thoſe great and goodly woods deſtroy'd,
Whoſe growth their grandſires with ſuch ſufferance ſought,

That fair Felicia which was but of late
Earth's paradiſe, that never had her peer,
Stands now in that moſt lamentable ſtate,
That not a ſylvan will inhabit there;
Where in the ſoft and moſt delicious ſhade,
In heat of ſummer we were wont to play,
When the long day too ſhort for us was made,
The ſliding hours ſo ſlily ſtole away;
By Cynthia's light, and on the pleaſant lawn,
The wanton fairy we were wont to chaſe,
Which to the nimble cloven-footed fawn,
Upon the plain durſt boldly bid the baſe.
The ſportive nymphs, with ſhouts and laughter ſhook
The hills and valleys in their wanton play,
Waking the echoes, their laſt words that took,
Till at the laſt they louder were than they.
The lofty high wood, and the lower ſpring,
Sheltering the deer, in many a ſudden ſhower;
Where choirs of birds oft wonted were to ſing,
The flaming furnace wholly doth devour;
Once fair Felicia, but now quite deſac'd,
Thoſe braveries gone wherein ſhe did abound,
With dainty groves, when ſhe was highly grac'd
With goodly oak, aſh, elm, and beeches crown'd:
But that from heaven their judgment blinded is,
In human reaſon it could never be,
But that they might have clearly ſeen by this,
Thoſe plagues their next poſterity ſhall ſee.
The little infant on the mother's lap
For want of fire ſhall be ſo ſore diſtreſt,
That whilſt it draws the lank and empty pap,
The tender lips ſhall freeze unto the breaſt;
The quaking cattle which their warm ſtall want,
And with bleak winter's northern wind oppreſt,
Their brows and ſtoner waxing thin and ſcant,
The hungry crows ſhall with their carrion feaſt.
Men wanting timber wherewith they ſhould build,
And not a foreſt in Felicia found,
Shall be enforc'd upon the open field
To dig them caves for houſes in the ground:
The land thus robb'd of all her rich attire,
Naked and bare herſelf to heaven doth ſhew,
Begging from thence that Jove would dart his fire
Upon thoſe wretches that diſrob'd her ſo;
This beaſtly brood by no means may abide
The name of their brave anceſtors to hear,
By whom their ſordid ſlavery is deſcry'd,
So unlike them as though not theirs they were;
Nor yet they ſenſe, or underſtanding have,
Of thoſe brave Muſes that their country ſong,
But with falſe lips ignobly do deprave
The right and honour that to them belong;
This cruel kind thus viper-like devour
That fruitful ſoil which them too fully fed
The earth doth curſe the age and every hour
Again, that it theſe viperous monſters bred.
I ſeeing the plagues that ſhortly are to come
Upon this people, clearly them forſook:
And thus am light into Elyſium,
To whoſe ſtrait ſearch I wholly me betook.

Naiis. Poor ſilly creature, come along with us,
Thou ſhalt be free of the Elyſian fields:
Be not diſmay'd, nor inly grieved thus,
This place content in all abundance yields.
We to the cheerful preſence will thee bring
Of Jove's dear daughters, where in ſhades they ſit,
Where thou ſhalt hear thoſe ſacred ſiſters ſing
Moſt heavenly hymns, the ſtrength and life of wit.

Claia. Where to the Delphian God upon their lyres
His prieſts ſeem raviſh'd in his height of praiſe;
Whilſt he is crowning his harmonious choirs
With circling garlands of immortal bays.

Corbilus. Here live in bleſs, till thou ſhalt ſee thoſe ſlaves
Who thus ſet virtue and deſert at nought,
Some ſacrific'd upon their grandſires graves,
And ſome like beaſts in markets ſold and bought.
Of fools and madmen leave thou then the care,
That have no underſtanding of their ſtate:
For whom high heaven doth ſo juſt plagues prepare,
That they to pity ſhall convert thy hate.
And to Elyſium be thou welcome then,
Until thoſe baſe Felicians thou ſhalt hear,
By that vile nation captived again,
That many a glorious age their captives were.

NOAH'S FLOOD, &c.

To the Right Noble,

RELIGIOUS, AND TRULY VIRTUOUS LADY,

MARY, COUNTESS OF DORSET,

Worthy of all titles and attributes, that were ever given to the moſt renowned of her ſex; and of me moſt deſervedly to be honoured. To her fame and memory, I conſecrate theſe my Divine Poems, with all the wiſhes of a grateful heart, for the preſervation of her, and her children, the ſucceeding hopes of the ancient and noble family of the Sackvilles.

Her Servant,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

NOAH'S FLOOD.

ETERNAL and all-working God, which waſt
Before the world, whoſe frame by thee was caſt,
And beautify'd with beamful lamps above,
By thy great wiſdom ſet how they ſhall move
To guide the ſeaſons, equally to all,
Which come and go as they do riſe and fall.
My mighty Maker, O do thou infuſe
Such life and ſpirit into my labouring muſe,
That I may ſing (what but from Noah thou hid'ſt)
The greateſt thing that ever yet thou didſt
Since the creation; that the world may ſee
The muſe is heav'nly, and (a) deriv'd from thee.
O let that glorious angel which ſince kept
That gorgeous Eden, where once Adam ſtept,
When tempting Eve was taken from his ſide,
Let him, great God, not only be my guide,
But with his fiery ſaucheon ſtill be nigh,
To keep affliction far from me, that I
With a free ſoul thy wond'rous works may ſhow,
Then like that deluge ſhall my numbers flow,
Telling the ſtate wherein this earth then ſtood,
The giant race, the univerſal flood.
The fruitful earth being luſty then and ſtrong,
Like to a woman, fit for love, and young;
Brought forth her creatures mighty, not a thing
Iſſu'd from her, but a continual ſpring
Had to increaſe it, and to make it flouriſh,
For in herſelf ſhe had that power to nouriſh
Her procreation, that her children then
Were at the inſtant of their birth, half men.
Men then begot ſo ſoon, and got ſo long,
That ſcarcely one a thouſand men among,
But he ten thouſand in his time might ſee,
That from his loins deriv'd their pedigree.
The full-womb'd women very hardly went
Out their nine months, abundant nature lent
Their fruit ſuch thriving, as that once wax'd quick,
The large-limb'd mother, neither faint nor ſick,
Haſted her hour by her abundant health,
Nature ſo play'd the unthrift with her wealth,
So prodigally laviſhing her ſtore
Upon the teeming earth, then waſting more
Than it had need of: (b) not the ſmalleſt weed
Known in that firſt age, but the natural ſeed
Made it a plant, to theſe now ſince the flood;
So that each garden look'd then like a wood:
Beſide, in med'cine ſimples had that power,
That none need then the planetary hour
To help their working, they ſo juiceful were,
The winter and the ſpring-time of the year
Seem'd all one ſeaſon: that moſt ſtately tree
Of Libanus, which many times we ſee
Mention'd for tallneſs in the holy writ,
Whoſe tops the clouds oft in their wand'ring hit,
Were ſhrubs to thoſe then on the earth that grew,
Nor the moſt ſturdy ſtorm that ever blew
Their big-grown bodies to the earth e'er ſhook,
Their mighty roots ſo certain faſt'ning took;
Cover'd with graſs more ſoft than any ſilk,
The trees dropt honey, and the ſprings guſh'd milk:
The flower-fleec'd meadow, and the gorgeous grove,
Which ſhould ſmell ſweeteſt in their bravery ſtrove;
No little ſhrub but it ſome gum let fall,
To make the clear air aromatical:
Whilſt to the little birds melodious ſtrains
The trembling rivers tript along the plains.
Shades ſerv'd for houſes, neither heat nor cold
Troubled the young, nor yet annoy'd the old:
The bat'ning earth all plenty did afford,
And without tilling, of her own accord;
That living idly without taking pain
(Like to the firſt) made every man a Cain.
Seven hundred years a man's age ſcarcely then,
Of mighty ſize ſo were theſe long-liv'd men,
The fleſh of lions, and of bulls they tore,
Whoſe ſkins thoſe giants for their garments wore,
Yet not term'd giants only, for that they
Excell'd men ſince, in bigneſs every way:
Nor that they were ſo puiſſant of their hand,
But that the race wherewith the earth was mann'd,
So wrathful, proud, and tyrannous were then,
Not (c) dreading God, nor yet reſpecting men;
For they knew neither magiſtrate nor law,
Nor could conceive ought that their wills could awe;
For which wax'd proud, and haughty in their thought,
They ſet th' eternal living God at nought;

(a) A Jove Muſa.
(b) The fruitfulneſs and bravery of the earth before the flood.
(c) Joſephus.

Mankind increaſing greatly every day,
Their ſins increaſe in numbers more than they;
Seven ages had paſt Adam, when men prone
To tyranny, and no man knew his own:
His ſenſual will then followed, and his luſt
His only law, in thoſe times to be juſt
Was to be wicked; God ſo quite forgot,
As what was damn'd, that in that age was not.
With one another's fleſh themſelves they fill'd,
And drank the blood of thoſe whom they had kill'd.
They dar'd to do what none ſhould dare to name,
They never heard of ſuch a thing as ſhame.
Man mixt with man, (*d*) and daughter, ſiſter, mother,
Were to theſe wicked men as any other.
To rip their women's wombs, they would not ſtick,
When they perceiv'd once they were waxed quick;
Feeding on that from their own loins that ſprung;
Such wickedneſs theſe monſters was among,
That they us'd beaſts, digreſſing from all kind:
That the Almigbty pond'ring in his mind
Their beaſtlineſs, (from his intent) began
T' repent himſelf that he created man.
Their ſins aſcending the Almighty's ſeat,
Th' eternal throne with horror ſeem'd to threat;
Still daring God a war with them to make,
And of his power no knowledge ſeem'd to take:
So that he vow'd, the world he would deſtroy,
Which he revealed only to juſt Noy.
For but that man none worthy was to know,
Nor he the manner to none elſe would ſhow.
For ſince with ſtars he firſt high heaven enchas'd,
And Adam firſt in paradiſe had plac'd,
Amongſt all thoſe inhabiting the ground,
He not a man ſo juſt as Noah had found.
For which he gave him charge an ark to build,
And by thoſe workmen which were deepeſt ſkill'd
In architecture, to begin the frame,
And thus th' Almighty taught juſt Noah the ſame.
(*e*) Three hundred cubits the whole length to be,
Fifty the breadth, the height (leaſt of the three)
Full thirty cubits; only with one light
A cubit broad, and juſt ſo much in height:
And in three ſtories had him to divide
The inner room, and in the veſſel's ſide
To place a door, commanding Noah to take
Great care thereof: and this his ark to make
Of Gopher wood, which ſome will need'ſly have
To be the pine tree, and commandment gave
That the large planks whereof it was compos'd,
When they by art ſhould curiouſly be clos'd,
Should with bitumen both within and out
Be deeply pitch'd, the veſſel round about,
So ſtrong a glew as could not off be worn,
The rage of winds and waters that doth ſcorn;
Like to a cheſt or coffer it was fram'd,
For which an ark moſt fitly it was nam'd;
Nor like a ſhip, for that a ſhip below
Is ridg'd and narrow, upward but doth grow
Wider and wider: but this mighty bark,
Built by juſt Noah, this univerſal ark,
Held one true breadth i' th' bottom as above,
That when this frame upon the flood ſhould move,
On the fall'n waters it ſhould float ſecure,
As it did firſt the falling ſhower endure:
And cloſe above, ſo to bear out the weather
For forty days when it ſhould rain together.
A hundred years the ark in building was,
So long a time e'er he could bring to paſs
This work intended; all which time juſt Noy
Cry'd, that th' Almighty would the world deſtroy:
And as this good man uſed many a day
To walk abroad, his building to ſurvey,
Theſe cruel giants coming in to ſee,
(In their thoughts wond'ring what this work ſhould be)
He with erected hands to them doth cry,
" (*f*) Either repent ye, or ye all muſt die.
" Your blaſphemies, your beaſtlineſs, your wrongs,
" Are heard to heaven, and with a thouſand tongues
" Shoot in the ears of the Almighty Lord;
" So that your ſins no leiſure him afford
" To think on mercy, they ſo thickly throng,
" That when he would your puniſhment prolong,
" Their horror hales him on, that from remorſe
" In his own nature, you do him enforce,
" Nay, wreſt plagues from him upon human kind,
" Who elſe to mercy wholly is inclin'd.
" From Seth, which God to Eva gave in lieu
" Of her ſon Abel whom his brother ſlew,
" That curſed Cain, how hath th' Almighty bleſs'd
" The ſeed of Adam though he ſo tranſgreſs'd,
" In Enos by whoſe godlineſs men came
" At firſt to call on the Almighty name,
" And Enoch, whoſe integrity was ſuch,
" In whom the Lord delighted was ſo much,
" As in his years he ſuffer'd no decay,
" But God to heaven took bodily away;
" With long life bleſſing all that goodly ſtem,
" From the firſt man down to Methuſalem;
" Now from the loins of Lamech ſendeth me,
" (Unworthy his ambaſſador to be)
" To tell ye yet, if ye at laſt repent,
" He will lay by his wrathful puniſhment,
" That God, who was ſo merciful before
" To our forefathers, likewiſe hath in ſtore
" Mercy for us their nephews, if we fall
" With tears before him, and he will reeal
" His wrath ſent out already; therefore fly
" To him for mercy, yet the threat'ning ſky
" Pauſes, e'er it the deluge down will pour,
" For every tear you ſhed, he'll ſtop a ſhower;
" Yet of th' Almighty mercy you may win,
" He'll leave to puniſh, if you leave to ſin;
" That God eternal, which old Adam caſt
" Out of that earthly heaven, where he had plac'd
" That firſt-made man, for his forbidden deed
" From thence for ever baniſhing his ſeed,
" For us his ſinful children doth provide,
" And with abundance hath us ſtill ſupply'd;
" And can his bleſſings, who reſpects you thus,
" Make you moſt wicked, moſt rebellious?
" Still is your ſtubborn obſtinacy ſuch?
" Have ye no mercy, and your God ſo much?

(*d*) Beroſus cited by Pirerius.
(*e*) The ſtructure of the ark.
(*f*) Noah threatening God's vengeance upon the world: with his ſermon of repentance.

" Your God! ſaid I, O wherefore ſaid I ſo?
" Your words deny him, and your works ſay no;
" O! ſee the day doth but too faſt approach,
" Wherein heav'n's Maker means to ſet abroach
" That world of water, which ſhall overflow
" Thoſe mighty mountains whereon now ye go,
" The droplied clouds, ſee, your deſtruction threat,
" The ſun and moon both in their courſe are ſet
" To war by water, and do all they can
" To bring deſtruction upon ſinful man;
" And every thing ſhall ſuffer for your ſake,
" For the whole earth ſhall be but one whole lake.
" O cry for mercy, leave your wicked ways,
" And God from time ſhall ſeparate thoſe days
" Of vengeance coming, and he ſhall diſperſe
" Thoſe clouds now threat'ning the whole uni-
" verſe,
" And ſave the world, which elſe he will deſtroy."
But this good man, this terror-preaching Noy,
The bears and tigers might have taught as well,
They laugh'd to hear this godly man to tell
That God would drown the world, they thought him mad,
For their great Maker they forgotten had.
They knew none ſuch, Th' Almighty God, ſay they,
What might he be? and when ſhall be the day
Thou talk'ſt of to us? can'ſt thou think that we
Can but ſuppoſe that ſuch a thing can be?
What can he do that we cannot deſeat?
Whoſe brawny fiſts to very duſt can beat
The ſolid'ſt rock, and with our breaſts can bear
The ſtrong'ſt ſtream backward; doſt thou think to ſcar
Us with theſe dreams of deluges? to make
Us our own ways and courſes to forſake?
Let us but ſee that God who dares to ſtand
To what thou ſpeak'ſt, that with his furious band
Dare ſay he'll drown us, and we will defy
Him to his teeth; and if he keep the ſky
We'll dare him thence, and if he then come down,
And challenge us that he the world will drown,
We'll follow him until his threats he ſtints,
Or we will batter his blue houſe with flints.
The ark is finiſh'd, and the Lord is wrath,
To aid juſt Noah, and he provided hath
His bleſſed angels, bidding them to bring
The male and female of each living thing
Into the ark, by whom he had decreed
T' renew the world, and by their fruitful ſeed
To fill it as before, and is preciſe
For food for men, and for his ſacrifice,
That ſeven juſt pairs, of birds, and beaſts that were
Made clean by him, ſhould happily repair
To the great ark, the other made unclean,
Of male and female only ſhould come twain:
Which by the angels every where were ſought,
And thither by their miniſtry were brought.
When Noah ſets ope the ark and doth begin
To take his fraught, his mighty lading in:
And now the beaſts are walking from the wood,
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud,
The king of beaſts his fury doth ſuppreſs,
And to the ark leads down the lioneſs;
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,
And to the ark brings on the fair-ey'd cow:
The ſtately courſer for his mare doth neigh,
And t'wards the new ark guideth her the way;
The wreath'd-horn'd ram his ſafety doth purſue,
And to the ark uſhers his gentle ewe;
The briſly boar, who with his ſnout up plow'd
The ſpacious plains, and with his grunting loud,
Rais'd rattling echoes all the woods about,
Leaves his dark den, and having ſcented out
Noah's new-built ark, in with his ſow doth come,
And ſtye themſelves up in a little room;
The hart with his dear hind, the buck and doe,
Leaving their wildneſs, bring the tripping roe
Along with them; and from the mountain ſteep
The clamb'ring goat, and coney, us'd to keep
Amongſt the cliffs, together get, and they
To this great ark find out the ready way;
Th' unwieldy elk, whoſe ſkin is of much proof,
Throngs with the reſt t' attain this wooden roof;
The unicorn leaves off his pride, and cloſe
There ſets him down by the rhinoceros;
The elephant there coming to embark,
And as he ſoftly getteth up the ark,
Feeling by his great weight his body ſunk,
Holds by his huge tooth and his nervy trunk;
The crook-back'd camel climbing to the deck,
Draws up himſelf with his long ſinewy neck;
The ſpotted panther, whoſe delicious ſcent
Oft cauſeth beaſts his harbour to frequent,
But having got them once into his power,
Sucketh their blood, and doth their fleſh devour,
His cruelty hath quickly caſt aſide,
And waxing courteous, doth become their guide,
And brings into the univerſal ſhop
The ounce, the tiger, and the antelope;
By the grim wolf the poor ſheep ſafely lay,
And was his care, which lately was his prey:
The aſs upon the lion lean'd his head,
And to the cat the mouſe for ſuccour fled;
The ſilly hare doth caſt aſide her fear,
And forms herſelf faſt by the ugly bear,
At whom the watchful dog did never bark,
When he eſpy'd him clamb'ring up the ark:
The fox got in, his ſubtilties hath left,
And as aſhamed of his former theft,
Sadly ſits there, as though he did repent,
And in the ark became an innocent:
The fine-furr'd ermin, marten, and the cat
That voideth civet, there together ſat
By the ſhrewd monkey, babion, and the ape,
With the hyæna, much their like in ſhape,
Which by their kind are ever doing ill,
Yet in the ark ſit civilly and ſtill;
The ſkipping ſquirrel of the foreſt free,
That leap'd ſo nimbly betwixt tree and tree,
Itſelf into the ark then nimbly caſt,
As 'twere a ſhip-boy come to climb the maſt;
The porcupine into the ark doth make,
Nor his ſharp quills, though angry, once doth ſhake;
The ſharp-fang'd beaver, whoſe wide gaping jaw
Cutteth down plants as it were with a ſaw,
Whoſe body poiſed, weigheth ſuch a maſs,
As though his bowels were of lead or braſs,
His cruel chaps though breathleſs he doth cloſe,
As with the reſt into the ark he goes.

Th' uneven-legg'd badger (whoſe eye-pleaſing ſkin
The caſe to many a curious thing hath been,
Since that great flood) his fortreſſes forſakes
Wrought in the earth, and though but halting, makes
Up to the ark; the otter then that keeps
In the wild rivers, in their banks and fleeps,
And feeds on fiſh, which under water ſtill,
He with his keld feet and keen teeth doth kill;
The other two into the ark do follow,
Though his ill ſhape doth cauſe him but to wallow;
The tortoiſe and the hedgehog both ſo ſlow,
As in their motion ſcarce diſcern'd to go,
Good footmen grown, contrary to their kind,
Leſt from the reſt they ſhould be left behind;
The rooting mole, as to foretell the flood,
Comes out o' th' earth, and clambers up the wood;
The little dormouſe leaves her leaden ſleep,
And with the mole up to the ark doth creep;
With many other, which were common then,
Their kind decay'd, but now unknown to men:
For there was none that Adam e'er did name,
But to the ark from every quarter came;
By two and two the male and female beaſt,
From ſwift'ſt to ſlow'ſt, from greateſt to the leaſt;
And as within the ſtrong pale of a park,
So were they all together in the ark.

And as our God the beaſts had given in charge
To take the ark, themſelves ſo to embarge,
He bids the fowl, the eagle in his flight,
Cleaving the thin air, on the deck doth light;
Nor are his eyes ſo piercing to controul,
His lowly ſubjects, the far leſſer fowl,
But the Almighty who all creatures fram'd,
And them by Adam in the garden nam'd,
Had given courage faſt by him to ſit,
Nor at his ſharp ſight are amaz'd one whit;
The ſwan by his great Maker taught this good,
T' avoid the fury of the falling flood,
His boar-like breaſt, his wings rais'd for his ſail,
And oar-like feet, him nothing to avail
Againſt the rain, which likely was to fall,
Each drop ſo great, that like a pond'rous mall
Might ſink him under water, and might drown
Him in the deluge, with the crane comes down,
Whoſe voice the trumpet is, that through the air
Doth ſummon all the other to repair
To the new ark; when with his mooned train,
The ſtrutting peacock yawling 'gainſt the rain,
Flutters into the ark, by his ſhril cry
Telling the reſt the tempeſt to be nigh;
The iron-eating oſtrich, whoſe bare thighs
Reſembling man's, fearing to low'ring ſkies,
Walks to the great boat; when the crowned cock,
That to the village lately was the clock,
Comes to rooſt by him, with his hen, foreſhewing
The ſhower would quickly fall, that then was brewing;
The ſwift-wing'd ſwallow feeding as it flies,
With the fleet martlet thrilling through the ſkies,
As at their paſtime ſportively they were,
Feeling th' unuſual moiſture of the air,
Their feathers flag, into the ark they come,
As to ſome rock or building, their own home;
The airy lark his halelujah ſung,
Finding a ſlackneſs ſeize upon his tongue,
By the much moiſture, and the welkin dark,
Drops with his female down into the ark;
The ſoaring kite there ſcantled his large wings,
And to the ark the hovering caſtril brings;
The raven comes, and croaking, in doth call
The carrion crow, and ſhe again doth brawl,
Foretelling rain; by theſe there likewiſe ſat
The careful (*t*) ſtork, ſince Adam wonder'd at
For thankfulneſs, to thoſe where he doth breed,
That his ag'd parents naturally doth feed,
In filial duty as inſtructing man;
By them there ſat the loving pelican,
Whoſe young ones poiſon'd by the ſerpent's ſting,
With her own blood to life again doth bring;
The conſtant turtle up her lodging took
By theſe good birds; and in a little nook
The nightingale with her melodious tongue
Sadly there ſits, as ſhe had never ſung;
The merl and mavis on the higheſt ſpray,
Who with their muſic wak'd the early day,
From the proud cedars to the ark come down,
As though forewarn'd, that God the world would drown;
The pratting parrot comes to them aboard,
And is not heard to counterfeit a word;
The falcon and the dove ſit there together,
And th' one of them doth prune the other's feather;
The goſs-hawk and the pheaſant there do twin,
And in the ark are perch'd upon one pin;
The partridge on the ſpar-hawk there doth 'tend
Who entertains her as a loving friend;
The ravenous vulture feels the ſmall birds ſit
Upon his back, and is not mov'd a whit;
Amongſt the thickeſt of theſe ſeveral fowl
With open eyes ſtill ſat the broad-fac'd owl;
And not a ſmall bird as they wonted were,
Either perſuade or wond'red at her there.
No wayleſs defert, heath, nor fen, nor muir,
But in by couples ſent ſome of their ſtore;
The oſpray, and the cormorant forbear
To fiſh, and thither with the reſt repair:
The heron leaves watching at the river's brim,
And brings the ſnite and plover in with him;
There came the halcyon, whom the ſea obeys,
When ſhe her neſt upon the water lays;
The gooſe which doth for watchfulneſs excel,
Came for the reſt to be the centinel;
The charitable robinet in came,
Whoſe nature taught the others to be tame;
All feather'd things yet ever known to men,
From the huge (*u*) ruck, unto the little wren;
From foreſts, fields, from rivers and from ponds,
All that have webs, or cloven-footed ones;
To the grand ark together friendly came,
Whoſe ſeveral ſpecies were too long to name.

The beaſts and birds thus by the angels brought,
Noah found his ark not fully yet was fraught,
To ſhut it up for as he did begin,
He ſtill ſaw (*x*) ſerpents, and their like come in;

(*t*) The ſtork uſed to build upon houſes, leaveth ever one behind him for the owner.
(*u*) The mighty Indian bird.
(*x*) Creeping things in the ſixth of Gen. the 20th verſe.

The ſalamander to the ark retires,
To fly the flood, it doth forſake the fires;
The ſtrange camelion, comes t' augment the crew,
Yet in the ark doth never change her hue;
To theſe poor ſilly few of harmleſs things,
So were their ſerpents, with their teeth and ſtings
Hurtful to man, yet will th' Almighty have,
That Noah their ſeed upon the earth ſhould ſave;
The watchful dragon comes the ark to keep,
But lull'd with murmur, gently falls to ſleep:
The cruel ſcorpion comes to climb the pile,
And meeting with the greedy crotodile,
Into the ark together meekly go,
And like kind mates themſelves they there beſtow;
The dart and dipſas, to the ark com'n in,
Enfold each other as they were a twin;
The cockatrice there kills not with his ſight,
Put in his object joys, and in the light;
The deadly killing (y) aſpic when he ſeeth,
This world of creatures ſheaths his poiſon'd teeth,
And with the adder and the ſpeckled ſnake,
Them to a corner harmleſsly betake;
The lizard ſhuts up his ſharp-ſighted eyes,
Amongſt theſe ſerpents, and there ſadly lies;
The ſmall-ey'd ſlow-worm held of many blind,
Yet this great ark it quickly out could find,
And as the ark it was about to climb,
Out of its teeth ſhoots the envenom'd ſlime;
Theſe viler creatures on the earth that creep,
And with their bellies the cold dews do ſweep;
All theſe baſe grovelling, and ground-licking ſute,
From the large (z) boas, to the little neute;
As well as birds, or the four-footed beaſts,
Came to the ark their hoſtry as Noah's gueſts.

Thus, fully furniſh'd, Noah need not to cark
For ſtowage, for proviſion for the ark:
For that wiſe God, who firſt direction gave,
How he the ſtructure of the ark would have,
And for his ſervant could provide this fraught,
Which thither he miraculouſly brought,
And did the food for every thing ſurvey,
Taught him on lofts it orderly to lay:
On fleſh ſome feed, as others fiſh do eat,
Various the kind, ſo various was the meat:
Some on fine graſs, as ſome on groſſer weeds,
As ſome on fruits, ſo other ſome on ſeeds,
To ſerve for food for one whole year for all,
Until the flood, which preſently ſhould fall
On the whole world, his hand again ſhould drain,
Which under water ſhould that while remain.
Th' Almighty meaſur'd the proportion ſuch,
As ſhould not be too little, nor too much:
For he that breath to every thing did give,
Could not that God them likewiſe make to live,
But with a little, and therewith to thrive,
Who at his pleaſure all things can contrive?

Now, ſome there be, too curious at this day,
That from their reaſon dare not ſtick to ſay,
The flood a thing fictitious is, and vain,
Nor that the ark could poſſibly contain
Thoſe ſundry creatures, from whoſe being came
All living things man poſſibly could name.

I ſay it was not, and I thus oppoſe
Them by my reaſon, ſtrong enough for thoſe:
My inſtance is a mighty argoſie,
That in it bears, beſides th' artillery,
Of fourſcore pieces of a mighty bore,
A thouſand ſoldiers (many times and more)
Beſides the ſails, and arms for every one,
Cordage, and anchors, and proviſion,
The large ſpread ſails, the maſts both big and tall,
Of all which Noah's ark had no need at all,
Within the ſame eight perſons only were:
If ſuch a ſhip can ſuch a burthen bear,
What might the ark do, which doth ſo excel
That ſhip, as that ſhip doth a cockle ſhell;
Being ſo capacious for this mighty load,
So long, ſo high, and every where ſo broad;
Beſides three lofts juſt of one perfect ſtrength,
And bearing out proportionably in length,
So fitly built, that being thus employ'd,
There was not one inch in the ark was void:
Beſide, I'll charge their reaſon to allow
The cubits doubled to what they are now,
We are but pigmies (even our talleſt men)
To the huge giants that were living then:
For but th' Almighty, which to this intent
Ordain'd the ark, knew it ſufficient,
He in his wiſdom (had he thought it meet)
Could have bid Noah to have built a fleet,
And many creatures on the earth ſince grown
Before the flood that were to Noah unknown:
For though the mule begotten on the mare,
Bythe dull aſs is ſaid doth never pair,
(a)Yet ſundry others naturally have mix'd
And thoſe that have been gotten them betwixt
Others begot, on others from their kind.
In ſundry climates, ſundry beaſts we find,
That what they were, are nothing now the ſame,
From old firſt ſtrain, though at the firſt they came,
But by the ſoil they often alter'd be,
In ſhape and colour as we daily ſee.

Now Noah's three ſons all buſy that hath been
To place theſe creatures as they ſtill came in:
Sem, Ham, and Japheth, with their (b) wives affign'd
To be the parents of all human kind:
Seeing the ark thus plentifully ſtor'd,
The wond'rous work of the Almighty Lord,
Behold their fauer looking every hour,
For this all-drowning earth-deſtroying ſhower,
When Noah the faith thus laſtly to awake,
To his lov'd wife and their ſix children ſpake:

"The mighty and of God do you not ſee,
In theſe his creatures, that ſo well agree?
Which were they not thus maſter'd by his power,
Us ſilly eight would greedily devour:
And with their hoofs and paws, to ſplinters rend
This only ark, in which God doth intend
We from the flood the remnant ſhall remain
T' reſtore the world, ſinged Adam's ſtrain:
Ye ſeven, with ſad aſtoniſhment then ſee [me!
The wond'rous things the Lord hath wrought for

(y) The aſpic hath a kell of ſkin which covereth his teeth until it be angry.
(z) A ſerpent of an incredible bigneſs.

(a) The opinions of the beſt naturaliſts that have written.
(b) The names of the women were Titea, Pandora, Noella and Noegla, as ſome of the moſt ancient write; but Epiphanius will have Noah's wife's name to be Barthenon.

What have I done, so gracious in his sight,
Frail, wretched man, but that I justly might
Have with the earth's abominable brood
Been overwhelm'd, and buried in the flood?
But in his judgment, that he hath decreed,
That from my loins by your successful seed,
The earth shall be replenished again,
And the Almighty be at peace with men.
A hundred years are past (as well you know)
Since the Almighty God, his power to shew,
Taught me the model of this mighty frame,
And it the ark commanded me to name.
Be strong in faith, for now the time is nigh,
That from the conduits of the lofty sky,
The flood shall fall, that in short time shall bear
This ark we are in up into the air,
Where it shall float, and further in the end,
Shall fifteen cubits the high'st hills transcend.
Then bid the goodly fruitful earth adieu,
For the next time it shall be seen of you,
It with an ill complexion shall appear,
The weight of waters shall have chang'd her cheer:
Be not affrighted when ye hear the roar
Of the wide waters when they charge the shore
Nor be dismay'd at all, when you shall feel
Th' unwieldly ark from wave to wave to reel;
Nor at the shrieks of those that swimming by
On trees and rafters, shall for succour cry,
O ye most lov'd of God, O take us in!
For we are guilty, and confess our sin."
Thus whilst he spake, the skies grew thick and dark,
And a black cloud hung hovering o'er the ark;
(c) Venus and Mars, God puts this work upon,
Jupiter and Saturn in conjunction
I' th' tail of Cancer, inundations threat,
Luna disposed generally to wet,
The Hiades and Pleiades put too
Their helps; Orion doth what he can do.
No star so small, but some one drop let down,
And all conspire the wicked world to drown:
On the wide heaven there was not any sign,
To wat'ry Pisces but it doth incline.
Now some will ask, When th' Amigbty God, (but Noy
And his) by waters did the world destroy,
Whether those seven then in ark were good,
And just as he (reserved from th' flood)?
Or that th' Almighty for his only sake,
Did on the other such compassion take?
'Tis doubtless Noah, being one so clearly just,
That God did with his secret judgments trust
From the whole world; one that so long had known
That living Lord, would likewise teach his own
To know him too, who by his mean might be,
As well within the covenant as he.
(d) By this the sun had suck'd up the vast deep,
And in gross clouds like cisterns did it keep;
The stars and signs by God's great wisdom set,
By their conjunctions water to beget,
Had wrought their utmost, and even now began
Th' Almighty's justice upon sinful man:
From every several quarter of the sky,
The thunder roars, and the fierce lightnings fly
One at another, and together dash,
Volley on volley, flash comes after flash,
Heaven's lights look sad, as they would melt away,
The night is come i' th' morning of the day:
The card'nal winds he makes at once to blow,
Whose blasts to buffets with such fury go,
That they themselves into the centre shot,
Into the bowels of the earth and got,
Being conden'd (e) and strongly stiff'ned there,
In such strange manner multiply'd the air,
Which turn'd to water, and increas'd the springs
To that abundance, that the earth forth brings
Water to drown herself, should heaven deny
With one small drop the deluge to supply,
That through her pores, the soft and spungy earth,
As with a dropsy, or unkindly birth,
A woman, swoln, sends from her fluxive womb
Her oozy springs, that there was scarcely room
For the waste waters which came in so fast,
As though the earth her entrails up would cast.
But these seem'd yet but easily let go,
And from some sluice came softly in, and flow,
Till God's great hand so squeez'd the boisterous clouds, [shrouds;
That from the spouts of heaven's embattel'd
Even like a flood-gate pluck'd up by the height,
Came the wild rain, with such a pond'rous weight,
As that the fierceness of the hurrying flood,
Remov'd huge rocks, and ramm'd them into mud:
Pressing the ground with that impetuous power,
As that the first shock of this drowning shower
Furrow'd the earth's late plump and cheerful face
Like an old woman, that in little space [eyes;
With rivell'd cheeks, and with blear'd blubber'd
She wistly look'd upon the troubled skies.
Up to some mountain as the people make,
Driving their cattle till the shower should slake;
The flood o'ertakes them, and away doth sweep
Great herds of neat, and mighty flocks of sheep.
Down through a valley as one stream doth come,
Whose roaring strikes the neighbouring echo dumb,
Another meets it, and whilst there they strive,
Which of them two the other back should drive,
Their dreadful currents they together dash,
So that their waves like furious tides do wash
The head of some near hill, which falleth down
For very fear, as it itself would drown.
Some back their beasts, so hoping to swim out;
But by the flood encompassed about
Are overwhelmed; some clamber up to towers;
But these and them the deluge soon devours:
Some to the top of pines and cedars get,
Thinking themselves they safely there should sit;
But the rude flood that over all doth sway,
Quickly comes up, and carrieth them away.
The (f) roe's much swiftness doth no more avail,
Nor help him now, than if he were a snail:
The swift-wing'd swallow, and the slow-wing'd owl,
The fleetest bird, and the most flagging fowl,

(c) God makes the stars his instruments to punish the wicked.
(d) A description of a tempest, at the falling of the deluge.
(e) Water is but air conden'd.
(f) The roe-deer the swiftest beast known.

Are at one pafs, the flood fo high hath gone,
There was no ground to fet a foot upon:
Thofe fowl that follow'd moiftnefs, now it fly,
And leave the wet land to find out the dry;
But by the mighty tempeft beaten down,
On the blank water they do lie and drown.
The ftrong-built tower is quickly overborne,
The o'er-grown oak out of the earth is torn:
The fubtle fhower the earth hath foft'ned fo,
And with the waves, the trees toft to and fro,
That the roots loofen, and the tops down fway,
So that whole foreits quickly fwim away.
Th' offended heaven hath fhut up all her lights,
The fun nor moon make neither days nor nights,
The waters fo exceedingly abound
That in fhort time the fea itfelf is drown'd,
That by the freftnefs of the falling rain,
Neptune no more his faltnefs doth retain;
So that thofe fcaly creatures us'd to keep
The mighty waftes of the unmeafur'd deep,
Finding the general and their natural brack,
The taite and colour every where to lack,
Forfake thofe feas wherein they fwam before,
Strangely oppreffed with their wat'ry ftore.
The crooked dolphin on thofe mountains plays,
Whereas before that time, not many days,
The goat was grazing; and the mighty whale
Upon a rock out of his way doth fall,
From whence before one eas'ly might have feen
The wand'ring clouds far under to have been.
The grampus, and the whirlpool, as they rove,
Lighting by chance upon a lofty grove
Under this world of waters, are fo much [touch,
Pleas'd with their wombs each tender branch to
That they leave flime upon the curled fprays,
On which the birds fung their harmonious lays.
As huge as hills ftill waves are wallowing in,
Which from the world fo wond'roufly do win,
That the tall mountains which on tiptoe ftood,
As though they fcorn'd the force of any flood,
No eye of heaven of their proud tops could fee
One foot, from this great inundation free.
As in the chaos ere the frame was fix'd,
The air and water were fo ftrongly mix'd,
(g) And fuch a bulk of groffnefs do compofe,
As in thofe thick clouds which the globe enclofe,
Th' all-working Spirit were yet again to wade,
And heaven and earth again were to be made.
Meanwhile the great and univerfal ark,
Like one by night were groping in the dark,
Now by one billow, then another rock'd,
Within whofe boards all living things were lock'd;
Yet Noah his fafety not at all doth fear,
For ftill the angels his blefs'd barge do fteer:
But now the fhower continued had fo long,
The inundation wax'd fo wond'rous ftrong,
That fifteen cubits caus'd the ark to move
The higheft part of any hill above:
And the grofs earth fo violently binds,
That in their coalts it had enclos'd the winds;
So that the whole wide furface of the flood,
As in the whole height of the tide it ftood,
Was then as fleek and even as the feas
In the more ftill and calmeft halcyon days.

(g) A fimile of the groffnefs of the deluge.

The birds, the beafts, and ferpents fafe on board,
With admiration look upon their lord,
The righteous Noah; and with fubmiffive fear
Tremble his grave and awful voice to hear,
When to his houfehold (during their abode)
He preach'd the power of the Almighty God.
" (b) Dear wife and children, quoth this goodly Noy,
Since the Almighty vow'd he would deftroy
The wicked world, a hundred years are paft,
And fee, he hath performed it at laft;
In us poor few the world confifts alone,
And befides us there not remaineth one,
But from our feed the emptied earth agen
Muft be repeopled with the race of men;
Then fince thus far his covenant is true,
Build ye your faith on that which fhall enfue;
Such is our God, who thus did us embark
(As his felect) to fave us by the ark,
And only he whofe angels guard our boat,
Knows over what ftrange region now we float,
Or we from hence that very place can found,
From which the ark was lifted firft from ground;
He that can fpan the world, and with a grip
Out of the bowels of the clouds could rip
This mafs of waters, whofe abundant birth
Almoft to heaven thus drowneth up the earth;
He can remove this round if he fhall pleafe,
And with thefe waters can fup up the feas;
Can caufe the ftars out of their fpheres to fall,
And on the winds can toft this earthly ball,
He can wreft drops from the fun's radiant beams,
And can force fire from the moft liquid ftreams,
He curls the waves with whirlwinds, and doth make
The folid centre fearfully to fhake;
He can ftir up the elements to wars,
And at his pleafure can compofe their jars;
The fands ferve not his wod'rous works to count,
Yet doth his mercy all his works furmount;
His rule and power eternally endures,
He was your fathers God, he's mine, he's yours:
In him, dear wife and children, put your truft,
He only is Almighty, only juft."
But on the earth the waters were fo ftrong;
And now the flood continued had fo long,
That (i) the let year foreflow'd about to bring
The fummer, autumn, winter, and the fpring;
The gyring planets with their ftarry train,
Down to the fouth had funk, and rofe again
Up towards the north, whilft the terreftrial globe
Had been involved in this wat'ry robe.
During which feafon every twinkling light
In their ftill motion, at this monftrous fight,
By their complexion a diftraction fhew'd,
Looking like embers that through aftes glow'd.
When righteous Noah remembereth at the laft.
The time prefix'd to be approaching faft,
After a hundred fifty days were gone,
Which to their period then were drawing on,
The flood fhould fomewhat flack, God promis'd fo,
On which relying, the juft godly Noah,

(b) Noah preaching faith to his family
(i) The revolution of the year by a fhort periphrafis.

To try if then but one poor foot of ground.
Free from the flood might any where be found,
Let's forth a raven, which ſtrait cuts the ſky,
And wond'rous proud his reſted wings to try,
In a large circle girdeth in the air,
Firſt to the eaſt, then to the ſouth doth bear,
Follows the ſun, then towards his going forth,
And then runs up into the riſing north,
Thence climbs the clouds to prove if his ſharp eye
From that proud pitch could poſſibly deſcry
Of ſome tall rock-crown'd mountain, a ſmall ſtone
A minute's ſpace to ſet his foot upon,
But finding his long labour but in vain,
Returneth wearied to the ark again;
By which Noah knew he longer yet muſt ſtay,
For the whole earth ſtill under water lay.

Seven days he reſts, but yet he would not ceaſe,
(For that he knew the flood muſt needs decreaſe)
But as the raven late, he next ſends out
The damaſk-colour'd dove, his nimble ſcout,
Which thrills the thin air, and his pinions plies,
That like to lightning, gliding through the ſkies,
His ſundry colour'd feathers by the ſun,
As his ſwift ſhadow on the lake doth run,
Cauſeth a twinkling both at hand and far,
Like that we call the ſhooting of a ſtar;
But finding yet that labour loſt had been,
Comes back to Noah, who gently takes him in.

Noah reſts a while, but meaning ſtill to prove
A ſecond ſearch, again ſends out the dove,
After other ſeven, ſome better news to bring,
Which by the ſtrength of his unwearied wing
Finds out at laſt a place for his abode,
When the glad bird ſtays all the day abroad,
And wond'rous proud that he a place had found,
Who of a long time had not touch'd the ground,
Draws in his head, and thruſteth out his breaſt,
Spreadeth his tail, and ſwelleth up his creſt,
And turning round and round with cutty-coo,
As when the female pigeon and he woo;
Bathing himſelf, which long he had not done,
And drys his feathers in the welcome ſun,
Pruning his plumage, cleanſing every quill,
And going back, he beareth in his bill
An olive; by which Noah underſtood
The great decreaſe and waning of the flood:
For that on mountains olives ſeldom grow,
But in flat vallies and in places low;
Never ſuch comfort came to mortal man,
Never ſuch joy was ſince the world began,
As in the ark, when Noah and his behold
The olive leaf, which certainly them told
The flood decreas'd, and they ſuch comfort take,
That with their mirth the birds and beaſts they make
Sportive, which ſend forth ſuch a hollow noiſe
As ſaid they were partakers of their joys.
The lion roars, but quickly doth forbear,
Leſt he thereby the leſſer beaſts ſhould fear;
The bull doth bellow, and the horſe doth neigh,
The ſtag, the buck, and ſhag-hair'd goat do bray,
The boar doth grunt, the wolf doth howl, the ram
Doth bleat, which yet ſo faintly from him came,
As though for very joy he ſeem'd to weep;
The ape and monkey ſuch a chattering keep
With their thin lips, which they ſo well expreſs'd,
As they would ſay, we hope to be releas'd;
The ſilly aſs ſet open ſuch a throat,
That all the ark reſounded with the note;
The watchful dog doth play, and ſkip, and bark,
And leaps upon his maſters in the ark;
The raven croaks, the carrion crow doth ſquall,
The pie doth chatter, and the partridge call,
The jocund cock crows as he claps his wings,
The merl doth whiſtle, and the mavis ſings,
The nightingale ſtrains her melodious throat,
Which of the ſmall birds being heard to rote,
They ſoon ſet to her, each a part doth take,
As by their muſic up a choir to make;
The parrot lately ſad, then talks and jeers,
And counterfeiteth every ſound he hears;
The purblind owl which heareth all this do,
T' expreſs her gladneſs, cries too-whit too-whoo.
No beaſt nor bird was in the ark with Noy,
But in their kind expreſs'd ſome ſign of joy;
When that juſt man, who did himſelf apply
Still to this dear and godly family,
Thus to them ſpake, and with erected hands
The like obedience from the reſt demands.

"The world's foundation is not half ſo ſure
As is God's promiſe, nor is heaven ſo pure
As is his word, to me moſt ſinful man;
To take the ark, who, when I firſt began,
Said on the hundred and the fiftieth day
I ſhould perceive the deluge to decay;
And 'tis moſt certain, as you well may know,
Which this poor pigeon by his leaf doth ſhew.
He that ſo long could make the waters ſtand
Above the earth, ſee how his powerful hand
Thruſts them before it, and ſo faſt doth drive
The big-ſwoln billows, that they ſeem to ſtrive
Which ſhall fly faſteſt on that ſecret path,
Whence firſt they came to execute his wrath;
The ſun which melted every cloud to rain,
He makes it now to ſup it up again;
The wind by which he brought it on before,
In their declining drives it o'er and o'er:
The tongues of angels ſerve not to expreſs,
Neither his mercy nor his mightineſs.
Be joyful, then, in our Great God (ſaith he)
For we the parents of mankind ſhall be,
From us poor few, his pleaſure that attend,
Shall all the nations of the earth deſcend."

When righteous Noah deſirous ſtill to hear,
In what eſtate th' unwieldy waters were,
Sends forth the dove as he had done before,
But it found dry land and came back no more;
Whereby this man preciſely underſtood
The great decreaſe of this world-drowning flood.
Thus as the ark is floating on the main,
As when the flood roſe, in the fall again,
With currents ſtill encountered every where
Forward and backward which it ſtill do bear,
As the ſtream ſtrait'neth, by the riſing clives
Of the tall mountains, 'twixt which oft it drives,
Until at length by God's almighty hand,
It on the hills of (*l*) Ararat doth land.

(*l*) Mountains of a wonderous height, either within, or bordering upon Armenia.

When thoſe within it felt the ark to ſtrike
On the firm ground, was ever comfort like
To theirs, which felt it fixed there to ſtay,
And found the waters went ſo faſt away,
That Noah ſet up the covering of the ark.
That thoſe which long had ſitten in the dark,
Might be ſaluted with the cheerful light,
(O ſince the world, was ever ſuch a ſight!)
That creeping things as well as bird or beaſt,
Their ſeveral comforts ſundry ways expreſt?
His wife and children then aſcend to ſee
What place it was ſo happy that ſhould be
For th' ark to reſt on, where they ſaw a plain,
A mountain's top which ſeemed to contain,
On which they might diſcern within their ken,
The carcaſes of birds, of beaſts, and men,
Chok'd by the deluge, when Noah ſpake them thus:
" Behuld th' Almighty's mercy ſhew'd to us,
That through the waves our way not only wrought,
But to theſe mountains ſafely hath us brought,
Whoſe dainty tops all earthly pleaſures crown,
And on the green-ſward ſets us ſafely down.
Had our moſt gracious God not been our guide,
The ark had fall'n upon ſome mountain ſide,
And with a ruſh removing of our freight
Might well have turn'd it backward with the weight,
Or by theſe billows laſtly over-borne
Or on ſome rock her ribs might have been torn.
But ſee, except theſe here, each living thing
That crept, or went, or kept the air with wing
Lay here before us to manure the land;
Such is the power of God's all-working hand."
In the ſix hundreth year of that juſt man,
The ſecond (*l*) month, the ſeventeenth day, began
That horrid deluge, when heaven's windows were
At once all open'd, then did firſt appear
Th' Almighty's wrath, when for full forty days
There rain'd from heaven not ſhowers, but mighty ſeas,
A hundred fifty days that ſo prevail'd,
Above the mountains till the great ark ſail'd,
In the ſeventh (*m*) month, upon the ſeventeenth day,
Like a ſhip fall'n into a quiet bay,
It on the hills of Ararat doth light:
But Noah deny'd yet to diſcharge the freight,
For that the mountains clearly were not ſeen,
Till the firſt day of the tenth month, when green
Smil'd on the blue ſkies, when the earth began
To look up cheerly, yet the waters ran
Still through the vallies, till the (*n*) month again
In which before it firſt began to rain;

(*l*) In May, according to the expoſitors.
(*m*) Part of September and part of October.
(*n*) In the ſame month the flood began, it ceaſed: which made up the year.

Of which, the ſeven-and-twentieth day expir'd,
Quite from the earth the waters were retir'd:
When the Almighty God bad Noah to ſet
Open the ark, at liberty to let
The beaſts, the birds, and creeping things, which came
Like as when firſt they went into the ſame;
Each male comes down, his female by his ſide,
As 'twere the bridegroom bringing out his bride,
Till th' ark was emptied, and that mighty load,
For a whole year that there had been beſtow'd,
(Since firſt that forty days ſtill-falling rain
That drown'd the world, was then dry'd up again)
Which with much gladneſs do ſalute the ground,
The lighter ſort ſome caper, and ſome hound,
The heavier creatures tumble them, as glad
That they ſuch eaſe by their enlargement had;
The creeping things together fall to play;
Joy'd beyond meaſure for this happy day,
The birds let from this cage, do mount the ſky,
To ſhew they yet had not forgot to fly,
And ſporting them upon the airy plain,
Yet to their maſter Noah they ſtoop again,
To leave his preſence, and do ſtill forbear,
Till they from him of their releaſe might hear;
The beaſts each other woo, the birds they bill,
As they would ſay to Noah, they meant to fill
The roumthy earth, then altogether void,
And make, what late the deluge had deſtroy'd.
When righteous Noah, who ever had regard
To ſerve his God, immediately prepar'd
To ſacrifice, and of the cleaneſt beaſts
That in the ark this while had been his gueſts,
He ſeizeth, (yet obedient to his will)
And of them he for ſacrifice doth kill:
Which he and his religiouſly attend,
And with the ſmoke their vows and thanks aſcend; [then,
Which pleas'd th' Almighty, that he promis'd
Never by flood to drown the world again;
And that mankind his covenant might know,
He in the clouds left the celeſtial bow.
When to theſe living things, quoth righteous Noah,
" Now take you all free liberty to go,
And every way do you yourſelves diſperſe
Till you have fill'd this globy univerſe
With your increaſe, let every ſoil be yours,
He that hath ſav'd ye faithfully aſſures
Your propagation: and dear wife, quoth he,
And you my children, let your truſt ſtill be
In your preſerver, and on him rely,
Whoſe promiſe is that we ſhall multiply,
Till in our days, of nations we ſhall hear
From us poor few in th' ark that lately were."
To make a new world, thus works every one,
The deluge ceaſeth, and the old is gone.

MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

This Canto our attracted Muſe
The Prophet's glorious birth purſues,
The various changes of his fate,
From humbleneſs to high eſtate,
His beauty, more than mortal ſhape,
From *Egypt* how he doth eſcape,
By his fair bearing in his flight,
Obtains the lovely *Midianite*,
Where God unto the Hebrew ſpake,
Appearing from the burning brake,
And back doth him to *Egypt* ſend,
That mighty things doth there intend.

GIRT in bright flames, rapt from celeſtial fire,
That our unwearied faculties refine,
By zeal tranſported boldly we aſpire
To ſing a ſubject glorioufly divine:
Him that of mortals only had the grace,
(On whom the ſpirit did in ſuch power deſcend)
To talk with God face oppoſite to face,
Even as a man with his familiar friend.
Muſe, I invoke the utmoſt of thy might,
That with an armed and auſpicious wing,
Thou be obſequious in his doubtleſs right
'Gainſt the vile atheiſt's vituperious ſting:
Where thou that gate induſtriouſly may'ſt flie,
Which nature ſtrives but feignedly to go,
Borne by a power ſo eminent and high,
As in his courſe leaves reaſon far below,
To ſhew how poeſy (ſimply hath her praiſe)
That from full Jove takes her celeſtial birth,
And quick as fire, her glorious ſelf can raiſe
Above this baſe abominable earth.
O, if that time have happily reſerv'd,
(Beſides that ſacred and canonic writ,
What once in ſlates and barks of trees was carv'd)
Things that our Muſe's gravity may fit,
Unclaſp the world's great regiſter to me,
That ſmoky ruſt hath very near defac'd,
That I in thoſe dim characters may ſee
From common eyes that hath aſide been caſt,
And thou tranſlator of that faithful Muſe
This ALL's creation that divinely ſong,
From courtly French (no travel do'ſt refuſe)
To make him maſter of thy genuine tongue,
Saluſt to thee and Silveſter thy friend,
Comes my high poem peaceably and chaſte
Your hallow'd labours humbly to attend,
That wreckful Time ſhall not have power to waſte.
A gallant Hebrew (in the height of life)
Amram a Levite honourably bred,
Of the ſame offſpring won a beauteous wife,
And no leſs virtuous, goodly Jacobed:
So fitly pair'd that (without all oſtent)
Even of the wife it hardly could be ſaid
Which of the two was moſt pre-eminent,
Or he more honour'd, or ſhe more obey'd.
In both was found that livelihood and meetneſs,
By which affection any way was mov'd:
In him that ſhape, in her there was that ſweetneſs,
Might make him lik'd, or her to be belov'd:

As this commixion, ſo their married mind
Their good corrected, or their ill reliev'd,
As truly loving as diſcreetly kind,
Mutually joy'd, as mutually griev'd:
Their nuptial bed by abſtinence maintain'd,
Yet ſtill gave fuel to love's ſacred fire,
And when fruition plentifulleſt gain'd
Yet were they chaſte in fulneſs of deſire.
Now grieved Iſrael many a woeful day,
That at their vile ſervility repin'd,
Preſs'd with the burthens of rude boiſt'rous clay,
By ſtern Egyptian tyranny aſſign'd:
Yet ſtill the more the Hebrews are oppreſt
Like to firm ſeed they fructify the more,
That by th' eternal providence fore-bleſt,
Goſhen gives roomth but ſcantly to their ſtore.
And the wiſe midwives in their natural need,
That the fair males immediately ſhould kill,
Hating s' abhorr'd and heatheniſh a deed,
Check his harſh bruteneſs and rebellious will.
That ſmall effect perceiving by the ſame,
Bids the men-children (greatly that abound)
After that day into the world that came,
Upon their birth ſhould inſtantly be drown'd.
And now the time came had been long foretold,
He ſhould be born unto the Hebrews joy,
Whoſe puiſſant hand ſuch fatal power ſhould hold,
As in ſhort time all Egypt ſhould deſtroy.
The execution which more ſtrongly forc'd,
And every where ſo generally done,
As in ſmall time unnaturally divorc'd
Many a dear mother and as dear a ſon.
Though her chaſte boſom that fair altar were,
Where love's pure vows he dutifully paid,
His arms to her a ſanctuary dear,
Yet they ſo much his tyranny obey'd,
By free conſent to ſeparate their bed,
Better at all no children yet to have,
Than their dead love ſhould procreate the dead,
Untimely iſſue for a timeleſs grave.
When in a viſion whilſt he ſlept by night,
God bids him ſo not Jacobed to leave,
The man that Egypt did ſo much affright,
Her (*a*) pregnant womb ſhould happily conceive.
Soon after finding that ſhe was with child,
The ſame conceals by all the means ſhe can,
Leſt by th' appearance ſhe might be beguil'd,
If in the birth it prov'd to be a man.
The time ſhe goes till her account was nigh,
Her ſwelling belly no conception ſhews,
Nor at the time of her delivery,
As other women panged in her throes.
When, lo, the fair fruit of that proſpering womb
Wounds the kind parents in the prime of joy,
Whoſe birth pronounceth his too timeleſs doom,
Accus'd by nature forming it a boy:
Yet 'tis ſo ſweet, ſo amiably fair,
That their pleas'd eyes with rapture it behold,
The glad-ſad parents full of joy and care
Fain would reſerve their infant if they could;
And ſtill they tempt the ſundry varying hours,
Hopes and deſpairs together ſtrangely mixt,
Diſtaſting ſweets with many cordial ſours,
Oppoſed interchangeably betwixt,

(*a*) Joſeph.

If ought it ail'd or haplefsly it cry'd,
Unheard of any that ſhe might it keep,
With one ſhort breath ſhe did entreat and chide,
And in a moment ſhe did ſing and weep.
Three lab'ring months them flatterer-like be-
And danger ſtill redoubling as it laſts, [guil'd,
Suſpecting moſt the faſety of the child,
Thus the kind mother carefully forecaſts:
(For at three months a ſcrutiny was held,
And ſearchers then ſent every where about,
That in that time if any were conceal'd, [out)
They ſhould make proof and ſtraitly bring them
To Pharaoh's will ſhe awfully muſt bow,
And therefore haſtens to abridge theſe fears,
And to the flood determines it ſhould go,
Yet e'er it went ſhe'll drown it with her tears.
This afternoon love bids a little ſtay,
And yet theſe pauſes do but lengthen ſorrow,
But for one night although ſhe make delay,
She vows to go unto his death to-morrow.
The morning comes, it is too early yet,
The day ſo faſt not haſt'ning on his date,
The gloomy evening murder beſt doth fit,
The evening come, and then it is too late.
Her pretty infant lying on her lap
With his ſweet eyes her threat'ning rage beguiles,
For yet he plays and dallys with his pap,
To mock her ſorrows with his am'rous ſmiles,
And laugh'd, and chuck'd, and ſprean the pretty
hands,
When her full heart was at the point to break,
(This little creature yet not underſtands
The woful language mothers tears did ſpeak.)
Wherewith ſurpris'd, and with a parent's love
From his fair eyes ſhe doth freſh courage take,
And nature's laws allowing, doth reprove
The frail edicts that mortal princes make.
It ſhall not die, ſhe'll keep her child unknown,
And come the worſt in ſpite of Pharaoh's rage,
As it is hers, ſhe will diſpoſe her own,
And if't muſt, it muſt die at riper age.
And thus revolving of her frailties care, [mind,
A thouſand ſtrange thoughts throng her troubled
Sounding the dangers deeply what they are,
Betwixt the laws of cruelty and kind.
But it muſt die, and better yet to part,
Since pre-ordain'd to his diſaſt'rous fate,
His want will fit the nearer to the heart
In riper and more flouriſhing eſtate.
The perfect huſband, whoſe impreſſive ſoul
Took true proportion of each penſive throe,
Yet had ſuch power his paſſion to controul,
As not the ſame immediately to ſhew;
With carriage full of comelineſs and grace,
As grief not felt nor ſorrow ſeem'd to lack,
Courage and fear ſo temper'd in his face,
Thus his beloved Jacobed beſpake:
Dear heart be patient, ſtay theſe timeleſs tears,
Death of thy ſon ſhall never quite bereave thee,
My ſoul with thine that equal burthen bears,
As what he takes, my love again ſhall give thee:
For Iſrael's ſin if Iſrael's ſeed muſt ſuffer,
And we of mere neceſſity muſt leave him,
Pleaſe yet to grace me with this gentle offer,
Give him to me by whom thou did'ſt conceive him.

So though thou with ſo dear a jewel part,
This yet remaineth laſtly to relieve thee,
Thou haſt impos'd this hind'rance on my heart,
Another's loſs ſhall need the leſs to grieve thee;
Nor are we Hebrews abject by our name,
Though thus in Egypt hateſully deſpis'd,
That we that bleſſing fruitleſsly ſhould claim
Once in that holy covenant compris'd.
It is not fit mortality ſhould know
What his eternal providence decreed,
That unto Abraham ratify'd the vow
In happy Sarah and her hallowed ſeed.
Nor ſhall the wrong to godly Joſeph done
In his remembrance ever be inroll'd,
By Jacob's ſighs for his loſt little ſon
A captiv'd ſlave to the Egyptian's ſold:
Reaſon ſets limits to the longeſt grief,
Sorrow ſcarce paſt when comfort is returning,
He ſends affliction that can lend relief,
Beſt that is pleas'd with meaſure in our mourning.
Loſt in herſelf, her ſpirits are ſo diſtracted,
All hopes diſſolv'd might fortify her further,
Her mind ſeems now of miſery compacted,
That muſt conſent unto ſo dear a murder.
Of ſlime and twigs ſhe makes a ſimple ſhread
(The poor laſt duty to her child ſhe owes,
This pretty martyr, this yet living dead)
Wherein ſhe doth his living corpſe encloſe:
And means to bear it preſently away,
And in ſome water ſecretly beſtow it,
But yet a while bethinks herſelf to ſtay,
Some little kindneſs ſhe doth further owe it:
Nor will ſhe in this cruelty perſevere,
That by her means his timeleſs blood be ſpilt,
If of her own ſhe doth herſelf deliver,
Let others hands be 'nocent of the guilt:
Yet if ſhe keep it from the ruthleſs flood
That is by Pharaoh's tyranny aſſign'd it,
What boots that wretched miſerable good,
If ſo diſpos'd where none do come to find it;
For better yet the homicide ſhould kill it,
Or by ſome beaſt in pieces to be rent,
Than ling'ring famine cruelly ſhould ſpill it,
That it endure a double languiſhment:
And neighbouring near to the Egyptian court,
She knows a place that near the river ſide
Was oft frequented by the worthier ſort,
For now the ſpring was newly in her pride.
Thither ſhe haſtes but with a painful ſpeed,
The neareſt way ſhe poſſibly could get,
And by the clear brim, 'mongſt the flags and reed,
Her little coffin carefully ſhe ſet;
Her little girl (her mother following near)
As of her brother that her leave would take,
Which the ſad woman unexpecting there,
Yet it to help her kindly thus beſpake:
Quoth ſhe, Sweet Miriam, ſecretly attend,
And for his death ſee who approacheth hither,
That once for all aſſured of his end,
His days and mine be conſummate together;
It is ſome comfort to a wretch to die,
(If there be comfort in the way of death)
To have ſome friend or kind alliance by,
To be officious at the parting breath.
Thus ſhe departs, oft ſtays, oft turneth back,
Looking about leſt any one eſpy'd her,
Fain would ſhe leave, that leaving ſhe doth lack,
That in this ſort ſo ſtrangely doth divide her.
Unto what dame (participating kind)
My verſe her ſad perplexity ſhall ſhew,
That in a ſoft'ned and relenting mind
Finds not a true touch of that mother's woe?
Yet all this while full quietly it ſlept,
(Poor little brat incapable of care)
Which by that powerful providence is kept,
Who doth this child for better days prepare.
See here an object utterly forlorn,
Left to deſtruction as a violent prey,
Whom man might judge accurſed to be born,
To dark oblivion moulded up in clay,
That man of might in after-times ſhould be
(The bounds of frail mortality that brake)
Which that Almighty glorioufly ſhould ſee,
When he in thunder on Mount Sinai ſpake.
Now Pharaoh's daughter, Termuth, young and fair,
With ſuch choice maidens as ſhe favour'd moſt,
Needs would abroad to take the gentle air,
Whilſt the rich year his braveries ſeem'd to boaſt;
Softly ſhe walks down to the ſecret flood,
Through the calm ſhades moſt peaceable and quiet,
In the cool ſtreams to check the pamper'd blood,
Stirr'd with ſtrong youth and their delicious diet;
Such as the princeſs, ſuch the day addreſt,
As though provided equally to pair her,
Either in other fortunately bleſt,
She by the day, the day by her made fairer,
Both in the height and fulneſs of their pleaſure,
As to them both ſome future good divining,
Holding a ſteady and accompliſh'd meaſure,
This in her perfect clearneſs, that in ſhining:
The very air to emulate her meekneſs,
Strove to be bright and peaceable as ſhe,
That it grew jealous of that ſudden ſleekneſs,
Fearing it after otherwiſe might be.
And if the fleet wind by ſome vigorous gale
Seem'd to be mov'd, and patiently to chide her,
It was as angry with her lawny vail,
That from his ſight it enviouſly ſhould hide her:
And now approaching to the flowery mead
Where the rich ſummer curiouſly had dight her,
Which ſeem'd in all her jollity array'd,
With nature's coſt and pleaſures to delight her:
See this moſt bleſſed! this unuſual bap!
She the ſmall baſket ſooner ſhould eſpy,
That the child wak'd, and miſſing of his pap,
As for her ſuccour inſtantly did cry;
Forth of the flags ſhe caus'd it to be taken,
Calling her maids this orphanet to ſee,
Much did ſhe joy an innocent forſaken
By her from peril privileg'd might be:
This moſt ſweet princeſs, pitiful and mild,
Soon on her knee unſwathes it as her own,
Found for a man, ſo beautiful a child,
Might for an Hebrew eaſily be known:
Nothing the care in dreſſing it beſtow'd,
Each thing that fitted gentleneſs to wear,
Judg'd the ſad parents this loſt infant ow'd,
Were as invulgar as their fruit was fair.

Saith she, My mind not any way suggests
An unchaste womb these lineaments hath bred,
For thy fair brow apparently contests
The current stamp of a clean nuptial bed:
She nam'd it Moses, which in time might tell
(For names do many mysteries expound)
When it was young the chance that it befel,
How by the water strangely it was found,
Calling milch women that Egyptians were,
Once to the teat his lips he could not lay,
As though offended with their sullied lear,
Seeming as still to turn his head away.
The little girl that near at hand did lurk,
(Thinking this while she tarried but too long)
Finding these things so happily to work,
Kindly being crafty, wise as she was young,
Madam, saith she, wil't please you I provide
A nurse to breed the infant you did find,
There is an Hebrew dwelling here beside,
I know can do it fitly to your mind:
For a right Hebrew if the infant be,
(As well produce you instances I can,
And by this child as partly you may see)
It will not suck of an Egyptian.
The courteous princess offered now so fair,
That which before she earnestly desir'd,
That of her foundling had a special care,
The girl to fetch her instantly requir'd.
Away the girl goes, doth her mother tell
What favour God had to her brother shewn,
And what else in this accident befel,
That she might now be nurse unto her own.
Little it boots to bid the wench to ply her,
Nor the kind mother hearken to her son,
Nor to provoke her to the place to hie her,
Which seem'd not now on earthly feet to run:
Slow to herself yet hasting as she flew,
(So fast affection forward did her bear)
As though forewafted with the breath she drew,
Borne by the force of nature and of fear,
Little the time, and little is the way,
And for her business either's speed doth crave,
Yet in her haste bethinks her what to say,
And how herself in presence to behave,
Slack she'll not seem, lest to another's trust
Her hopeful charge were happily directed,
Nor yet too forward shew herself she must,
Lest her sweet fraud thereby might be suspected,
Com'n she doth bow her humbly to the ground,
And every joint incessantly doth tremble,
Gladness and fear each other so confound,
So hard a thing for mothers to dissemble.
Saith this sweet Termuth, Well I like thy beauty,
Nurse me this child (if it thy state behove)
Although a prince I'll not enforce thy duty,
But pay thy labour, and reward thy love:
Though even as God's, is Pharaoh's high command,
And as strong nature so precise and strict,
There rests that power yet in a princess' hand,
To free one Hebrew from this strong edict:
That shall in rich habiliments be dight,
Deck'd in the gems that admirablest shine,
Wearing our own robe gracious in our sight,
Free in our court, and nourished for mine:
Love him, dear Hebrew, as he were thine own;
Good nurse be careful of my little boy,
In this to us thy kindness may be shewn,
Some mother's grief is now a maiden's joy.
This while all mute, the poor astonish'd mother,
With admiration as transpierced stood,
One bursting joy doth so confound another,
Passion so powerful in her ravish'd blood,
Whisp'ring some soft words which deliver'd were,
As rather seem'd her silence to impart,
And being enforc'd from bashfulness and fear,
Came as true tokens of a graceful heart.
Thus she departs her husband to content,
With this dear present back to him she brought,
Making the time short, telling each event,
In all shapes joy presented to her thought.
Yet still his manly modesty was such,
(That his affections strongly so controul'd)
As if joy seem'd his manly heart to touch,
It was her joy and gladness to behold;
When all rejoic'd unmov'd thereat the whiles,
In his grave face such constancy appears,
As now scarce shewing comfort in his smiles,
Nor then revealing sorrow in his tears:
Yet oft beheld it with that stedfast eye,
Which though it 'sdain'd the pleas'dness to confess,
More in his looks in fulness there did lie,
Than all their words could any way express.
(*b*) In time the princess playing with the child,
In whom she seem'd her chief delight to take,
With whom she oft the weary time beguil'd,
That as her own did of this Hebrew make:
It so fell out as Pharaoh was in place,
Seeing his daughter in the child to joy,
To please the princess, and to do it grace,
Himself vouchsafes to entertain the boy:
Whose shape and beauty when he did behold,
With much content his princely eye that fed,
Giving to please it any thing it would,
Set his own crown upon the infant's head,
Which this weak child regarding not all
(As such a baby carelessly is meet)
Unto the ground the diadem let fall,
Spurning it from him with neglectful feet.
Which as the priests beheld this ominous thing,
(That else had past unnoted as a toy)
As from their skill report unto the king,
This was the man that Egypt should destroy.
Told by the Magi that were learn'd and wise,
Which might full well the jealous king enflame,
Said by th' Egyptian ancient prophecies
That might give credit eas'lier to the same.
She as discreet as she was chaste and fair,
With princely gesture, and with countenance mild,
By things that hurtful and most dangerous were,
Shews to the king the weakness of the child:
Hot burning coals doth to his mouth present,
Which he to handle simply doth not stick,
This little fool, this retchless innocent
The burning gleed with his soft tongue doth lick.
Which though in Pharaoh her desire it wrought,
His babish imbecility to see,
To the child's speech impediment it brought,
From which he never after could be free.

(*b*) Josephus Per. Comestor.

The child grew up, when in his manly face
Beauty was seen in an unusual cheer,
Such mixtures sweet of comelinesse and grace,
Likely apparell'd in complexion clear
The part of earth contends with that of heaven,
Both in their proper purity excelling,
To whether more pre-eminence was given,
Which should excel, the dweller or the dwelling.
Men's usual stature he did far exceed,
And every part proportioned so well,
The more the eye upon his shape did feed,
The more it long'd upon the same to dwell:
Each joint such perfect harmony did bear,
That curious judgment taking any limb,
Searching might miss to match it any where,
Nature so fail'd in paralleling him:
His hair bright yellow, on an arched brow
Sat all the beauties kind could ever frame,
And did them there so orderly bestow,
As such a feat of majesty became.
As time made perfect each exterior part,
So still his honour with his years increas'd,
That he sat lord in many a tender heart:
With such high favours his fair youth was blest.

So fell it out that Æthiop war began,
Invading Egypt with their armed powers,
And taking spoils, the country over-ran
To where as Memphis vaunts her climbing towers;
Wherefore they with their oracles confer
About th' event, which do this answer make:
That if they would transport this civil war,
They to their captain must an Hebrew take.
And for fair Moses happily was grown
Of so great towardness and especial hope,
Him they do choose as absolutest known,
To lead their power against the Æthiope.
Which they of Termuth hardly can obtain,
Though on their altars by their gods they vow
Him to deliver safe to her again,
(Once the war ended) safe as he was now.
Who for the way the army was to pass,
That by th' Egyptians only was intended,
Most part by water, more prolixious was
Than present peril any whit commended:
To intercept the Æthiopians wrought
A way far nearer who their legions led,
Which till that time impassable was thought,
Such store of serpents in that place was bred:
Devis'd by birds this danger to eschew,
Whereof in Egypt be exceeding store,
The stork and ibis, which he wisely knew,
All kinds of serpents naturally abhor.
Which he in baskets of Egyptian reed,
Borne with his carriage easily doth convey,
And where encampeth sets them forth to feed,
Which drive the serpents presently away.
Thus them preventing by this subtil course,
That all their succour suddenly bereft,
When Æthiop flies before th' Egyptian force,
Shut up in Saba their last refuge left.
Which whilst with strait siege they beleagued long.
The (*c*) king's fair daughter haps him to behold,
And became fetter'd with affection strong,
Which in short time could hardly be controul'd.

(*c*) Cometlet.

Tarbis that kindled this rebellious rage,
That they to Egypt tributary were,
When the old king decrepit now with age,
She in his stead the sovereignty did bear.
Up to his tower where she the camp might see,
To look her new love every day she went,
And when he happen'd from the field to be,
She thought her blest'd beholding but his tent;
And oftentimes doth modestly inveigh
'Gainst him the city walled first about,
That the strong site should churlishly deny
Him to come in, or her for passing out,
Had the gates been but soften'd as her breast
(That to behold her loved enemy stands)
He had ere this of Saba been possess'd,
And therein planted the Egyptian bands:
Oft from a place as secretly she might
(That from her palace look'd unto his tent)
When she came forth appearing in his sight,
Shewing by signs the love to him she meant.
For in what arms it pleas'd him to be dight,
After the Hebrew or th' Egyptian guise:
He was the bravest, the most goodly wight
That ever graced Æthiop with his eyes.
And finding means to parley from a place
By night, her passion doth to him discover,
To yield the city if he would embrace
Her a true princess, as a faithful lover,
The features of so delicate a dame
Motives sufficient to his youth had been,
But to the lord of kingdoms by the fame,
And of so great and absolute a queen,
Soon gently stole him from himself away,
That doth to him such rarities partake,
Off'ring so rich, so excellent a prey,
Loving the treason for the traitor's sake.

But whilst he lived in this glorious vein,
Israel his conscience oftentimes doth move,
That all this while in Egypt did remain,
Virtue and grace o'ercoming youth and love.
And though God knows unwilling to depart,
From so high empire wherein now he stood,
And her that sat so near unto his heart,
Such power hath Israel in his happy blood,
By skill to quit him forcibly he wrought,
As he was learn'd and traded in the stars,
Both by the Hebrews and th' Egyptians taught,
That were the first, the best astronomers,
(*d*) Two fundry figures makes, whereof the one
Cause them that wear it all things past forget,
As th' other of all accidents foregone
The memory as eagerly do whet,
Which he insculped in two likely stones,
For rareness of invaluable price,
And cunningly contriv'd them for the nones
In likely rings of excellent device:
That of oblivion giving to his queen,
Which soon made shew the violent effect,
Forgot him straight as he had never been,
And did her former kindnesses neglect.
The other (that doth memory assist)
Him with the love of Israel doth inflame;
Departing thence not how the princess wist,
In peace he leaves her as in war he came.

(*d*) Cometlet ex vet. script.

But all the pleasures of th' Egyptian court
Had not such power upon his springing years,
As had the sad and tragical report
Of the rude burdens captiv'd Israel bears:
Nor what regards he to be grac'd of kings?
Or flatter'd greatness idly to await?
Or what respects he the negociating
Matters comporting emperie and state?
The bondage and servility that lay
On buried Israel (sunk in odurous slime)
His grieved spirit down heavily doth weigh,
That to lean care oft lent the prosperous time.
A wretched Hebrew happen'd to behold,
Bruis'd with sad burdens without all remorse,
By an Egyptian barb'rously contruul'd,
Spurning his pin'd and miserable corse,
Which he beholding vexed as he stood,
His fair veins swelling with impatient fire,
Pity and rage so wrestled in his blood
To get free passage to conceived ire,
Rescuing the man th' Egyptian doth resist:
(Which from his vile hands forcibly he took)
And by a strong blow with his valiant fist,
His hateful breath out of his nostrils struck,
Which though his courage boldly dare aver,
In the proud power of his imperious hand,
Yet from high honour deigneth to inter
The wretched carcase in the smouldring sand;
Which then suppos'd in secret to be wrought,
Yet still hath envy such a jealous eye,
As forth the fame incontinent it fought,
And to the king delivered by and by,
Which soon gave vent to Pharoah's cover'd wrath,
Which till this instant reason did confine,
Opening a strait way, and apparent path
Unto that great and terrible design:
Most for his safety forcing his retreat
When now affliction every day did breed,
And when revengeful tyranny did threat
The greatest horror to the Hebrew seed;
To Midian now his pilgrimage he took,
Midians earth's only paradise for pleasures,
Where many a soft rill, many a sliding brook,
Through the sweet valleys trip in wanton measures,
Where as the curl'd groves and the flow'ry fields
To his free soul so peaceable and quiet,
More true delight and choice contentment yields
Than Egypt's braveries and luxurious diet:
And wandering long he happen'd on a well,
Which he by paths frequented might espy,
Border'd with trees where pleasure seem'd to dwell,
Where to repose him, eas'ly down doth lie:
Where the soft winds did mutually embrace
In the cool arbours nature there had made,
Fanning their sweet breath gently in his face
Through the calm cincture of the am'rous shade:
Till now it nigh'd the noon-stead of the day,
When scorching heat the gadding herds do grieve,
When shepherds now and herdsmen every way
Their thirsting cattle to the fountain drive:
Amongst the rest seven shepherdesses went
Along the way for watering of their sheep,
Whose eyes him seemed such reflection sent,
As made the flocks even white that they did keep:
Girls that so goodly and delightful were,
The fields were fresh and fragrant in their view,
Winter was as the spring-time of the year,
The grass so proud that in their footsteps grew:
Daughters they were unto a holy man,
(And worthy too of such a sire to be)
Jethro the priest of fertile Midian,
Few found so just, so righteous men as he.
But see the rude swain, the untutor'd slave,
Without respect or rev'rence to their kind,
Away their fair flocks from the water drave,
Such is the nature of the barb'rous hind.
The maids, perceiving where a stranger sat,
Of whom those clowns so basely did esteem
Were in his presence discontent thereat,
Whom he perhaps improvident might deem;
Which he perceiving kindly doth entreat,
Reproves the rustics for that offer'd wrong,
Averring it an injury too great,
To such, of right, all kindness did belong.
But finding well his oratory fail,
His fists about him frankly he bestows,
That where persuasion could not late prevail,
He yet compelleth quickly by his blows.
Entreats the damsels their abode to make,
With courtly semblance and a manly grace,
At their fair pleasures quietly to take,
What might be had by freedom of the place.
Whose beauty, shape, and courage they admire,
Exceeding these, the honour of his mind,
For what in mortal could their hearts desire,
That in this man they did not richly find?
Returning sooner than their usual hour,
All that had happen'd to their father told,
That such a man reliev'd them by his power,
As one all civil courtesy that could:
Who full of bounty, hospitably meek,
Of his behaviour greatly pleas'd to hear,
Forthwith commands his servants him to seek,
To honour him by whom his honour'd were:
Gently receives him to his goodly seat,
Feasts him his friends and families among,
And him with all those offices entreat,
That to his place and virtues might belong:
Whilst in the beauty of those goodly dames,
Wherein wise nature her own skill admires,
He feeds those secret and impiercing flames,
Nurs'd in fresh youth, and gotten in desires:
Won with this man this princely priest to dwell,
For greater hire than bounty could devise,
For her whose praise makes praise itself excel,
Fairer than fairness, and as wisdom wise.
In her, her sisters severally were seen,
Of every one she was the rarest part,
Who in her presence any time had been,
Her angel-eye transpierced not his heart.
For Zipora a shepherd's life he leads,
And in her sight deceives the subtil hours,
And for her sake oft robs the flow'ry meads,
With those sweet spoils t' enrich her rural bowers,
Up to mount Horeb with his flock he took,
The flock wise Jethro willed him to keep,
Which well he guarded with his shepherd's crook.
Goodly the shepherd, goodly were the sheep:

To feed and fold full warily he knew,
From fox and wolf his wandering flocks to free,
The goodlieſt flowers that in the meadows grew
Were not more freſh and beautiful than he.
Gently his fair flocks leſſow'd he along
Through the ſrim paſtures freely at his leiſure,
Now on the hills, the vallies then among,
Which ſeem themſelves to offer to his pleaſure.
Whilſt feather'd ſilvans from each blooming ſpray,
With murm'ring waters wiſtly as they creep,
Make him ſuch muſic, to abridge the way,
As fits a ſhepherd company to keep.
When lo! that great and fearful God of might
To that fair Hebrew ſtrangely doth appear,
In a buſh burning viſible and bright,
Yet unconſuming as no fire there were:
With hair erected and upturned eyes,
Whilſt he with great aſtoniſhment admires,
Lo! that eternal Rector of the ſkies, [fires:
Thus breathes to Moſes from thoſe quick'ning
Shake off thy ſandals, ſaith the thund'ring God,
With humbled feet my wond'rous power to ſee,
For that the ſoil where thou haſt boldly trod,
Is moſt ſelect and hallow'd unto me:
The righteous Abraham for his God me knew,
Iſaac and Jacob truſted in my name,
And did believe my covenant was true,
Which to their ſeed ſhall propagate the ſame:
My folk that long in Egypt had been barr'd,
Whoſe cries have enter'd heaven's eternal gate,
Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,
Kneeling in tears at our eternal ſtate;
And am come down them in the land to ſee,
Where ſtreams of milk through batful valleys flow,
And luſcious honey dropping from the tree
Load the full flowers that in their ſhadows grow:
By thee my power am purpoſed to try, [bring,
That from rough bondage ſhalt the Hebrews
Bearing that great and fearful embaſſy
To that monarchal and imperious king.
And on this mountain, ſtanding in thy ſight,
When thou returneſt from that conquer'd land,
Thou hallow'd altars unto me ſhalt light,
This for a token certainly ſhall ſtand.
O! who am I! this wond'rous man replies,
A wretched mortal, that I ſhould be ſent,
And ſtand ſo clear in thine eternal eyes,
To do a work of ſuch aſtoniſhment!
And trembling now with a tranſfixed heart,
Humbling himſelf before the Lord, quoth he,
Who ſhall I tell the Hebrews that thou art,
That giv'ſt this large commiſſion unto me?
Say, quoth the ſpirit from that impetuous flame,
Unto the Hebrews aſking thee of this,
That 'twas, I AM; which only is my name,
God of their fathers, ſo my title is;
Divert thy courſe to Goſhen, then again,
And to divulge it conſtantly be bold,
And their glad ears attractively retain,
With what at Sinai Abraham's God hath told:
And tell great Pharoah, that the Hebrews God
Commands from Egypt that he ſet you free,
Three journeys thence in deſerts far abroad
To offer hallow'd ſacrifice to me:
But he refuſing to diſmiſs you ſo,
On that proud king I'll execute ſuch force,
As never yet came from the ſling, the bow,
The keen-edg'd cutlas or the puiſſant horſe.
But if th' afflicted miſerable ſort,
To idle incredulity inclin'd,
Shall not, quoth Moſes, credit my report,
That thou to me haſt ſo great power aſſign'd.
Caſt down, quoth God, thy wand unto the ground.
Which he obeying fearfully, behold
The ſame a ſerpent ſuddenly was found,
Itſelf contorting into many a fold.
With ſuch amazement Moſes doth ſurpriſe,
With cold convulſions ſhrinking every vein,
That his affrighted and uplifted eyes,
Even ſhot with horror, ſink into his brain.
But being encouraged by the Lord to take
The ugly tail into his trembling hand,
As from a dream he ſuddenly doth wake,
When at the inſtant it became a wand.
By the ſame hand into his boſom ſhut,
Whoſe eyes his wither'd leproſy abhorr'd,
When forth he drew it, ſecondly being put,
Unto the former purity reſtor'd.
Theſe ſigns he gives this ſad admiring man,
Which he the weak incredulous ſhould ſhow,
When this frail mortal freſhly now began
To forge new cauſes, why unfit to go?
Egypt accuſing to have done him wrong,
Scantling that bounty nature had beſtow'd,
Which had well-near depriv'd him of his tongue,
Which to this office chiefly had been ow'd:
When he whoſe wiſdom nature moſt obey,
In whoſe reſiſtance reaſon weakly fails,
To whom all human inſtances give way,
'Gainſt whom not ſubtil argument prevails,
Thus doth remove this idle vain excuſe,
Who made the mouth? who th' eye? or who the ear?
Or who deprives thoſe organs of their uſe?
That thou thy imbecility ſhould'ſt fear?
Thy brother Aaron cometh unto thee,
Which as thy ſpeaker purpoſely I bring,
To whom thyſelf even as a God ſhall be,
And he interpret to th' Egyptian king.
That when he at thy miracles ſhall wonder,
And wan with fear ſhall tremble at thy rod,
To feel his power that ſways the dreadful thunder.
That is a jealous and a fearful God.
Then ſhall mine own ſelf purchaſe me renown,
And win me honour by my glorious deed
On all the Pharaohs on th' Egyptian throne,
That this proud mortal ever ſhall ſucceed.

MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

Moſes doth his meſſage bring,
Acts miracles before the king
With him the Magi do contend,
Which he doth conquer in the end,
When by th' extenſure of the wand
He brings ten plagues upon the land,
And in deſpite of Pharaoh's pride,
From Goſhen doth the Hebrews guide.

When now from Midian Moſes forward ſet,
With whom his wife and fair retinue went,
Where on his way him happily hath met
His brother Aaron to the Lord's intent,
And to the Hebrews in th' impatient hand
Of mighty Egypt all his power implies,
And as the Lord expreſsly did command,
Acteth his wonders in their pleaſed eyes.
Thoſe miracles mortality beholds
With an aſtoniſh'd and diſtracted look,
The mind that ſo amazedly enfolds,
That every ſenſe the faculty forſook,
The little infant with abundant joy,
To man's eſtate immediately is ſprung,
And though the old man could not back turn boy,
Caſts half his years ſo much becoming young,
Whilſt mirth in fulneſs meaſureth every eye,
Each breaſt is heap'd up with exceſs of pleaſure,
Rearing their ſpread hands to the glorious ſky,
Gladly embracing the Almighty's leiſure.
Theſe Hebrews ent'ring the Egyptian court,
Their great commiſſion publicly proclaim,
Which there repulſed as a ſlight report,
Doth ſoon denounce defiance to the ſame,
Where now theſe men their miracles commend,
By which their power preciſely might be try'd,
And Pharaoh for his ſorcerers doth ſend,
By them the Hebrews only to deride.
Where heaven muſt now apparently tranſcend
Th' infernal powers imperiouſly to thwart,
And the bright perfect Deity contend
With abſtruſe magic and fallacious art.
Never was ſo miraculous a ſtriſe
Where admiration ever ſo abounded,
Where wonders were ſo prodigally riſe,
That to behold it nature ſtood confounded,
Caſting his rod a ſerpent that became,
Which he ſuppos'd with marvel them might ſtrike,
When every prieſt eſſaying in the ſame,
By his black ſkill did inſtantly the like:
Which Pharaoh's breaſt with arrogance doth fill,
Above the high God's to exalt his power,
When by his power (t' amate their weaker ſkill)
The Hebrew's rod doth all their rods devour:
Which deed of wonder ſlightly he rejects,
His froward ſpirit inſatiently elate,
Which after caus'd thoſe violent effects
That ſat on Egypt with the power of fate.
When he whoſe wiſdom ere the world did fare,
From whom not counſel can her ſecrets hide,
Forewarneth Moſes early to prepare
T' accoſt the proud king by the river's ſide.
What heavenly rapture doth enrich my brain,
And through my blood extravagantly flows,
That doth tranſport me to that endleſs main,
Whereas th' Almighty his high glories ſhows?

That holy heat into my ſpirit infuſe,
Wherewith thou wont'ſt thy prophets to inſpire,
And lend that power to our delightful muſe,
As dwelt in ſounds of that ſweet Hebraick lyre.
A taſk unuſual I muſt now eſſay,
Striving through peril to ſupport this maſs,
No former foot did ever track a way,
Where I propoſe unto myſelf to paſs.
When Moſes meeting the Egyptian king,
Urgeth afreſh the Iſraelites depart,
And him by Aaron ſtoutly menacing,
To try the temper of his ſtubborn heart.
(y) When lo! the torrent, the fleet hurrying flood,
So clear and perfect cryſtaline at hand,
As a black lake or ſettled mariſh ſtood
At the extenſure of the Hebrew's wand.
Where ſegs, rank bulruſh, and the ſharpen'd reed,
That with the fluxure of the wave is fed,
Might be diſcern'd unnaturally to bleed,
Dying their freſh green to a ſullied red:
Like iſſuing ulcers every little ſpring,
That being ripen'd void the filthy core,
Their loathſome ſlime and matter vomiting
Into the rivers they enrich'd before:
What in her banks hath bath'ning Nilus bred,
Serpent, or fiſh, or ſtrange deformed thing,
That on her boſom ſhe not beareth dead,
Where they were born them laſtly burying?
That bird and beaſt incontinently fly
From the deteſted and contagious ſtink,
And rather chooſe by cruel thirſt to die,
Than once to taſte of this contaminate drink;
And uſeful ciſterns delicately fill'd,
With which rich Egypt wond'rnuſly abounds,
Looking as bowls receiving what was ſpill'd
With which rich Egypt wond'rouſly abounds,
That the faint earth even poiſon'd now remains,
In her own ſelf ſo grievouſly dejected,
Horrid pollution travelling her veins,
Deſp'rate of cure ſo dangerouſly infected
The ſpungy ſoil, that digging deep and long
To ſuck clear liquor from her plenteous pores,
This bloody iſſue breaketh out among,
As ſickly menſtruas or inveterate ſores:
Seven days continuing in this flux of blood,
Sadly ſits Egypt a full week of woe,
Shame taints the brow of every ſtew and flood;
Bluſhing, the world her filthineſs to ſhow.
Yet 'ſdains proud Pharaoh Iſrael thus to free,
Nor this dire plague his harden'd heart can tame,
Which he ſuppos'd but fallacies to be,
When his magicians likewiſe did the ſame.
When he again that glorious rod extends
'Gainſt him that heaven preſumeth thus to dare:
On Egypt ſoon a (z) ſecond plague that ſends,
Which he till now ſeem'd partially to ſpare
The ſoil, that late the owner did enrich
Him his fair herds and goodly flocks to feed,
Lies now a leyſtall, or a common ditch,
Where in their todder loathly paddocks breed.

(y) The firſt plague.
(z) The ſecond plague.

Where as the up-land mountainous and high
To them that ſadly do behold it ſhows,
As though in labour with this filthy fry,
Stirring with pain in the parturious throes:
People from windows looking to the ground,
At this ſtupendous ſpectacle amaz'd,
See but their ſorrow every where abound,
That moſt abhorring whereon moſt they gaz'd.
Their troughs and ovens treadſtools now become,
That houſewives wont ſo carefully to keep,
Theſe loathſome creatures taking up the room,
And croaking there continually do creep.
And as great Pharaoh on his throne is ſet,
From thence affrighted with this odious thing,
Which crawling up into the ſame doth get,
And him depoſing ſitteth as a king.
The wearied man his ſpirits that to refreſh
Gets to his bed to free him from his fear,
Scarce laid but feels them at his naked fleſh,
So ſmall the ſuccour that remaineth there.
No court ſo cloſe to which the ſpeckled toad
By ſome ſmall cranny creeps not by and by,
No tower ſo ſtrong, nor natural abode,
To which for ſafety any one might fly.
Egypt now hates the world her ſo ſhould call,
Of her own ſelf ſo grievouſly aſham'd,
And ſo contemned in the eyes of all,
As but in ſcorn ſhe ſcarcely once is nam'd,
When this profane king with a wounded heart
(His Magi though theſe miracles could do)
Sees in his ſoul one greater than their art,
Above all power, that put a hand thereto:
But as theſe plagues and ſad afflictions ceas'd
At the juſt prayer of this mild godlike man,
So Pharaoh's pride and ſtubborneſs increas'd,
And his lewd courſe this headſtrong mortal ran.
Which might have ſurelier ſettled in his mind,
(At his requeſt which Moſes quickly ſlew,
Leaving a ſtench ſo peſtilent behind)
As might preſerve old ſorrows freſhly new.
But ſtay, my muſe, in height of all this ſpeed,
Somewhat plucks back to quench this ſacred heat,
And many perils doth to us areed
In that whereof we ſeriouſly entreat.
Leſt too conciſe injurioufly we wrong
Things that ſuch ſtate and fearfulneſs impart,
Or led by zeal irregularly long,
Infringe the curious liberties of art,
We that calumnious critic may eſchew,
That blaſteth all things with his poiſon'd breath,
Detracting what laboriouſly we do,
Only with that which he but idly ſaith.
O be our guide, whoſe glories now we preach,
That above books muſt ſteer us in our fate,
For never ethnic to this day did teach,
(In this) whoſe method we may imitate.
When now theſe men of miracle proceed,
And by extending of that wond'rous wand,
As that reſiſtleſs providence decreed,
Thereby bring (a) lice on the diſtemper'd land:
All ſtruck with lice ſo numberleſs they lie,
The duſt grown quick in every place doth creep,
The ſands their want do ſecondly ſupply,
As they at length would ſuffocate the deep:

(a) The third plague.

That th' atomi that in the beams appear,
As they the ſun through cranies ſhining ſee,
The form of thoſe deteſted things do bear,
So miſerable the Egyptians be:
Who rak'd the brands the paſſed evening burn'd,
(As is the uſe the morning fire to keep)
To theſe foul vermin finds the aſhes turn'd,
Covering the earth, ſo thick thereon they creep.
Now prince and peaſant equally are dreſt,
The coſtlieſt ſilks and courſeſt rags alike,
The worſt goes now companion with the beſt,
The hand of God ſo generally doth ſtrike.
The king's pavillon and the captive's pad
Are now in choice indifferent unto either,
Great, ſmall, fair, foul, rich, poor, the good and bad,
Do ſuffer in this peſtilence together.
In vain to cleanſe, in vain to purge and pick,
When every mote that with the breath doth riſe,
Forthwith appeareth venomouſly quick,
Although ſo ſmall ſcarce taken with the eyes.
By which his wiſdom ſtrongly doth prevail,
When this ſelf-wiſe, this overweening man,
Even in the leaſt, the ſlighteſt thing doth fail,
The very beggar abſolutely can;
When now theſe wizards with transfixed hearts
To make his glory by the ſame the more,
Confeſs a godhead ſhining through their arts,
Which by their magics they deny'd before.
Yet this proud Pharoah as oppugning fate,
Still doth reſiſt that majeſty ſo high,
And to himſelf doth yet appropriate
A ſupreme power his godhead to deny:
When from his wilful ſtubbornneſs doth grow
That great amazement to all ears and eyes,
When now the Lord by Aaron's rod will ſhow
His mighty power even in the wretched'ſt (*b*) flies:
Varying his vengeance in as many kinds,
As Pharoah doth his obſtinancies vary,
Suiting their plagues ſo fitly with their minds,
As though their ſin his puniſhments did carry.
In ſummer time as in a evening fair,
The gnats are heard in a tumultuous ſound
On tops of hills, ſo troubled is the air
To the diſturbance of the wondering ground.
The ſkies are darken'd as they yet do hover
In ſo groſs clouds congeſted in their flight,
That the whole land with multitudes they cover,
Stopping the ſtreams as generally the light.
O cruel land, might theſe not yet thee move?
Art thou alone ſo deſtitute of fear?
Or doſt thou mean thy utmoſt to approve
How many plagues thou able art to bear?
Three have fore-threat'ned thy deſtruction ſure,
And now the fourth is following on as faſt,
Doſt thou ſuppoſe thy pride can ſtill endure?
Or that his vengeance longer cannot laſt?
Theſe are as weak and worthleſs as the reſt,
Thou much enfeebled, and his ſtrength is more,
Fitly prepar'd thee ſadly to infeſt,
Thy ſins ſo many, by their equal ſtore.
This wretched creature man might well ſuppoſe
To be the leaſt that he had need to fear,
Amongſt the reſt is terrify'd with thoſe
With which before none ever troubled were.

(*b*) The fourth plague.

As we behold a ſwarming caſt of bees
In a ſwoln cluſter to ſome branch to cleave:
Thus do they hang in branches on the trees,
Preſſing each plant, and loading ev'ry greave.
The houſes cover'd with theſe muſt'ring flies,
And the fair windows that for light were made,
Eclips'd with horror, ſeeming to their eyes,
Like the dim twilight, or ſome ominous ſhade.
For human food what Egypt had in ſtore,
The creatures feed on, till they burſting die,
And what in this unhappy land was more,
Their loathſome bodies laſtly putrify.
O goodly Goſhen where the Hebrews reſt,
How dear thy children in th' Almighty's ſight,
That for their ſakes thou only ſhould'ſt be bleſt,
When all theſe plagues on the Egyptians light?
What prov'is'd people reſted thee within,
To whom no peril ever might aſpire,
For whoſe dear ſake ſome watchful cherubim
Stood to defend thee arm'd in glorious fire?
Thou art that holy ſanctuary made,
Where all th' afflicted caſt aſide their fear,
Whoſe privileges ever to invade,
The heavens command their horrors to forbear.
But ſince man's pride and inſolence is ſuch,
Nor by theſe plagues his will to paſs could bring,
Nor with a ſharp and wounding hand will touch
The dearer body of each living thing:
To other ends his courſes to direct,
By all great means his glory to advance,
Altereth the cauſe by altering the effect,
To work by wonder their deliverance.
As Aaron graſping aſhes in his hand,
Which ſcarcely caſt into the open air,
But brings a murrain over all the land,
With (*c*) ſcabs and botches ſuch as never were.
What chews the cud, or hoof, or horn allotted,
Wild in the fields, or tamed by the yoke,
With this contagious peſtilence is rotted,
So univerſal's the Almighty's ſtroke.
The goodly horſe of hot and fiery ſtrain
In his high courage hardly brook'd his food,
That ditch or mound not lately could contain,
On the firm ground ſo ſcornfully that ſtood,
Creſt-fall'n hangs down his hardly manag'd head,
Lies where but late diſdainfully he trod,
His quick eye fixed heavily and dead,
Stirs not when prick'd with the impulſive goad.
The ſwine which nature ſecretly doth teach,
Only by faſting ſickneſſes to cure,
Now but in vain is to itſelf a leech,
Whoſe ſudden end infallibly is ſure.
Where frugal ſhepherds reckoning wool and lamb,
Or who by herds hop'd happily to win,
Now ſees the young one periſh with the dam,
Nor dare his hard hand touch the poiſon'd ſkin.
Thoſe fertile paſtures quickly overſpread
With their dead cattle, where the birds of prey
Gorg'd on the garbadge (woefully beſtead)
Poiſon'd fall down as they would fly away.
And hungry dogs the tainted fleſh refrain'd,
Whereon their maſter gormondiz'd of late,

(*c*) The fifth plague.

What nature for man's appetite ordain'd,
The creature that's moſt ravenous doth hate.
Thus all that breathes and kindly hath encreaſe,
Suffer for him that proudly did offend,
Yet in this manner here it ſhall not ceaſe,
(c) In beaſts begun, in wretched man to end.
To whom it further violently can,
Not by th' Almighty limited to ſlake,
As beaſt is plagued for rebellious man,
Man in ſome meaſure muſt his pain partake.
Thoſe dainty breaſts that open'd lately were,
Which with rich veins ſo curiouſly did flow,
With boils and blains moſt loathſome do appear,
Which now the damſel not deſires to ſhow.
Features disfigur'd only now the fair,
(All are deformed) moſt ill-favour'd be,
Where beauty was moſt exquiſite and rare,
There the leaſt blemiſh eas'lieſt you might ſee.
For coſtly garments faſhion'd with device
To form each choice part curious eyes to pleaſe,
The ſick man's gown is only now in price,
To give their blotch'd and bliſter'd bodies eaſe.
It is in vain the ſurgeon's hand to prove,
Or help of phyſic to aſſuage the ſmart,
For why, the power that ruleth from above
Croſſing all means of induſtry and art.
Egypt is now an hoſpital forlorn,
Where only cripples and diſeaſed are,
How many children to the world are born,
So many lazars thither ſtill repair.
When thoſe proud Magi as oppos'd to fate,
That durſt high heaven in every thing to dare,
Now in moſt vile and miſerable ſtate
As the mean'ſt caitif equally do fare.
Thus ſtands that man ſo eminent alone,
Arm'd with his power that governeth the ſky,
Now when the wizards laſtly overthrown,
Grovelling in ſores before his feet do lie.
Not one is found unpuniſhed eſcapes
So much to do his hungry wrath to feed,
Which ſtill appeareth in as many ſhapes
As Pharoah doth in tyrannies proceed.
(d) Even as ſome grave wiſe magiſtrate to find
Out ſome vile treaſon, or ſome odious crime,
That beareth every circumſtance in mind,
Of place, of manner, inſtance, and of time:
That the ſuſpected ſtrongly doth arreſt,
And by all means invention can deviſe
By hopes or torture out of him to wreſt
The ground, the purpoſe, and confederacies,
Now ſlacks his pain, now doth the ſame augment,
Yet in his ſtrait hand doth contain him ſtill,
Proportioning his alloted puniſhment
As he's removed or pliant to his will.
But yet hath Egypt ſomewhat left to vaunt,
What's now remaining may her pride repair,
But leſt perhaps ſhe ſhould be arrogant,
Till ſhe be humbled he will never ſpare.
Theſe plagues ſeem yet but nouriſhed beneath,
And even with man terreſtrially to move,
Now heaven his fury violently ſhall breath,
Rebellious Egypt ſcourging from above.
(e) Winter let looſe in his robuſtious kind
Wildly runs raving through the airy plains,
As though his time of liberty aſſign'd
Roughly now ſhakes off his impriſ'ning chains.
The winds ſpit fire in one another's face,
And mingled flames fight furiouſly together,
Through the wild heaven that one the other chaſe,
Now flying thence and then returning thither.
No light but lightning ceaſeleſsly to burn
Swifter than thought from place to place to paſs,
And being gone doth ſuddenly return
E'er you could ſay preciſely that it was.
In one ſelf moment darkneſs and the light
Inſtantly born, as inſtantly they die,
And every minute is a day and night
That breaks and ſets in twinkling of an eye.
Mountain and valley ſuffer one ſelf ire,
The ſtately tower and lowly cote alike,
The ſhrub and cedar this impartial fire
In one like order generally doth ſtrike:
On fleſh and plant this ſubtil lightning preys,
As through the pores its paſſage fitly finds,
In the full womb the tender burden ſlays,
Piercing the ſtiff trunk through the ſpungy rinds.
Throughout this great and univerſal ball
The wrath of heaven outrageouſly is thrown,
As the lights quick'ning and celeſtial
Had put themſelves together into one.
This yet continuing the big-bellied clouds,
With heat and moiſture in their fulneſs brake,
And the ſtern thunder from the airy ſhrouds
To the ſad world in fear and horror ſpake.
The black ſtorm bellows and the yerning vault,
Full charg'd with fury as ſome ſignal given,
Preparing their artillery to aſſault,
Shoot their ſtern vollies in the face of heaven.
The bolts new wing'd with fork'd æthereal fire,
Through the vaſt region every where do rove,
Goring the earth in their imperious ire,
Pierce the proud'ſt building, rend the thickeſt grove.
When the breem hail as riſing in degrees
Like ruffled arrows through the air doth ſing,
Beating the leaves and branches from the trees,
Forcing an autumn earlier than the ſpring.
The birds late ſhrouded in their ſafe repair,
Where they were wont from winter's wrath to reſt,
Left by the tempeſt to the open air,
Shot with cold bullets through the trembling breaſt.
Whilſt cattle grazing on the batful ground,
Finding no ſhelter from the ſhower to hide,
In ponds and ditches willingly are drown'd,
That this ſharp ſtorm no longer can abide.
Windows are ſhiver'd to forgotten duſt,
The ſlates fall ſhatter'd from the roof above,
Where any thing finds harbour from this guſt,
Now even as death it feareth to remove.
The rude and moſt impenetrable rock
Since the foundation of the world was laid,
Never before ſtirr'd with tempeſtuous ſhock,
Melts with this ſtorm as ſenſibly afraid.
Never yet with ſo violent a hand,
A brow contracted and ſo full of fear,
God ſcourg'd the pride of a rebellious land,
Since into kingdoms nations gather'd were.
But he what mortal was there ever known,
So many ſtrange afflictions did abide,

(c) The ſixth plague.
(d) A ſimilie of God's juſtice.
(e) The ſeventh plague.

On whom ſo many miſeries were thrown,
Whom heaven ſo oft and angerly did chide?
Who but relenting Moſes doth relieve?
Taking off that which oft on him doth light,
Whom God ſo oft doth puniſh and forgive,
Thereby to prove his mercy and his might.
So that eternal providence could frame
The means whereby his glory ſhould be try'd,
That as he pleaſe, miraculouſly can tame
Man's ſenſual ways, his tranſitory pride.
But Pharoah bent to his rebellious will,
His hate to Iſrael inſtantly renews,
Continuing author of his proper ill,
When now the plague of graſhoppers enſues.
(f) Long e'er they fell, on th' face of heaven they hung,
In ſo vaſt clouds as covered all the ſkies,
Colouring the ſun-beams piercing through their throng,
With ſtrange diſtraction to beholding eyes.
This idle creature that is ſaid to ſing
In wanton ſummer, and in winter poor,
Praiſing the emmet's painful labouring,
Now eats the labourer and the heaped ſtore.
No blade of graſs remaineth to be ſeen,
Weed, herb, nor flower, to which the ſpring gives birth,
Yet ev'ry path, even barren hills are green,
With thoſe that eat the greenneſs from the earth.
What is moſt ſweet, what moſt extremely ſour,
The loathſome hemlock as the verdurous roſe,
Theſe filthy locuſts equally devour,
So do the heavens of every thing diſpoſe.
The trees all barkleſs nakedly are left
Like people ſtript of things that they did wear,
By the enforcement of diſaſtrous theft,
Standing as frighted with erected hair:
Thus doth the Lord her nakedneſs diſcover,
Thereby to prove her ſtoutneſs to reclaim,
That when nor fear nor puniſhment could move her,
She might at length be tempted with her ſhame.
Diſrob'd of all her ornaments ſhe ſtands,
Wherein rich nature whilom did her dight,
That the ſad verges of the neighbouring lands
Seem with much ſorrow wond'ring at the ſight.
But Egypt is ſo impudent and vile,
No bluſh is ſeen that pity might compel,
That from all eyes to cover her a while,
The Lord in darkneſs leaveth her to dwell.
(g) Over the great and univerſal face
Are drawn the curtains of the horrid night,
As it would be continually in place,
That from the world had baniſhed the light.
As to the ſight, ſo likewiſe to the touch
Th' appropriate object equally is dealt,
Darkneſs is now ſo palpable and much,
That as 'tis ſeen, as eaſily is felt.
Who now it hap'd to travel by the way,
Or in the field did chance abroad to roam;
Looſing himſelf then wander'd as aſtray,
Nor finds his hoſtry nor returneth home.

(f) The eighth plague.
(g) The ninth plague.

The cock the country horologe that rings
The cheerful warning to the ſun's awake,
Miſſing the dawning ſcantles in his wings,
And to his rooſt doth ſadly him betake.
One to his neighbour in the dark doth call,
When the thick vapour ſo the air doth ſmother,
Making the voice ſo hideous therewithal,
That one's afraid to go unto the other.
The little infant for the mother ſhrieks,
Then lies it down aſtoniſhed with fear,
Who for her child whilſt in the dark ſhe ſeeks,
Treads on the babe that ſhe doth hold ſo dear.
Darkneſs ſo long upon the land doth dwell,
Whilſt men amaz'd, the hours are ſtol'n away,
Erring in time that now there's none can tell
Which ſhould be night, and which ſhould be the day.
Three doubled nights the proud Egyptian lies
With hunger, thirſt, and wearineſs oppreſt,
Only relieved by his miſeries,
By fear enforced to forget the reſt.
Thoſe lights and fires they laboured to defend,
With the foul damp that over all doth flow,
Such an eclipſed fulliedneſs doth ſend,
That darkneſs far more terrible doth ſhow;
When the perplexed and aſtoniſh'd king,
'Twixt rage and fear diſtracted in his mind,
Iſrael to paſs now freely limiting,
Only their cattle to be ſtaid behind.
Commanding Moſes to depart his ſight,
And from that time to ſee his face no more,
Which this mild man doth willingly acquit
That he well knew would come to paſs before.
That for the droves the Iſraelites ſhould leave,
Forbid by Pharaoh to be borne away,
Iſrael ſhall Egypt of her ſtore bereave,
To bear it with her as a violent prey.
So wrought her God in the Egyptians thought,
As he is only provident and wiſe,
That he to paſs for his choice people brought
More than man's wiſdom ever might deviſe.
Touching their ſoft breaſts with a wounding love
Of thoſe who yet they enviouſly admir'd,
Which doth the happy Jacobites behove,
To compaſs what they inſtantly requir'd,
That every Hebrew borrowed of a friend
Some ſpecial jewel feignedly to uſe,
Every Egyptian willing is to lend,
Nor being aſk'd can poſſibly refuſe.
Now cloſets, cheſts, and cabinets are ſought
For the rich gem, the rarity, or thing,
And they the happieſt of the reſt are thought,
That the high'ſt priz'd officiouſly could bring.
Rings, chains, and bracelets, jewels for the ear,
The perfect glorious, and moſt luſtrous ſtone,
The carcanet ſo much requeſted there,
The pearl moſt orient, and a paragon.
What thing ſo choice that curious art could frame,
Luxurious Egypt had not for her pride?
And what ſo rare an Iſraelite could name,
That he but aſking was thereof deny'd?
When God doth now the paſſover command,
Whoſe name that ſacred myſtery doth tell,
That he paſs'd o'er them with a ſpareful hand,
When all th' firſt-born of th' Egyptians fell,

Which ſhould to their poſterity be taught,
That might for ever memorize this deed,
The fearful wonders he in Egypt wrought,
For Abraham's offſpring, Sarah's promis'd ſeed.
A lamb unblemiſh'd, or a ſpotleſs kid,
That from the dam had weaned out a year,
Which he without deformity did bid,
Held to himſelf a ſacrifice ſo dear.
Roaſted and eaten with unleaven'd bread,
And with ſour herbs ſuch viands as became,
Meat for the ev'ning, that prohibited
The morn enſuing partner of the ſame.
Girding their loins, ſhoes faſten'd to their feet,
Staves in their hands, and paſſing it to take,
In manners as to travellers is meet,
A voyage forth immediately to make.
Whoſe blood being put upon the outmoſt poſts,
Whereby his choſen Iſraelites he knew,
That night ſo dreadful when the Lord of hoſts
All the (*b*) firſt-born of the Egyptians ſlew.
Darkneſs invades the world, when now forth went
The ſpoiling angel as the Lord did will,
And where the door was not with blood beſprent,
There the firſt-born he cruelly did kill.
Night never ſaw ſo tragical a deed,
Thing ſo replete with heavineſs and ſorrow,
Nor ſhall the day hereafter ever read
Such a black time as the enſuing morrow.
The dawn now breaking, and with open ſight
When every lab'ring and affrighted eye
Beholds the ſlaughter of the paſſed night,
The parting plague protracted miſery.
One to his neighbour haſtes his heedleſs feet,
To bring him home his heavy chance to ſee,
And him he goes to by the way doth meet,
As grieved and as miſerable as he.
Who out of door now haſtily doth come,
Thinking to howl and bellow forth his woe,
Is for his purpoſe deſtitute of room,
Each place with ſorrow doth ſo overflow.
People awaked with this ſudden fright,
Run forth their doors as naked as they be,
Forget the day, and bearing candle light
To help the ſun their miſeries to ſee.
Who loſt his firſt-born e'er this plague begun,
Is now moſt happy in this time of woe,
Who mourn'd his eld'ſt, a daughter or a ſon,
Is now exempt from what the reſt muſt do.
To one that fains poor comfort to his friend,
His child was young, and need the leſs be car'd,
Replies if his had liv'd the other's end,
With all his heart he could him well have ſpar'd.
No eye can lend a mourning friend one tear,
So buſy is the gen'ral heart of moan,
So ſtrange confuſion ſits in every ear,
As warneth power to entertain his own.

(*b*) The tenth plague.

Imparted woe, the heavy heart's relief,
When it hath done the utmoſt that it may,
Outright is murder'd with a ſecond grief,
To ſee one mute tell more than it can ſay:
The greateſt bleſſing that the heart could give,
The joy of children in the married ſtate,
To ſee his curſe the parent now doth live,
And none be happy but th' unfortunate.
Whilſt ſome for burial of their children ſtay,
Others paſs by with theirs upon the bier,
Which from the church met mourners by the way,
Others they find that yet are burying there.
Afflicted London, in ſix hundred three,
When God thy ſin ſo grievouſly did ſtrike,
And from th' infection that did ſpring from thee,
The ſpacious iſle was patient of the like.
That ſickly ſeaſon, when I undertook
This compoſition faintly to ſupply,
When thy affliction ſerv'd me for a book
Whereby to model Egypt's miſery.
When pallid horror did poſſeſs the ſtreet,
Nor knew thy children refuge where to have,
Death them ſo ſoon in every place did meet,
Unpeopling houſes to poſſeſs the grave.
When woeful Egypt with a wounded heart
Su many plagues that ſuffered for their ſtay,
Now on their knees entreat them to depart,
And even impatient of their long delay.
Six hundred thouſand Iſraelites depart,
Beſides the nations that they thence releas'd,
And Hebrew babes, the joy of many a heart,
That Sarah's happy promiſes had bleſs'd.
After four hundeed thirty years expir'd,
(Meaſuring by minutes many a woeful hour)
That day they came they thence again depart,
By his eternal providence and power.
With all the jewels Egypt could afford
With them away that wiſely they did bear,
Th' Egyptians aſk'd not to have back reſtor'd,
All then ſo buſy at their burials were:
And (*i*) Joſeph's bones preciſely thence convey,
Whoſe tomb by Nile's oft inundations drown'd,
Yet the deceaſed ſtrictly to obey)
By Moſes were miraculouſly found.
(*k*) Who did in gold that powerful word engrave,
By which th' Almighty fully is expreſt,
Which bare the metal floating on the wave,
Till o'er his coffin laſtly it did reſt.
As by a ſheep that ſhew'd them to the ſame,
To make them mindful of the reverend dead,
Which beaſt thence forth they call'd by Joſeph's name
And when they went from Egypt, with them led.
But that he thus did find his burying place,
As we tradition wiſely may ſuſpect,
We only this as hiſtory embrace,
But elſe in faith as fabulous neglect.

(*i*) Cometter in Exod.
(*k*) Tetragammaton.

MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

God drowns th' Egyptians in his ire,
Doth march before his hoſt in fire,
From the hard rocks ſtrikes guſhing ſprings,
Rains quails and manna, conquers kings,
And fearful plagues on them doth try,
For murm'ring and idolatry:
Unto the promiſs'd land them brought,
When it they forty years had fought;
Balaam to bleſs them he doth ſend,
Their good ſucceſs, mild Moſes' end.

THOSE which at home ſcorn'd Pharoah and his force,
And whoſe departure he did humbly pray,
He now purſues with his Egyptian horſe
And warlike foot to ſpoil them on the way.
Where his choice people ſtrongly to protect,
The only God of empire and of might,
Before his hoſt his ſtandard doth erect,
A glorious pillar in a field of light,
Which he by day in ſable doth unfold,
To dare the ſun his ardour to forbear,
By night converts it into flaming gold,
Away the coldneſs of the ſame to fear.
Not by Philiſtia he his force will lead,
Though the far nearer and the happier way,
His men of war a glorious march ſhall tread
On the vaſt bowels of the bloody ſea.
And ſends the winds as couriers forth before
To make them way from Pharoah's power to fly,
And to convey them to a ſafer ſhore;
Such is his might that can make oceans dry.
Which by the ſtroke of that commanding wand,
Shoulder'd the rough ſeas forcibly together,
Raiſed as ramparts by that glorious hand,
('Twixt which they march) that did conduct them thither.
The ſurly waves their ruler's will obey'd,
By him made up in this confuſed maſs,
Like as an ambuſh ſecretly were laid,
To ſet on Pharoah as his power ſhould paſs.
Which ſoon with wombs inſatiably wide, [power,
Loos'd from their late bounds by th' Almighty's
Came raging in, encloſing every ſide,
And the Egyptians inſtantly devour.
The ſling, the ſtiff bow, and the ſharpen'd launce,
Floating confus'dly on the waters rude,
They which theſe weapons lately did advance,
Periſh in ſight of them that they purſu'd.
Claſhing of armours, and the rumorous ſound
Of the ſtern billows in contention ſtood,
Which to the ſhores do every way rebound,
As doth affright the monſters of the flood.
Death is diſcern'd triumphantly in arms
On the rough ſeas his ſlaughtery to keep,
And his cold ſelf in breath of mortals warms,
Upon the dimpled boſom of the deep.

There might you see a chequer'd ensign swim
About the body of the envy'd dead,
Serve for a hearse or coverture to him,
Ere while did wast it proudly 'bout his head:
The warlike chariot turn'd upon the back
With the dead horses in their traces ty'd,
Drags their fat carcase through the foamy brack
That drew it late undauntedly in pride.
There floats the bard steed with his rider drown'd,
Whose foot in his caparison is cast,
Who late with sharp spurs did his courser wound,
Himself now ridden with his strangled beast.
The waters conquer (without help of hand)
For them to take for which they never toil,
And like a quarry cast them on the land,
As those they slew they left to them to spoil.
In eighty-eight at Dover that had been,
To view that navy (like a mighty wood)
Whose sails swept heaven, might easily there have seen,
How puissant Pharoah perish'd in the flood.
What for a conquest strictly they did keep,
Into the channel presently was pour'd.
Castilian riches scatter'd on the deep,
That Spain's long hopes had suddenly devour'd.
Th' afflicted English rang'd along the strand
To wait what would this threat'ning power betide,
Now when the Lord with a victorious hand
In his high justice scourg'd th' Iberian pride.
Hence three days march to Mara leads them on,
Where Sur's wild deserts as the army past
Seemed as from their presence to have flown,
The mountains stood so miserably aghast.
Where, for with drought they hardly are bested,
And the foul waters bitter as the gall,
That they should through this wilderness be led
To thankless murm'ring presently they fall.
God pointeth Moses to a precious tree,
Whose med'c'nal branches cast into the lake,
Of that rare virtue he approv'd to be,
The waters sweet and delicate to make.
Not that his hand stands any way in need
Of mediate means his purposes to bring,
But that in state his wisdom will proceed
To shew his power in every little thing.
Nor metaphysics fully him confine,
All measuring so immeasurably great,
That doth in nature every cause combine,
This All in him so aptly hath receate.
Which might have learn'd them in this helpless case,
With tribulations willingly to meet,
When men with patience troubles do embrace,
How oftentimes it makes afflictions sweet.
And his free bounty fully now they found,
As they for Mara to mount Sinai made,
Pitching in Elim in that plenteous ground
Of pleasant fountains and delicious shade.
But as at Sur, so they again at Sin,
Before of thirst, of hunger now complain,
Wishing they might in Egypt still have been,
Where never famine all their time did reign.
When clouds of quails from the Arabian shore
Upon the camp immediately are sent,
Which came so long and in such marv'lous store,
That with their flight they smother'd every tent:
This glads the ev'ning, each unto his rest,
With souls even sated with these dainty cates,
And the great goodness of the Lord confest,
That in like measures each participates.
The morn strews manna all about the host
(The meat of Angels) mortals to refresh,
Candying the fresh grass, as the winter's frost,
Never such bread unto such dainty flesh.
O Israel pamper'd with this heavenly food,
Which else to nations earthly he denies,
To raise thy spirits, to rectify thy blood
With these so rare celestial purities.
Then the fat flesh-pots they so much desire,
Whereon in Egypt gluttoning they fed,
When they came hungry home from carrying mire,
Which only dulness, and gross humours bred.
Yet in the sweetness and th' abundant store,
His power not so conclusively expreft,
But who took most not capable of more
Than in his Gomer he that gathered least.
By night corrupting, each day gathering new,
But for the Sabbath what they did provide,
That day descended not that heavenly dew,
That as that day was only sanctify'd.
Thence through those deserts desolate and dry,
They reach to Raph'dem where as they should pass,
There was not found a fountain far nor nigh,
Such want of water every where there was.
Thither the Lord by Moses did them bring,
His force the faithless Israelites might know,
For even in the impossiblest thing,
He most delights his wond'rous might to show.
Far worse than Mara is this fruitless soil,
For there were waters (bitter though they were)
But here are none, though sought with ne'er such toil,
That they from murm'ring longer not forbear.
Commanding Moses he should take the rod,
Wherewith in Egypt he such wonders wrought,
For that most wise, that secret-seeing God
Saw there were some thus reason'd in their thought,
The mystery of that miraculous wand
He did to plagues and fearful things imply,
That Aaron yet ne'er took it in his hand,
When work of mercy was atchiev'd thereby.
Therefore bids Moses to his high intent,
The same to use, they visibly might see,
That this which erst had been the instrument
Of justice, so of clemency to be.
Which with a blow, the cleeves in sunder crackt,
As with an earthquake violently rent,
Whence came so strong and rough a cataract,
That in the stones wore gutters as it went.
The springs spout forth such plenty, that withal
Down the slope sides it violently swept,
So divers ways, so various in the fall,
Through every cranny the clear water crept.
In pails, kits, dishes, basons, pinboukes, bowls,
Their scorched bosoms merrily they baste,
Until this very hour their thirsty souls
Never touch'd water of so sweet a taste.

Scarcely ſuffic'd but in the very neck
Of this, 'tis bruted by the watchful poſt,
That the near-bord'ring envious Amalek
Was marching towards them with a mighty hoſt.
When he forth Joſhua from the reſt doth draw,
A man ſelected, of courageous ſpirit,
Which Moſes with prophetic eye foreſaw,
Should be the man his room that ſhould inherit.
Commanding him to muſter out of hand,
And draw his forces preſently to head,
Againſt that proud Amalekite to ſtand,
Which in the field a puiſſant army led.
Whilſt on rock Horeb, with erected hand,
Bearing the rod up to the glorious ſky,
'Twixt Hur and Aaron, Amram's ſon doth ſtand,
Whilſt both the hoſts for victory do try.
When blades are brandiſh'd, and the fight begun,
War's thund'ring horror trumpets do proclaim,
With the reflection of the radiant ſun,
Seems to beholders as a general flame.
Much courage and dexterity that day
On either ſide ſufficiently is ſhown,
And on the earth full many a ſoldier lay,
Thruſting through danger to make good his own.
Here men might ſee how many a ſtrenuous guide
Striveth to make his enemy to bleed,
Now the fierce vaward, then the rereward ply'd,
As he perceiveth the battalions need.
They fight the full day, he the rod upheld,
But when his ſtrength by long continuing fails,
Where as before the Iſraelites had quell'd,
The adverſe proud Amalekite prevails.
Whilſt the two Hebrews provident of harms,
Setting grave Moſes down upon a ſtone,
And by their force ſupport his wearied arms,
Until the foe was laſtly overthrown.
Jethro the juſt, to whom report had told
Th' atchievements wrought by his renowned ſon,
That all the world did tributary hold,
By deeds in Egypt God by him had done:
This good old man to conſummate their joys,
In happy hour his ſon is come to ſee,
Bringing his wife and his two little boys
Moſes ſent back to Midian ſafe to be:
Which by this time two proper youths are grown,
Bred by their grandſire with exceeding care,
In all the hoſt there hardly could be ſhown
That with thoſe boys for beauty could compare.
Such mirth and feaſting as for them was ſeen,
For this grave father and this goodly dame,
Unto this day in Iſrael had not been,
Since to kind Joſeph righteous Jacob came.
The day mild Moſes ſcarcely can ſuffice
To tell this man the troubles they had paſt,
The wonders God had acted in their eyes,
Since they in Midian kindly parted laſt.
Jethro that mark'd the pains that Moſes took,
In riſing early, and in reſting late,
That did himſelf into all cauſes look,
And in his perſon cenſure each debate:
This princely prieſt, a man exceeding wiſe,
And long experienc'd in this great affair,
(For at that time few ſtates or monarchies
Whoſe government he could not well declare)
Reproves good Moſes in this zealous deed:
Quoth he, Methinks thou doſt not well in this,
The courſe wherein I ſee thou doſt proceed
Trouble to thee and to the people is.
Appoint out judges, and inferior courts,
'Twixt the plebeians and thyſelf to be,
From them receive thoſe matters by report,
Speak thou to God, and let them ſpeak to thee;
In things important be thou ſtill in place,
In leſſer cauſes leaving them to deal,
So may you both your quietneſs embrace,
By an exact and perfect commonweal.
Now when to Sinai they approached near,
God calls up Moſes to the mount above,
And all the reſt commandeth to forbear,
Nor from the bounds aſſign'd them to remove.
For who the limits looſely did exceed,
Which were by Moſes mark'd them out beneath,
The Lord had irrevocably decreed
With darts or ſtones ſhould ſurely die the death.
Where as the people in a wond'rous fright
(With hearts tranſfixed even with frozen blood)
Beheld their leader openly in ſight
Paſs to the Lord, where he in glory ſtood.
Thunder and lightning led him down the air,
Trumpets celeſtial ſounding as he came,
Which ſtruck the people with aſtounding fear,
Himſelf inveſted in a ſplendrous flame.
Sinai before him fearfully doth ſhake,
Covered all over in a ſmould'ring ſmoke,
As ready the foundation to forſake,
On the dread preſence of the Lord to look.
Erect your ſpirits and lend attentive ear
To mark at Sinai what to you is ſaid,
Weak Moſes now you ſhall not ſimply hear,
The ſon of Amram and of Jacobed.
But he that Adam did imparadiſe,
And lent him comfort in his proper blood,
And ſaved Noah, that did the ark deviſe,
When the old world elſe periſh'd in the flood,
To righteous Abraham Canaan frankly lent,
And brought forth Iſaac ſo extremely late,
Jacob ſo fair and many children ſent,
And rais'd chaſte Joſeph to ſo high eſtate.
He whoſe juſt hand plagu'd Egypt for your ſake,
That Pharaoh's power ſo ſcornfully did mock,
Why for his people through the ſea did make,
Gave food from heaven, and water from the rock.
Whilſt Moſes now in this cloud cover'd hill
Full forty days his pure abode did make,
Whilſt that great God in his almighty will,
With him of all his ordinances brake.
The decalogue from which religion took
The being; ſin and righteouſneſs began
The different knowledge; and the certain book
Of teſtimony betwixt God and man.
The ceremonial as judicious laws,
From his high wiſdom that receiv'd their ground,
Not to be alter'd in the ſmalleſt clauſe,
But as their Maker wond'rouſly profound.
The compoſition of that ſacred phane,
Which as a ſymbol curiouſly did ſhew,
What all his ſix days workmanſhip contain,
Whoſe perfect model his own finger drew.

Whose absence thence gave leisure to their lust,
Oppugning Aaron, idols them to frame,
And by their power still strengthen this disgust,
In him denouncing the Almighty's flame.
A gold made god how durst you ever name,
For him so long had led you from the sky,
In sight of Sinai crowned with a flame,
His glory thence residing in your eye?
Such things might melt mortality to see,
That even the very elements did fright,
He that in Egypt had perform'd for thee
What made the world amazed at his might.
Thy soul transpierced ne'er before thou felt'st,
But like a quarry it even clave thy breast,
Coming from Sinai when as thou beheld'st
Th' elected Israel kneeling to a beast.
Him sense forsook, his sinews strengthless are,
He came so much amazed therewithal,
The stony tables slipp'd him unaware,
That with their own weight brake them in the fall.
Down this proud lump ambitiously he flung,
Into base dust dissolving it with fire,
That since they for variety did long,
They should thereby even surfeit their desire.
And sent the mineral through their hateful throats,
Whence late those horrid blasphemies did fly,
On bestial figures when they fell to doat
In prostitution to idolatry.
Now when this potion that they lately took,
This chymic medicine (their deserved fare)
Upon their beards, and on their bosoms stuck,
He doth their slaughter presently prepare.
What's he himself to Levi could ally
Before this calf not sinfully did fall,
Girds not his broad blade to his sinewy thigh,
When he hears Moses unto arms to call?
Killing not him appointed he should slay,
Though they had slept in either's arms before,
Though in one womb they at one burthen lay,
Yea, when this dead, though that could be no more?
You whom not Egypt's tyranny could wound,
Nor seas, nor rocks could any thing deny,
That till this day no terror might astound
On the sharp points of your own swords to die?
When Moses now those tables to renew
Of that essential Deity doth merit,
Which from his hands he dissolutely threw
In the deep anguish of his grieved spirit.
When forty days without all nat'ral food,
He on Mount Sinai fixed his abode,
Retaining strength and fervour in his blood,
Rapt with the presence of that glorious God.
Who in his high estate whilst he past by
In the cleft rock that holy man did hide,
Lest he should perish by his radiant eye,
When Moses seeing but his glorious side,
Celestial brightness seized on his face,
That did the wond'ring Israelites amaze,
When he returned from that sovereign place,
His brows encircled with splendidious rays;
That their weak sight beholding of the same,
He after cover'd from the common eyes,
Lest when for answer unto him they came,
The lustful people should idolatrize.

Might we those muster'd Israelites admire,
From plains of Sinai mighty Moses led,
Or else to view that opulent desire,
To that rich ark so freely offered,
The marv'lous model of that rarest piece,
Th' engravings, carvings, and embroideries tell,
The cunning work and excellent device
Of neat Aholiah, and Bezaliel.
But we our Moses seriously pursue,
And our strong nerves to his high praise apply,
That through this maze shall guide us as a clew,
And may his virtues absolutely try.
Whose charge being weary of their mighty arms,
And much offended they had march'd so long,
As oft disturbed with their stern alarms,
Suppose by Moses to have suffered wrong.
When with the luggage such as lagg'd behind,
And that were set the carriages to keep,
'Gainst God and Moses grievously repin'd,
Wanting a little sustenance and sleep.
Who with their murm'ring moved in his ire,
That they so soon his providence mistrust,
Down from his full hand flung that forceful fire,
Which in a moment bruis'd their bones to dust.
Other the mutt'ring Israelites among,
When now to Pharan having come so far,
For flesh, fish, sallads, and for fruits do long,
Manna, they say, is not for men of war.
Their glut'nous stomachs lothe that heavenly bread,
That with full chargers hunger here relieves,
As by the belly when they strongly fed
On hearty garlic and the flesh of beeves.
Mild man, what fearful agony thee vex'd,
When thou thy God unkindly didst upbraid?
How grievously thy suff'ring soul perplex'd,
When thou repin'st the charge on thee was laid?
With God to reason why he should dispose
On thee that burthen heavy to sustain,
As though he did his purposes enclose
Within the limits of man's shallow brain.
To judge so many marching every day,
That all the flesh of forest and of flood,
(When the wild deserts scarcely yield them way)
Should them suffice for competence of food.
That thou should'st wish that hand so full of dread
Thy ling'ring breath should suddenly expire,
Than that the clamorous multitude should spread
These wicked slanders to incite his ire.
That God to punish whom he still did love,
And in compassion of thy frailties fear,
The spirit he gave thee lastly should remove
To those thy burthen that should after bear.
O wond'rous man! who parallell'd thee ever?
How large a portion didd'st thou inherit?
That unto seventy he should it dissever,
Yet all be prophets only with thy spirit?
When, lo, a cloud comes sailing with the wind,
Unto these rebels terrible to see,
That when they now some fearful thing divin'd,
A flight of quails perceived it to be.
A full day's journey round about the host,
Two cubits thickness over all they flew,
That when by Israel he was tempted most,
His glory then most notably to shew.

The greedy people with the very ſight
Are fill'd before they come thereof to taſte,
That with ſuch ſurfeit gluts their appetite,
Their qu[illegible]ſy ſtomachs ready are to caſt.
Thoſe that for beef in gluttony did call
Thoſe the high'ſt God his powerfulneſs to try,
Cloys with the fowl that from the heavens do fall,
Until they ſtuff their ſtomachs by the eye.
But whilſt the fleſh betwixt their teeth they chew,
And ſuck the fat ſo delicately ſweet,
(With too much plenty that even ſulſome grew
That lies ſo common trodden under feet.)
That God impartial and ſo rightly juſt,
When he had given them more than they deſire,
Duly to puniſh their inſatiate luſt,
Pours down his plagues conſuming as his fire.
And with a ſtrong hand violently ſtrake
Their blood, diſtemper'd with luxurious diet,
That ſoon the ſores in groins and arm-pits brake,
Thus could the Lord ſcourge their rebellious riot.
Aaron and Miriam, all too much it were
For grief when Moſes ready is to die;
But you whom one womb happily did bear
'Gainſt your mild brother needs muſt mutiny.
O unkind Aaron, when thou fondly fram'dſt,
That beaſt-like idol bowing Iſrael's knee,
He then thee begg'd, and thoſe ſo baſely blam'dſt,
And did divert the judgment due to thee.
Immodeſt Miriam, when the hand of might
Left thee with lothſome leproſy defil'd,
Contemn'd and abject in the vileſt ſight,
From the great hoſt perpetually exil'd:
When thou hadſt ſpit the utmoſt of thy ſpite,
And for thy ſin this plague on thee was thrown,
He not forſook thee, but in heavy plight
Kneeling to God obtain'd thee for his own.
His wond'rous patience ever was apply'd
To thoſe on him that cauſeleſsly complain,
Who did with comely careleſsneſs deride
What happy men ſhould evermore diſdain.
When now the ſpials for the promis'd ſoil,
For the twelve tribes that twelve in number went,
Having diſcover'd forty days with toil,
Safely return'd as happily they went:
Bringing the figs, pomegranates, and the grapes,
Whoſe verdurous cluſters that with moiſture ſwell,
Seem by the taſte and ſtrangeneſs of the ſhapes,
The place that bare them faithfully to tell:
That well expreſs'd the nature of the earth,
So full of liquor and ſo wond'rous great,
That from ſuch wiſhed fruitfulneſs in birth,
Suck'd the ſweet marrow of a plenteous teat.
But whilſt they ſtand attentively to hear
The ſundry ſoils wherein they late had been,
Telling what giants did inhabit there,
What towns of war that walled they had ſeen.
Of Anack's offspring when they came to tell,
And their huge ſtature when they let them ſee,
And of their ſhapes ſo terrible and fell,
Which were ſuppos'd the Titanois to be;
Their hearts ſunk down, and though the fruits they ſaw
By their rare beauty might allure their eyes,
Yet this report their coward ſouls did awe,
And ſo much daunt the forward enterpriſe,
That they their God do utterly refuſe,
Againſt juſt Moſes openly exclaim,
And were in hand a captain them to chooſe
To guide them back to Goſhen whence they came,
Not at the dread of the Egyptian days,
What by mild Moſes he to paſs had brought,
Nor ſeen by him done at the purple ſeas,
On their vile minds a higher temper wrought.
Whom when of God he begg'd with bloody eyes,
And againſt heaven did obſtinately ſtrive,
Obtain'd ſo hardly their immunities,
Whoſe ſin ſeem'd greater than he could forgive.
Caleb and Joſhua, you courageous men,
When bats and ſtones againſt your breaſts were laid,
Oppoſe yourſelves againſt the other ten,
That expedition baſely that diſſuade.
Quoth they, To conquer as he did before
No more than men, what praiſe his puiſſance yields,
But he whoſe force the very rocks did gore,
Can with the ſame hand cleave their brazen ſhields.
He that foreſaw that this ſhould be our ſeat,
And only knew the goodneſs of the ſame,
Poſſeſs'd the place with thoſe that were ſo great
For us to keep it ſafely till we came.
For which the Lord did vow that not a man
At Sinai muſter'd, where ſuch numbers were,
Should live to come to fruitful Canaan,
Only thoſe two ſo well themſelves that bear.
And for the baſeneſs of thoſe recreant ſpies,
Whoſe melting minds this impious ſlander bred,
And the vile people's incredulities,
In that their God ſo ſtrongly promiſed.
For forty days diſcovery of the land,
They forty years in wilderneſs ſhall waſte,
Conſum'd with plagues from his impetuous hand,
Until that age be abſolutely paſt.
Which ſcarcely ſpoke, but quickly took effect,
For thoſe ſo cold, and cowardly before,
Hearing the cenſure of their baſe neglect,
To make his vengeance and their ſin the more.
Ent'ring the land which Moſes them denies,
Their deſp'rate will no better can afford,
Offering thoſe lives they did ſo lightly prize
Unto the vengeance of the heath'niſh ſword.
And in the hoſt new factions daily grew,
When Choran, Dathan, and Abiram riſe,
Two hundred men of ſpecial note that drew,
Whoſe ſtrength gave power to their confederacies.
But the vaſt earth incontinently clave,
And on the ſudden hurried them to hell;
With the ſhrill ſcream the ſhrieking people gave,
The fainting hoſt into a fever fell:
The reſt of the conſpirators were left
(From the firſt's fall enforcing their retire,
Of all the ſuccours of the hoſt bereft)
Conſum'd to aſhes with heaven's violent fire
And thoſe th' abettors of this vile attempt
That did mild Moſes cruelly purſue,
From th' other's ſin that could not be exempt,
Them with the dreadful peſtilence he ſlew.
That had not Aaron when all hope was fled,
With holy incenſe their atonement wrought,
Thruſting himſelf 'twixt the living and the dead,
All had to ruin utterly been brought.

Where fourteen thouſand and ſeven hundred ſunk
Under the burden of their odious ſin,
Which now was wax'd ſo inſufferably rank,
It was high time his vengeance ſhould begin.
When after this ſo terrible a thing,
Now that triumphant and miraculous wand
Brings forth ripe almonds, ſtrongly witneſſing
In Levi's tribe the prieſthood ſtill to ſtand.
With leaves and bloſſoms bravely it doth flouriſh,
Some budding, ſome as inſtantly but blown.
As when the ſame the natural rind did nouriſh,
For Moſes' ſake ſuch miracles were ſhewn.
Forward to Cadeſh they their journey caſt,
Where the good Miriam makes her lateſt hour,
Miriam the fair, the excellent, the chaſte,
Miriam that was of womanhood the flower,
Here bids her brothers lovingly adieu,
Who at her parting kiſs her cloſing eyes,
Whoſe wond'rous loſs ſufficiently to rue,
More is the grief that tears cannot ſuffice.
Moiſt are their eyes, their lips are ſhrunk with heat,
Their grief within, as outward it appears,
Their want of water in that place as great,
As it to them is plentiful of tears.
They at one inſtant mutiny and mourn,
Sorrows creep confuſedly together,
The tears for her incontinent they turn
To words 'gainſt Moſes that did guide them thither.
Who from the rock ſtruck water with the wand,
That man and beaſt might plenteouſly maintain,
But he from rocks that fountains can command,
Cannot yet ſtay the fountains of his brain.
Much woe for Miriam theſe good men did make
Whilſt there were two that might bewail this one,
But two departing for their mutual ſake,
Moſes remains to mourn himſelf alone,
Aaron the ancient'ſt of Hebrew line,
Replete with natural comelineſs and grace,
(God-like ſo far as man might be divine)
Endeth his days in this predeſtin'd place.
Which being forewarned to await his end,
And here the fate foretelling him to die,
That the good hour doth only now attend,
Will'd to aſcend the mountain (being nigh.)
With Eleazar his dear child he goes,
Led by mild Moſes as the Lord decreed,
To his lov'd ſon his garments to diſpoſe,
Him in the prieſthood 'pointed to ſucceed.
When turning back to bid them all adieu,
Who look'd as faſt to bid this lord farewell.
Fountains of late ſo faſt from rocks ne'er flew,
As the ſalt drops down their ſad boſoms fell.
Nor the obdurat'ſt, nor the ſtonieſt hearts,
That in deep ſorrow melting here forbears,
Thoſe to whom nature not thoſe drops imparts,
Spent what in ſighs, the other did in tears.
Sated with ſobs, but hungry with his ſight,
Their wat'ry eyes him earneſtly purſue,
When to diſcern him they no longer might,
Where their ſighs ends, their ſorrows do renew.
Com'n to the top, to the appointed place,
His ſon in all his ornaments inveſted,
Which the good Aaron meekly doth embrace,
And unto him his offices bequeſted.
When they the time no longer could adjourn,
After embraces and a flood of woes,
(Which when one ceas'd the other took his turn)
From either's eyes that on the other flows.
Now at the laſt point, at the gaſp of death,
He whom the whole world hath but ſuch another,
Gives up his lateſt, his moſt bleſſed breath,
In the dear arms of his beloved brother:
So wiſely worketh that eternal being
By the ſtill changes of their varying ſtate,
(As to the end through the beginning ſeeing)
To build the frame of unavoided fate.
When thoſe given up to their laſcivious wills,
Themſelves in Midian wantonneſs that waſte,
Whoſe fleſhly knowledge ſip'd thoſe ſugar'd ills,
Twenty-four thouſand ſlaughtered at the laſt.
Of all thoſe that in Sinai number'd are,
I' th' plains of Moab muſter'd then again,
Waſted by time, fire, peſtilence, and war,
Thoſe promis'd two, and Moſes did remain.
The time expir'd that they for Aaron mourn'd,
New conqueſt now, new comfort them doth bring,
Their former hope ſucceſſively return'd,
That ſeem'd before ſo ſadly languiſhing.
When they the glorious victory obtain
The plains of Horma ſcatter'd all with ſhields,
Where Arad and his Canaanites are ſlain,
Not the leaſt fight of many glorious fields.
With Sehon's ſlaughter ſeconded again,
And Og's great fall of a gigantic ſtrength,
Whoſe bed of iron faſhion'd to contain
In breadth four cubits, doubling it in length:
The living remnant of the mighty race
Of big-bon'd Anack terrible and dread,
Which long time bat'ning in that fertile place,
Grew like the fat ſoil wherein they were bred.
Not poets fictions of the Phlægrian fields,
Where as the giants up to heaven would climb,
Heaping on mountains not ſuch wonder yields,
As did the man that lived in that time.
And five proud kings fell in their recreant flight,
Before arm'd Iſrael on the Midian plain,
Zur, Hur, and Eoi, men of wonders might,
Reba and Rekem valiantly ſlain.
And as his ſtrength cruſh'd mighty kings to duſt,
And cleft the helms that thunder prouf were thought,
That hand that help'd them ſcourg'd their impious luſt,
When his high judgment to pervert they ſought.
And ſent thoſe ſerpents (with their fiery ſtings,)
With inflammations that their fleſh did ſwell,
Sharply to ſcourge their truſtleſs murmurings,
That ſtill in infidelity did dwell.
Rare in this creature was his wond'rous might,
That ſhould effect the nature of the fire,
Yet to recure the ſorance by the ſight,
Sickneſs might ſeem the remedy t' admire.
Only by metal miracles to work,
That ſerpent's ſhape, the ſerpent's hurt ſhould heal,
To ſhew in him the myſteries that lurk,
And being ſo ſtrange, as ſtrangely doth reveal.
That the forg'd figure of ſo vile a thing
Should the diſeaſe ſo preſently remove,
Only by th' eye a remedy to bring,
Deep ſearching magic, leaveth to approve.

As Balaam's beaſt did Balak's haſte delay,
And the full purpoſe of the prophet brake,
When he beheld the angel by the way,
Burſt out from beaſt, and to his maſter ſpake:
Whoſe execration able to aſtound
The ſun, when he his ſummer's height did boaſt,
And with a word could inſtantly confound
The world, were it a congregated hoſt.
He whoſe wiſe lips could oracles compile,
And judgments irrevocable did paſs,
Should be confounded by the thing moſt vile,
By that baſe creature, the dull worthleſs aſs,
Ruling his mouth as with a rider's bit,
Bidden by Balaack to denounce their fall:
Doth all his dreadful menaces acquit,
Sounding their bleſſing and their enemies fall.
When this mild man that only did remain,
Of thoſe from Egypt that the Lord did bring,
Which he in juſtice ſundry ways had ſlain,
For their falſe worſhip and their murmuring.
Since he remiſs at Meriba was prov'd
And there his zeal not ardently expreſt,
The Lord did ſwear (though him he dearly lov'd)
He ſhould not come to Canaan as the reſt.
And now approaching Abaris, the place
From whence he might that promis'd country ſee,
(So much the Lord good Moſes pleas'd to grace)
But there his days muſt conſummated be.
When this great prophet zealouſly had bleſs'd
Each ſev'ral tribe with a particular good,
Whoſe parting them with ſorrow ſo oppreſs'd,
That ſhedding tears, their eyes ſhed drops of blood.
To Nebo ſeated admirably high,
(The ſpirit prepares him ſafely to retire)
Which thruſts his head into the cloudy ſky,
Piſga ſo proudly thither dare aſpire.
Piſga the height of Abaris, and this
The height of Piſga over all doth ſtand,
That as the eye of mighty Abaris
Surveyeth the imparalleled land.
Where goodly Gilead unto him he ſhews
As far as ever he could look to Dan,
The length and breadth how every way it goes,
Till her brow kiſs the calm Mediterian.
Where the ſweet South lays forth her ſwelling breaſt.
With a pleas'd eye he ſilently ſurvey'd,
To that fair city whoſe high towers do reſt
Under the palm trees moſt delicious ſhade.
When this meek man approaching to his death,
In death ev'n pleas'd fair Canaan to behold,
Whilſt he had uſe of his expiring breath,
Thus his laſt farewell mildly doth enfold.
Iſrael (quoth he) dear Iſrael now adieu,
Moſes no more is, that your leader was,
Joſhua and Caleb, none but only you,
Of the laſt age muſt over Jordan paſs.
Th' Egyptian horrors yet 'twas I did ſee,
And through thoſe ſtrange calamities did wade,
And Iſrael's charge impoſed was on me,
When they (but then) had ſcarcely learn'd to dade.
Forty-two journies have I ſtraitly paſs'd
Since firſt this glorious pilgrimage begun,
In wrath or mercy where as firſt or laſt,
Some wond'rous thing hath happily been done.
M' immortal Maker that ſo oft have ſeen
(That God of wonder) theſe complaints not boot,
In yonder fields ſo delicate and green,
That may not ſet my miſerable foot.
Thus leaning back againſt the riſing cleeve,
Raiſing his faint hands to the hopeful ſkies,
Meek as the morning never ſeen to ſtrive,
Great'ſt of the prophets, the good Moſes dies.
An hundred twenty hardly paſſed years,
His natural vigour no whit did aſſuage,
His eyes as bright, his body then appears
As in the height and ſummer of his age.
Who being diſſolv'd, the angels did inter
Near to Bethpeor in the vallied ground,
But yet ſo ſecret kept his ſepulchre
That it by mortal never ſhould be found.
Leſt that his people (if the place were known)
Seeing by him the miracles were done,
That ever to idolatry were prone,
Unto his bones a worſhipping ſhould run.
One that God grac'd ſo many ſundry ways,
No former age hath mentioned to be,
Arrived at the period of his days
The future time in Iſrael ſhall not ſee.

DAVID AND GOLIAH.

Our ſacred Muſe of Iſrael's ſinger ſings,
That heavenly harper, whoſe harmonious ſtrings
Expell'd that evil ſpirit which Saul poſſeſs'd,
And of his torments often him releas'd;
That princely prophet, David, whoſe high lays,
Immortal God, are trumpets of thy praiſe,
Thou Lord of hoſts be helping then to me,
To ſing of him who hath ſo ſung of thee.
What time great Saul, after ſo bloody fights,
Return'd a victor of th' Amalekites,
(Two hundred and ten thouſand men at arms
Under his conduct) had reveng'd the harms
Done to God's choſen people, when as they
Came back from Egypt, troubled on their way;
Saul with their blood had now manur'd the plains,
Leading king Agag, as a ſlave, in chains:
But for that Saul this Agag's blood had ſpar'd,
And 'gainſt the will of the Almighty dar'd.
To ſave that man he ſhould have put to ſword,
For diſobeying the Almighty's word,
Their larded fatlings keeping for a prey,
Which he commanded to be made away:
For which the living God diſpleaſed, ſwore
To holy Samuel, Saul ſhould reign no more;
Samuel, God's prophet, by whoſe holy hand
The oil was pour'd, by his divine command,
Upon the head of comely Saul when he
Was choſen over Iſrael to be:
But for that place another God had 'pointed,
Which ſhould by Samuel likewiſe be anointed:
And this was David his moſt dear delight,
The ſon of Jeſſe the juſt Bethlemite.
Meanwhile this youth like a poor ſhepherd clad,
(Of whom ſuch care the God of Iſrael had)
His father's flock was following day by day
Upon a deſert near at hand that lay:
Whoſe wealthy fleeces and fat bodies he
From ravenous vermin hourly us'd to free,
His only arms his ſling and ſheephook were,
Other than thoſe he had not us'd to bear;
With theſe a wolf oft coming from the wood,
Or ſubtle fox, that forag'd for his food,
He quickly ſlew; or if a bear, oppreſt
With cruel hunger, happen'd to moleſt
His feeding flocks, he with ſuch bangs him ply'd,
That with the prey even in his teeth he dy'd;
Or if a lion, as his fair flock graz'd,
Hapt to aſſail it, he no whit amaz'd
At his ſtern roaring, when his clutches caught
At this brave ſhepherd, but ſuch blows him wrought,
Till by the beard that kingly beaſt he ſhook,
And from his jaws the trembling wether took;
And if it chanc'd that ſometime from the air
An eagle ſtoop'd a lamb away to bear,
He with a ſtone that from a ſling he threw,
Down from the clouds would fetch her as ſhe flew.
His curled treſſes on his ſhoulders hung,
To which the dews at morn and eve ſo clung,
To the beholders that they did appear
As nature threaded pearl with every hair:
The bees and waſps, in wilderneſſes wild,
Have with his beauties often been beguil'd,
Roſes and lilies thinking they had ſeen,
But finding there they have deceived been,
Play with his eyes, which them that comfort bring,
That thoſe two ſuns would ſhortly get a ſpring;
His lips in their pure coral liveries mock
A row of pales cut from a cryſtal rock,
Which ſhood within them, all of equal height;
From top to toe each limb ſo clean and ſtraight,
By every joint of his that one might try,
Or give true laws to perfect ſymmetry;
The vermin oft his ſheep that would ſurpriſe
Became ſo charm'd with th' ſplendour of his eyes,
That they forgot their ravine, and have lain
Down by his flocks, as they would glad and fain
Keep them from others that on them would prey,
Or 'tend upon them, that they ſhould not ſtray.
Whether in cotes he had his flock in hold,
Or for the fallows kept him in the fold,
He was not idle, though not taking pains,
Celeſtial lyrics ſinging to the ſwains,
And often ſitting in the ſilent ſhade,
When his fair flock to reſt themſelves were laid,
On his lyre tuned ſuch harmonious lays,
That the birds perch'd upon the tender ſprays,
Mad at his muſic, ſtrain themſelves ſo much
To imitate th' inimitable touch, [ground,
Breaking their hearts, that they have dropt to
And dy'd for grief in malicing the ſound.
Sometimes a ſtag he with his ſling would ſlay,
Or with his ſheephook kill a boar at bay,

Or run a roe ſo long (he was ſo fleet)
'Till it lay trembling, breathleſs, at his feet.
Sometimes again he practiſed a fight,
That from the deſert ſhould a dragon light
Upon his ſheep, the ſerpent to aſſail,
How by clear ſkill through courage to prevail.
Then with a ſmall ſtone thrown out of his ſling
To hit a ſwallow on her height of wing.
And home at night when they their ſheep ſhould drive,
The ſluggiſh ſhepherds laſtly to revive,
He took his harp ſo excellently ſtrung,
In a broad bauldric at his back that hung,
And on the ſame ſtroke ſuch melodious ſtrains,
That from the coverts of the neighbouring plains
The echoes wak'd with ſweetneſs of his notes,
Which each to other diligently rotes.
And thus his time the Lord's beloved paſt,
'Till God to Samuel calling at the laſt:
Samuel, ſaith he, to Bethlehem take thy way,
To Jeſſe's houſe, and to that old man ſay,
Out of his loins that I will chooſe a king;
And when his ſons before thee he ſhall bring,
Chooſe out that man that I ſhall thee appoint,
With ſacred oil, and ſee thou him anoint;
For of them all, he's known to me right well
The firſt to guide my people Iſrael.
Samuel replies, My God, if Saul ſhould know
Upon what buſineſs I to Bethlehem go,
Except my blood him nothing will ſuffice.
Take thou a heifer, God again replies,
And give it out thou purpoſely doſt go
To ſacrifice. As God doth counſel, ſo
The holy prophet acts, and coming thither,
The nobleſt of the people get together,
Doubting the Lord had angry with them been,
And had ſent Samuel to reprove their ſin.
But peace to all, the holy prophet cries,
And then preparing to the ſacrifice:
The rites perform'd, he bids old Jeſſe bring
His ſons before him whilſt the offering
Smok'd on the altars (and the elders there
Stood round about with reverence and fear)
For in his houſehold he a king muſt chooſe.
Jeſſe who might not God's command refuſe,
Calls Eliab out for Samuel to ſee,
Who at the firſt thought ſurely this was he,
'Till God to Samuel ſaid, Do not deceive
Thyſelf, weak man, but thy election leave,
Thou canſt not ſee the ſoul of man, as I
Who ſearch the heart, and every thought can try.
His ſecond ſon Abinadab then came,
But this not he that Samuel muſt name;
Then calls he Shamma his third ſon, but yet
This was not he the Almighty's turn muſt ſit;
He calls for more till he had counted ſeven,
To none of theſe yet muſt the oil be given:
Before the prophet brother ſtood by brother,
A twelvemonth's growth juſt one before another;
Like ſeven brave bloſſom'd plants, that in the ſpring
Nature prepar'd ſuch goodly fruit to bring:
So comely all, that no eye in them could read
Which one of them ſhould any one exceed;
If he excell'd for lovelineſs of face,
Another for his perſon and his grace
Match'd him at full, as nature meant to ſhew
Her equal bounties how ſhe could beſtow.
There he beholds one brother tall and ſtraight,
Another that was wanting of his height,
For his complexion and his curious ſhape
Well-near outwent him; nature let not 'ſcape
Ought ſhe could do, in them each limb to fit
To grace the other that was next to it.
When Samuel aſks if theſe were all he had,
Jeſſe replies, Only his youngeſt lad
That in the deſert on his flocks doth 'tend.
Samuel commands away for him to ſend,
For till he came he vow'd he would not ſit,
Out of the place nor would he ſtir a whit.
Before grave Samuel David ſoon is brought,
Upon the prophet which moſt ſtrongly wrought,
When he beheld him beautiful and tall,
Of goodly preſence, and well-ſhap'd withal;
His cheek a mixture of ſuch red and white,
As well with wonder might attract the ſight;
A ſprightful aſpect, and ſo clear an eye,
As ſhot a lightning at the ſtanders-by,
His every geſture ſeen in it to bring
The majeſty that might befit a king;
All thoſe rare parts that in his brothers were
Epitomiz'd, at large in him appear;
And (in his ear) God doth the prophet tell,
This David ſhall be king of Iſrael.
Whom with the ſacred oil (inſtead of Saul)
Samuel anointed there before them all:
Which having done, to Rama takes his way,
Leſt Saul for him the country ſhould forelay.
When kingly David, of his own accord,
Though he were then th' anointed of the Lord,
And though his ſheephook might his ſceptre be,
This holy youth ſo humble is, that he
Will back to th' fields his father's flock to keep,
And make his ſubjects (for a while) his ſheep.
The powerful ſpirit of God redonbled grew
Daily in David, and his fame now flew
O'er all the region, how he was belov'd
Of God's high prophet, and by him approv'd;
Field, town, and city with his name do ring;
The tender virgins to their timbrels ſing
Ditties of him; and in their rural plays
The homely ſhepherds in their roundelays
Record his acts, and build him ſhady bowers;
The maidens make him anadems of flowers;
And to what ſport himſelf he doth apply,
Let's follow David, all the people cry.
An evil ſpirit then ſent by God poſſeſs'd
Enraged Saul, ſo grievouſly oppreſs'd
With melancholy, that it craz'd his wits,
And falling then into outrageous fits,
With cramps, with ſtitches, and convulſions rack'd,
That in his pangs he oft was like to act
His rage upon himſelf, ſo raving mad,
And ſoon again diſconſolate and ſad;
Then with the throbs of his impatient heart,
His eyes were like out of his head to ſtart,
Foams at his mouth, and often in his pain
O'er all his court is heard to roar again:
As the ſtrong ſpirit doth puniſh or doth ſpare,
Even ſo his fits or great or leſſer are,

That Iſrael now doth generally lament
Upon their king God's grievous puniſhment,
When ſome who ſaw this ſpirit poſſeſſing Saul,
Amongſt themſelves a council quickly call,
To ſearch if there might remedy be found
For this poſſeſſion, each man doth propound
His thoughts of curing, as by phyſic ſome,
Each man ſpeaks what into his mind doth come;
But ſome whoſe ſouls were raviſhed more high,
Whoſe compoſition was all harmony,
Of th' angels nature and did more partake,
By which as ſeers prophetically they ſpake;
(With holy magic for ſome ſpirits inſpir'd
Which by a clear divinity are fir'd,
And ſharpen'd ſo, each depth and height to try,
That from their reach and viſibility
Nature no ſecrets ſhuts, and heaven reveals
Thoſe things which elſe from reaſon it conceals)
Thoſe men conclude the ſpirit that thus had harm'd
Their ſovereign Saul, with muſic muſt be charm'd.
And having heard of Iſrael's dear delight,
Beloved David, the brave Bethlemite,
What wond'rous things by muſic he had done,
How he fierce tygers to his hand had won,
Had laid the lion and the bear to ſleep,
And put ſuch ſpirit into his ſilly ſheep
By his high ſtrains, as that they durſt oppoſe
The wolf and fox, their moſt inveterate foes:
Of this muſician they inform the king,
And all aſſure him, there was no ſuch thing
For him as muſic, and this man was he
That his phyſician in this kind muſt be.
When Saul diſpatch'd his meſſengers away
To aged Jeſſe, that without delay
His young'ſt ſon David ſhould to court be ſent:
The ſpeedy poſt relating the intent
To the old man; who in his heart was glad,
For at the firſt he great ſuſpicion had.
That angry Saul might elſe have been acquainted,
By Samuel's hand his ſon had been anointed,
And therefore cauſed David to be ſought,
As of his death he direly had forethought.
The good old man o'erjoyed with this good news,
Calls home his darling from his teeming ewes,
And to the care of Iſrael's God commends
His loved boy, and kindly by him ſends
Of bread and wine a preſent to the king.
They him no ſooner to Saul's preſence bring,
But David's beauty ſo extremely took
The doting king, that in each glance or look
He thought he ſaw high valour mixt with truth,
And near his perſon takes the lovely youth;
And who but David then with mighty Saul,
His only favourite is, his all in all?
Nor long it is e'er Saul the ſpirit doth feel
To ſtir within him, and begins to reel,
And ſuddenly into a trance he falls,
And with his hands lies graſping at the walls,
When David takes his well-tun'd harp in hand,
By which the ſpirit he meaneth to command;
His quavering fingers he doth now advance
Above the trembling ſtrings, which 'gin to dance
At his moſt clear touch, and the winged ſound
About the ſpacious room began to bound;
The airs flew high, and every dainty ſtrain
Betters the former, which doth ſo detain
The ears of thoſe ſtood by, that they heard not
Saul's ſad complaints, and inſtantly forgot
To lift or ſtir him, and the ſtanders-by
Were ſo intranced with the melody,
That to a holy madneſs ſome it brought,
Others again to prophecy it wrought.
The wiry chords now ſhake ſo wond'rous clear
As one might think an angel's voice to hear
From every quaver, or ſome ſpirit had pent
Itſelf of purpoſe in the inſtrument;
The harmony of the untuned'ſt ſtring
Torments the ſpirit which ſo torments the king,
Who as he faintly, or he ſtrongly groans,
This brave muſician altereth ſo his tones,
With ſounds ſo ſoft, as like themſelves to ſmother,
Then like loud echoes anſwering one the other:
Then makes the ſpirit to ſhift from place to place,
Still following him with a full diapeſe.
Thus day by day as th' evil ſpirit oppreſs'd
Diſeaſed Saul, David himſelf addreſs'd,
T' await the hours before the king to play,
Until he made th' unruly fiend obey
The force of muſic, more than that to fear
But the leaſt ſound of David's harp to hear.
When now the king by David's cunning cur'd,
Old Jeſſe's ſon who thought he had endur'd
Reſtraint too long, gets leave of Saul to go
To Bethlehem back (God's holy will was ſo)
He rather choſe to view his well-ſhorn ſheep,
His yeaning ewes, and late-fall'n lambs to keep,
Than on a bed of ſilk himſelf repoſe,
And the delights of the freſh fields to loſe.
When now Philiſta horribly enrag'd,
With God's own people had itſelf engag'd,
With a revengeful deadly hand to ſmite
The ſtill-preſerv'd oft-troubled Iſraelite,
Who had in battle many times before
Upon the earth ſpilt her unhallow'd gore.
Grim-viſag'd war more ſternly doth awake
Than it was wont, and furiouſly doth ſhake
Her lightning ſword, intruding with the force
Of men of war, both ſkilful foot and horſe.
Two mighty nations are now up in arms,
And to both ſides the ſoldiers come in ſwarms:
The fields with enſigns, as 'twere flowers, are deck'd,
Which their refulgence every way reflect
Upon the mountains and the vallies nigh,
And with their ſplendor ſeem to court the ſky,
Two mighty armies on the plain appear,
Theſe Iſraelites, and thoſe Philiſtines were;
Their great commanders, proved men of war,
Their long experience who had fetch'd from far,
To order fights as they occaſion found
T' offend the foe, by fitting with the ground,
Which choſen Iſrael's infantry doth call,
In this defenſive war to follow Saul.
And aged Jeſſe faithfully to ſhew
His love to Saul and Iſrael he doth owe,
His eldeſt three into the army ſent,
That to the field, as well appointed, went,
As on their bravery they that bare them moſt,
Nor was there in the Iſraelitiſh hoſt

Three goodlier men, eſpecially when they
Were in their arms, the moſt unclouded day
That ever ſhone, took not with ſuch delight
The glad beholders, as the wond'ring ſight
Of theſe brave youths, ſtill as they marched by
Now in the fields the mighty armies lie
On the wide champaign, each in other's ſight;
But as the trumpets ſhout them out to fight,
From the Philiſtines hoſt a giant came,
Whoſe ſplend'rous arms ſhone like a mighty flame,
Againſt the ſun; Goliah nam'd of Gath;
The only champion that Philiſta hath:
This huge Coloſſus, than ſix cubits height
More by a handful; and his ponderous weight,
Whereſoe'er he made but any little ſtay,
Shew'd that his breadth it anſwer'd every way:
Never ſuch might in mortal man there was,
From head to foot at all points arm'd with braſs;
Five thouſand ſhekels his prov'd cuiraſs weigh'd,
Upon whoſe temper wond'rous coſt was laid:
His ſhield and harneſs well might load a team,
His lance as big as any weaver's beam;
Whoſe very pile upon the poiſe contain'd
A hundred ſhekels, he a leſs diſdain'd:
His brows like two ſteep penthouſes hung down
Over his eye-lids, and his angry frown
Was like a cloud, when it like pitch appears,
And ſome ſtern tempeſt in its boſom bears;
His voice was hoarſe, and hollow, yet ſo ſtrong,
As when you hear the murmuring of a throng
In ſome vaſt arched hall, or like as when
A lordly lion anger'd in his den
Grumbles within the earth, ſuch his reſembled,
That when he ſpake, th' affrighted hearers trembled:
His 'ſquire before him marching to the field,
Who for this champion bare a ſecond ſhield.
Upon two eaſy hills the armies lay,
A valley 'twixt them in the middle way;
Into the midſt of which Goliah came,
And thus doth to the Iſraelites proclaim:
If there be found in all your hoſt, quoth he,
A man ſo valiant, that dare fight with me,
If I ſhall fall under his mighty ſword,
Iſrael ſhall then be the Philiſtines lord:
But if by my puiſſance ſhall prevail
Over your champion, that ſhall me aſſail
Then as our ſlaves, of you we will diſpoſe;
And uſe at pleaſure as our conquer'd foes:
For he that's god of the Philiſtines boaſts
Himſelf more powerful than your Lord of hoſts.
Which challenge thus not only troubled Saul,
But bred amazement through the hoſt in all.
For forty days thus us'd he forth to go,
Off'ring by combat to decide it ſo.
Old Jeſſe now deſiring much to hear
Of his three ſons, in what eſtate they were,
Doubting leſt they ſome needful things might want,
As in the army victuals might grow ſcant,
Wherefore he calls young David from his ſheep,
And to another gives his charge to keep.
My boy, quoth he, haſte to the camp and ſee
In what eſtate my ſons your brothers be:
Bear them parch'd corn, and cakes, though homely food,
Yet ſimple cates may do poor ſoldiers good:
And to the general ten fine cheeſes bear,
Such in the camp are not found every where:
And if for need t' have pawn'd ought of eſteem,
Take money with you and their pledge redeem.
David, make haſte, for I deſire to know
'Twixt the two puiſſant hoſts how buſineſs go.
No marvel David in his heart was glad
That he ſuch cauſe to view the armies had:
From his brave thoughts, and to himſelf he told
The wond'rous things that he ſhould there behold;
The rare devices by great captains worn,
The five-fold plumes their helmets that adorn;
Armours with ſtones and curious ſtuds enrich'd,
And in what ſtate they their pavilions pitch'd;
There ſhould he ſee their marſhalling a war,
Th' iron bound chariot, and the armed car:
As where conſiſted either army's force,
Which had advantage by their foot or horſe:
The ſeveral weapons either nation bear,
The long ſword, bow, the pole-axe and the ſpear:
There the Philiſtian gallantry and then
His Iſrael's bravery anſwering them again:
And hear them tell th' adventures had been done,
As what brave man had greateſt honour won.
David beſtirs him preſently, and packs
Up his proviſion, puts it into ſacks,
And by his ſervant on his mule doth lay,
Then tow'rds Saul's army takes the ready way:
And his no tedious journey ſo contrives,
That in ſhort time he at the camp arrives;
And at his coming, inſtantly beſtows
His needful provant to the charge of thoſe
That tend the carriage, and of them doth learn
(As near as he could make them to diſcern
By his deſcription) Jeſſe's ſons, who led,
And in the army where they quartered:
By whoſe direction he his brothers ſought,
And told them what proviſion he had brought:
And to all three their father's pleaſure ſhew'd,
And how the cheeſes he would have beſtow'd.
As they were talking, ſuddenly a noiſe
Ran through the army, and the general voice.
Was the Philiſtine, the Philiſtine ſee,
Goliah comes, ordain'd our ſcourge to be;
Who as his uſed manner was, defies
The hoſt of Iſrael, and thus loudly cries,
Bring down your champion, that with me dares fight,
And this our war ſhall be decided ſtraight:
But Iſrael's God for fear draws back his hand,
Nor is there one againſt me that dare ſtand.
Which David hearing, his young blood doth riſe,
And fire was ſeen to ſparkle from his eyes:
His ſpirits begin to ſtartle, and his rage
Admits no reaſon that may it aſſuage:
No nerve of his, but to itſelf doth take
A double ſtrength, as though his arm could ſhake
The iron lance that great Goliah bears,
And heat his brazen ſhield about his ears.
His ſtruggling thoughts now being ſet a-work,
Awake that flame, which lately ſeem'd to lurk
In his meek breaſt, which into paſſion breaks,
And to himſelf thus princely David ſpeaks.

Deſpiſed nation, Iſrael, quoth he,
Where be thoſe valiant men that liv'd in thee?
What! are our ſouls in leſſer moulds now caſt,
Than at the firſt, with time or do they waſte?
What ſlaved people, but we can ſtand by,
And hear this baſe Philiſtian dog deſy
God and his people! muſt he ſtand to boaſt
His ſtrength and valour, and in all the hoſt
No man dare undertake him! might I prove
My manhood on him, I ſhould ſoon remove
The world's opinion, and both hoſts ſhould know
He's but a dog on us that raileth ſo.
And to one ſtanding near him thus he ſpake,
Of this huge beaſt what wonder do you make!
What ſhall be done to that one man that ſhall
Fight with this giant, and before ye all,
His pride and horrid blaſphemies ſhall quell,
And take this ſhame away from Iſrael?
When one that heard him, quickly thus replies,
He by whoſe hand this huge Goliah dies,
For wife to him Saul's daughter ſhall be given,
One of the goodlieſt creatures under heaven;
And yet this further his reward ſhall be,
His father's houſe in Iſrael ſhall go free.
With this yet David cloſeth not his ear,
But of ſome others likewiſe doth inquire
For his reward, the giant that ſhould ſlay,
The former's words, which like a leſſon ſay,
None of them thinking, this yet ſcarcely man
Should ſtrike to death the proud Philiſtian.
His brother Eliab, now which over-heard
Young David's queſtions, and was much afraid
His over-daring ſpirit might draw him on
To work their ſhame, and his confuſion,
Thinks with himſelf, it greatly him behoves
To check his boldneſs, and him thus reproves:
Fond boy, quoth he, why ſtand'ſt thou to inquire
After theſe things? thy buſineſs lies not here:
I would not (ſure) but you the camp ſhould view!
A ſheep cote, ſir, would better ſuit with you:
Who have you left after your flock to look?
Your ſcrip (no queſtion) or your ſhepherd's crook.
Sirrah, my father ſent you not to us,
About the army to lie loitering thus:
I think 'tis time to get you on your way,
Our father thinks that we enforce your ſtay.
At Eliab's ſpeeches David ſomewhat mov'd,
To hear himſelf thus ſcornfully reprov'd:
Brother, quoth he, few words might have ſuffic'd,
Had you but known how lightly they are priz'd
Of me, theſe ſpeeches you would have forborne,
Upon ſome other and have ſpent your ſcorn.
I come to view the camp, you ſay; 'tis ſo,
And I will view it better e'er I go.
Why may not I, as well as other men?
I'll go when I ſhall pleaſe, and not till then:
When time may me more liberty allow,
I may bear arms perhaps as you do now:
Look to your warfare, and what is your own,
Good brother Eliab, and let me alone:
For of myſelf I know how to diſpoſe.
And thus away reſolved David goes.
And as he went, ſtill as he hears the cry
After Goliah, ſtill more high and high,
His ſpirit is mounted, and his oft demand,
What his reward ſhould be, whoſe valiant hand
Should kill Goliah, through the army went,
And was the common talk in every tent,
(But in the moſt bred ſundry doubts and fears,
When as they weigh'd his tenderneſs of years)
Until his fame, by going getting ſtrength,
In Saul's pavilion is cry'd up at length:
Who with much ſpeed ſent out to have him fought,
And to his preſence caus'd him to be brought.
Who with a conſtant and delighful cheer,
Comes to the king, and doth to him appear
With ſuch a ſprightful, and majeſtic grace,
As victory were written in his face:
And being by Saul demanded if 'twere he,
That Iſrael's champion undertook to be;
He with a meek ſmile, boldly doth reply,
I am the man, my ſovereign, 'tis even I:
My liege, quoth he, be not at all diſmay'd,
Nor let God's choſen Iſrael be afraid;
This mighty monſter in the people's ſight,
So terrible, whoſe ſhape doth ſo affright
The multitude, I do no more eſteem
Than if a dwarf, nor he to me doth ſeem
But ſuch a thing; my only envy's this,
That he is not much greater than he is:
The more his ſtrength, the more his fall will be,
And Iſrael's God more glorify'd in me.
Quoth Saul again, Thou art of tender age,
And in reſpect of him a very page;
Beſide the other arms that he doth bear,
Thou art not able to lift half his ſpear:
If he ſtrike at thee and thy body miſs,
Yet on his ſide there this advantage is,
The wind of his huge weapon hath the force
To drive the breath out of thy ſlender corſe:
And this vaſt man, beſides his wond'rous might,
No man as he ſo ſkilful is in fight;
Expert in all to duels that belong,
Train'd up in arms whilſt yet he was but young.
The better; anſwer'd David, if his ſkill
Equal his ſtrength; for what is it to kill
A common man? a common thing it were,
Which happeneth every day, and every where;
But for a giant, ſuch a one as he,
Upon the field to be ſubdu'd by me,
This to all nations ſhall be thought a thing
Worthy of Iſrael's God, and Iſrael's king.
I have ſlain a lion and a bear, quoth he,
And what is this uncircumcis'd to me
More than a beaſt? That only God of might,
By whoſe great power I conquer'd theſe in fight,
In ſpite of human ſtrength and greatneſs, can
Give to my hands this proud Philiſtian.
When Saul thus ſees that there was in his ſoul
That courage which no danger could controul,
A valour ſo invincible and high,
As naturally enabled him to fly
Above all thought of peril, and to bear
Him quite away beyond the bounds of fear;
He caus'd an armour for him to be brought,
But firſt of all a garment richly wrought
He puts upon the brave youth, and then bade
That in thoſe goodly arms he ſhould be clad;

Which put upon him, as to ſtir he ſtrives,
He thinks himſelf in manacle and gives,
Their ponderouſneſs him to the earth doth preſs,
Theſe arms do make his activeneſs far leſs;
For he before had not been us'd to theſe,
Nor him at all their hoiſt'rouſneſs can pleaſe,
His gorget gall'd his neck, his chin beneath,
And moſt extremely hinder'd him to breathe,
His cuiraſs fit too cloſe upon his ſide,
He in no hand his helmet can abide,
It is ſo heavy, and his temples wrings,
His pouldrons pinch him, and be cumb'rous things,
His gauntlets clumſy, and do wring his wriſts,
And be ſo ſtiff he cannot clutch his fiſts:
His guiſes they ſo ſtrong and ſtubborn be,
That for his life he cannot bend his knee;
He knew not how to bear his brazen ſhield,
Such weapons ſhepherds were not us'd to wield,
Their weight and their unwieldineſs was ſuch,
And they reſtrain'd his nimbleneſs ſo much,
That he pray'd Saul of theſe he might be freed,
It is not armour that muſt do the deed,
Let me alone, ſaith he, and I'll provide
Myſelf of arms, this quarrel to decide.

When forth he goes, ſhot for his ſling to look,
And near the camp he finds a purling brook,
Whoſe ſhallow ſides with pebbles did abound,
Where ſeeking ſuch as maſſy were and round,
He picks out five, away with him to bring,
Such as he knew would fit his truſty ſling,
And in his ſcrip them cloſely doth beſtow,
By which he vows Goliah's overthrow.

When ſwift report throughout the army runs,
That youthful David one of Jeſſe's ſons,
A very ſtripling, and the young'ſt of eight,
With the Philiſtine was that day to fight;
That great Goliah which ſo oft had brav'd
Dejected Iſrael, and the combat crav'd
With any one ſhe to the field could bring,
Now for it was ſo pertinent a thing,
As that their freedom or ſubjection lay
On the ſucceſs of this unequal fray;
Th' event thereof ſtruck every one with fear,
But his ſad brethren moſt perplexed were,
And to themſelves thus ſay they: O that we
So long ſhould draw our loathed breath, to ſee
That by the pride of this accurſed boy,
Deſpiſed Iſrael ſhould no more enjoy
Her ancient glories, but be made a ſlave
To proud Philiſtia; and our fathers grave
Slander'd by him; his family and name
Branded by David with perpetual ſhame;
Curs'd be the time that he was hither ſent,
Curs'd be the time he came into our tent.
And now and then they purpoſed to fly,
Nor would they ſtay to ſee their brother die,
But at the very point to take their way,
Bethink themſelves, it better were to ſtay,
To ſeek his ſcatter'd limbs to pieces hew'd,
And ſee them in ſome obſcure earth beſtow'd.

In this ſad manner whilſt they murm'ring were,
David is buſy liſt'ning ſtill to hear
Of great Goliah; ſcarce can he reſrain
From calling for him; now in every vein
His blood is dancing, and a ſprightly fire
Takes up his boſom, which doth him inſpire
With more than human courage, nor he can
Conceive a terror to proceed from man;
His nerves and ſinews to that vigour grow,
As that his ſtrength aſſures him he can throw
Through thicker arms than mortal yet could wield.
Upon the ſudden, when through all the field
The word was heard, Goliah now appears!
Which David's heart in ſuch ſtrange manner cheers,
As that he feels it caper in his breaſt.
When ſoon that huge uncircumciſed beaſt,
As he was wont, between the hoſts doth come,
And with his harſh voice, like an unbrac'd drum,
Calls to the hoſt of Iſrael, Where's your man,
You cowardly nation? Where's your champion
To undertake me, bring him to the field,
Or to Philiſtia your ſubjection yield?
It was ſtill ſummer, and the day ſo clear,
As not a little cloud did once appear;
In view of either army the free ſun [run,
That t'wards the noonſtead half his courſe had
On the Philiſtine darting his clear rays,
His bright refulgent arms ſo ſundry ways
Reflects the beams, as that he ſeems to all
Like that in painting we a glory call,
And from his helmet ſharp'ning like a ſpire,
He look'd like to a pyramid on fire.

And now before young David could come in,
The hoſt of Iſrael ſomewhat doth begin
To rouze itſelf; ſome climb the neareſt tree,
And ſome the tops of tents, whence they might ſee
How this unarmed youth himſelf would bear
Againſt th' all armed giant (which they fear);
Some get up to the fronts of eaſy hills;
That by their motion a vaſt murmur fills
The neighbouring valleys, that th' enemy thought
Something would by the Iſraelites be wrought
They had not heard of, and they long'd to ſee
What ſtrange or warlike ſtratagem 't ſhould be.

When ſoon they ſaw a goodly youth deſcend
Himſelf alone, none after to attend,
That at his need with arms might him ſupply,
As merely careleſs of his enemy:
His head uncover'd, and his locks of hair
As he came on being play'd with by the air
Toſs'd to and fro, did with ſuch pleaſure move,
As they had been provocatives for love:
His ſleeves ſtript up above his elbows were,
And in his hand a ſtiff ſhort ſtaff did bear,
Which by the leather to it, and the ſtring,
They eaſily might diſcern to be a ſling;
Suiting to theſe he wore a ſhepherd's ſcrip,
Which from his ſide hung down upon his hip.
Thoſe for a champion that did him diſdain,
Caſt with themſelves what ſuch a thing ſhould mean;
Some ſeeing him ſo wonderouſly fair.
(As in their eyes he ſtood beyond compare)
Their verdict gave that they had ſent him ſure
As a choice bait their champion to allure;
Others again, of judgment more preciſe
Said they had ſent him for a ſacrifice.

And though he ſeem'd thus to be very young,
Yet was he well proportioned and ſtrong,
And with a comely and undaunted grace,
Holding a ſteady and moſt even pace,
This way, nor that way, never ſtood to gaze,
But like a man that death could not amaze,
Came cloſe up to Goliah, and ſo near
As he might eaſily reach him with his ſpear.
Which when Goliah ſaw, Why boy, quoth he,
Thou deſperate youth, thou tak'ſt me ſure to be
Some dog, I think, and under thy command,
That thus art come to beat me with a wand:
The kites and ravens are not far away,
Nor beaſts of ravine, that ſhall make a prey
Of a poor corpſe, which they from me ſhall have,
And their foul bowels ſhall be all thy grave.
Uncircumciſed ſlave, quoth David then,
That for thy ſhape, the monſter art of men;
Thou thus in braſs com'ſt arm'd into the field,
And thy huge ſpear of braſs, of braſs thy ſhield:
I in the name of Iſrael's God alone,
That more than mighty, that Eternal One,
Am come to meet thee, who bids not to fear,
Nor once reſpect the arms that thou doſt bear.
Slave, mark the earth whereon thou now doſt ſtand,
I'll make thy length to meaſure ſo much land,
As thou lieſt grov'ling, and within this hour
The birds and beaſts thy carcaſe ſhall devour.
In mean time David looking in his face,
Between his temples, ſaw how large a ſpace
He was to hit, ſteps back a yard or two;
The giant wond'ring what the youth would do;
Whoſe nimble hand out of his ſcrip doth bring
A pebble ſtone and puts it in his ſling,
At which the giant openly doth jeer,
And as in ſcorn, ſtands leaning on his ſpear,
Which gives young David much content to ſee,
And to himſelf thus ſecretly ſaith he,
Stand but one minute ſtill, ſtand but ſo faſt,
And have at all Philiſtia at a caſt;
When with ſuch ſlight the ſhot away he ſent,
That from his ſling as 't had been lightning went;
And him ſo full upon the forehead ſmit,
Which gave a crack, when his thick ſcalp it hit,
As 't had been thrown againſt ſome rock or poſt,
That the ſhrill clap was heard through either hoſt;
Staggering a while upon his ſpear he leant,
Till on a ſudden he began to faint;
When down he came like an old o'ergrown oak,
His huge root hewn up by the labourers ſtroke,
That with his very weight he ſhook the ground,
His brazen armour gave a jarring ſound
Like a crack'd bell, or veſſel chanc'd to fall
From ſome high place, which did like death apall
The proud Philiſtines (hopeleſs that remain)
To ſee their champion great Goliah ſlain:
When ſuch a ſhout the hoſt of Iſrael gave,
As cleft the clouds, and like to men that rave,
(O'ercome with comfort) cry, The boy, the boy,
O the brave David, Iſrael's only joy;
God's choſen champion, O moſt wond'rous thing!
The great Goliah ſlain with a poor ſling!
Themſelves encompaſs nor can they contain,
Now are they ſilent, then they ſhout again.
Of which no notice David ſeems to take,
But towards the body of the dead doth make,
With a fair comely gait, nor doth he run,
As though he gloried in what he had done;
But treading on th' uncircumciſed dead,
With his foot ſtrikes the helmet from his head;
Which with the ſword ta'en from the giant's ſide,
He from the body quickly doth divide.
Now the Philiſtines at this fearful ſight,
Leaving their arms, betake themſelves to flight
Quitting their tents, nor dare a minute ſtay,
Time wants to carry any thing away,
Being ſtrongly routed with a general fear;
Yet in purſuit Saul's army ſtrikes the rear
To Ekron walls, and ſlew them as they fled,
That Sharam's plains lay cover'd with the dead:
And having put the Philiſtines to foil,
Back to the tents retire and take the ſpoil
Of what they left, and ranſacking the cry,
A David, David, and the victory.
When ſtraitways Saul his general Abner ſent
For valiant David, that incontinent
He ſhould repair to court; at whoſe command
He comes along, and beareth in his hand
The giant's head, by th' long hair of his crown,
Which by his active knee hung dangling down.
And through the army as he comes along,
To gaze upon him the glad ſoldiers throng:
Some do inſtile him Iſrael's only light,
And other ſome the valiant Bethlemite.
With congees all ſalute him as he paſt,
And upon him their gracious glances caſt.
He was thought baſe of him that did not boaſt,
Nothing but David, David, through the hoſt.
The virgins to their timbrels frame their lays,
Of him; till Saul grew jealous of his praiſe:
But for his meed doth to his wife receive
Saul's lovely daughter; where 'tis time I leave.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAREW, Esq.

Containing his

POEMS, SONGS, | SONNETS, MASQUE,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——— Thy verſes are as ſmooth and high,
As glory, love, or wine, from wit can raiſe.

DAVENANT.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW was younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, a zealous royaliſt in the time of the civil war, of the family of the Carews in Gloceſterſhire; but deſcended from the ancient family of that name in Devonſhire.

The year of his birth is not known. He had his academical education at Corpus Chriſti College, Oxford; but it does not appear that he either took any degree there, or was even matriculated as a member.

Afterwards, however, having greatly improved himſelf by travelling, and converſation with men of learning and ingenuity at London, he became "reckoned," as Philips expreſſes it, "among the chiefeſt of his time, for delicacy of wit and poetic faney."

His abilities recommending him to the court, he was made Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and ſewer in ordinary to King Charles I. who always eſteemed him as one of the moſt deſerving wits about his court.

Wood ſays he was "famed for the charming ſweetneſs of his lyric odes, and amorous ſonnets." And ſo favourable an opinion did the court entertain of his abilities in that reſpect, that it was by his Majeſty's eſpecial deſire that he wrote his beautiful maſque, intitled, *Cœlum, Britannicum;* with a reference to which circumſtance, he has prefixed to it the following modeſt diſtich:

Non habet ingenium; Cæſar ſed juſſit; habebo:
Cur me poſſe negem, poſſe quid ille putat?

He was much reſpected, if not adored, by the poets of his time, particularly by Jonſon, Davenant, Donne, May, and Suckling.—Dr. Percy places his death in the year 1639.

His poems, firſt printed in octavo, and afterwards being reviſed and enlarged, were ſeveral times reprinted, the laſt edition being in 1774, 12mo, by T. Davies, the laudable reſtorer of the elder claſſics. The ſongs, as Wood expreſſes it, "were wedded to the charming notes of Mr. Henry Lawes," gentleman of the King's Chapel, and the moſt celebrated muſical compoſer in England. The maſque was performed at Whitehall, on the 18th February 1633, by the King, and ſeveral young lords and noblemen's ſons. It was formerly, through miſtake, aſcribed to Davenant; and is now, with his poems, for the firſt time, admitted into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

His character is given by the Earl of Clarendon, who knew him well, in his "Life and Continuation," and is too honourable to his memory to be omitted here. The moſt material circumſtances are the following: "He was very much eſteemed by the moſt eminent perſons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himſelf, ſome years before he could obtain to be ſewer to the King; and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret of the whole Scotch nation, which united themſelves in recommending another gentleman. He was of a pleaſant and facetious wit, and made many poems, (eſpecially in the amorous way), which, for the ſharpneſs of the fancy, and the elegancy of the language in which that fancy was ſpread, were at leaſt equal, if not ſuperior, to any of that time." Clarendon adds what it would be injuring the cauſe of virtue to

conceal, "But his glory was, that after fifty years of his life, ſpent with leſs ſeverity and exactneſs than it ought to have been, he died with the greateſt remorſe for that licence, and with the greateſt manifeſtation of Chriſtianity that his beſt friends could deſire."

Davenant has addreſſed ſome ſtanzas to Carew, celebrating his wit and talent in poetry; among which are the following lines:

Not but thy verſes are as ſmooth and high,
As glory, love, and wine, from wit can raiſe:
But now, the Devil take ſuch deſtiny!
What ſhould commend them turns to their diſpraiſe.
Thy wit's chief virtue is become its vice;
For every beauty thou haſt rais'd ſo high,
That now coarſe faces carry ſuch a price,
As muſt undo a lover that would buy.

Suckling, who delighted to rally the beſt poets, and ſpared not Jonſon himſelf, has thus characterized him in his *Seſſion of the Poets*:

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well ſtand with a laureat.
His muſe was hide-bound, and the iſſue of's brain
Was ſeldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.
And all that were preſent there did agree,
That a laureat muſe ſhould be eaſy and free;
Yet ſure 'twas not that; but 'twas thought that his Grace,
Conſidered he was well, he had a cup-bearer's place.

Lloyd alſo, in his Worthies, calls him "elaborate and accurate." However the fact might be, his poems contain no internal evidence of his having been a laborious writer.

Pope, with more juſtice, ranks him with Sprat, Sedley, and "the mob of gentlemen, who wrote with eaſe;" but his conſummate elegance, which has not either been ſufficiently conſidered or allowed, entitles him to more attention than is due to "the wits of either Charles's days."

Of the modern teſtimonies to his merits, that of Mr. Headley alone is equal to his deſerts.

Sprightly, poliſhed, and perſpicuous, every part of his works diſplays the man of ſenſe, gallantry, and breeding; indeed many of his productions have a certain happy finiſh, and betray a dexterity, both of thought and expreſſion, much ſuperior to any thing of his contemporaries, and on ſimilar ſubjects, rarely ſurpaſſed by his ſucceſſors. He has the eaſe, without the pedantry, of Waller, and perhaps leſs conceit. He reminds us of the beſt manner of Lord Lyttleton. Waller is too excluſively conſidered as the firſt poet who brought verſification to any thing like its preſent ſtandard. Carew's pretenſions to the ſame merit, are ſeldom conſidered. Though love had long before ſoftened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, oſtentatious, and romantic caſt; and with a very few exceptions, its effects upon compoſition were ſimilar to thoſe on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring, was ſtill wanting; in every thing but ſincerity of intention, it was deficient. Panegyric, declamatory and nauſeous, was rated by thoſe to whom it was addreſſed by its quantity, not its elegance. Satire, dealing in rancour, rather than reproof, was more inclined to laſh than to laugh us out of our vices, and nearly counteracted her intentions by her want of good manners. Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy theſe defects. In them, gallantry for the firſt time, was accompanied by the graces, the fulſomeneſs of panegyric forgot in its gentility, and the edge of ſatire rendered keener in proportion to its ſmoothneſs.

Hume has properly remarked that Waller's pieces "aſpire not to the ſublime, and ſtill leſs to the pathetic." The ſame remark may be as properly made on the pieces of Carew, but with this exception in his favour, that he has ſublimity in many parts, particularly in his *maſque*; and in his *epitaph on Lady Mary Villers*, he is eminently pathetic.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The Spring.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath loſt
Her ſnow-white robes, and now no more the froſt
Candies the graſs, or caſts an icy cream
Upon the ſilver lake, or cryſtal ſtream:
But the warm ſun thaws the benumbed earth
And makes it tender, gives a ſacred birth
To the dead ſwallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowſy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a quire of chirping minſtrels bring
In triumph to the world, the youthful ſpring:
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things ſmile; only my love doth low'r;
Nor hath the ſcalding noon-day-ſun the pow'r
To melt that marble ice, which ſtill doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for ſhelter fly
Into the ſtall, doth now ſecurely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fire-ſide; but in the cooler ſhade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris ſleep
Under a ſycamore, and all things keep
Time with the ſeaſon; only ſhe doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

TO A. L.

Perſuaſions to Love.

Think not, 'cauſe men flatt'ring ſay,
Y' are freſh as April, ſweet as May,
Bright as is the morning-ſtar,
That you are ſo; or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your eſteem:
For being ſo, you loſe the pleaſure
Of being fair, ſince that rich treaſure
Of rare beauty and ſweet feature
Was beſtow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd, and t'were a ſin
There to be ſcarce, where ſhe hath been
So prodigal of her beſt graces;
Thus common beauties and mean faces
Shall have more paſtime, and enjoy
The ſport you loſe by being coy.
Did the thing for which I ſue,
Only concern myſelf, not you:
Were men ſo fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleaſure, women none,
Then had you reaſon to be ſcant;
But 'twere a madneſs not to grant
That which affords (if you conſent)
To you the giver, more content
Than me the beggar; oh then be
Kind to yourſelf, if not to me;
Starve not yourſelf, becauſe you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiſer thoughts forſake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's ſweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis ſooner paſt, 'tis ſooner done,
Than ſummer's rain, or winter's ſun:
Moſt fleeting, when it is moſt dear;
'Tis gone, while we but ſay 'tis here.
Theſe curious locks ſo aptly twin'd,
Whoſe every hair a ſoul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's ſnow.
That eye which now is Cupid's neſt
Will prove his grave, and all the reſt
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, noſe,
Nor lilly ſhall be found, nor roſe;
And what will then become of all
Thoſe, whom now you ſervants call?
Like ſwallows, when your ſummer's done
They'll fly, and ſeek ſome warmer ſun.
Then wiſely chooſe one to your friend,
Whoſe love may (when your beauties end)
Remain ſtill firm; be provident,
And think before the ſummer's ſpent
Of following winter; like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of ſcant,
Cull out amongſt the multitude
Of lovers, that ſeek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
One that will quench your youthful fires,
And feed in age your hot deſires.
For when the ſtorms of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd;

When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
And yellow ſpread where red once ſhin'd;
When beauty, youth, and all ſweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never:
And old folks ſay there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not loſe this preſent minute:
For time and age will work that wrack
Which time or age ſhall ne'er call back.
The ſnake each year freſh ſkin reſumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded roſe each ſpring receives
A freſh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a ſecond-May.
Oh, then be wiſe, and whilſt your ſeaſon
Affords you days for ſport, do reaſon;
Spend not in vain your life's ſhort hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flow'r:
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

Lips and Eyes.

In Celia's face a queſtion did ariſe,
Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes:
We (ſaid the Eyes) ſend forth thoſe pointed darts.
Which pierce the hardeſt adamantine hearts.
From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed thoſe bliſſes,
Which lovers reap by kind words and ſweet kiſſes.
Then wept the Eyes, and from their ſprings did pour
Of liquid oriental pearl a ſhow'r.
Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweet ſmile unlock'd their pearly treaſure;
And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping or ſmiling pearls in Celia's face.

A Divine Miſtreſs.

In Nature's pieces ſtill I ſee
Some error, that might mended be;
Something my wiſh could ſtill remove,
Alter or add; but my fair Love
Was fram'd by hands far more divine;
For ſhe hath every beauteous line:
Yet I had been far happier
Had Nature, that made me, made her;
Then likeneſs might (that love creates)
Have made her love what now ſhe hates:
Yet I confeſs I cannot ſpare
From her juſt ſhape the ſmalleſt hair;
Nor need I beg from all the ſtore
Of heaven for her one beauty more:
She hath too much divinity for me:
Ye Gods, teach her ſome more humanity!

SONG.

A Beautiful Miſtreſs.

If when the ſun at noon diſplays
His brighter rays,
Thou but appear,
He then all pale with ſhame and fear,
Quencheth his light,
Hides his dark brow, flies from thy ſight,
And grows more dim,
Compar'd to thee, than ſtars to him.
If thou but ſhew thy face again,
When darkneſs doth at midnight reign,
The darkneſs flies, and light is hurl'd
Round about the ſilent world:
So as alike thou driv'ſt away
Both light and darkneſs, night and day.

A Cruel Miſtreſs.

We read of kings, and gods, that kindly took
A pitcher fill'd with water from the brook:
But I have daily tendered without thanks
Rivers of tears that overflow their banks.
A ſlaughter'd bull will appeaſe angry Jove;
A horſe the ſun, a lamb the god of love:
But ſhe diſdains the ſpotleſs ſacrifice
Of a pure heart, that at her altar lies.
Veſta is not diſpleaſed, if her chaſte urn
Do with repaired fuel ever burn; [name
But my Saint frowns, though to her honour'd
I conſecrate a never-dying flame.
Th' Aſſyrian king did none i' th' furnace throw,
But thoſe that to his image did not bow;
With bended knees I daily worſhip her,
Yet ſhe conſumes her own idolater.
Of ſuch a goddeſs no times leave record,
That burnt the temple where ſhe was ador'd.

SONG.

Murdering Beauty.

I'll gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruin harbours there in every place:
For my enchanted ſoul alike ſhe drowns [frowns.
With calms and tempeſts of her ſmiles and
I'll love no more thoſe cruel eyes of hers,
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, ſtill are murderers:
For if ſhe dart (like lightning) through the air
Her beams of wrath, ſhe kills me with deſpair;
If ſhe behold me with a pleaſing eye,
I ſurfeit with exceſs of joy, and die.

My Miſtreſs commanding me to return her Letters.

So grieves th' advent'rous merchant, when he throws
All the long-toil'd-for treaſure his ſhip ſtows

Into the angry main, to ſave from wrack
Himſelf and men; as I grieve to give back
Theſe letters: yet ſo powerful is your ſway,
As if you bid me die, I muſt obey.
Go then, bleſt papers, you ſhall kiſs thoſe hands
That gave you freedom, but hold me in bands;
Which with a touch did give you life, but I,
Becauſe I may not touch thoſe hands, muſt die.
Methinks, as if they knew they ſhould be ſent
Home to their native ſoil from baniſhment,
I ſee them ſmile, like dying ſaints, that know
They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd heaven go.
When you return, pray tell your ſovereign,
And mine, I gave you courteous entertain;
Each line receiv'd a tear, and then a kiſs;
Firſt bath'd in that, it ſcap'd unſcorch'd from this:
I kiſt it, becauſe your hand had been there;
But, 'cauſe it was not now, I ſhed a tear.
Tell her no length of time nor change of air,
No cruelty, diſdain, abſence, deſpair,
No, nor her ſtedfaſt conſtancy can deter
My vaſſal heart from ever hon'ring her.
Though theſe be pow'rful arguments to prove
I love in vain; yet I muſt ever love.
Say, if ſhe frown when you that word rehearſe,
Service in proſe is oft call'd love in verſe;
Then pray her, ſince I ſend back on my part
Her papers, ſhe will ſend me back my heart.
If ſhe refuſe, warn her to come before
The God of Love, whom thus I will implore:
Trav'ling thy country's road (great God) I ſpy'd
By chance this lady, and walk'd by her ſide
From place to place, fearing no violence,
For I was well arm'd, and had made defence
In former fights, 'gainſt fiercer foes than ſhe
Did at our firſt encounter ſeem to be:
But going farther, every ſtep reveal'd
Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
Seeing thoſe outward arms, I did begin
To fear ſome greater ſtrength was lodg'd within.
Looking unto her mind, I might ſurvey
An hoſt of beauties that in ambuſh lay;
And won the day before they fought the field:
For I, unable to reſiſt, did yield.
But the inſulting tyrant ſo deſtroys
My conquer'd mind, my eaſe, my peace, my joys;
Breaks my ſweet ſleeps, invades my harmleſs reſt,
Robs me of all the treaſure of my breaſt;
Spares not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong;
For having ſtol'n my heart, ſhe binds my tongue.
But at the laſt her melting eyes unſeal'd
My lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd
To her own ears the ſtory of my harms,
Wrought by her virtues, and her beauty's charms.
Now hear (juſt judge) an act of ſavageneſs:
When I complain, in hope to find redreſs,
She bends her angry brow, and from her eye
Shoots thouſand darts, I then well hop'd to die;
But in ſuch ſovereign balm love dips his ſhot,
That, though they wound a heart, they kill it not;
She ſaw the blood guſh forth from many a wound,
Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
Nor ſought my cure, nor ſaw me ſince; 'tis true,
Abſence and time (two cunning leeches) drew
The fleſh together, yet ſure though the ſkin
Be cloſ'd without, the wound feſters within.
Thus hath this cruel lady us'd a true
Servant and ſubject to herſelf, and you;
Nor know I (great Love) if my life be lent
To ſhew thy mercy, or my puniſhment;
If this inditement fright her, ſo as ſhe
Seem willing to return my heart to me,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
'Mongſt other trifling hearts, be out of the way)
If ſhe repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but ſend me hers, and we are friends.

Secrecy Proteſted.

Fear not (dear Love) that I'll reveal
Thoſe hours of pleaſure we two ſteal;
No eye ſhall ſee, nor yet the ſun
Deſcry, what thou and I have done;
No ear ſhall hear our love, but we
Silent as the night will be;
The God of Love himſelf (whoſe dart
Did firſt wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know, that we can tell,
What ſweets in ſtol'n embraces dwell:
This only means may find it out;
If, when I die, phyſicians doubt
What caus'd my death; and, there to view
Of all their judgments which was true,
Rip up my heart: O then I fear
The world will ſee thy picture there.

A Prayer to the Wind.

Go, thou gentle whiſpering Wind,
Bear this ſigh; and if thou find
Where my cruel fair doth reſt.
Caſt it in her ſnowy breaſt;
So, enflam'd by my deſire,
It may ſet her heart a-fire:
Thoſe ſweet kiſſes thou ſhalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Boldly light upon her lip,
There ſuck odours, and thence ſkip
To her boſom; laſtly, fall
Down, and wander over all;
Range about thoſe ivory hills
From whoſe every part diſtils
Amber dew; there ſpices grow,
There pure ſtreams of nectar flow:
There perfume thyſelf, and bring
All thoſe ſweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'ſt, change by thy pow'r
Every weed into a flow'r;
Turn each thiſtle to a vine,
Make the bramble eglantine;
For ſo rich a booty made,
Do but this, and I am paid.
Thou canſt, with thy pow'rful blaſt,
Heat apace, and cool as faſt:

Thou canſt kindle hidden flame,
And again deſtroy the ſame:
Then, for pity, either ſtir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may ſhine,
Or elſe quite extinguiſh mine.

SONG.

Mediocrity in Love Rejected.

Give me more love, or more diſdain,
The torrid, or the frozen zone
Bring equal eaſe unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is ſweeter than a calm eſtate.

Give me a ſtorm; if it be love,
Like Danæ in that golden ſhower,
I ſwim in pleaſure; if it prove
Diſdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's poſſeſs'd
Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd:
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more diſdain.

SONG.

Good Counſel to a Young Maid.

Gaze not on thy beauty's pride,
Tender maid, in the falſe tide
That from lovers eyes doth ſlide.

Let thy faithful chryſtal ſhow,
How thy colours come and go:
Beauty takes a ſoil from woe.

Love, that in thoſe ſmooth ſtreams lies
Under pity's fair diſguiſe,
Will thy melting heart ſurpriſe.

Nets of paſſion's fineſt thread,
Snaring poems, will be ſpread,
All to catch thy maidenhead.

Then beware; for thoſe that cure
Love's diſeaſe, themſelves endure
For reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek ſhould aſſign
A perpetual bluſh to thine.

To my Miſtreſs ſitting by a River's Side.

AN EDDY.

Mark how yon eddy ſteals away
From the rude ſtream into the bay;
There lock'd up ſafe, ſhe doth divorce
Her waters from the channel's courſe,
And ſcorns the torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native ſpring.
Now doth ſhe with her new love play,
Whilſt he runs murmuring away.
Mark how ſhe courts the banks, whilſt they
As amorouſly their arms diſplay,
T' embrace and clip her ſilver waves:
See how ſhe ſtrokes their ſides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat ſhe frowns, threatening to fly
Home to her ſtream, and 'gins to ſwim
Backward, but from the channel's brim
Smiling returns into the creek,
With thouſand dimples on her cheek.
Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
My breaſt thy ſhore, where thou ſhalt take
Secure repoſe, and never dream
Of the quite forſaken ſtream:
Let him to the wide ocean haſte,
There loſe his colour, name, and taſte;
Thou ſhalt ſave all, and, ſafe from him,
Within theſe arms for ever ſwim.

SONG.

Conqueſt by Flight.

Ladies, fly from Love's ſmooth tale,
Oaths ſteep'd in tears do oft prevail;
Grief is infectious, and the air
Inflam'd with ſighs will blaſt the fair:
Then ſtop your ears when lovers cry,
Leſt yourſelf weep, when no ſoft eye
Shall with a ſorrowing tear repay
That pity which you caſt away.
Young men, fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fixt mark gives the ſhooter aim,
And ladies' looks have power to maim;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a ſmile, or kiſs, love lies,
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

To my Inconſtant Miſtreſs.

When thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, ſhalt ſee
The full reward, and glorious ſate,
Which my ſtrong faith ſhall purchaſe me,
Then curſe thine own incooſtancy.

A fairer hand than thine ſhall cure
That heart which thy falſe oaths did wound;
And to my ſoul, a ſoul more pure
Than thine ſhall by love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then ſhalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears ſhall be as vain
As mine were then, for thou ſhalt be
Damned for thy falſe apoſtacy.

SONG.

Perſuaſions to Enjoy.

If the quick ſpirits in your eye
Now languiſh, and anon muſt die;
If ev'ry ſweet, and ev'ry grace
Muſt fly from that forſaken face:
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time ſuch goodly fruit deſtroys.

Or, if that golden fleece muſt grow
For ever, free from aged ſnow;
If thoſe bright ſuns muſt know no ſhade,
Nor your freſh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to beſtow
What ſtill being gather'd ſtill muſt grow.
Thus, either Time his ſickle brings
In vain, or elſe in vain his wings.

A Depoſition from Love.

I was foretold, your rebel ſex
Nor love nor pity knew;
And with what ſcorn you uſe to vex
Poor hearts that humbly ſue;
Yet I believ'd, to crown our pain,
Could we the fortreſs win,
The happy lover ſure ſhould gain
A paradiſe within:
I thought Love's plagues like dragons ſate,
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happy lovers prove;
For I could kiſs, and ſport, and toy,
And taſte thoſe ſweets of love,
Which, had they but a laſting ſtate,
Or if in Celia's breaſt
The force of love might not abate,
Jove were too mean a gueſt.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her ſcorn before.

Hard fate! to have been once poſſeſt,
As victor, of a heart
Atchiev'd with labour and unreſt,
And then forc'd to depart!
If the ſtout foe will not reſign
When I beſiege a town,
I loſe but what was never mine;
But he that is caſt down
From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe,
Only depoſed kings can know.

Ingrateful Beauty Threatened.

Know, Celia, ſince thou art ſo proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
Thou hadſt, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verſe exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy ſweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my ſtar, ſhin'ſt in my ſkies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed ſphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with ſuch affrights no more,
Leſt what I made I uncreate:
Let fools thy myſtic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal ſtate.
Wiſe poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themſelves through all her veils.

Diſdain Returned.

He that loves a roſy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from ſtar-like eyes doth ſeek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes theſe decay,
So his flames muſt waſte away.

But a ſmooth and ſtedfaſt mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm deſires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where theſe are not, I deſpiſe,
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now ſhall win
My reſolv'd heart to return;
I have ſearch'd thy ſoul within,
And find nought but pride and ſcorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can diſdain as much as thou.
Some Pow'r, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I caſt away.

A Looking Glaſs.

That flattering glaſs, whoſe ſmooth face wears
Your ſhadow, which a ſun appears,
Was once a river of my tears.

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the briny lake
Congeal'd into a cryſtal cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For fear the native cruelty
Doom you, as it doth all, to die;

For fear left the fair object move
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you yourſelf my rival prove.

Look rather on my pale cheeks pinn'd;
There view your beauties; there you'll find
A fair face, but a cruel mind.

Be not for ever frozen, coy;
One beam of love will ſoon deſtroy
And melt that ice to floods of joy.

An Elegy on the LADY PEN, *ſent to my Miſtreſs out of France.*

LET him, who from his tyrant miſtreſs did
This day receive his cruel doom, forbid
His eyes to weep that loſs, and let him here
Open thoſe flood-gates to bedew this bier;
So ſhall thoſe drops, which elſe would be but brine,
Be turn'd to manna, falling on her ſhrine.
Let him, who, baniſh'd far from her dear ſight
Whom his ſoul loves, doth in that abſence write
Or lines of paſſion, or ſome pow'rful charms,
To vent his own grief, or unlock her arms,
Take off his pen, and in ſad verſe bemoan
This general ſorrow, and forget his own:
So may thoſe verſes live, which elſe muſt die;
For though the Muſes give eternity,
When they embalm with verſe, yet ſhe could give
Life unto that Muſe by which others live.
Oh pardon me (fair ſoul) that boldly have
Dropt though but one tear, on thy ſilent grave;
And writ on that earth, which ſuch honour had
To clothe that fleſh wherein thyſelf was clad.
And pardon me, ſweet Saint, whom I adore,
That I this tribute pay out of the ſtore
Of lines and tears, that's only due to thee;
Oh, do not think it new idolatry!
Though you are only ſovereign of this land,
Yet univerſal loſſes may command
A ſubſidy from every private eye,
And preſs each pen to write, ſo to ſupply
And feed the common grief: if this excuſe
Prevail not, take theſe tears to your own uſe,
As ſhed for you; for when I ſaw her die,
I then did think on your mortality:
For ſince nor virtue, wit, nor beauty, could
Preſerve from death's hand this their heav'nly mould,
Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt,
I then knew you muſt die too, and did melt
Into theſe tears: but thinking on that day,
And when the gods reſolv'd to take away
A ſaint from us, I that did know what dearth
There was of ſuch good ſouls upon the earth,
Began to fear left Death, their officer,
Might have miſtook, and taken thee for her;
So hadſt thou robb'd us of that happineſs
Which ſhe in heaven, and I in thee poſſeſs.
But what can heaven to her glory add?
The praiſes ſhe hath dead, living ſhe had.
To ſay ſhe's now an angel, is no more
Praiſe than ſhe had, for ſhe was one before.
Which of the ſaints can ſhew more votaries
Than ſhe had here? E'en thoſe that did deſpiſe
The angels, (and may her, now ſhe is one)
Did, whilſt ſhe liv'd, with pure devotion
Adore, and worſhip her; her virtues had
All honour here, for this world was too bad
To hate or envy her; theſe cannot riſe
So high, as to repine at deities:
But now ſhe's 'mongſt her fellow ſaints, they may
Be good enough to envy her: this way
There's loſs i' th' change, 'twixt heav'n and earth, if ſhe
Should leave her ſervants here below, to be
Hated of her competitors above;
But ſure her matchleſs goodneſs needs muſt move
Thoſe bleſt ſouls to admire her excellence;
By this means only can her journey hence
To heav'n prove gain, if as ſhe was but here
Worſhip'd by men, ſhe be by angels there.
But I muſt weep no more over this urn,
My tears to their own channel muſt return;
And having ended theſe ſad obſequies,
My Muſe muſt back to her old exerciſe,
To tell the ſtory of my martyrdom.
But oh! thou idol of my ſoul, become
Once pitiful, that ſhe may change her ſtyle,
Dry up her blubber'd eyes, and learn to ſmile:
Reſt then, bleſt ſoul; for as ghoſts fly away,
When the ſhrill cock proclaims the infant day;
So muſt I hence—for lo, I ſee from far,
The minions of the Muſes coming are,
Each of them bringing to her ſacred hearſe
In either eye a tear, each hand a verſe.

To my Miſtreſs in Abſence.

THOUGH I muſt live here, and by force
Of your command ſuffer divorce;
Though I am parted, yet my mind
(That's more myſelf) ſtill ſtays behind;
I breathe in you, you keep my heart;
'Twas but a carcaſe that did part.
Then thou our bodies are disjoin'd,
As things that are to place confin'd;
Yet let our boundleſs ſpirits meet,
And in Love's ſphere each other greet;
There let us work a myſtic wreath,
Unknown unto the world beneath;
There let our claſpt loves ſweetly twine;
There our ſecret thoughts unſeen,
Like nets be weav'd and intertwin'd,
Wherewith we catch each other's mind;
There, whilſt our ſouls do ſit and kiſs,
Taſting a ſweet and ſubtle bliſs
(Such as groſs lovers cannot know,
Whoſe hands and lips meet here below;)
Let us look down, and mark what pain
Our abſent bodies here ſuſtain,
And ſmile to ſee how far away
The one doth from the other ſtray;

Yet burn, and languiſh with deſire
To join and quench their mutual fire.
There let us joy, to ſee from far
Our emulous flames at loving war,
Whilſt both with equal luſtre ſhine,
Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
There ſeated in thoſe heavenly bowers,
We'll cheat the lag and ling'ring hours,
Making our bitter abſence ſweet,
Till ſouls and bodies both may meet.

To her in Abſence.

A SHIP.

Tost in a troubled ſea of griefs, I float
Far from the ſhore in a ſtorm-beaten boat,
Where my ſad thoughts do (like the compaſs) ſhow,
The ſeveral points from which croſs winds do blow.
My heart doth, like the needle, touch'd with love,
Still fix'd on you, point which way I would move.
You are the bright pole-ſtar which in the dark
Of this long abſence guides my wand'ring bark.
Love is the pilot, but o'ercome with fear
Of your diſpleaſure, dares not homewards ſteer;
My fearful hope hangs on my trembling ſail;
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale; [lip
Which pleaſant breath muſt blow from your ſweet
Bid it but move, and quick as thought, this ſhip
Into your arms, which are my port, will flie,
Where it for ever ſhall at anchor lie.

SONG.

Eternity of Love proteſted.

How ill doth he deſerve a lover's name,
Whoſe pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat, in ſpite of abſence or diſdain;
But doth at once, like paper ſet on fire,
Burn and expire!
True love can never change his ſeat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
That noble flame, which my breaſt keeps alive,
Shall ſtill ſurvive
When my ſoul's fled;
Nor ſhall my love die when my body's dead;
That ſhall wait on me to the lower ſhade,
And never fade.
My very aſhes in their urn
Shall, like a hallow'd lamp, for ever burn.

Upon ſome Alteration in my Miſtreſs, after my Departure into France.

O gentle Love, do not forſake the guide
Of my frail bark, on which the ſwelling tide
Of ruthleſs pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every ſide.
Gulfs of diſdain do gape to overwhelm
This boat, nigh ſunk with grief; whilſt at the helm
Deſpair commands,
And round about the ſhifting ſands
Of faithleſs love and falſe inconſtancy,
With rocks of cruelty,
Stops up my paſſage to the neighbour lands.
My ſighs have rais'd thoſe winds, whoſe fury bears
My ſails o'erboard, and in their place ſpreads tears;
And from my tears
This ſea is ſprung, where nought but death appears.
A miſty cloud of anger hides the light
Of my fair ſtar, and every where black night
Uſurps the place
Of thoſe bright rays, which once did grace
My forth-bound ſhip; but when it could no more
Behold the vaniſh'd ſhore,
In the deep flood ſhe drown'd her beamy face.

Good Counſel to a Young Maid.

When you the ſun-burnt pilgrim ſee,
Fainting with thirſt, haſte to the ſprings;
Mark how at firſt with bended knee
He courts the cryſtal Nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Proſtrate adores the flowing deity.
But when his ſweaty face is drench'd
In her cool waves, when from her ſweet
Boſom his burning thirſt is quench'd;
Then mark how with diſdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refreſh'd him, moves with ſullen pace.
So ſhalt thou be deſpis'd, fair Maid,
When by the fated lover taſted;
What firſt he did with tears invade,
Shall afterwards with ſcorn be waſted;
When all the virgin ſprings grow dry,
When no ſtreams ſhall be left but in thine eye.

Celia *Bleeding.—To the Surgeon.*

Fond man, that canſt believe her blood
Will from thoſe purple channels flow,
Or that the pure untainted flood
Can any foul diſtemper know;
Or that thy weak ſteel can inciſe
The cryſtal caſe wherein it lies:

Know, her quick blood, proud of his ſeat,
Runs dancing through her azure veins;
Whoſe harmony no cold nor heat
Diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtains;
And the hard rock wherein it dwells,
The keeneſt darts of Love repels.

But thou reply'ſt, Behold ſhe bleeds.
Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and doſt not know

The myſtic knot whence this proceeds,
How lovers in each other grow;
Thou ſtruck'ſt her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the ſmart.

TO T. H.

A Lady reſembling my Miſtreſs.

Fair copy of my Celia's face,
Twin of my ſoul, thy perfect grace
Claims in my love an equal place.

Diſdain not a divided heart;
Though all be hers, you ſhall have part;
Love is not ty'd to rules of art.

For as my ſoul firſt to her flew,
Yet ſtay'd with me; ſo now 'tis true
It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertain this wand'ring gueſt,
And if not love, allow it reſt;
It left not, but miſtook the neſt.

Nor think my love or your fair eyes
Cheaper, 'cauſe from the ſympathies
You hold with her, theſe flames ariſe.

To lead or braſs, or ſome ſuch bad
Metal, a prince's ſtamp may add
That value which it never had:

But to the pure refined ore,
The ſtamp of kings imparts no more
Worth, than the metal held before.

Only the image gives the rate
To ſubjects; in a foreign ſtate
'Tis priz'd as much for its own weight:

So though all other hearts reſign
To your pure worth, yet you have mine,
Only becauſe you are her coin.

To Saxham.

Though froſt and ſnow lock'd from mine eyes
That beauty which without door lies,
The gardens, orchards, walks, that ſo
I might not all thy pleaſures know;
Yet, Saxham, thou, within thy gate,
Art of thyſelf ſo delicate,
So full of native ſweets, that bleſs
Thy roof with inward happineſs;
As neither from, nor to thy ſtore,
Winter takes aught, or Spring adds more.
The cold and frozen air had ſtarv'd
Much poor, if not by thee preſerv'd;
Whoſe prayers have made thy table bleſt
With plenty, far above the reſt.

The ſeaſon hardly did afford
Coarſe cates unto thy neighbour's board,
Yet thou hadſt dainties, as the ſky
Had only been thy volary (*a*);
Or elſe the birds, fearing the ſnow
Might to another deluge grow,
The pheaſant, partridge, and the lark,
Flew to thy houſe as to the ark.
The willing ox of himſelf came
Home to the ſlaughter, with the lamb,
And every beaſt did thither bring
Himſelf to be an offering.
The ſcaly herd more pleaſure took,
Bath'd in thy diſh, than in the brook.
Water, earth, air, all did conſpire
To pay their tributes to thy fire;
Whoſe cheriſhing flames themſelves divide
Through every room, where they deride
The night, and cold abroad; whilſt they,
Like ſuns within, keep endleſs day.
Thoſe cheerful beams ſend forth their light,
To all that wander in the night,
And ſeem to beckon from aloof
The weary pilgrim to thy roof;
Where, if refreſh'd, he will away,
He's fairly welcome: or, if ſtay,
Far more, which he ſhall hearty find,
Both from the maſter and the hind.
The ſtranger's welcome each man there
Stamp'd on his cheerful brow doth wear;
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer
Grow leſs, 'cauſe he ſtays longer here.
There's none obſerves, much leſs repines,
How often this man ſups or dines.
Thou haſt no porter at the door
T' examine or keep back the poor;
Nor locks nor bolts; thy gates have been
Made only to let ſtrangers in;
Untaught to ſhut, they do not fear
To ſtand wide open all the year;
Careleſs who enters, for they know
Thou never didſt deſerve a foe;
And as for thieves, thy bounty's ſuch,
They cannot ſteal, thou giv'ſt ſo much.

Upon a Ribband. (*b*)

This ſilken wreath, which circles in mine arm,
Is but an emblem of that myſtic charm,
Wherewith the magic of your beauties binds
My captive ſoul, and round about it winds
Fetters of laſting love: this hath entwin'd
My fleſh alone, that hath impal'd my mind:
Time may wear out theſe ſoft, weak bands; but thoſe
Strong chains of braſs fate ſhall not diſcompoſe.
This only relic may preſerve my wriſt,
But my whole frame doth by that pow'r ſubſiſt:
To that my prayers, and ſacrifice to this
I only pay a ſuperſtitious kiſs:

(*a*) A great bird cage, in which the birds have room to fly up and down.
(*b*) Theſe verſes were preſented to his Miſtreſs.

This but the idol, that's the Deity;
Religion there is due, here cer'mony.
That I receive by faith, this but in truſt;
Here I *may* tender duty, there I *muſt*:
This order as a layman I may bear,
But I become Love's prieſt when that I wear.
This moves like air, that as the centre ſtands;
That knot your virtue ty'd, this but your hands:
That nature fram'd, but this was made by art;
This makes my arm your priſoner, that my heart.

To the King, at his Entrance into Saxham.

BY MASTER JO. CROFTS.

SIR,

Ere you paſs this threſhold, ſtay,
And give your creature leave to pay
Thoſe pious rites which unto you,
As to our houſehold gods, are due.
Inſtead of ſacrifice, each breaſt
Is like a flaming altar dreſt
With zealous fires; which, from pure hearts,
Love mix'd with loyalty imparts.
Incenſe nor gold have we, yet bring
As rich and ſweet an offering;
And ſuch as doth both theſe expreſs,
Which is, our humble thankfulneſs:
By which is paid the all we owe
To gods above, or men below.
The ſlaughter'd beaſt, whoſe fleſh ſhould feed
The hungry flames, we, for pure need,
Dreſs for your ſupper; and the gore,
Which ſhould be daſh'd on every door,
We change into the luſty blood
Of youthful vines, of which a flood
Shall ſprightly run through all your veins,
Firſt to your health, then your fair trains.
We ſhall want nothing but good fare
To ſhew your welcome, and our care;
Such rarities that came from far,
From poor mens houſes baniſh'd are;
Yet we'll expreſs, in homely cheer,
How glad we are to ſee you here.
We'll have whate'er the ſeaſon yields,
Out of the neighbouring woods and fields;
For all the dainties of your board
Will only be what thoſe afford;
And, having ſupp'd, we may perchance
Preſent you with a country dance.
Thus much your ſervants, that bear ſway
Here in your abſence, bade me ſay;
And beg, beſides, you'd hither bring
Only the mercy of a king,
And not the greatneſs; ſince they have
A thouſand faults muſt pardon crave;
But nothing that is fit to wait
Upon the glory of your ſtate.
Yet your gracious favour will,
They hope, as heretofore, ſhine ſtill
On their endeavours; for they ſwore,
Should Jove deſcend, they could no more.

Upon the Sickneſs of E. S.

Muſt ſhe then languiſh, and we ſorrow thus,
And no kind god help her, nor pity us?
Is Juſtice fled from heaven? Can that permit
A foul deformed raviſher to ſit
Upon her virgin cheek, and pull from thence
The roſe-buds in their maiden excellence?
To ſpread cold paleneſs on her lips, and chaſe
The frighted rubies from their native place?
To lick up with his ſearching flames a flood
Of diſſolv'd coral, flowing in her blood;
And with the damps of his infectious breath,
Print on her brow moiſt characters of death?
Muſt the clear light, 'gainſt courſe of nature, ceaſe
In her fair eyes and yet the flames increaſe?
Muſt fevers ſhake this goodly tree, and all
That ripen'd fruit from the fair branches fall,
Which princes have deſired to taſte? Muſt ſhe
Who hath preſerv'd her ſpotleſs chaſtity
From all ſolicitation, now at laſt
By agues and diſeaſes be embrac'd?
Forbid it, holy Dian! elſe who ſhall
Pay vows, or let one grain of incenſe fall
On thy neglected altars, if thou bleſs
No better this my zealous votareſs?
Haſte then, O maiden goddeſs, to her aid;
Let on thy quiver her pale cheek be laid,
And rock her fainting body in thine arms;
Then let the God of Muſic with ſtill charms
Her reſtleſs eyes in peaceful ſlumbers cloſe,
And with ſoft ſtrains ſweeten her calm repoſe.
Cupid, defcend, and, whilſt Apollo ſings,
Fanning the cool air with thy panting wings,
Ever ſupply her with refreſhing wind.
Let thy fair mother with her treſſes bind
Her labouring temples, with whoſe balmy ſweat
She ſhall perfume her hairy coronet,
Whoſe precious drops ſhall, upon every fold,
Hang like rich pearls about a wreath of gold:
Her looſer locks, as they unbraided lie,
Shall ſpread themſelves into a canopy,
Under whoſe ſhadow let her reſt ſecure
From chilling cold, or burning calenture;
Unleſs ſhe freeze with ice of chaſte deſires,
Only holy Hymen kindle nuptial fires.
And when at laſt Death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

A New Year's Sacrifice.

TO LUCINDA.

Thoſe that can give, open their hands this day;
Thoſe that cannot, yet hold them up to pray;
That health may crown the ſeaſons of this year,
And mirth dance round the circle; that no tear
(Unleſs of joy) may with its briny dew
Diſcolour on your cheek the roſy hue;
That no acceſs of years preſume t' abate
Your beauty's ever-flouriſhing eſtate;

Such cheap and vulgar wiſhes I could lay,
As trivial offerings, at your feet this day;
But that it were apoſtacy in me
To ſend a prayer to any deity
But your divine ſelf, who have power to give
Thoſe bleſſings unto others, ſuch as live
Like me, by the ſole influence of your eyes,
Whoſe fair aſpects govern our deſtinies.
Such incenſe, vows, and holy rites, as were
To the involved ſerpeot of the year
Paid by Egyptian prieſts, lay I before
Lucinda's ſacred ſhrine; whilſt I adore
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dreſs
With gums and ſpice of humble thankfulneſs.
So may my goddeſs from her heaven inſpire
My frozen boſom with a Delphic fire;
And then the world ſhall, by that glorious flame,
Behold the blaze of thy immortal name!

SONG.

To one who, when I praiſed my Miſtreſs's beauty, ſaid I was blind.

Wonder not though I am blind,
For you muſt be
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind;
If, when you ſee
Her face, you prove not blind like me:
If the powerful beams that fly
From her eye,
And thoſe amorous ſweets that lie
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a paſſage to your heart,
Then you'll confeſs your mortal ſight
Too weak for ſuch a glorious light:
For if her graces you diſcover,
You grow, like me, a dazzled lover;
But if thoſe beauties you not ſpy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

SONG.

To my Miſtreſs—I burning in Love.

I burn, and cruel you, in vain,
Hope to quench me with diſdain;
If from your eyes thoſe ſparkles came
That have kindled all this flame,
What boots it me, though now you ſhroud
Thoſe fierce comets in a cloud,
Since all the flames that I have felt,
Could your ſnow yet never melt?
Nor can your ſnow (though you ſhould take
Alps into your boſom) flake
The heat of my enamour'd heart;
But with wonder learn Love's art,
No ſeas of ice can cool deſire;
Equal flames muſt quench Love's fire:
Then think not that my heart can die,
Till you burn as well as I.

SONG.

To Her again—ſhe burning in a Fever.

Now ſhe burns as well as I,
Yet my heat can never die;
She burns that never knew deſire,
She that was ice, ſhe that was fire.
She, whoſe cold heart chaſte thoughts did arm
So, as Love's could never warm
The frozen boſom where it dwelt;
She burns, and all her beauties melt;
She burns, and cries, Love's fires are mild;
Fevers are Gods, but he's a child.
Love, let her know the difference
'Twixt the heat of ſoul and ſenſe;
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So ſhalt thou quench her fire and mine.

Upon the King's (c) Sickneſs.

Sickness, the miniſter of death, doth lay
So ſtrong a ſiege againſt our brittle clay,
As, whilſt it doth our weak forts ſingly win,
It hopes at length to take all mankind in.
Firſt, it begins upon the womb to wait,
And doth the unborn child there uncreate;
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lies,
Where, ere it fully be alive, it dies.
It never leaves fond youth, until it have
Found or an early or a later grave.
By thouſand ſubtle ſlights from heedleſs man
It cuts the ſhort allowance of a ſpan;
And where both ſober life and art combine
To keep it out, age makes them both reſign.
Thus, by degrees, it only gain'd of late
The weak, the aged, or intemperate;
But now the tyrant hath found out a way
By which the ſober, ſtrong, and young decay;
Ent'ring his royal limbs, that is our head,
Through us, his myſtic limbs, the pain is ſpread.
That man that doth not feel his part, hath none
In any part of his dominion;
If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.
This grief is felt at court, where it doth move
Through every joint, like the true ſoul of Love.
All thoſe fair ſtars that do attend on him,
Whence they derive their light, wax pale and dim;
That ruddy morning beam of majeſty,
Which ſhould the ſun's eclipſed light ſupply,
Is overcaſt with miſts, and in the lieu
Of cheerful rays, ſends us down drops of dew.
That curious form made of an earth refin'd,
At whoſe bleſt birth the gentle planets ſhin'd
With fair aſpects, and ſent a glorious flame
To animate ſo beautiful a frame;
That darling of the gods and men doth wear
A cloud on's brow, and in his eye a tear:
And all the reſt (ſave when his dread command
Doth bid them move) like lifeleſs ſtatues ſtand.

(c) Charles I.

So full of grief, so generally worn,
Shews a good king is sick, and good men mourn.

SONG.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her Husband.

COME, Celia, fix thine eyes on mine,
And though those crystals, our souls flitting,
Shall a pure wreath of eye-beams twine,
Our loving hearts together knitting.
Let eaglets the bright sun survey,
Though the blind mole discern not day.

When clear Aurora leaves her mate,
The light of her grey eyes despising,
Yet all the world doth celebrate
With sacrifices her fair uprising.
Let eaglets, &c.

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
Yet he those dainties never tasted;
As others pin'd in the pursuit,
So he himself with plenty wasted.
Let eaglets, &c.

SONG.

The willing Prisoner to his Mistress.

LET fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
As *he* (*d*) brings ruin, *that* repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veils from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds themselves have made, discover.

A Fly that flew into my Mistress's Eye.

WHEN this fly liv'd, she us'd to play
In the sunshine all the day;
'Till coming near my Celia's sight,
She found a new and unknown light,
So full of glory, as it made
The noon-day sun a gloomy shade;
Then this amorous fly became
My rival, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bosom skip,
And from her breath, her cheek, and lip,
Suck'd all the incense, and the spice,
And grew a bird of paradise:
At last into her eye she flew,
There scorch'd in flames, and drown'd in dew,
Like Phaeton from the sun's sphere,
She fell, and with her dropp'd a tear;
Of which a pearl was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lie enclos'd.
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's eye,
Funeral flame, tomb obsequy.

(*d*) Cupid.

SONG.

Celia Singing.

HARK how my Celia, with the choice
Music of her hand and voice
Stills the loud wind; and makes the wild
Incensed boar and panther mild!
Mark how those statues like men move,
Whilst men with wonder statues prove!
The stiff rock bends to worship her,
That idol turns idolater.
Now see how all the new inspir'd
Images with love are fir'd!
Hark how the tender marble groans,
And all the late transform'd stones
Court the fair nymph with many a tear,
Which she (more stony than they were)
Beholds with unrelenting mind:
Whilst they, amaz'd to see combin'd
Such matchless beauty with disdain,
Are all turn'd into stones again.

SONG.

Celia Singing.

You that think love can convey,
No other way
But through the eyes, into the heart
His fatal dart,
Close up those casements, and but hear
This Syren sing,
And on the wing
Of her sweet voice it shall appear
That love can enter at the ear:
Then unveil your eyes, behold
The curious mould
Where that voice dwells; and as we know,
When the cocks crow
We freely may
Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the music's done,
Awake, and see the rising sun.

SONG.

To one that desired to know my Mistress.

Seek not to know my love, for she
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;
Her mild aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy brow:
For, if her beauty stir desire
In me, her kisses quench the fire;
Or, I can to love's fountain go,
Or dwell upon her hills of snow:
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to cool the air;
Thou shalt not climb those Alps, nor spy
Where the sweet springs of Venus lie.
Search hidden nature, and there find
A treasure to enrich thy mind;
Discover arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my mistress live conceal'd;
Though men by knowlege wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

In the person of a Lady, to her inconstant Servant.

When on the altar of my hand
(Bedew'd with many a kiss, and tear)
Thy new-revolted heart did stand
An humble martyr, thou didst swear
Thus, (and the God of Love did hear,)
By those bright glances of thine eye,
Unless thou pity me, I die.

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blasting sighs, did seal
Their violated faith on mine,
From the soft bosom that did heal
Thee, thou my melting heart didst steal;
My soul, enflam'd with thy false breath,
Poison'd with kisses, suck'd in death.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
Revenge or mercy to procure
From the offended God of Love;
My curse is fatal, and my pure
Love shall beyond thy scorn endure;
If I implore the gods, they'll find
Thee too ungrateful, me too kind.

Truce in Love entreated.

No more, blind God! for see, my heart
Is made thy quiver, where remains
No void place for another dart;
And, alas! that conquest gains
Small praise, that only brings away
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weak artillery,
That hath thy bow and quiver charm'd,
A rebel beauty, conquering thee:
If thou dar'st equal combat try,
Wound her, for 'tis for her I die.

To my Rival.

Hence, vain intruder! haste away,
Wash not with thy unhallowed brine
The footsteps of my Celia's shrine;
Nor on her purer altars lay
Thy empty words, accents that may
Some loofer dame to love incline:
She must have offerings more divine;
Such pearly drops, as youthful May
Scatters before the rising day;
Such smooth soft language, as each line
Might stroake an angry god, or stay
Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine
With envy: Do this, thou shalt be
Servant to her, rival with me.

Coldness in Love.

Hark how the bashful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping rain;
Yet she refuses to unfold:
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.
So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover:
But when with moving accents thou
Shall constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

CELIA, CLEON.

As Celia rested in the shade,
With Cleon by her side,
The swain thus courted the young maid,
And thus the nymph reply'd.

Cleon. Sweet! let thy captive fetters wear
Made of thine arms and hands;
Till such as thraldoot scorn or fear,
Envy those happy bands.

Celia. Then thus my willing arms I wind
About thee, and am so
Thy pris'ner; for myself I bind,
Until I let thee go.

Cleon. Happy that slave, whom the fair foe
Ties in so soft a chain!

Celia. Far happier I, but that I know
Thou wilt break looſe again.

Cleon. By thy immortal beauties, never.
Celia. Frail as thy love's thine oath.
Cleon. Though beauty fade, my faith laſts ever.
Celia. Time will deſtroy them both.

Cleon. I doat not on thy ſnow-white ſkin.
Celia. What then? *Cleon.* Thy purer mind.
Celia. It lov'd too ſoon. *Cleon.* Thou hadſt not been
So fair, if not ſo kind.

Celia. Oh ſtrange, vain fancy! *Cleon.* But yet true.
Celia. Prove it. *Cleon.* Then make a braid
Of thoſe looſe flames that circle you,
My ſuns, and yet your ſhade.
[thou
Celia. 'Tis Done. *Cleon.* Now give it me. *Celia.* Thus
Shalt thine own error find,
If theſe were beauties, I am now
Leſs fair, becauſe more kind.

Cleon. You ſhall confeſs you err; that hair,
Shall it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden mountain bare?
Celia. Ah me! it is too true.

Cleon. But this ſmall wreath ſhall ever ſtay
In its firſt native prime:
And ſmiling when the reſt decay,
The triumphs ſing of time.

Then let me cut from thy fair grove
One branch, and let that be
An emblem of eternal love;
For ſuch is mine to thee.

Celia. Thus are we both redeem'd from time,
I by thy grace. *Cleon.* And I
Shall live in thy immortal rhime,
Until the muſes die.

By heaven—*Celia.* Swear not: if I muſt weep,
Jove ſhall not ſmile at me.
This kiſs, my heart, and thy faith keep.
Cleon. This breathes my ſoul to thee.

Then forth the thicket Thyrſis ruſh'd,
Where he ſaw all their play:
The ſwain ſtood ſtill, and ſmil'd, and bluſh'd;
The nymph fled faſt away.

Grief Ingroſt.

Wherefore do thy ſad numbers flow
So full of woe?
Why doſt thou melt in ſuch ſoft ſtrains,
Whilſt ſhe diſdains?
If ſhe muſt ſtill deny,
Weep not, but die;
And in thy funeral fire
Shall all her fame expire:
Thus both ſhall periſh, and as thou on thy hearſe
Shalt want her tears, ſo ſhe ſhall want thy verſe.
Repine not then at thy bleſt ſtate,
Thou art above thy fate:
But my fair Celia will not give
Love enough to make me live;
Nor yet dart from her bright eye
Scorn enough to make me die.
Then let me weep alone, till her kind breath
Or blow my tears away, or ſpeak my death.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

SHEPHERD, NYMPH, CHORUS.

Shepherd.

This moſſy bank they preſt. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.
Cho. Here let us ſit, and ſing the words they ſpoke,
Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

Shep. See, Love, the bluſhes of the morn appear;
And now ſhe hangs her pearly ſtore
(Robb'd from the eaſtern ſhore)
I' th' cowſlip's bell and roſe's ear:
Sweet, I muſt ſtay no longer here.

Nym. Thoſe ſtreaks of doubtful light uſher not day,
But ſhew my ſun muſt ſet; no more
Shall ſhine till thou return:
The yellow planets, and the grey
Dawn, ſhall attend thee on thy way.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their uſeleſs ſhine. *Nym.* My tears will quite
Extinguiſh their faint light.
Shep. Thoſe drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will ſhine in every tear.

Cho. They kiſt, and wept; and from their lips and eyes,
In a mix'd dew of briny ſweet,
Their joys and ſorrows meet;
But ſhe cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, ariſe,
The ſun betrays us elſe to ſpies.

Shep. The winged hours fly faſt whilſt we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chace
The day for ever from this place.

Shep. Hark. *Nym.* Ah me ſtay! *Shep.* For ever.
Nym. No, ariſe;
We muſt be gone. *Shep.* My neſt of ſpice.
Nym. My ſoul. *Shep.* My paradiſe.
Cho. Neither could ſay farewell, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted ſpeech with tears ſupplies.

Red and White Roſes.

READ in theſe roſes the ſad ſtory
Of my hard fate, and your own glory:
In the white you may diſcover
The paleneſs of a fainting lover;
In the red, the flames ſtill feeding
On my heart with freſh wounds bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languiſh,
And the red expreſs my anguiſh:
The white my innocence diſplaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying.
The frowns that on your brow reſided,
Have thoſe roſes thus divided;
Oh! let your ſmiles but clear the weather,
And then they both ſhall grow together.

To my Couſin C. R. *marrying my Lady* A.

HAPPY youth, that ſhall poſſeſs
Such a ſpring-tide of delight,
As the fated appetite,
Still enjoying ſuch exceſs,
With the flood of pleaſure, leſs
When the Hymeneal rite
Is perform'd, invoke the night,
That it may in ſhadows dreſs
Thy too real happineſs;
Elſe, as Semele, the bright
Deity in her full height
May thy feeble ſoul oppreſs.
Strong perfumes and glaring light
Oft deſtroy both ſmell and ſight.

A Lover upon an Accident neceſſitating his Departure, conſults with Reaſon.

LOVER.

WEEP not, nor backward turn your beams,
Fond eyes; ſad ſighs, lock in your breath;
Leſt on this wind, or in thoſe ſtreams,
My griev'd ſoul fly, or fail to death.
Fortune deſtroys me if I ſtay,
Love kills me if I go away;
Since Love and Fortune both are blind,
Come, Reaſon, and reſolve my doubtful mind,

REASON.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And 'gainſt the blinder god rebel;
Thy love-ſick heart ſhall not reſide
Where ſcorn and ſelf-will'd error dwell;
Where entrance unto truth is barr'd;
Where love and faith find no reward;
For my juſt hand may ſometime move
The wheel of Fortune, not the ſphere of Love.

Parting, Celia weeps.

WEEP not, my dear, for I ſhall go
Loaden enough with my own woe:
Add not thy heavineſs to mine;
Since fate our pleaſures muſt diſjoin,
Why ſhould our ſorrows meet? If I
Muſt go, and loſe thy company,
I wiſh not theirs; it ſhall relieve
My grief, to think thou doſt not grieve.
Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear
Every ſigh and every tear
Away with me; ſo ſhall thy breaſt
And eyes, diſcharg'd, enjoy their reſt:
And it will glad my heart, to ſee
Thou wert thus loath to part with me.

A Rapture.

I WILL enjoy thee now, my Celia: Come,
And fly with me to Love's Elyſium:
The giant, Honour, that keeps cowards out,
Is but a maſquer; and the ſervile rout
Of baſer ſubjects only bend in vain
To the vaſt idol, whilſt the nobler train
Of valiant Lovers daily ſail between
The huge Coloſſus legs, and paſs unſeen
Unto the bliſsful ſhore. Be bold and wiſe,
And we ſhall enter; the grim Swiſs denies
Only to tame fools paſſage, that not know
He is but form, and only frights in ſhew
The duller eyes that look'd from far. Draw near
And thou ſhalt ſcorn what we were wont to fear;
We ſhall ſee how the ſtalking pageant goes
With borrow'd legs, a heavy load to thoſe
That made, and bear him; not as we once thought,
The ſeed of Gods, but a weak model wrought
By greedy men, that ſeek t'incloſe the common,
And within private arms empale free woman.
Come then, and mounted on the wings of love
We'll cut the flitting air, and ſoar above
The monſter's head; and in the nobleſt ſeats
Of thoſe bleſt ſhades quench and renew our heats,
There ſhall the Queen of Love and Innocence,
Beauty, and Nature, baniſh all offence
From our cloſe ivy twines; there I'll behold
Thy bared ſnow and thy unbraided gold;
There my enfranchis'd hand, on every ſide,
Shall o'er thy naked poliſh'd ivory ſlide.
No curtain there, though of tranſparent lawn,
Shall be before thy virgin treaſure drawn:
But the rich mine, to the inquiring eye
Expos'd, ſhall ready ſtill for mintage lie,
And we will coin young Cupids. There a bed
Of roſes and freſh myrtles ſhall be ſpread
Under the cooler ſhade of cypreſs groves,
Our pillows of the down of Venus' doves,
Whereon our panting limbs we'll gently lay
In the faint reſpites of our active play;
That ſo our ſlumbers may in dreams have leiſure
To tell the nimble fancy our paſt pleaſure;
And ſo our ſouls that cannot be embrac'd,
Shall the embraces of our bodies taſte.

Meanwhile the bubbling ſtream ſhall court the ſhore,
Th' enamour'd chirping wood-choir ſhall adore
In varied tunes the Deity of Love;
The gentle blaſts of weſtern winds ſhall move
The trembling leaves, and through their cloſe boughs breathe
Still muſic, whilſt we reſt ourſelves beneath
Their dancing ſhade; till a ſoft murmur, ſent
From ſouls entranc'd in amorous languiſhment,
Rouſe us, and ſhoot into our veins freſh fire,
Till we in their ſweet extaſy expire.
Then, as the empty bee, that lately bore
Into the common treaſure all her ſtore,
Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
Deflow'ring the freſh virgins of the ſpring;
So will I rifle all the ſweets that dwell
In my delicious paradiſe, and ſwell
My bag with honey, drawn forth by the power
Of fervent kiſſes from each ſpicy flower.
I'll ſeize the roſe buds in their perfum'd bed,
The violet knots, like curious mazes ſpread
O'er all the garden, taſte the ripen'd cherry,
The warm firm apple tipt with coral berry;
Then will I viſit, with a wandering kiſs,
The vale of lilies and the bower of bliſs;
And where the beauteous region doth divide
Into two milky ways, my lips ſhall ſlide
Down thoſe ſmooth allies, wearing as I go
A track for lovers on the printed ſnow;
Thence climbing o'er the ſwelling Appenine,
Retire into thy grove of eglantine;
Where I will all thoſe raviſh'd ſweets diſtil
Through love's alembic, and with chemic ſkill
From the mix'd maſs one ſovereign balm derive,
Then bring that great elixir to thy hive.

Now in more ſubtle wreaths I will entwine
My ſnowy thighs, my legs, and arms with thine.
Thou like a ſea of milk ſhalt lie diſplay'd,
While I the ſmooth calm ocean invade
With ſuch a tempeſt, as when Jove of old
Fell down on Danae in a ſtorm of gold:
Yet my tall pine ſhall in the Cyprian ſtreight
Ride ſafe at anchor, and unlade her freight;
My rudder, with thy bold hand, like a try'd
And ſkilful pilot, thou ſhalt ſteer, and guide
My bark into love's channel, where it ſhall
Dance, as the bounding waves do riſe or fall;
Then ſhall thy circling arms embrace and clip
My willing body, and thy balmy lip
Bathe me in juice of kiſſes, whoſe perfume
Like a religious incenſe ſhall conſume,
And ſend up holy vapours to thoſe powers
That bleſs our loves, and crown our ſportful hours;
That with ſuch Halcyon calmneſs fix our ſouls
In ſtedfaſt peace, as no affright controuls.
There, no rude ſounds ſhake us with ſudden ſtarts;
No jealous ears, when we unrip our hearts,
Suck our diſcourſe in; no obſerving ſpies
This bluſh, that glance traduce; no envious eyes
Watch our cloſe meetings, nor are we betray'd
To rivals by the bribed chamber-maid.
No wedlock bonds unwreathe our twiſted loves;
We ſeek no midnight arbour, no dark groves,
To hide our kiſſes: there, the hated name
Of huſband, wife, luſt, modeſt, chaſte, or ſhame,
Are vain and empty words, whoſe very ſound
Was never heard in the Elyſian ground.
All things are lawful there, that may delight
Nature or unreſtrained appetite:
Like and enjoy, to will and act, is one;
We only ſin when love's rites are not done;
The Roman *Lucrece*, there reads the divine
Lectures of love's great maſter, *Aretine*;
And knows as well as *Laïs* how to move
Her pliant body in the act of love;
To quench the burning raviſher, ſhe hurls
Her limbs into a thouſand winding curls,
And ſtudies artful poſtures, ſuch as be
Carv'd on the bark of every neighbouring tree
By learned hands; that ſo adorn'd the rind
Of thoſe fair plants, which as they lay entwin'd,
Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian dame,
That in her endleſs web toil'd for a name
As fruitleſs as her work, doth there diſplay
Herſelf before the youth of *Ithaca*,
And the amorous ſport of gameſome nights, preſer.
Before dull dreams of the loſt traveller.
Daphne hath broke her bark; and that ſwift foot,
Which th' angry gods had faſtened with a root
To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run,
To meet th' embraces of the youthful ſun:
She hangs upon him like his Delphique lyre,
Her kiſſes blow the old, and breathe new fire;
Full of her God, ſhe ſings inſpired lays,
Sweet odes of love, ſuch as deſerve the bays,
Which ſhe herſelf was. Next her, *Laura* lies
In *Petrarch's* learned arms, drying thoſe eyes
That did in ſuch ſweet ſmooth-pac'd numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
Theſe, and ten thouſand beauties more that dy'd
Slave to the tyrant, now enlarg'd deride
His cruel laws; and for their time miſpent,
Paid into love's exchequer double rent.

Come then, my *Celia*, we'll no more forbear
To taſte our joys, ſtruck with a panic fear,
But will depoſe from his imperious ſway
This proud uſurper, and walk free as they,
With necks unyok'd; nor is it juſt that he
Should fetter your ſoft ſex with chaſtity,
Which nature made unapt for abſtinence;
When yet this falſe impoſtor can diſpenſe
With human juſtice and with ſacred right,
And maugre both their laws, command me fight
With rivals or with emulous loves that dare
Equal with thine their miſtreſs' eyes or hair:
If thou complain of wrong, and call my ſword
To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill, or elſe he brands
With marks of infamy my coward hands.
And yet religion bids from blood-ſhed fly,
And damns me for that act: Then tell me why
This goblin, honour, which the world adores,
Should make men atheiſts, and not women whores?

Epitaph on the Lady MARY VILLERS *.

THE Lady Mary Villers lies
Under this ſtone: With weeping eyes
The parents that firſt gave her breath,
And their ſad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, ſhed a tear:
Or if thyſelf poſſeſs a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them;
Though a ſtranger to this place,
Bewail in their's thine own hard caſe;
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'ſt find thy darling in an urn.

ANOTHER.

THE pureſt ſoul that e'er was ſent
Into a cluyey tenement,
Inform'd this duſt; but the weak mould
Could the great gueſt no longer hold;
The ſubſtance was too pure; the flame
Too glorious that thither came:
Ten thouſand Cupids brought along
A grace on each wing, that did throng
For place there, till they all oppreſt
The ſeat in which they ſought to reſt;
So the fair model broke, for want
Of room to lodge th' inhabitant.

ANOTHER.

THIS little vault, this narrow room,
Of love and beauty is the tomb:
The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
Our clouded ſky, lies darken'd here,
For ever ſet to us, by death
Sent to inflame the world beneath.
'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
More ſweetneſs than ſhall ſpring again;
A budding ſtar, that might have grown
Into a ſun, when it had blown.
This hopeful beauty did create
New life in love's declining ſtate;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free:
His brand, his bow, let no man fear;
The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

Epitaph on the Lady S. Wife to Sir W. S.

THE harmony of colours, features, grace,
Reſulting airs (the magic of a face)
Of muſical ſweet tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one ſovereign beauty, lie confin'd
To this dark vault: She was a cabinet
Where all the choiceſt ſtones of price were ſet;
Whoſe native colours and pure luſtre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament;
Whoſe rare and hidden virtues did expreſs
Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dreſs;
The conſtant diamond, the wiſe chryſolite,
The devout ſapphire, em'rald apt to write
Records of mem'ry, chearful agate, grave
And ſerious onyx, topaz that doth ſave
The brain's calm temper, witty amethyſt;
This precious quarry, or what elſe the liſt
On Aaron's ephod planted had, ſhe wore:
One only pearl was wanting to her ſtore;
Which in her Saviour's book ſhe found expreſt;
To purchaſe that, ſhe ſold death all the reſt.

Maria Wentworth, Thomæ Comitis Cleveland filia primogenita, virginiam animam exhalavit. an. dom.— æt. ſuæ—

AND here the precious duſt is laid,
Whoſe purely-tempered clay was made
So fine, that it the gueſt betray'd.

Elſe the ſoul grew ſo faſt within,
It broke the outward ſhell of ſin,
And ſo was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height it ſoar'd to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And ſpread in breadth to gen'ral love.

Before, a pious duty ſhin'd
To parents; courteſy, behind;
On either ſide, an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To ſervants kind, to friendſhip clear,
To nothing but herſelf ſevere.

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, ſhe juſtify'd
A chaſte polygamy, and dy'd.

Learn from hence (reader) what ſmall truſt
We owe this world, where Virtue muſt,
Frail as our fleſh, crumble to duſt.

ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Beatiſſimis manibus chariſſimi viri Ilma. conjunx ſit parentavit.

WHEN, in the brazen leaves of fame,
The life, the death of Buckingham
Shall be recorded, if truth's hand
Inciſe the ſtory our land,
Poſterity ſhall ſee a fair
Structure, by the ſtudious care
Of two kings raiſed, that no leſs
Their wiſdom than their pow'r expreſs;

* Daughter of George Villers, Duke of Buckingham.

By blinded zeal (whose doubtful light
Made murder's scarlet robe seem white,
Whose vain-deluding phantasms charm'd
A clouded fullen soul, and arm'd
A desperate hand thirsty of blood)
Torn from the fair earth where it stood;
So the majestic fabric fell.
His actions let our annals tell;
We write no chronicle; this pile
Wears only sorrow's face and stile,
Which ev'n the envy, that did wait
Upon his flourishing estate,
Turn'd to soft pity of his death,
Now pays his hearse; but that cheap breath
Shall not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
Puddle those streams that bathe this shrine.

These are the pious obsequies
Dropp'd from his chaste wife's pregnant eyes
In frequent showers, and were alone
By her congealing sighs made stone,
On which the carver did bestow
These forms and characters of woe:
So he the fashion only lent,
Whilst she wept all this monument.

ANOTHER.

Siste, hospes, sive indigena, sive advena: vicissitudinis rerum memor, pauca perlege.

Reader, when these dumb stones have told
In borrowed speech what guest they hold,
Thou shalt confess the vain pursuit
Of human glory yields no fruit,
But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could constant happiness create,
Her ministers, Fortune and Worth,
Had here that miracle brought forth:
They fix'd this child of honour where
No room was left for hope or fear,
Of more or less: so high, so great
His growth was, yet so safe his seat:
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyal heart and ends:
Safe in his native valiant spirit;
By favour safe, and safe by merit;
Safe by the stamp of nature, which
Did strength with shape and grace enrich;
Safe in the chearful courtesies
Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes;
Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than store:
Yet though for virtue he becomes
Involv'd himself in borrow'd sums,
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpaid.

But though the stars conspire to show'r
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, of their dire
Aspects must other breasts inspire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darling's life:
Who can be happy then; if Nature must
To make one happy man, make all men just?

Four Songs by way of Chorus to a Play, at an Entertainment of the King and Queen by my Lord Chamberlain.

I.

OF JEALOUSY. DIALOGUE.

Question.

From whence was first this fury hurl'd,
This Jealousy, into the world?
Came she from Hell? *Answ.* No, there doth reign
Eternal Hatred, with Disdain:
But she the daughter is of Love,
Sister of Beauty *Quest.* Then above
She must derive from the third sphere
Her heavenly offspring *Answ.* Neither there:
From those immortal flames could she
Draw her cold frozen pedigree?

Question.

If nor from heaven nor hell, where then
Had she her birth? *Answ.* I' th' hearts of men;
Beauty and Fear did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate.
Sister to both, by Beauty's side
To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd.
Despair her issue is, whose race
Of frightful mischief drowns the space
Of the wide earth in a swoln flood
Of wrath, revenge, spite, rage, and blood.

Question.

Oh how can such a spurious line
Proceed from parents so divine?

Answer.

As streams, which from their crystal spring
Do sweet and clear their waters bring,
Yet, mingling with the brackish main,
Nor taste nor colour they retain.

Question.

Yet rivers 'twixt their own banks flow
Still fresh: Can Jealousy do so?

Answer.

Yes, whilst she keeps the stedfast ground
Of Hope and Fear, her equal bound:
Hope, sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Tow'rds the fair object doth advance;
Whilst Fear, as watchful centinel,
Doth the invading foe repel;
And Jealousy, thus mixt, doth prove
The season and the salt of love:
But when Fear takes a larger scope,
Stifling the child of reason, Hope;
Then, sitting on th' usurped throne,
She like a tyrant rules alone;
As the wild ocean unconfin'd,
And raging as the northern wind.

II.

FEMININE HONOUR.

In what eſteem did the gods hold
Fair Innocence and the chaſte bed,
When ſcandal'd Virtue might be bold,
Bare-foot upon ſharp cultures, ſpread
O'er burning coals, to march; yet feel
Nor ſcorching fire nor piercing ſteel?

Why, when the hard-edg'd iron did turn
Soft as a bed of roſes blown,
When cruel flames forgot to burn
Their chaſte, pure limbs, ſhould man alone
'Gainſt female innocence conſpire,
Harder than ſteel, fiercer than fire?

Oh hapleſs ſex! unequal ſway
Of partial honour! who may know
Rebels from ſubjects that obey,
When Malice can on veſtals throw
Diſgrace, and Fame fix high repute
On the looſe ſhameleſs proſtitute?

Vain Honour! thou art but diſguiſe,
A cheating voice, a juggling art;
No judge of Virtue, whoſe pure eyes
Court her own image in the heart,
More pleas'd with her true figure there,
Than her falſe echo in the ear.

III.

SEPARATION OF LOVERS.

Stop the chaſed boar, or play
With the lion's paw, yet fear
From the Lover's ſide to tear
The idol of his ſoul away.

Though Love enter by the ſight
To the heart, it doth not fly
From the mind, when from the eye
The fair objects take their flight.

But ſince want provokes deſire,
When we loſe what we before
Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
So is Love more ſet on fire.

Love doth an hungry eye
Glut on Beauty, and you may
Safer ſnatch the tiger's prey
Than his vital food deny.

Yet, though abſence for a ſpace
Sharpen the keen appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All Love's characters efface.

IV.

INCOMMUNICABILITY OF LOVE.

Queſtion.

By what power was Love confin'd
To one object? Who can bind,
Or fix a limit to the free-born mind?

Anſwer.

Nature; for as bodies may
Move at once but in one way,
So nor can minds to more than one Love ſtray.

Reply.

Yet I feel double ſmart;
Love's twinn'd flame, his forked dart.
Anſw. Then hath wild Luſt, not Love, poſſeſt thy heart.

Queſtion.

Whence ſprings Love? *Anſw.* From Beauty.
Queſt. Why ſhould th' effect not multiply
As faſt in the heart, as doth the cauſe in th' eye?

Anſwer.

When two beauties equal are
Senſe preferring neither fair,
Deſire ſtands ſtill, diſtracted 'twixt the pair.

So in equal diſtance lay
Two fair lambs in the wolf's way,
The hungry beaſt will ſtarve ere chooſe his prey.

But where one is chief, the reſt
Ceaſe, and that's alone poſſeſt,
Without a rival monarch of the breaſt.

SONGS IN THE PLAY.

A Lover, in the diſguiſe of an Amazon, is dearly beloved of his Miſtreſs.

Cease, thou afflicted ſoul, to mourn,
Whoſe love and faith are paid with ſcorn;
For I am ſtarv'd that feel the bliſſes
Of dear embraces, ſmiles and kiſſes,
From my ſoul's idol, yet complain
Of equal love more than diſdain.

Ceaſe, beauty's exile, to lament
The frozen ſhades of baniſhment,
For I in that fair boſom dwell,
That is my paradiſe and hell;
Baniſh'd at home, at once at eaſe
In the ſafe port, and toſt on ſeas.

Ceaſe in cold jealous fears to pine,
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;
For though I had lock'd in mine arms
My life's ſole joy, a traitor's charms
Prevail; whilſt I may only blame
Myſelf, that mine own rival am.

ANOTHER.

A Lady, rescued from Death by a Knight, who in the instant leaves her, complains thus.

Oh whither is my fair sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat away?
If thou repose in the moist bed
Of the sea-queen, bring back the day
To our dark clime, and thou shalt lie
Bath'd in the sea-flows from mine eye.

Upon what whirlwind didst thou ride
Hence, remain fixt in my heart,
From me, and to me; fled, and ty'd?
Dark riddles of the amorous art;
Love lent thee wings to fly; so he
Unfeather'd now must rest with me.

Help, help, brave youth! I burn, I bleed!
The cruel God with bow and brand
Pursues the life thy valour freed;
Disarm him with thy conquring hand;
And that thou may'st the wild boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.

TO BEN JONSON,

Upon occasion of his Ode of Defiance annexed to his Play of the New Inn.

'Tis true (dear Ben) thy just chastising hand
Hath fix'd upon the sotted age a brand,
To their swoln pride and empty scribbling due:
It can nor judge, nor write; and yet, 'tis true,
Thy Comic Muse from the exalted line
Touch'd by the Alchymist, doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretels a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
Yet such as shall outshine the glimmering light
With which all stars shall gild the following night.
Nor think it much (since all thy eaglets may
Endure the sunny trial) if we say
This hath the stronger wing, or That doth shine
Trick'd up in fairer plumes, since All are thine.
Who hath his flock of cackling geese compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of swans? or else who dar'd
To call thy births deform'd? But if thou bind,
By city custom, or by gavel kind,
In equal shares thy love on all thy race,
We may distinguish of their sex, and place;
Though one hand form them, and through one brain strike
Souls into all, they are not all alike.
Why should the follies then of this dull age
Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage
As seems to blast thy (else immortal) bays,
When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of praise?
Such thirst will argue drought. No; let be hurl'd
Upon thy works, by the detracting world,
What malice can suggest; let the rout say
The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
Count the slow minutes, might a Goodwin * frame,
To swallow, when th' hast done, thy shipwreck'd name;
Let them the dear expence of oil uphraid,
Suck'd by thy watchful lamp, that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
Into thy ink, whilst thou grow'st pale with guilt:
Repine not at the taper's thrifty waste,
That fleeks thy terser Poems; nor is haste
Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome
A knotty writer, bring the booty home;
Nor think it theft, if the rich spoils, so torn
From conquer'd Authors, be as trophies worn.
Let others glut on thee th' extorted praise
Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after-days:
Thy labour'd works shall live, when time devours
Th' abortive offspring of their hasty hours:
Thou art not of their rank; the quarrel lies
Within thine own verge; then let this suffice,
The wiser world doth greater thee confess
Than all men else, than thyself only less.

AN HYMENEAL DIALOGUE.

BRIDE AND GROOM.

Groom.

Tell me (my love) since Hymen ty'd
The holy knot, hast thou not felt
A new infused spirit slide
Into thy breast, whilst thine did melt?

Bride.

First tell me (sweet) whose words were those?
For though your voice the air did break,
Yet did my soul the sense compose,
And through your lips my heart did speak.

Groom.

Then I perceive, when from the flame
Of love my scorch'd soul did retire,
Your frozen heart in her place came,
And sweetly melted in that fire.

Bride.

'Tis true; for when that mutual change
Of souls was made with equal gain,
I straight might feel diffus'd a strange
But gentle heat through every vein.

Chorus.

Oh blest disunion! that doth so
Our bodies from our souls divide,
As two do one, and one four grow,
Each by contraction multiply'd.

Bride.

Thy bosom then I'll make my nest,
Since there my willing soul doth perch.

Groom. And for my heart in thy chaste breast
I'll make an everlasting search.

Chorus. Oh blest disunion, &c.

† The Goodwin Sands in Kent.

Obſequies to the Lady ANNE HAY *.

I HEARD the virgins ſigh; I ſaw the ſleek
And poliſh'd courtier channel his freſh cheek
With real tears; the new betrothed maid
Smil'd not that day; the graver Senate laid
Their buſineſs by; of all the courtly throng
Grief ſeal'd the heart, and ſilence bound the tongue:
I that ne'er more of private ſorrow knew
Than from my pen ſome froward miſtreſs drew,
And for the public woe had my dull ſenſe
So ſear'd with ever-adverſe influence,
As the invader's ſword might have, unfelt,
Pierc'd my dead boſom, yet began to melt:
Grief's ſtrong inſtinct did to my blood ſuggeſt
In the unknown loſs peculiar intereſt.
But when I heard the noble Carliſle's gem,
The faireſt branch of Denny's ancient ſtem,
Was from that caſket ſtol'n, from this trunk torn,
I found juſt cauſe why they, why I ſhould mourn.

But who ſhall guide my artleſs pen, to draw
Thoſe blooming beauties which I never ſaw?
How ſhall poſterity believe my ſtory,
If I her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper virtues, ſhall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortal ſtate?
Shall I, as once Apelles, here a feature,
There ſteal a grace; and rifling ſo whole nature
Of all the ſweets a learned eye can ſee,
Figure one Venus, and ſay, Such was ſhe?
Shall I her legend fill with what of old
Hath of the worthies of her ſex been told;
And what all pens and times to all diſpenſe,
Reſtrain to her by a prophetic ſenſe?
Or ſhall I, to the moral and divine
Exacteſt laws, ſhape by an even line
A life ſo ſtraight, as it ſhould ſhame the ſquare
Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare,
And call it hers? Say, So did ſhe begin;
And, had ſhe liv'd, ſuch had her progreſs been?
Theſe are dull ways, by which baſe pens, for hire,
Daub glorious Vice, and from Apollo's quire
Steal holy ditties, which prophanely they
Upon the horſe of every ſtrumpet lay.

We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd tear,
Nor ſhall thy train borrow the blacks they wear
Such vulgar ſpice and gums embalm not thee;
Thou art the theme of Truth, not Poetry.
Thou ſhalt endure a trial by thy Peers;
Virgins of equal birth, of equal years,
Whoſe virtues held with thine an emulous ſtrife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life:
One ſhall enſphere thine eyes, another ſhall
Impearl thy teeth, a third thy white and ſmall
Hand ſhall beſnow, a fourth incarnadine
Thy roſy cheek; until each beauteous line,
Drawn by her hand in whom that part excels,
Meet in one centre, where all Beauty dwells.

* Daughter of James Hay, firſt Earl of Carliſle.

Others, in taſk, ſhall thy choice virtues ſhare;
Some ſhall their birth, ſome their ripe growth declare,
Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds;
They ſhall relate how thou hadſt all the ſeeds
Of every virtue, which in the purſuit
Of time, muſt have brought forth admired fruit;
Thus ſhalt thou from the mouth of Envy raiſe
A glorious journal of thy thrifty days,
Like a bright ſtar ſhot from his ſphere, whoſe race
In a continued line of flames we trace.
This, if ſurvey'd, ſhall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wert, thou art:
This ſhall gain credit with ſucceeding times,
When nor by bribed pens, nor partial rhimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the ſacred truth
Is ſtoried by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath ſhall ſaint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus ev'n by rivals to be deify'd.

To the Counteſs of Angleſey *, *upon the immoderately by her lamented Death of her Huſband.*

MADAM, men ſay you keep with dropping eyes
Your ſorrows freſh, wat'ring the Roſe that lies
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear Lord's hearſe.
Alas! thoſe odours now no more can pierce
His cold, pale noſtril nor the crimſon dye
Preſent a graceful bluſh to his dark eye.
Think you that flood of pearly moiſture hath
The virtue fabled of old Eſon's bath?
You may your beauties and your youth conſume
Over his urn, and with your ſighs perfume
The ſolitary vault, which, as you groan,
In hollow echoes ſhall repeat your moan:
There you may wither, and an autumn bring
Upon yourſelf, but not call back his ſpring.
Forbear your fruitleſs grief then; and let thoſe
Whoſe love was doubted, gain belief with ſhows
To their ſuſpected faith; you whoſe whole life
In every act crown'd you a conſtant wife,
May ſpare the practice of that vulgar trade,
Which ſuperſtitious cuſtom only made:
Rather, a widow now of wiſdom prove
The pattern, as a wife you were of love.
Yet ſince you ſurfeit on your grief, 'tis fit
I tell the world upon what cares you ſit
Glutting your ſorrows; and at once include
His ſtory, your excuſe, my gratitude.

You, that behold how yon ſad Lady blends
Thoſe aſhes with her tears, leſt, as ſhe ſpends
Her tributary ſighs, the frequent guſt
Might ſcatter up and down the noble duſt;
Know, when that heap of atoms was with blood
Kneaded to ſolid fleſh, and firmly ſtood
On ſtately pillars, the rare form might move
The froward Ino's, or chaſte Cynthia's love.

† Eliſabeth, the wife of Arthur Annesley, firſt Earl of Angleſey, and daughter of Sir James Altham.

In motion, active grace; in rest, a calm;
Attractive sweetness brought both wound and balm
To every heart; he was compos'd of all
The wishes of ripe virgins, when they call
For Hymen's rites, and in their fancies wed
A shape of studied beauties to their bed.
Within this curious palace dwelt a Soul
Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole:
This drest his face in courteous smiles; and so
From comely gestures sweeter manners flow.
This courage join'd to strength; so the hand, bent,
Was Valor's; open'd, Bounty's instrument;
Which did the scale and sword of Justice hold,
Knew how to brandish steel and scatter gold.
This taught him not t' engage his modest tongue
In suits of private gain, though public wrong;
Nor misemploy (as is the great man's use)
His credit with his Master, to traduce,
Deprave, malign, and ruin Innocence,
In proud revenge of some mis-judg'd offence:
But all his actions had the noble end
To advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.
He chose not in the active stream to swim,
Nor hunted Honour, which yet hunted him;
But like a quiet eddy that hath found
Some hollow creek, there turns his waters round,
And in continual circles dances, free
From the impetuous torrent; so did he
Give others leave to turn the wheel of state,
(Whose steerless motion spins the subjects fate)
Whilst he, retir'd from the tumultuous noise
Of court, and suitors press, apart enjoys
Freedom, and mirth, himself, his time, and friends,
And with sweet relish tastes each hour he spends.
I could remember how his noble heart
First kindled at your beauties; with what art
He chac'd his game through all opposing fears,
When I his sighs to you, and back your tears
Convey'd to him; how loyal then, and how
Constant he prov'd since to his marriage vow,
So as his wand'ring eyes never drew in
One lustful thought to tempt his soul to sin;
But that I fear such mention rather may
Kindle new grief, than blow the old away.

Then let him rest, join'd to great Buckingham,
And with his brother's mingle his bright flame.
Look up, and meet their beams, and you from thence
May chance derive a cheerful influence.
Seek him no more in dust, but call again
Your scatter'd beauties home; and so the pen,
Which now I take from this sad elegy,
Shall sing the trophies of your conqu'ring eye.

An Elegy upon the Death of DOCTOR DONNE, *Dean of Saint Paul's.*

CAN we not force from widow'd poetry,
Now thou art dead, Great Donne, one elegy
To crown thy hearse? Why yet did we not crust,
Though with unkneaded dough-bak'd prose, thy dust;
Such as th' uncizar'd lect'rer from the flow'r
Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand that measures it, mighty lay
Upon the ashes on the funeral day?
Have we not time, nor voice? Didst thou dispense
Through all our language both the words and sense?
'Tis a sad truth. The pulpit may her plain
And sober Christian precepts still retain;
Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses, frame,
Grave homilies, and lectures; but the flame
Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light
As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting hours distil,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths to teach
As sense might judge what fancy could not reach)
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with spirit and heat the delphic quire,
Which, kindled first by the Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quench'd now in thy death.
The Muses garden, with pedantic weeds
O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds
Of servile imitation thrown away,
And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage
A mimic fury, when our souls must be
Possest or with Anacreon's extasy
Or Pindar's, not their own; the subtle chat
Of sly exchanges, and the juggling feat
Of two-edg'd swords; or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
Thou hast redeem'd; and open'd us a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancy; drawn a line
Of masculine expression, which had good
Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,
Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more
They each in other's dung had search'd for ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blind face of language, whose tun'd chime
More charms the outward sense: yet thou may'st claim
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick-rib'd hoops to gird about
Thy giant Fancy, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft, melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands
Of what was only thine, thy only hands
(And what their smallest work) have gleaned more
Than all those Times and Tongues could reap before.

But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry;
They will recall the goodly, exil'd train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Was banish'd noble poems. Now, with these,
The silenc'd tales i' th' Metamorphoses

Shall ſtuff their lines, and ſwell the windy page;
Till verſe, refin'd by thee, in this laſt age
Turn ballad rhyme, or thoſe old idols be
Ador'd again with new apoſtacy.

Oh pardon me! that break with untun'd verſe
The reverend ſilence that attends thy hearſe;
Whoſe ſolemn, awful murmurs were to thee,
More than thoſe rude lines, a loud elegy;
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whoſe influence,
Grown feeble, in theſe panting numbers lies,
Gaſping ſhort-winded accents, and ſo dies:
So doth the ſwiftly-turning wheel not ſtand
I' th' inſtant we withdraw the moving hand,
But ſome ſhort time retains a faint, weak courſe,
By virtue of the firſt impulſive force;
And ſo, whilſt I caſt on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh let it crack a while,
And ſpit diſdain, till the devouring flaſhes
Suck all the moiſture up, then turn to aſhes.

I will not draw the envy, to engroſs
All thy perfections, or weep all the loſs;
Thoſe are too numerous for one elegy,
And 'tis too great to be expreſs'd by me:
Let others carve the reſt; it ſhall ſuffice,
I only grave this epitaph inciſe.
"Here lies a king that rul'd as he thought fit
"The Univerſal Monarchy of Wit;
"Here lies two Flamens, and both thoſe the beſt;
"Apollo's firſt, at laſt the true God's Prieſt."

In Anſwer to an Elegiacal Letter upon the Death of the King of Sweden, from Aurelian Townſend, inviting me to write on that ſubject.

Why doſt thou ſound, my dear Aurelian,
In ſo ſhrill actions, from thy Barbican,
A loud alarm to my drowſy eyes,
Bidding them wake in tears and elegies
For mighty Sweden's fall? Alas! how may
My lyric feet, that of the ſmooth ſoft way
Of Love and Beauty only know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorious King, or his majeſtic hearſe
Profane with th' humble touch of their low verſe?
Virgil nor Lucan, no, nor Taſſo, more
Than both, not Donne, worth all that went before,
With the united labour of their wit
Could a juſt poem to this ſubject fit.
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by verſe: let him in proſe be prais'd,
In modeſt faithful ſtory, which his deeds
Shall turn to poems: When the next age reads
Of Franckfort, Leipſic, Warſburgh, of the Rhine,
The Leck, the Danube, Tilly, Walleſtein,
Bavaria, Dapenheim, Lutzen field, where he
Gain'd after death a poſthume victory,
They'll think his acts things rather feign'd than done,
Like our romances of the Knight o' th' Sun.
Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
Who, though to annals he cannot refer
His too-brief ſtory, yet his journals may
Stand by the Cæſar's years; and every day
Cut into minutes, each ſhall more contain
Of great deſignment than an Emperor's reign:
And (ſince 'twas but his church-yard) let him have
For his own aſhes now no narrower grave
Than the whole German continent's vaſt womb,
Whilſt all her cities do but make his tomb.
Let us to Supreme Providence commit
The fate of Monarchs, which firſt thought it fit
To rend the empire from the Auſtrian gaſp,
And next from Sweden's, even when he did claſp
Within his dying arms the ſov'reignty
Of all thoſe provinces, that men might ſee
The Divine Wiſdom would not leave that land
Subject to any king's ſole command.
Then let the Germans fear, if Cæſar ſhall,
Or the United Princes, riſe and fall;
But let us that in myrtle bowers ſit,
Under ſecure ſhades, uſe the benefit
Of peace and plenty, which the bleſſed hand
Of our good king gives this obdurate land:
Let us of revels ſing, and let thy breath
(Which fill'd Fame's trumpet with Guſtavus' death,
Blowing his name to Heaven) gently inſpire
Thy paſt'ral pipe till all our ſwains admire
Thy ſong and ſubject, whilſt they both compriſe
The Beauties of the *Shepherd's Paradiſe* (*a*):
For who, like thee, (whoſe looſe diſcourſe is far
More neat and poliſh'd than our poems are,
Whoſe very gait's more graceful than our dance)
In ſweetly flowing numbers may advance
The glorious night: when, not to act ſoul rapes,
Like birds, or beaſts, but in their angel-ſhapes
A troop of deities came down to guide
Our fleerleſs barks in Paſſion's ſwelling tide
By Virtue's card, and brought us from above
A pattern of their own celeſtial love.
Nor lay it in dark ſullen precepts drown'd;
But with rich fancy and clear action crown'd,
Through a myſterious fable (that was drawn
Like a tranſparent vail of pureſt lawn
Before their dazzling beauties) the divine
Venus did with her heavenly Cupid ſhine:
The ſtory's curious web, the maſculine ſtile,
The ſubtle ſenſe, did time and ſleep beguile:
Pinion'd and charm'd, they ſtood to gaze upon
Th' angel-like forms, geſtures, and motion;
To hear thoſe raviſhing ſounds, that did diſpenſe
Knowledge and pleaſure to the ſoul and ſenſe.
It fill'd us with amazement to behold
Love made all ſpirit; his corporeal mold,
Diſſected into atoms, melt away
To empty air, and from the groſs allay
Of mixtures and compounding accidents,
Refin'd to immaterial elements.
But when the Queen of Beauty did inſpire
The air with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
Breathing, from her celeſtial organ, ſweet
Harmonious notes, our ſouls fell at her feet,
And did with humble, reverend duty, more
Her rare perfections than high ſtate adore.

(*a*) The title of a poem written by Aurelian Townſend.

Theſe harmleſs paſtimes let my Townſend ſing
To rural tunes; not that thy Muſe wants wing
To ſoar a loftier pitch, (for ſhe hath made
A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroic ſhade
Above the reach of our faint, flagging rhyme);
But theſe are ſubjects proper to our clime.
Tornies, maſks, theatres better become
Our Halcion days. What though the German drum
Bellow for freedom and revenge? the noiſe
Concerns not us, nor ſhould divert our joys;
Nor ought the thunder of their carabins
Drown the ſweet airs of our tun'd violins.
Believe me, friend, if their prevailing pow'rs
Gain them a calm ſecurity like ours,
They'll hang their arms upon the olive bough,
And dance and revel then as we do now.

Upon MR. W. MONTAGUE'S *return from Travel.*

LEAD the black bull to ſlaughter, with the boar
And lamb; then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that ſo we may
The ſea-gods for their careful wafiage pay:
Send grateful incenſe up in pious ſmoke
To thoſe mild ſpirits that caſt a curbing yoke
Upon the ſtubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wiſh'd ſhore our long'd-for Montague:
Then, whilſt the aromatic odours burn
In honour of their darling's ſafe return,
The Muſe's quire ſhall thus with voice and hand
Bleſs the fair gale that drove his ſhip to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal air,
That with kind warmth do'ſt repair
Winter's ruins; from whoſe breaſt
All the gums and ſpice of th' eaſt
Borrow their perfumes; whoſe eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the ſky;
Whoſe diſhevel'd treſſes ſhed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whoſe brow, with calm ſmiles dreſs'd,
The Halcyon ſits and builds her neſt;
Beauty, Youth, and endleſs Spring,
Dwell upon thy roſy wing,
Thou, if ſtormy Boreas throws
Down whole foreſts when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canſt refreſh the teeming earth:
If he nip the early bud,
If he blaſt what's fair or good,
If he ſcatter our choice flowers,
If he ſhake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us;
Thou canſt ſtroke great Eolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

Thus, whilſt you deal your body 'mongſt your friends,
And fill their circling arms, my glad ſoul ſends
This her embrace: thus we of Delphos greet;
As laymen claſp their hands, we join our feet.

To MASTER W. MONTAGUE.

SIR, I arreſt you at your country's ſuit,
Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich ſtock, which ſhe by Nature's hand
Gave you in truſt, to th' uſe of this whole land:
Next ſhe indites you of a felony,
For ſtealing what was her propriety (*b*),
Yourſelf, from hence; ſo ſeeking to convey
The public treaſure of the ſtate away.
More: y'are accus'd of oſtraciſm, the fate
Impos'd of old by the Athenian ſtate
On eminent virtue; but that curſe which they
Caſt on their men, you on your country lay:
For, thus divided from your noble parts,
This kingdom lives in exile, and all hearts
That reliſh worth or honour, being rent
From your perfections, ſuffer baniſhment.
Theſe are your public injuries; but I
Have a juſt private quarrel, to defy
And call you coward; thus to run away
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring ſtay
Till I redeem'd my honour: but I ſwear
By Celia's eyes, by the ſame force to tear
Your heart from you, or not to end this ſtrife,
Till I or find revenge, or loſe my life.
But as in ſingle fights it oft hath been
In that unequal equal trial ſeen,
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at firſt,
Came from the combat oft too with the worſt;
So if you foil me when we meet, I'll then
Give you fair leave to wound me ſo again.

On the Marriage of T. K. and C. C.—The Morning ſtormy.

SUCH ſhould this day be, ſo the ſun ſhould hide
His baſhful face, and let the conquering bride
Without a rival ſhine, whilſt he forhears
To mingle his unequal beams with hers;
Or if ſometimes he glance his ſquinting eye
Between the parting clouds, 'tis but to ſpy,
Not emulate her glories, ſo comes dreſt
In veils, but as a maſker to the feaſt.
Thus Heav'n ſhould lowr, ſuch ſtormy guſts ſhould blow,
Not to denounce ungentle fates, but ſhew,
The cheerful bridegroom to the clouds and wind
Hath all his tears and all his ſighs aſſign'd.
Let tempeſts ſtruggle in the air, but reſt
Eternal calms within thy peaceful breaſt!
Thrice happy youth! but ever ſacrifice
To that fair hand that dry'd thy blubber'd eyes,
That crown'd thy head with roſes, and turn'd all
The plagues of love into a cordial,
When firſt it join'd her virgin ſnow to thine,
Which when to-day the Prieſt ſhall recombine,
From the myſterious, holy touch, ſuch charms
Will flow, as ſhall unlock her wreathed arms,
And open a free paſſage to that fruit
Which thou haſt toil'd for with a long purſuit.

(*b*) Property.

But ere thou feed, that thou may'ſt better taſte
Thy preſent joys, think on thy torments paſt:
Think on the mercy freed thee, think upon
Her virtues, graces, beauties, one by one;
So ſhalt thou reliſh all, enjoy the whole
Delights of her fair body and pure ſoul:
Then boldly to the fight of love proceed;
'Tis mercy not to pity, though ſhe bleed.
We'll ſtrew no nuts, but change that ancient form,
For till to-morrow we'll prorogue this ſtorm,
Which ſhall confound with its loud whiſtling noiſe
Her pleaſing ſhrieks, and fan thy panting joys.

For a Picture where the Queen laments over the Tomb of a ſlain Knight.

Brave Youth, to whom Fate in one hour
Gave death and conqueſt, by whoſe pow'r
Thoſe chains about my heart are wound,
With which the foe my kingdom bound;
Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either act an offering:
For victory, this wreath of bay;
Enſign of thraldom down I lay
Sceptre and crown: Take from my ſight
Thoſe royal robes; ſince Fortune's ſpite
Forbids me live thy Virtue's prize,
I'll die thy Valour's ſacrifice.

To a Lady that deſired I would love her.

I.

Now you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you do?
Shall I your mirth, or paſſion move,
When I begin to woo?
Will you torment, or ſcorn, or love me too?

II.

Each petty Beauty can diſdain, and I,
Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can ſee and die:
Diſpenſe a nobler fate;
'Tis eaſy to deſtroy, you may create.

III.

Then give me leave to love, and love me too:
Not with deſign
To raiſe, as Love's curſt rebels do,
When puling poets whine,
Fame to their beauty from their blubber'd eyn.

IV.

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
Your Beauty's rays:
Joys are pure ſtreams, your eyes appear
Sullen in ſadder lays;
In cheerful numbers they ſhine bright with praiſe;

V.

Which ſhall not mention, to expreſs you fair,
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray or torture captive hearts.

VI.

I'll make your eyes like morning ſuns appear,
As mild and fair;
Your brow, as cryſtal ſmooth and clear;
And your diſhevel'd hair
Shall flow like a calm region of the air.

VII.

Rich Nature's ſtore (which is the poet's treaſure)
I'll ſpend to dreſs
Your beauties, if your mine of pleaſure
In equal thankfulneſs
You but unlock, ſo we each other bleſs.

Upon my Lord Chief Juſtice's Election of the Lady A. W. for his Miſtreſs.

I.

Hear this, and tremble all
Uſurping Beauties that create
A government tyrannical
In Love's free ſtate:
Juſtice hath to the ſword of your edg'd eyes
His equal balance join'd; his ſage head lies
In Love's ſoft lap, which muſt be juſt and wiſe.

II.

Hark how the ſtern Law breaths
Forth amorous ſighs, and now prepares
No fetters but of ſilken wreaths
And braided hairs:
His dreadful rods and axes are exil'd,
Whilſt he ſits crown'd with roſes: Love hath fil'd
His native roughneſs; Juſtice is grown mild.

III.

The golden age returns;
Love's bow and quiver uſeleſs lie;
His ſhaft, his brand, nor wounds nor burns;
And cruelty
Is ſunk to hell: the Fair ſhall all be kind;
Who loves ſhall be belov'd; the froward mind
To a deformed ſhape ſhall be confin'd.

IV.

Aſtræa hath poſſeſt
An earthly ſeat, and now remains
In Finch's heart; but Wentworth's breaſt
That gueſt contains:
With her ſhe dwells, yet hath not left the ſkies,
Nor loſt her ſphere; for, new-enthron'd, ſhe cries,
"I know no heaven but fair Wentworth's eyes."

To A. D. unreaſonably diſtruſtful of her own Beauty.

Fair Doris, break thy glaſs; it hath perplext,
With a dark comment, Beauty's cleareſt text;
It hath not told thy face's ſtory true,
But brought falſe copies to thy jealous view:
No colour, feature, lovely air, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou may'ſt read in thine, or juſtly doubt,
Thy glaſs hath been ſummon'd to leave it out.
But if it offer to thy nice ſurvey
A ſpot, a ſtain, a blemiſh or decay,

It not belongs to thee; the treacherous light
Or faithleſs ſtone abuſe thy credulous ſight.
Perhaps the magic of thy face hath wrought
Upon th' enchanted cryſtal, and ſo brought
Fantaſtic ſhadows to delude thine eyes
With airy, repercuſſive ſorceries:
Or elſe th' enamoured image pines away
For love of the fair object, and ſo may
Wax pale and wan; and though the ſubſtance grow
Lively and freſh, that may conſume with woe.
Give thou no faith to the falſe ſpecular ſtone,
But let thy beauties by th' effects be known:
Look, ſweeteſt Doris, on my love-ſick heart;
In that true mirror ſee how fair thou art.
There, by Love's never-erring pencil drawn,
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawn,
Shoot through the ſhady covert of thy hair,
Enam'ling and perfuming the calm air
With pearls and roſes, till thy ſuns diſplay
Their lids, and let out the impriſon'd day.
Whilſt Delphic prieſts (enlighten'd by their theme)
In amorous numbers count thy golden beam,
And from Love's altars clouds of ſighs ariſe
In ſmoking incenſe to adore thine eyes:
If then Love flow from Beauty as th' effect,
How canſt thou the reſiſtleſs cauſe ſuſpect?
Who would not brand that fool that ſhould contend,
There were no fire where ſmoke and flames aſcend?
Diſtruſt is worſe than ſcorn; not to believe
My harms, is greater wrong than not to grieve.
What cure can for my feſt'ring ſore be found,
Whilſt thou believ'ſt thy beauty cannot wound?
Such humble thoughts more cruel tyrants prove,
Than all the pride that e'er uſurp'd in love;
For Beauty's herald here denounceth war,
There her falſe ſpies betray me to a ſnare.
If fire diſguis'd in balls of ſnow were hurl'd,
It unſuſpected might conſume the world:
Where our prevention ends, danger begins;
So wolves in ſheep's, lions in aſſes ſkins
Might fat more miſchief work, becauſe leſs fear'd;
Thoſe, the whole flock, theſe might kill all the herd.
Appear then as thou art, break through this cloud,
Confeſs thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud.
Be fair, though ſcornful; rather let me find
Thee cruel, than thus mild and more unkind.
Thy cruelty doth only me defy,
But theſe dull thoughts thee to thyſelf deny.
Whether thou mean to barter or beſtow
Thyſelf, 'tis fit thou thine own value know.
I will not cheat thee of thyſelf, nor pay
Leſs for thee than thou'rt worth; thou ſhalt not ſay,
That is but brittle glaſs which I have found
By ſtrict inquiry a firm diamond.
I'll trade with no ſuch Indian fool as ſells
Gold, pearls, and precious ſtones, for beads and bells;
Nor will I take a preſent from your hand,
Which you or prize not, or not underſtand.
It not endears your bounty that I do
Eſteem your gift, unleſs you do ſo too.
You undervalue me, when you beſtow
On me what you nor care for, nor yet know.
No, lovely Doris, change thy thoughts, and be
In love firſt with thyſelf, and then with me.
You are afflicted that you are not fair,
And I as much tormented that you are:
What I admire, you ſcorn; what I love, hate;
Through different faiths both ſhare an equal fate;
Faſt to the truth, which you renounce, I ſtick;
I die a martyr, you an heretic.

To my Friend G. N. from Wreſt.

I BREATHE, ſweet Ghibs, the temperate air of Wreſt,
Where I, no more with raging ſtorms oppreſt,
Wear the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,
On the bleak mountains where fierce tempeſts breed,
And everlaſting winter dwells; where mild
Favonius and the vernal winds, exil'd,
Did never ſpread their wings: but the wild North
Brings ſterile fern, thiſtles, and brambles forth.
Here, ſteep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant earth
Sends forth her teeming womb a flow'ry birth;
And, cheriſh'd with the warm ſun's quick'ning heat,
Her porous boſom doth rich odours ſweat;
Whoſe perfumes through the ambient air diffuſe
Such native aromatics, as we uſe
No foreign gums, nor eſſence fetch'd from far,
No volatile ſpirits, nor compounds that are
Adulterate; but, at Nature's cheap expence,
With far more genuine ſweets refreſh the ſenſe.
Such pure and uncompounded beauties bleſs
This manſion with an uſeful comeline's
Devoid of art; for here the architect
Did not with curious ſkill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or prophecy,
But built a houſe for hoſpitality.
No ſumptuous chimney-piece of ſhining ſtone
Invites the ſtranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertain his ſight; but clear
And cheerful flames cheriſh and warm him here.
No Doric nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this ſtructure's naked face:
The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than ſeem, in ſight.
Inſtead of ſtatues to adorn their wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where, at large tables fill'd with wholeſome meats,
The ſervant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats:
Some of that rank, ſpun of a finer thread,
Are with the women, ſteward, and chaplain, fed
With daintier cates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coat
Have ſever'd from the common, freely ſit
At the lord's table, whoſe ſpread ſides admit
A large acceſs of friends to fill thoſe ſeats
Of his capacious ſickle, fill'd with meats
Of choiceſt reliſh, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil'd-up diſhes crack.
Nor think, becauſe our pyramids and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the ſky,
That therefore Wreſt of narrowneſs complains,
Or ſtraighten'd walls; for ſhe more numerous trains
Of noble gueſts daily receives, and thoſe
Can with far more conveniency diſpoſe,

Than prouder piles, where the vain builder ſpent
More coſt in outward gay embelliſhment
Than real uſe; which was the ſole deſign
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for ſervice. Amalthea's horn
Of plenty is not in effigy worn
Without the gate; but ſhe within the door
Empties her free and unexhauſted ſtore. [ſtand
Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres
In ſtone, with a crook'd ſickle in her hand;
Nor on a marble tun, his face beſmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd, unſcizar'd Bacchus rear'd.
We offer not, in emblems, to the eyes,
But to the taſte, thoſe uſeful deities:
We preſs the juicy God, and quaff his blood,
And grind the yellow Goddeſs into food.
Yet we decline not all the work of Art;
But where more bounteous Nature bears a part,
And guides her handmaid, if ſhe but diſpenſe
Fit matter, ſhe with care and diligence
Employs her ſkill; for where the neighbour ſource
Pours forth her waters, ſhe directs her courſe,
And entertains the flowing ſtreams in deep
And ſpacious channels, where they ſlowly creep
In ſnaky windings, as the ſhelving ground
Leads them in circles, till they twice ſurround
This iſland manſion, which i' th' centre plac'd,
Is with a double cryſtal heaven embrac'd;
In which our wat'ry conſtellations float,
Our fiſhes, ſwans, our waterman, and boat,
Envy'd by thoſe above, which wiſh to ſlake
Their ſtar-burnt limbs in our refreſhing lake;
But they ſtick faſt nail'd to the barren ſphere,
Whilſt our increaſe, in fertile waters here,
Diſport, and wander freely where they pleaſe
Within the circuit of our narrow ſeas.

With various trees we fringe the water's brink,
Whoſe thirſty roots the ſoaking moiſture drink,
And whoſe extended boughs in equal ranks
Yield fruit, and ſhade, and beauty to the banks.
On this ſide young Vertummus ſits, and courts
His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyr ſports
On th' other, with lov'd Flora, yielding there
Sweets for the ſmell, ſweets for the palate here.
But did you taſte the high and mighty drink [think
Which from that luſcious fountain flows, you'd
The God of wine did his plump cluſters bring,
And cruſh the Falern grape into our ſpring;
Or elſe, diſguis'd in wat'ry robes, did ſwim
To Ceres' bed, and make her beg of him,
Begetting ſo himſelf on her: for know,
Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in autumn; but our fire boils here
As luſty liquor as the ſun makes there.

Thus I enjoy myſelf, and taſte the fruit
Of this bleſt place; whilſt, toil'd in the purſuit
Of bucks and ſtags, th' emblem of war, you ſtrive
To keep the memory of our arms alive.

A New Year's Gift.—To the KING.

Look back, old Janus, and ſurvey,
From Time's birth till this new-born day,
All the ſucceſsful ſeaſons bound
With laurel wreaths, and trophies crown'd;
Turn o'er the annals paſt, and, where
Happy auſpicious days appear,
Mark'd with the white ſtone that caſt
On the dark brow of th' ages paſt
A dazzling luſtre, let them ſhine
In this ſucceeding circle's twine,
Till it be round with glories ſpread;
Then with it crown our Charles his head,
That we th' enſuing year may call
One great continu'd feſtival.
Freſh joys in varied forms apply
To each diſtinct captivity.
Seaſon his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugal delights.
May the choice beauties that inflame
His royal breaſt he ſtill the ſame,
And he ſtill think them ſuch, ſince more
Thou canſt not give from Nature's ſtore:
Then as a father let him be
With numerous iſſue bleſt, and ſee
The fair and godlike offspring grown
From budding ſtars to ſuns full blown.
Circle with peaceful olive boughs
And conquering bays his regal brows:
Let his ſtrong virtues overcome,
And bring him bloodleſs trophies home:
Strew all the pavements where he treads
With loyal hearts or rebels heads:
But, Byfront, open thou no more,
In his bleſt reign, the temple door.

To the QUEEN.

Thou great commandreſs, that doſt move
Thy ſceptre o'er the crown of Love,
And through his empire, with the awe
Of thy chaſte beams, doſt give the law;
From his prophaner altars we
Turn to adore thy deity.
He only can wild luſt provoke;
Thou thoſe impurer flames canſt choke;
And where he ſcatters looſer fires,
Thou turn'ſt them into chaſte deſires:
His kingdom knows no rule but this,
"Whatever pleaſeth lawful is."
Thy ſacred lord ſhews us the path
Of modeſty and conſtant faith,
Which makes the rude male ſatisfy'd
With one fair female by his ſide;
Doth either ſex to each unite,
And from Love's pure hermaphrodite.
To this thy faith behold the wild
Satyr already reconcil'd,
Who from the influence of thine eye
Hath ſuck'd the deep divinity
O free them then, that they may teach
The centaur and the horſeman! preach
To beaſts and birds, ſweetly to reſt
Each in his proper lare and neſt:
They ſhall convey it to the flood,
Till there thy law be underſtood.

So shalt thou, with thy pregnant fire,
The water, earth, and air inspire.

To the New Year, for the Countess of CARLISLE (*c*).

Give Lucinda pearl not stone,
Lend them light who else have none:
Let her beauty shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the east,
For the phœnix in her breast
Builds his funeral pile and nest.

No rich 'tire thou canst invent
Shall to grace her form be sent;
She adorns all ornament.

Give her nothing, but restore
Those sweet smiles which heretofore
In her cheerful eyes she wore.

Drive those envious clouds away,
Veils that have o'ercast my day,
And eclips'd her brighter ray.

Let the royal Goth mow down
This year's harvest with his own
Sword, and spare Lucinda's frown.

Janus, if, when next I trace
Those sweet lines, I in her face
Read the charter of my grace;

Then, from bright Apollo's tree,
Such a garland wreath'd shall be
As shall crown both her and thee.

To my honoured Friend, MASTER THOMAS MAY, *upon his Comedy, the* HEIR.

THE Heir being born, was in his tender age
Rock'd in the cradle of a private stage,
Where, lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairly stand.
Since, having gather'd strength, he dares prefer
His steps into the public theatre,
The world; where he despairs not but to find
A doom from me more able, not less kind.
I but his usher am, yet if my word
May pass, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well known,
Such as best writers would have wish'd their own.
You shall observe his words in order meet,
And, softly stealing on with equal feet,
Slide into even numbers with such grace
As each word had been moulded for that place.
You shall perceive an amorous passion spun
Into so smooth a web, as had the sun,
When he pursu'd the swiftly-flying maid,
Courted her in such language, she had stay'd.
A love so well expressed must be the same
The author felt himself from his fair flame.
The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
Through the five acts, as doth the lock that goes
With letters; for till every one be known,
The lock's as fast as if you had found none:
And where his sportive muse doth draw a thread
Of mirth, chaste matrons may not blush to read.
Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
My want of art, dear friend, than to conceal
My love. It did appear I did not mean
So to commend thy well-wrought comic scene,
As men might judge my aim rather to be,
To gain praise to myself, than give it thee;
Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath out-last.
Yet was this garment (though I skilless be
To take thy measure) only made for thee;
And if it prove too scant, 'tis 'cause the stuff
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

To my worthy Friend, Mr. GEORGE SANDS, *on his Translation of the Psalms.*

I PRESS not to the choir, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwasht muse pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine:
Here, humbly waiting at the porch, she stays,
And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.
So, devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without door, and some beneath the font,
To stand and hear the church's liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemn exercise:
Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
To trim thy vestments, or but bear thy train;
Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy lark,
Her lyric feet may dance before the ark.
Who knows, but that her wand'ring eyes that run,
Now hunting glow-worms, may adore the sun:
A pure flame may, shot by Almighty pow'r
Into her breast, the earthy flame devour:
My eyes in penitential dew may steep
That brine, which they for sensual love did weep.
So (though 'gainst nature's course) fire may be quench'd
With fire, and water be with water drench'd;
Perhaps my restless soul, tir'd with pursuit
Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit
Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quench'd all her thirst, nor satisfy'd, though cloy'd,
Weary of her vain search below, above
In the first fair may find th' immortal love.
Prompted by thy example then, no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore;
But tear those idols from my heart, and write
What his blest spirit, not fond love, shall indite;
Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,
But the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha;
And rather strive to gain from thence one thorn,
Than all the flourishing wreaths by laureats worn.

(*c*) Anne, daughter of Edward Lord Howard of Effrick, and wife of Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle.

To my much honoured Friend, HENRY LORD CAREY *of Lepington, upon his Tranſlation of Malvezzi.*

My Lord,

In every trivial work, 'tis known,
Tranſlators muſt be maſters of their own
And of their author's language; but your taſk
A greater latitude of ſkill did aſk;
For your Malvezzi firſt requir'd a man
To teach him ſpeak vulgar Italian:
His matter's ſo ſublime, ſo new his phraſe,
So far above the ſtile of Bembo's days,
Old Varchic's rules, or what the Truſca[1] yet
For current Truſcan mintage will admit,
As I believe your Marquis by a good
Part of his natives hardly underſtood.
You muſt expect no happier fate; 'tis true,
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts nor words fit common ears;
He writes, and you tranſlate, both to your peers.

To my worthy Friend, Mr. D'AVENANT, *upon his excellent Play, The Juſt Italian.*

I'LL not miſpend in praiſe the narrow room
I borrow in this leaf; the garlands bloom
From thine own ſeeds, that crown each glorious page
Of thy triumphant work; the ſullen age
Requires a ſatyr. What ſtar guides the ſoul
Of theſe our froward times, that dare controul,
Yet dare not learn to judge? When didſt thou fly
From hence, clear, candid ingenuity?
I have beheld, when perch'd on the ſmooth brow
Of a fair modeſt troop, thou didſt allow
Applauſe to ſlighter works; but then the weak
Spectator gave the knowing leave to ſpeak.
Now noiſe prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the cry ſpends not his mouth.
Yet aſk him reaſon why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will ſtrike
Thy ſoul with ſcorn and pity: mark the places
Provoke their ſmiles, frowns, or diſtorted faces,
When they admire, nod, ſhake the head, they'll be
A ſcene of mirth, a double comedy.
But thy ſtrong fancies (raptures of the brain,
Dreſt in poetic flames) they entertain
As a bold, impious reach; for they'll ſtill ſlight
All that exceeds Red Bull and Cockpit flight.
Theſe are the men in crouded heaps that throng
To that adulterate ſtage, where not a tongue
Of th' untun'd kennel can a line repeat
Of ſerious ſenſe, but the lips meet like meat;
Whilſt the true brood of actors, that alone
Keep nat'ral, unſtrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearſe
The terſer Beaumont's or great Jonſon's verſe.
Repine not thou then, ſince this churliſh fate
Rules not the ſtage alone; perhaps the ſtate
Hath felt this rancor, where men great and good
Have by the rabble been miſunderſtood.
So was thy play; whoſe clear, yet lofty ſtrain,
Wiſe men, that govern fate, ſhall entertain.

[1] Tuſcany.

To the Reader of Mr. WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S *Play.*

It hath been ſaid of old, that plays are feaſts,
Poets the cooks, and the ſpectators gueſts;
The actors, waiters: from this ſimile,
Some have deriv'd an unſafe liberty
To uſe their judgments as their taſtes, which chuſe;
Without controul, this diſh, and that refuſe:
But wit allows not this large privilege,
Either you muſt confeſs or feel its edge;
Nor ſhall you make a current inference,
If you tranſfer your reaſon to your ſenſe:
Things are diſtinct, and muſt the ſame appear
To every piercing eye or well-tun'd ear.
Though ſweets with yours, ſharps beſt with my taſte meet:
Both muſt agree, this meat's or ſharp, or ſweet.
But if I ſcent a ſtench, or a perfume,
Whilſt you ſmell nought at all, I may preſume
You have that ſenſe imperfect: So you may
Affect a ſad, merry, or humorous play;
If, though the kind diſtaſte or pleaſe, the good
And bad be by your judgment underſtood:
But if, as in this play, where with delight
I feaſt my Epicurean appetite
With reliſhes ſo curious, as diſpenſe
The utmoſt pleaſure to the raviſh'd ſenſe,
You ſhould profeſs that you can nothing meet
That hits your taſte either with ſharp or ſweet,
But cry out, 'Tis inſipid; your bold tongue
May do its maſter, not the author, wrong;
For men of better palate will by it
Take the juſt elevation of your wit.

To my Friend WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

I CROWDED 'mongſt the firſt, to ſee the ſtage
(Inſpir'd by thee) ſtrike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancy dazzled; where each ſcene
Wrought like a charm, and forc'd the audience lean
To th' paſſion of thy pen: Thence ladies went
(Whoſe abſence lovers ſigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind ſcorn; and courtiers, who by art
Made love before, with a converted heart,
To wed thoſe virgins, whom they would t' abuſe;
Both render'd Hymen's pros'lites by thy muſe.
But others, who were proof 'gainſt love, did ſit
To learn the ſubtle dictates of thy wit;
And, as each profited, took his degree,
Maſter, or bachelor, in comedy.
We of th' adult'rate mixture not complain,
But thence more characters of virtue gain;
More pregnant patterns of tranſcendent worth,
Than barren and inſipid fruit brings forth;

So, oft the baſtard nobler fortune meets,
Than the dull iſſue of the lawful ſheets.

The Complaint.

Dearest, thy treſſes are not threads of gold,
Thy eyes of diamonds, nor do I hold
Thy lips for rubies, thy fair cheeks to be
Freſh roſes, or thy teeth of ivory;
Thy ſkin, that doth thy dainty body ſheath,
Not alabaſter is, nor doſt thou breath
Arabian odours; thoſe the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with which, would but impair thy worth.
Such may be others miſtreſſes, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy treſſes are thoſe rays that do ariſe;
Not from one ſun, but two; ſuch are thy eyes;
Thy lips congealed nectar are, and ſuch
As, but a deity, there's none dare touch;
The perfect crimſon that thy cheek doth clothe
(But only that it far exceeds them both)
Aurora's bluſh reſembles, or that red
That Iris ſtruts in when her mantle's ſpread;
Thy teeth in white do Leda's ſwan exceed;
Thy ſkin's a heavenly and immortal weed;
And when thou breath'ſt, the winds are ready ſtraight
To filch it from thee; and do therefore wait
Cloſe at thy lips, and ſnatching it from thence,
Bear it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincenſe.
Fair goddeſs, ſince thy feature makes thee one,
Yet be not ſuch for theſe reſpects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as fair, as good, as true.

The Inquiry.

Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my ſighs thus intertalk'd:
"Tell me, (ſaid I in deep diſtreſs)
"Where I may find my ſhepherdeſs."

"Thou fool, (ſaid Love) know'ſt thou not this,
"In every thing that's good ſhe is?
"In yonder tulip go and ſeek,
"There thou may'ſt find her lip, her cheek.

"In you enamel'd panſy by,
"There thou ſhalt have her curious eye.
"In bloom of peach, in roſy bud,
"There wave the ſtreamers of her blood.

"In brighteſt lilies that there ſtand,
"The emblems of her whiter hand.
"In yonder riſing hill there ſmell
"Such ſweets as in her boſom dwell."

"'Tis true" (ſaid I): and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a ſudden all was gone.

With that I ſtopt: ſaid Love, "Theſe be,
"Fond man, reſemblances of thee:
"And, as theſe flow'rs, thy joys ſhall die,
"Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:
"And all thy hopes of her ſhall wither,
"Like theſe ſhort ſweets thus knit together."

The Spark.

My firſt Love, whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, ſuppreſt it with her ſcorn;
Unlike to tinder in my breaſt it lies,
By every ſparkle made a ſacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindles my deſire,
And that is free to all, that was entire.
Deſiring more by thee, deſire I loſt,
As thoſe that in conſumptions hunger moſt;
And now my wand'ring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one woman, but to womankind:
This for her ſhape I love; that for her face;
This for her geſture or ſome other grace;
And where I none of theſe do uſe to find,
I chooſe there by the kennel, not by the rind:
And ſo I hope, ſince firſt my hopes are gone,
To find in many what I loſt in one;
And, like to merchants after ſome great loſs,
Trade by retail, that cannot now in groſs.
The fault is hers that made me go aſtray;
He needs muſt wander that hath loſt his way.
Guiltleſs I am; ſhe did this change provoke.
And made that charcoal which to her was oak:
And as a looking-glaſs, from the aſpect,
Whilſt it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
But being crack'd or broken, there are ſhewn
Many half faces, which at firſt were one;
So Love unto my heart did firſt prefer
Her image, and there planted none but her:
But ſince 'twas broke and martyr'd by her ſcorn,
Many leſs faces in her face are born:
Thus, like to tinder, am I prone to catch
Each falling ſparkle, fit for any match.

The Compliment.

O my Deareſt, I ſhall grieve thee,
When I ſwear (yet, Sweet, believe me.)
By thine eyes, the tempting book,
On which even crabbed old men look;
I ſwear to thee, (though none abhor them)
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy moſt curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Fairer than the threads of lawn,
And are ſofter than the leaves
On which the ſubtle ſpinner weaves.

I do not love thee for thoſe flow'rs,
Growing on thy cheeks (Love's bow'rs),

Though ſuch cunning them hath ſpread
None can paint their white and red:
Love's golden arrows thence are ſhot;
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for thoſe ſoft
Red coral lips I've kiſs'd ſo oft;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To ſpeech, whence muſic ſtill is heard:
Though from thoſe lips a kiſs being taken,
Might Tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my faireſt,
For that richeſt, for that rareſt
Silver pillar which ſtands under
Thy round head, that globe of wonder;
Though that neck be whiter far,
Than tow'rs of poliſh'd ivory are.

I do not love thee for thoſe mountains
Hill'd with ſnow, whence milky fountains
(Sugar'd ſweets, as ſyrup'd berries)
Muſt one day run through pipes of cherries;
O how much thoſe breaſts do move me!
Yet for them I do not love thee.

I do not love thee for that belly,
Sleek as ſattin, ſoft as jelly,
Though within that cryſtal round
Heaps of treaſure might be found,
So rich, that for the beſt of them,
A king might leave his diadem.

I do not love thee for thoſe thighs,
Whoſe alabaſter rocks do riſe
So high and even, that they ſtand
Like ſea-marks to ſome happy land:
Happy are thoſe eyes have ſeen them;
More happy they that ſail between them.

I love not thee for thy moiſt palm,
Though the dew thereof be balm:
Nor for thy pretty leg and foot,
Although it be the precious root
On which the goodly cedar grows:
Sweet, I love thee not for thoſe.

Nor for thy wit, though pure and quick,
Whoſe ſubſtance no arithmetic
Can number down; nor thoſe for charms
Maſk'd in thy embracing arms;
Though in them one night to lie,
Deareſt, I would gladly die.

I love not for thoſe eyes, nor hair,
Nor cheeks, nor lips, nor teeth ſo rare;
Nor for thy ſpeech, thy neck, nor breaſt,
Nor for thy belly, nor the reſt;
Nor for thy hand, nor foot ſo ſmall;
But, wouldſt thou know, dear Sweet, for All.

On Sight of a Gentlewoman's Face in the Water.

Stand ſtill, you floods, do not deface
That image which you bear:
So votaries, from every place,
To you ſhall altars rear.

No winds but lovers ſighs blow here,
To trouble theſe glad ſtreams,
On which no ſtar from any ſphere
Did ever dart ſuch beams.

To cryſtal then in haſte conceal,
Leſt you ſhould loſe your bliſs;
And to my cruel fair reveal,
How cold, how hard ſhe is.

But if the envious Nymphs ſhall fear
Their beauties will be ſcorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to tear
That face which you adorn'd;

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may deſpiſe;
And from your froth we ſoon ſhall ſee
A ſecond Venus riſe.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove beſtows,
When June is paſt, the fading roſe;
For in your beauties orient deep
Theſe flow'rs, as in their cauſes, ſleep.

Aſk me no more, whither do ſtray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Thoſe powders to enrich your hair.

Aſk me no more, whither doth haſte
The nightingale, when May is paſt;
For in your ſweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Aſk me no more, where thoſe ſtars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they ſit, and there
Fixed become, as in their ſphere.

Aſk me no more, if eaſt or weſt,
The phœnix builds her ſpicy neſt;
For unto you at laſt ſhe flies,
And in your fragrant boſom dies.

SONG.

Would you know what's ſoft, I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to ſtars to ſhew what's bright,
Nor to ſnow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would muſic hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor, to pleaſe your ſenſe, bring forth
Bruiſed hard, or what's more worth.

Or, on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you nectar for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

The second Rapture.

No, worldling, no; 'tis not thy gold,
Which thou dost use but to behold,
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
That makes thee happy; these things be
But shadows of felicity:
Give me a wench about thirteen,
Already voted to the queen
Of lust and lovers; whose soft hair,
Fann'd with the breath of gentle air,
O'erspreads her shoulders like a tent,
And is her veil and ornament;
Whose tender touch will make the blood
Wild in the aged and the good;
Whose kisses, fasten'd to the mouth
Of threescore years and longer slouth,
Renew the age; and whose bright eye
Obscures those lesser lights of sky;
Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
That snow, that never melts at all)
Makes Jove invent a new disguise,
In spite of Juno's jealousies;
Whose every part doth reinvite
The old decayed appetite;
And in whose sweet embraces I
May melt myself to lust, and die.
This is true bliss; and I confess,
There is no other happiness.

The Hue and Cry.

In Love's name, you are charg'd hereby,
To make a speedy hue and cry
After a face which, t' other day,
Stole my wand'ring heart away.
To direct you, these, in brief,
Are ready marks to know the thief.
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove
In his eagle shape; her brow
Is a comely field of snow;
Her eye so rich, so pure a grey,
Every beam creates a day;
And if she but sleep (not when
The sun sets) 'tis night again;
In her cheeks are to be seen
Of flowers both the king and queen,
Thither by the graces led,
And freshly laid in nuptial bed;
On whom lips like nymphs do wait,
Who deplore their virgin state;
Oft they blush, and blush for this,
That they one another kiss:
But observe, besides the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for if your ear
Once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men,
But from that voice, shall hear again,
That, that is she. O straight surprise,
And bring her unto Love's assize:
If you let her go, she may
Antedate the latter day,
Fate and philosophy controul,
And leave the world without a soul.

SONG.

To his Mistress confined.

O think not, Phœbe, 'cause a cloud
Doth now thy silver brightness shroud,
My wand'ring eye
Can stoop to common beauties of the sky.
Rather be kind, and this eclipse
Shall neither hinder eye nor lips;
For we shall meet
With our hearts, and kiss, and none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
Without some living sign of me:
When thou dost spy
A sun-beam peep into the room, 'tis I;
For I am hid within a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee see
In what a martyrdom I burn for thee.

When thou dost touch thy lute, thou may'st
Think on my heart, on which thou play'st;
When each sad tune
Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groan.
When thou dost please, they shall rebound
With nimble airs, struck to the sound
Of thy own voice;
O think how much I tremble and rejoice!

There's no sad picture that doth dwell
Upon thy Arras wall, but well
Resembles me.
No matter though our age do not agree,
Love can make old, as well as time;
And he that doth but twenty climb,
If he dare prove
As true as I, shews fourscore years in love.

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew

I ſtraight will whiſper in your ears,
The ſweets of love are waſh'd with tears:
Aſk me why this flow'r doth ſhow
So yellow, green, and ſickly too;
Aſk me why the ſtalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I muſt tell you, theſe diſcover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

The Tinder.

Of what mould did nature frame me?
Or was it her intent to ſhame me,
That no woman can come near me,
Fair, but her I court to hear me?
Sure that miſtreſs, to whoſe beauty
Firſt I paid a lover's duty,
Burnt in rage my heart to tinder;
That nor pray'rs, nor tears can hinder;
But wherever I do turn me,
Every ſpark let fall doth burn me.
Women, ſince you thus inflame me,
Flint and ſteel I'll ever name ye.

A SONG.

In her fair cheeks two pits do lie,
To bury thoſe ſlain by her eye;
So, ſpight of death, this comforts me,
That fairly buried I ſhall be:
My grave with roſe and lily ſpread,
O 'tis a life to be ſo dead
Come then, and kill me with thy eye,
For if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold thoſe lips again
Reviving what thoſe eyes have ſlain
With kiſſes ſweet, whoſe balſam pure
Love's wounds, as ſoon as made, can cure;
Methinks 'tis ſickneſs to be ſound,
And there's no health to ſuch a wound.
Come then, &c.

When in her chaſte breaſt I behold,
Thoſe downy mounts of ſnow ne'er cold,
And thoſe bleſt hearts her beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climbing thoſe fair hills;
Methinks there's life in ſuch a death,
And ſo t' expire inſpires new breath.
Come then, &c.

Nymph, ſince no death is deadly, where
Such choice of antidotes are near,
And your keen eyes but kill in vain
Thoſe that are ſound; as ſoon as ſlain,
That I no longer dead ſurvive,
Your ways to bury me alive
In Cupid's cave, where happy I
May dying live, and living die:
Come then, and kill me with thy eye,
For if thou let me live, I die.

THE CARVER.

To his Miſtreſs.

A carver, having lov'd too long in vain,
Hew'd out the portraiture of Venus' ſon
In marble rock, upon the which did rain
Small drizzling drops that from a fount did run;
Imagining the drops would either wear
His fury out, or quench his living flame:
But when he ſaw it bootleſs did appear,
He ſwore the water did augment the ſame.
So I, that ſeek in verſe to carve thee out,
Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,
Viewing my lines impoliſh'd all throughout,
Find my will rather than my love obey;
That, with the carver, I my work do blame,
Finding it ſtill th' augmenter of my flame.

To the Painter.

Fond man, that hop'ſt to catch that face
With thoſe falſe colours, whoſe ſhort grace
Serves but to ſhew the lookers on
The faults of thy preſumption;
Or at the leaſt to let us ſee,
That is divine, but yet not ſhe:
Say you could imitate the rays
Of thoſe eyes that outſhine the days;
Or counterfeit, in red and white,
That moſt unconnterfeited light
Of her complexion: yet canſt thou,
(Great maſter though thou be) tell how
To print a virtue? Then deſiſt;
This fair your artifice hath miſs'd;
You ſhould have mark'd how ſhe begins
To grow in virtue, not in ſins;
Inſtead of that ſame roſy dye,
You ſhould have drawn out modeſty,
Whoſe beauty ſits enthroned there,
And learns to look and bluſh at her.
Or can you colour juſt the ſame,
When virtue bluſhes; or when ſhame,
When ſickneſs, and when innocence,
Shews pale or white unto the ſenſe?
Can ſuch coarſe varniſh e'er be ſaid
To imitate her white and red?
This may do well elſewhere in Spain,
Amongſt thoſe faces dy'd in grain;
So you may thrive, and what you do
Prove the beſt picture of the two.
Beſides (if all I hear be true)
'Tis taken ill by ſome, that you
Should be ſo inſolently vain,
As to contrive all that rich gain
Into one tablet, which alone
May teach us ſuperſtition;
Inſtructing our amazed eyes
T' admire and worſhip imag'ries,
Such as quickly might outſhine
Some new ſaint, wer't allow'd a ſhrine,

And turn each wand'ring looker on
Into a new Pygmalion.
Yet your art cannot equalize
This picture in her lover's eyes:
His eyes the pencils are, which limb
Her truly, as hers copy him:
His heart the tablet, which alone
Is for that portrait the tru'ſt ſtone;
If you would a truer ſee,
Mark it in their poſterity,
And you ſhall read it truly there,
When the glad world ſhall ſee their heir.

Love's Courtſhip.

Kiss, lovely Celia, and be kind;
Let my deſires freedom find:
Sit thee down,
And we will make the gods confeſs,
Mortals enjoy ſome happineſs.

Mars would diſdain his miſtreſs' charms,
If he beheld thee in my arms,
And deſcend,
Thee his mortal queen to make,
Or live as mortal for thy ſake.

Venus muſt loſe her title now,
And leave to brag of Cupid's bow;
Silly queen!
She hath but one, but I can ſpy
Ten thouſand Cupids in thy eye.

Nor may the ſun behold our bliſs,
For ſure thy eyes do dazzle his;
If thou fear
That he'll betray thee with his light,
Let me eclipſe thee from his ſight.

And while I ſhade thee from his eye,
Oh let me hear thee gently cry,
Celia yields.
Maids often loſe their maidenhead,
E'er they ſet foot in nuptial bed.

On a Damaſk Roſe ſticking upon a Lady's Breaſt.

Let pride grow big, my roſe, and let the clear
And damaſk colour of thy leaves appear.
Let ſcent and looks be ſweet, and bleſs that hand
That did tranſplant thee to that ſacred land.
O happy thou that in that garden reſts,
That paradiſe between that lady's breaſts:
There's an eternal ſpring; there ſhalt thou lie,
Betwixt two lily mounts, and never die:
There ſhalt thou ſpring among the fertile vallies,
By buds, like thee, that grow in midſt of allies.
There none dare pluck thee, for that place is ſuch,
That but a God divine there's none dare touch;
If any but approach, ſtraight doth ariſe
A bluſhing lightning flaſh, and blaſts his eyes.
There, 'ſtead of rain, ſhall living fountains flow;
For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.
Nor now, as erſt, one ſun ſhall on thee ſhine,
But thoſe two glorious ſuns, her eyes divine.
O then what monarch would not think't a grace,
To leave his regal throne to have thy place?
Myſelf, to gain thy bleſſed ſeat, do vow
Would be transform'd into a roſe as thou.

THE PROTESTATION.

A Sonnet.

No more ſhall meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor ſweetneſs dwell in roſy bowers;
Nor greeneſt buds on branches ſpring,
Nor warbling birds delight to ſing;
Nor April violets paint the grove;
If I forſake my Celia's love.

The fiſh ſhall in the ocean burn,
And fountains ſweet ſhall bitter turn;
The humble oak no flood ſhall know
When floods ſhall higheſt hills o'erflow;
Black Lethe ſhall oblivion leave;
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love ſhall his bow and ſhaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
The ſun refuſe to ſhew his light,
And day ſhall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no ſtar appear;
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love ſhall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more ſhall love for worth;
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor ſouls in hell;
Grim death no more ſhall horrid prove;
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

The Tooth-Ach cured by a Kiſs.

Fate's now grown merciful to men,
Turning diſeaſe to bliſs:
For had not kind rheum vex'd me then,
I might not Celia kiſs.
Phyſicians, you are now my ſcorn;
For I have found a way
To cure diſeaſes, when forlorn
By your dull art, which may
Patch up a body for a time,
But can reſtore to health
No more than chemiſts can ſublime
True gold, the Indies' wealth.
The angel, ſure, that us'd to move
The pool men ſo admir'd,
Hath to her lip, the ſeat of love,
As to his heaven, retir'd.

To the Jealous Miſtreſs.

Admit (thou darling of mine eyes)
I have ſome idol lately fram'd;
That, under ſuch a falſe diſguiſe,
Our true loves might the leſs be ſam'd;
Canſt thou that know'ſt my heart, ſuppoſe
I'll fall from thee, and worſhip thoſe?

Remember (dear) how loath and ſlow
I was to caſt a look or ſmile,
Or one love line to miſbeſtow,
Till thou hadſt chang'd both face and ſtyle;
And art thou grown afraid to ſee
That maſk put on thou mad'ſt for me?

I dare not call thoſe childiſh fears,
Coming from love, much leſs from thee,
But waſh away with frequent tears
This counterfeit idolatry;
And henceforth kneel at ne'er a ſhrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

The Dart.

Oft when I look, I may deſcry
A little face peep through that eye:
Sure that's the boy, which wiſely choſe
His throne among ſuch beams as thoſe,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May ſerve for darts to kill withal.

The Miſtake.

When on fair Celia I did ſpy
A wounded heart of ſtone,
The wound had almoſt made me cry,
Sure this heart was my own:

But when I ſaw it was enthron'd
In her celeſtial breaſt,
O then! I it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne'er ſo bleſt.

Yet if in higheſt heavens do ſhine
Each conſtant martyr's heart;
Then ſhe may well give reſt to mine,
That for her ſake doth ſmart:

Where, ſeated in ſo high a bliſs,
Though wounded, it ſhall live:
Death enters not in paradiſe;
The place free life doth give.

Or, if the place leſs ſacred were,
Did but her ſaving eye
Bath my kind heart in one kind tear,
Then ſhould I never die.

Slight balms may heal a ſlighter ſore;
No med'cine leſs divine
Can ever hope for to reſtore
A wounded heart like mine.

To my Lord Admiral†, on his late Sickneſs and Recovery.

With joy like ours, the Thraelan youth invade
Orpheus returning from th' Elyſian ſhade,
Embrace the hero, and his ſtay implore,
Make it their public ſuit he would no more
Deſert them ſo, and for his ſpouſe's ſake,
His vaniſh'd love, tempt the Lethæan lake:
The ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Which ſhall the fair Eurydice ſucceed;
Eurydice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes liſt'ning trees and ſavage mountains groan
Through all the air; his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late;
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the land affecting, and the main.
When the glad news, that you were admiral,
Scarce through the nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Should be perplexed how to chooſe a new:
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worſt it gave our ſouls relief,
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.

Nature her faireſt light eclipſed, ſeems
Herſelf to ſuffer in theſe ſad extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.
The ſtem thus threat'ned, and the ſap, to thee
Droop all the branches of that noble tree;
Their beauties they, and we our love ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes ſave thy health intend;
As lilies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend,
Fold thee within their ſnowy arms, and cry,
He is too faultleſs, and too young to die:
So, like immortals, round about thee they
Sit; that they fright approaching death away.
Who would not languiſh by ſo fair a train,
To be lamented and reſtor'd again?
Or thus withheld, what haſty ſoul would go,
Though to the bleſt? O'er young Adonis ſo
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious ſhow'r
Of her warm tears cheriſh'd the ſpringing flower.
The next ſupport, fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that noble frame,
By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But, ſtep by ſtep, purſues thee to thy grave.
And now relentleſs fate, about to end
The line, which backward doth ſo far extend

† The Duke of Buckingham, the unhappy favourite of Charles I. by whom he was appointed Lord High Admiral of England.

That antique ſtock, which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt ſpirits, and with brighteſt eyes,
Kind Phœbus interpoſing, bade me ſay,
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe; but they,
Like Neptune and his ſea-born niece, ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the land and ſea,
With courage guard, and beauty warm our age,
And lovers fill with like poetic rage,

ON MISTRESS N.

To the Green Sickneſs.

STAY, coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale ſiſter beauty's field,
Who, there diſplaying round her white
Enſigns, hath uſurp'd thy right;
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou ſhould'ſt rule alone;
And on the cheek, where nature's care
Allotted each an equal ſhare,
Her ſpreading lily only grows,
Whoſe milky deluge drowns thy roſe.

Quit not the field, faint blood, nor ruſh
In the ſhort ſally of a bluſh
Upon thy ſiſter foe, but ſtrive
To keep an endleſs war alive;
Though peace do petty ſtates maintain,
Here war alone makes beauty reign.

Upon a Mole in Celia's Boſom.

THAT lovely ſpot which thou doſt ſee
In Celia's boſom was a bee,
Who built her amorous ſpicy neſt
I' th' hyblas of her either breaſt;
But, from cloſe ivory hives, ſhe flew
To ſuck the aromatic dew
Which from the neighbour vale diſtils,
Which parts thoſe two twin-ſiſter hills;
There feaſting on ambroſial meat,
A rowling file of balmy ſweet
(As in ſoft murmurs, before death,
Swan-like ſhe ſung) chok'd up her breath.
So ſhe in water did expire,
More precious than the Phœnix' fire;
Yet ſtill her ſhadow there remains
Confin'd to thoſe Elyſian plains;
With this ſtrict law, that who ſhall lay
His bold lips on that milky way,
The ſweet and ſmart from thence ſhall bring
Of the bee's honey and her ſting.

An Hymeneal Song on the Nuptials of the Lady ANNE WENTWORTH §, *and the Lord Lovelace.*

BREAK not the ſlumbers of the bride,
But let the ſun in triumph ride,
Scattering his beamy light;
When ſhe awakes, he ſhall reſign
His rays, and ſhe alone ſhall ſhine
In glory all the night.

For ſhe, till day return, muſt keep
An amorous vigil, and not ſteep
Her fair eyes in the dew of ſleep.

Yet gently whiſper as ſhe lies,
And ſay her lord waits her apriſe,
The prieſts at th' altar ſtay;
With flow'ry wreaths the virgin crew
Attend, while ſome with roſes ſtrew,
And myrtles trim the way.

Now to the temple and the prieſt
See her convey'd, thence to the feaſt;
Then back to bed, though not to reſt.

For now, to crown his faith and truth,
We muſt admit the noble youth
To revel in love's ſphere;
To rule, as chief intelligence,
That orb, and happy time diſpenſe
To wretched lovers here.

For there, exalted far above
All hope, fear, change, or they to move
The wheel that ſpins the fates of love;

They know no night, nor glaring noon,
Meaſure no hours of ſun or moon,
Nor mark time's reſtleſs glaſs;
Their kiſſes meaſure as they flow,
Minutes, and there embraces ſhew
The hours as they do paſs.

Their motions the year's circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take
Rules to make love an almanack.

A Married Woman.

WHEN I ſhall marry, if I do not find
A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind:
Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
Beauty, or wit, ſhall ſhe derive a power
To prejudice my right; but if ſhe be
A ſubject born, ſhe ſhall be ſo to me,
As to the ſoul the fleſh, as appetite
To reaſon is; which ſhall our wills unite
In habits ſo confirm'd, as no rough ſway
Shall once appear, if ſhe but learn t' obey.
For, in habitual virtues, ſenſe is wrought
To that calm temper, as the body's thought
To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude
Paſſions of luſt and anger are ſubdu'd;
When 'tis the fair obedience to the ſoul
Doth in the birth thoſe ſwelling acts controul.
If I in murder ſteep my furious rage,
Or with adult'ry my hot luſt aſſuage,
Will it ſuffice to ſay my ſenſe, the beaſt,
Provok'd me to't? Could I my ſoul diveſt,

§ Daughter of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, by his ſecond wife, Arabella daughter of Lord Clare.

My plea were good. Lions and bulls commit
Both freely, but man muſt in judgment ſit,
And tame this beaſt; for Adam was not free,
When in excuſe he ſaid, Eve gave it me:
Had he not eaten, ſhe perhaps had been
Unpuniſh'd; his conſent made hers a ſin.

A Divine Love.

I.

Why ſhould dull art, which is wiſe nature's ape,
If ſhe produce a ſhape
So far beyond all patterns that of old
Fell from her mould,
As thine, admir'd Lucinda! not bring forth
An equal wonder to expreſs that worth
In ſome new way, that hath,
Like her great work, no print of vulgar path?

II.

Is it becauſe the rapes of poetry,
Rifling the ſpacious ſky
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
Did thoſe diſpenſe
On airy creations that ſurpaſt
The real works of nature, ſhe at laſt,
To prove their raptures vain,
Shew'd ſuch a light as poets could not feign?

III.

Or is it 'cauſe the factious wits did vie
With vain idolatry,
Whoſe goddeſs was ſupreme, and ſo had hurl'd
Schiſm through the world,
Whoſe prieſt ſung ſweeteſt lays, thou didſt appear
A glorious myſtery, ſo dark, ſo clear,
As nature did intend
All ſhould confeſs, but none might comprehend?

IV.

Perhaps all other beauties ſhare a light
Proportion'd to the ſight
Of weak mortality, ſcatt'ring ſuch looſe fires
As ſtir deſires,
And from the brain diſtil ſalt, amorous rheums;
Whilſt thy immortal flame ſuch droſs conſumes,
And from the earthy mould
With purging fires ſevers the purer gold.

V.

If ſo, then why in Fame's immortal ſcrol
Do we their names inrol,
Whoſe eaſy hearts and wanton eyes did ſweat
With ſenſual heat?
If Petrarch's unarm'd boſom catch a wound
From a light glance, muſt Laura be renown'd?
Or both a glory gain,
He from ill-govern'd love, ſhe from diſdain?

VI.

Shall he more fam'd in his great art become
For wilful martyrdom?
Shall he more title gain to chaſte and fair,
Through his deſpair?
Is Troy more noble 'cauſe to aſhes turn'd,
Than virgin cities that yet never burn'd?
Is Fire, when it conſumes
Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes?

VII.

'Cauſe Venus from the ocean took her form,
Muſt love needs be a ſtorm?
'Cauſe ſhe her wanton ſhrines in iſlands rears,
Through ſeas of tears,
O'er rocks and gulfs, with our own ſighs for gales,
Muſt we to Cyprus or to Paphos ſail?
Can there no way be given,
But a true hell, that leads to her falſe heaven?

Love's Force.

In the firſt ruder rage, when love was wil'd,
Not yet by laws reclaim'd, not reconcil'd
To order, nor by reaſon mann'd, but flew,
Full-illum'd by Nature, on the inſtant view,
Upon the wings of appetite, at all
The eye could fair or ſenſe delightful call,
Election was not yet; but as their cheap
Food from the oak, or the next acorn heap,
As water from the neareſt ſpring or brook,
So men their undiſtinguiſh'd females took
By chance, not choice. But ſoon the heavenly ſpark,
That in man's boſom lurk'd, broke through this dark
Confuſion; then the nobleſt breaſt firſt felt
Itſelf for its own proper object melt.

A Fancy.

Mark how this poliſh'd eaſtern ſheet
Doth with our northern tincture meet;
For though the paper ſeem to ſink,
Yet it receives and bears the ink;
And on her ſmooth, ſoft brow theſe ſpots
Seem rather ornaments than blots,
Like thoſe you ladies uſe to place
Myſteriouſly about your face;
Not only to ſet off and break
Shadows and eye-beams, but to ſpeak
To the ſkill'd lover, and relate,
Unheard, his ſad or happy fate.
Nor do their characters delight,
As careleſs works of black and white:
But 'cauſe you underneath may find
A ſenſe that can inform the mind;
Divine or moral rules impart,
Or raptures of poetic art:
So what at firſt was only fit
To fold up ſilks, may wrap up wit.

To his Miſtreſs.

I.

Grieve not, my Celia, but with haſte
Obey the fury of thy fate,
'Tis ſome perfection to waſte
Diſcreetly out our wretched ſtate,
To be obedient in this ſenſe
Will prove thy virtue, though offence.

II.

Who knows but deſtiny may relent,
For many miracles have been,
Thou proving thus obedient
To all the griefs ſhe plung'd thee in;
And then the certainty ſhe meant
Reverted is by accident.

III.

But yet I muſt confeſs 'tis much,
When we remember'd what hath been,
Thus parting never more to touch,
To let eternal abſence in;
Though never was our pleaſure yet
So pure, but chance diſtracted it.

IV.

What, ſhall we then ſubmit to Fate,
And die to one another's love?
No, Celia, no, my ſoul doth hate
Thoſe lovers that inconſtant prove.
Fate may be cruel, but if you decline,
The crime is your's, and all the glory mine.

Fate and the planets ſometimes bodies part,
But canker'd Nature only alters th' heart.

In praiſe of his Miſtreſs.

I.

You, that will a wonder know,
Go with me,
Two ſuns in a heaven of ſnow
Both burning be,
All they fire, that do but eye them,
But the ſnow's unmelted by them.

II.

Leaves of crimſon tulips met,
Guide the way
Where two pearly rows be ſet
As white as day.
When they part themſelves aſunder,
She breathes oracles of wonder.

III.

Hills of milk with azure mix'd
Swell beneath,
Waving ſweetly, yet ſtill fix'd,
While ſhe doth breathe.
From thoſe hills deſcends a valley
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

IV.

As fair pillars underſtand
Statues two,
Whiter than the ſilver ſwan
That ſwims in Po;
If at any time they move her,
Every ſtept begets a lover.

V.

All this but the caſket is
Which contains
Such a jewel, as the miſs
Breeds endleſs pains;
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot ſhew it.

To CELIA *upon Love's Ubiquity.*

As one that ſtrives, being ſick, and ſick to death,
By changing places, to preſerve a breath,
A tedious reſtleſs breath, removes and tries
A thouſand rooms, a thouſand policies,
To cozen pain, when he thinks to find eaſe,
At laſt he finds all change, but in his diſeaſe;
So (like a ball with fire and powder fill'd)
I reſtleſs am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
And with that moving torture muſt retain,
With change of all things elſe, a conſtant pain.
Say I ſtay with you, preſence is to me
Nought but a light to ſhew my miſery,
And parting are as racks, to plague love on,
The further ſtretch'd, the more affliction.
Go I to Holland, France, or Furtheſt Ind,
I change but only countries, not my mind.
And though I paſs through air and water free,
Deſpair and hopeleſs fate ſtill follow me.
Whilſt in the boſom of the waves I reel,
My heart I'll liken to the tottering keel,
The ſea to my own troubled fate, the wind
To your diſdain, ſent from a ſoul unkind:
But when I lift my ſad looks to the ſkies,
Then ſhall I think I ſee my Celia's eyes;
And when a cloud or ſtorm appears between,
I ſhall remember what her frowns have been.
Thus, whatſoever courſe my fates allow,
All things but make me mind my buſineſs, you.
The good things that I meet, I think ſtreams be
From you the fountain; but when bad I ſee,
How vile and curſed is that thing, think I,
That to ſuch goodneſs is ſo contrary?
My whole life is 'bout you, the centre ſtar,
But a perpetual motion circular.
I am the dial's hand, ſtill walking round;
You are the compaſs; and I never found
Beyond your circle; neither can I ſhew
Aught but what firſt expreſſed is in you,
That whereſoe'er my tears do cauſe me move,
My fate ſtill keeps me bounded with your love;
Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
Time ſhall ſtand ſtill, and moiſt waves flaming be:
Yet being gone, think not on me; I am
A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;
But when I die, and wiſh all comforts given,
I'll think on you, and by you think on heaven.

COELUM BRITANNICUM:

A MASQUE.

The Description of the SCENE.

THE first thing that presented itself to the sight was a rich ornament that enclosed the Scene; in the upper part of which were great branches of foliage growing out of leaves and husks, with a cornice at the top: and in the midst was placed a large compartiment, composed of grotesque work, wherein were Harpies with wings and lions claws, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches. Over all was a broken frontispiece, wrought with Scrolls and Masque heads of children, and within this, a table adorned with a lesser compartinent, with this inscription, *Cœlum Britannicum*. The two sides of this ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square basement, and on the plinth stood a great vase of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with sculptures of great relieve, with fruitages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this sat two youths naked, in their natural colours; each of these with one arm supported the vase, on the cover of which stood two young women in draperies, arm in arm; the one figuring the glory of princes, and the other mansuetude: their other arms bore up an oval, in which, to the King's Majesty, was this impress, a lion with an imperial crown on his head; the words, *Animum sub pectore fortis*: On the other side was the like composition, but the design of the figures varied; and in the oval on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this impress to the Queen's Majesty, a lily growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser lilies springing out of the stem; the words, *Semper inclyta virtus*: All this ornament was heightened with gold, and for the invention, and various composition, was the newest and most gracious that hath been done in this place.

The curtain was watchet (*a*), and a pale yellow in panes, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scene, representing old arches, old palaces, decayed walls, parts of temples, theatres, basilica's (*b*) and thermes (*c*), with confused heaps of broken columns, bases, cornices, and statues, lying as underground, and altogether resembling the ruins of some great city of the ancient Romans, or civilized Britons. This strange prospect detained the eyes of the spectators some time, when to a loud music Mercury descends. On the upper part of his chariot stands a cock in action of crowing. His habit was a coat of flame-colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimmed with gold and silver: upon his head a wreath with small falls of white feathers, a caduceus in his hand, and wings at his heels: Being come to the ground, he dismounts, and goes up to the state.

MERCURY.

FROM the high senate of the gods, to you,
Bright glorious twins of Love and Majesty,
Before whose throne three warlike nations bend
Their willing knees; on whose imperial brows
The regal circle prints no awful frowns
To fright your subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerful, loyal reverence;
Come I, Cyllenius, Jove's ambassador,
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love into the glowing ear
Of some choice beauty in this numerous train;

(*a*) Pale blue.
(*b*) Basilica's, in architecture, are public halls with two ranges of pillars, and galleries over them.
(*c*) Baths.

Thoſe days are fled; the rebel flame is quench'd
In heavenly breaſts; the gods have ſworn by Styx,
Never to tempt yielding Mortality
To looſe embraces. Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your virtuous court,
By whoſe bright blaze your palace is become
The envy'd pattern of this under world;
But the aſpiring flame hath kindled heaven:
Th' immortal boſoms burn with emulous fires;
Jove rivals your great virtues, royal Sir,
And Juno, Madam, your attractive graces;
He his wild luſts, her raging jealouſies
She lays aſide, and through th' Olympic hall,
As yours doth here, their great example ſpreads.
And though, of old, when youthful blood conſpir'd
With his new empire, prone to heats of luſt,
He acted inceſts, rapes, adulteries,
On earthly beauties, which his raging Queen,
Swoln with revengeful fury, turn'd to beaſts,
And in deſpite he transformed to ſtars,
Till he had fill'd the crowded firmament
With his looſe ſtrumpets, and their ſpurious race,
Where the eternal records of his ſhame
Shine to the world in flaming characters:
When in the cryſtal mirror of your reign
He view'd himſelf, he found his lothſome ſtains;
And now, to expiate th' infectious guilt
Of thoſe deteſted luxuries, he'll chaſe
Th' infamous lights from their uſurped ſphere,
And drown in the Lethean flood their curs'd
Both names and memories: In whoſe vacant rooms
Firſt you ſucceed, and of the wheeling orb,
In the moſt eminent and conſpicuous point,
With dazzling beams and ſpreading magnitude,
Shine the bright Pole-ſtar of this hemiſphere.
Next, by your ſide, in a triumphant chair,
And crown'd with Ariadne's diadem,
Sits the fair conſort of your heart and throne;
Diffus'd about you, with that ſhare of light
As they of virtue have deriv'd from you,
He'll fix this noble train of either ſex;
So to the Britiſh ſtars this lower globe
Shall owe his light, and they alone diſpenſe
To th' world a pure, refined influence.

Enter Momus *attired in a long darkiſh robe, all wrought over with poniards, ſerpents, tongues, eyes, and ears; his beard and hair party-coloured, and upon his head a wreath ſtuck with feathers, and a porcupine in the forepart.*

Momus.

By your leave, mortals. Good couſin Hermes, your pardon, good my Lord Ambaſſador: I found the tables of your arms and titles in every inn betwixt this and Olympus, where your preſent expedition is regiſtered: your nine thouſand nine hundred ninety-ninth legation. I cannot reach the policy why your maſter breeds ſo few ſtateſmen; it ſuits not with his dignity, that in the whole Empyræum there ſhould not be a God fit to ſend on theſe honourable errands but yourſelf, who are not yet ſo careful of his honour or your own, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant. The hoſts upon the high-way cry out with open mouth upon you, for ſupporting plafery in your train; which though, as you are the God of petty larceny, you might protect, yet you would know it is directly againſt the new orders, and oppoſes the reformation in diamever.

Merc. Peace, railer; bridle your licentious tongue. And let this preſence teach you modeſty.

Mom. Let it, if it can; in the mean time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, gay people, that though your poets (who enjoy by patent a particular privilege to draw down any of the deities from Twelfth Night to Shrove Tueſday, at what time there is annually a moſt familiar intercourſe between the two courts) have as yet never invited me to theſe ſolemnities, yet it ſhall appear by my intruſion this night, that I am a very conſiderable perſon upon theſe occaſions, and may moſt properly aſſiſt at ſuch entertainments. My name is Momus *ap-Somnus ap-Erebus ap-Chaos ap-Demorgorgon ap-Eternity.* My offices and titles are, the Supreme Theomaſtix, Hypercritic of Manners, Prothonotary of Abuſes, Arch Informer, Dilator General, Univerſal Calumniator, Eternal Plaintiff, and perpetual Foreman of the General Inqueſt. My privileges are an urbiquitary, circumambulatory, ſpeculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings; behind hangings, doors, curtains; through key-holes, chinks, windows; about all venereal lobbies, ſconces, or redoubts, though it be to the ſurpriſe of a perdu (*d*) page or chambermaid; in and at all courts of civil and criminal judicature; all councils, conſultations, and parliamentary aſſemblies, where, though I am but a wool-ſack God, and have no vote in the ſanction of new laws, I have yet a prerogative of wreſting the old to any whatſoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoof or prejudice of Jupiter, his crown, and dignity; for or againſt the rights of either houſe of Patrician or Plebeian Gods. My natural qualities are to make Jove frown, Juno pout, Mars chafe, Venus bluſh, Vulcan glow, Saturn quake, Cynthia pale, Phœbus hide his face, and Mercury here take his heels. My recreations are witty miſchiefs, as when Saturn gelt his father; the ſmith caught his wife and her bravo in a net of cobweb iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the halfpace, preſented the emblem of the forked tree, and diſcovered to the tanned Ethiops the ſnowy cliffs of Calabria, with the grotto of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me, by the familiar illuſtration of a bird of mine own feather, old Peter Aretine, who reduced all the ſceptres and mitres of that age tributary to his wit, was my parallel, and Frank Rabelais ſuck'd much of my milk too; but your modern French Hoſpital of Oratory is a mere counterfeit, an arrant mountebank; for though, fearing no other fortunes than his Sciatica, he diſcourſes of kings and queens with as little reverence as of gruoms

(*d*) Lying in wait to watch any thing.

and chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth and ſcorpions tail; I mean that fellow, who, to add to his ſtature, thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tip-toes like a dog in a doublet, than to walk like other men on the ſoles of his feet.

Merc. No more, impertinent trifler; you diſturb
The great affair with your rude ſcurrilous chat.
What doth the knowledge of your abject ſtate
Concern Jove's ſolemn meſſage.

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more eſpecial commiſſion of employment from Jupiter, and a larger entertainment from his exchequer; yet, as a freeborn God, I have the liberty to travel at mine own charges, without your paſs or countenance legatine; and that it may appear, a ſedulous, acute obſerver may know as much as a dull phlegmatic ambaſſador, and wears a treble key to unlock the myſterious cyphers of your dark ſecrecies, I will diſcourſe the politic ſtate of heaven to this trim audience.

At this the Scene changeth, and in the heaven is diſcovered a ſphere, with ſtars placed in their ſeveral images; borne up by a huge naked figure (only a piece of drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards; as if the great weight lying on his ſhoulders oppreſt him; upon his head a crown: By all which he might eaſily be known to be ATLAS.

—You ſhall underſtand, that Jupiter, upon the inſpection of I know not what virtuous precedents extant (as they ſay) here in this court, but, as I more probably gueſs, out of the conſideration of the decay of his natural abilities, hath, before a frequent convocation of the ſuperlunary peers, in a ſolemn oration recanted, diſclaimed, and utterly renounced all the laſcivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepaſt licentious life, and taken his oath on Juno's breviary, religiouſly kiſſing the two-leav'd book, never to ſtretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous ſheets; and hath with pathetical remonſtrances exhorted, and under ſtrict penalties enjoined, a reſpective conformity in the ſeveral ſubordinate deities; and becauſe the libertines of antiquity, the rihald poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chaſtity, to all future imitation, have in their immortal ſongs celebrated the martyrdom of thoſe ſtrumpets under the perſecution of the wives, and devolved to poſterity the pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and baſtards; it is, therefore, by the authority aforeſaid enacted, that this whole army of conſtellations be immediately diſbanded and caſhiered, ſo to remove all imputation of impiety from the celeſtial ſpirits, and all luſtful influences upon terreſtrial bodies, and conſequently that there be an inquiſition erected to expunge in the ancient, and ſuppreſs in the modern and ſucceeding poems and pamphlets, all paſt, preſent, and future mention of thoſe abjur'd hereſies, and to take particular notice of all enſuing incontinencies, and puniſh them in their High Commiſſion Court. Am not I in election to be a tall ſtateſman, think you, that can repeat a paſſage thus punctually?

Merc. I ſhun in vain the importunity
With which this ſnarler vexeth all the Gods;
Jove cannot 'ſcape him: Well, what elſe from heaven?

Mom. Heaven! Heaven is no more the place it was; a cloyſter of Carthuſians, a monaſtery of converted Gods; Jove is grown old and fearful, apprehends a ſubverſion of his empire, and doubts leſt Fate ſhould introduce a legal ſucceſſion in the legitimate heir, by repoſſeſſing the Titanian line; and hence ſprings all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the Preſence Chamber, by the Vice Preſident of Parnaſſus, too ſtrict to be obſerved long. Monopolies are called in, ſophiſtication of wares puniſhed, and rates impoſed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly beverage of a narcotic weed which hath rendered the ideas confuſed in the divine intellects, and reducing it to the compoſition uſed in Saturn's reign. Edicts are made for the reſtoring of decayed houſekeeping, prohibiting the repair of families to the metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more maſculine reſolution of ſoliciting buſineſſes in their own perſons, and leaving their huſbands at home for ſtallions of hoſpitality. Bacchus hath commanded all taverns to be ſhut, and no liquor drawn after ten o'clock at night. Cupid muſt go no more ſo ſcandalouſly naked, but is enjoined to make him breeches, though of his mother's petticoats. Ganimede is forbidden the bed-chamber, and muſt only miniſter in public. The Gods muſt keep no pages, nor grooms of their chamber, under the age of twenty-five, and thoſe provided of a competent ſtock of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by eſpecial permiſſion. Vulcan was brought to an oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of iron into one of the Sun's chariot-wheels, and froſt-nailing his horſes upon the fifth of November laſt, for breach of a penal ſtatute, prohibiting work upon holidays, that being the annual celebration of the Gygantomachy. In brief, the whole ſtate of the hierarchy ſuffers a total reformation, eſpecially in the point of reciprocation of conjugal affection. Venus hath confeſt all her adulteries, and is received to grace by her huſband, who, conſcious of the great diſparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allows thoſe levities as an equal counterpoiſe; but it is the pretticſt ſpectacle to ſee her ſtroaking with her ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her ſnowy fingers combing his ſooty beard. Jupiter too begins to learn to lead his own wife; I left him practiſing in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an univerſal obedience, where the lawgiver himſelf in his own perſon obſerves his decrees ſo punctually, who beſides, to eternize the memory of that great example of matrimonial union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber door and cieling, fretted with ſtars, in capital letters,

engraven the inſcription of CARLO-MARIA. This is as much, I am ſure, as either your knowledge or inſtructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without ſtate, formality, politic inferences, or ſuſpected rhetorical elegancies, already delivered, you may now dextrouſly proceed to the ſecond part of your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly ſparks up in the embers or reducing the etherial lights to their primitive opacity and groſs, dark ſubſiſtence: They are all unrivetted from the ſphere, and hang looſe in their ſockets, where they but attend the waving of your caduce, and immediately they reinveſt their priſtine ſhapes, and appear before you in their own natural deformities.

Merc. Momus, thou ſhalt prevail; for ſince thy bold
Intruſion hath inverted my reſolves,
I muſt obey neceſſity, and thus turn
My face to breathe the Thund'rer's juſt decree
'Gainſt this adulterate ſphere, which firſt I purge
Of lot ſome monſters and miſhapen forms:
Down from her azure concave, thus I charm
The Lernean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Bear;
The watchful Dragon, the ſtorm-boding Whale,
The Centaur, the horn'd goat-fiſh Capricorn,
The ſnake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar,
Diveſted of your gorgeous ſtarry robes,
Fall from the circling orb, and ere you ſuck
Freſh venom in, meaſure this happy earth:
Then to the fens, caves, foreſts, deſerts, ſeas,
Fly, and reſume your native qualities.

They dance in thoſe monſtrous ſhapes, the Firſt Antimaſque of Natural Deformity.

Mom. Are not theſe fine companions, trim play-fellows for the deities? Yet theſe and their fellows have made up all our converſation for ſome thouſands of years. Do not you, fair ladies, acknowledge yourſelves deeply engaged now to thoſe poets, your ſervants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallel with ſuch exact proportions, or at leaſt rank'd you in their ſpruce ſociety? Hath not the conſideration of theſe inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? But now that theſe heavenly manſions are to be void, you that ſhall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcuſable; eſpecially ſince Virtue alone ſhall be ſufficient title, fine, and rent: Yet if there be a lady not competently ſtock'd that way, ſhe ſhall not on the inſtant utterly deſpair, if ſhe carry a ſufficient ſpawn of handſomeneſs; for, however the letter of the law runs, Jupiter, notwithſtanding his age and preſent auſterity, will never refuſe to ſtamp beauty, and make it current, with his own impreſſion: but to ſuch as are deſtitute of both I can afford but ſmall encouragement. Proceed, couſin Mercury. What follows?

Merc. Look up, and mark where the bright zodiac
Hangs like a belt about the breaſt of heaven
On the right ſhoulder, like a flaming jewel,
His ſhell with nine rich topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this Tropic, ſits the ſkalding Crab:
He, when the ſun gallops in full career
His annual race, his ghaſtly claws uprear'd,
Frights at the confines of the Torrid Zone
The fiery team, and proudly ſtops their courſe,
Making a ſolſtice; till the fierce ſteeds learn
His backward paces, and ſo, retrogade,
Poſt down hill to th' oppoſed Capricorn.
Thus I depoſe him from his lofty throne;
Drop from the ſky into the briny flood;
There teach thy motion to the ebbing ſea;
But let thoſe fires, that beautify'd thy ſhell,
Take human ſhapes, and the diſorder ſhow
Of thy regreſſive paces here below.

The Second Antimaſque is danced in retrogade paces, expreſſing Obliquity in Motion.

Mom. This Crab, I confeſs, did ill become the heavens; but there is another that more infeſts the earth, and makes ſuch a ſolſtice in the politer arts and ſciences, as they have not been obſerved for many ages to have made any ſenſible advance. Could you but lead the learned ſquadrons, with a maſculine reſolution, paſt this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be payed with altars; but that not being the work of this night, you may purſue your purpoſes. What now ſucceeds?

Merc. Vice, that, unbodied, in the appetite
Erects his throne, hath yet, in beſtial ſhapes,
Branded by Nature with the character
And diſtinct ſtamp of ſome peculiar ill,
Mounted the ſky, and fix'd his trophies there.
As fawning Flattery in the little dog;
I' th' higger, churliſh Murder; Cowardice
I' th' timorous hate; Ambition in the eagle;
Rapine and avarice in th' adventurous ſhip
That ſail'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;
Drunken Diſtemper in the goblet flows;
I' th' dart and ſcorpion, biting Calumny;
In Hercules and the lion, furious Rage;
Vain Oſtentation in Caſſiope:
All theſe I to eternal exile doom,
But to this place their emblem'd vices ſummon,
Clad in thoſe proper figures by which beſt
Their incorporeal nature is expreſt.

The Third Antimaſque is danced of theſe ſeveral Vices, expreſſing their deviation from Virtue.

Mom. From henceforth it ſhall be no more ſaid in the Proverb, when you would expreſs a riotous aſſembly, that Hell, but Heaven, is broke looſe. This was an arrant gaol-delivery; all the priſons of your great cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter. But, couſin Cyllenius, in my judgment it is not ſafe, that theſe infectious perſons ſhould wander here to the hazard of this iſland; they threatened leſs danger when they were nail'd to the firmament. I ſhould conceive it a very diſcreet courſe, ſince they are provided of

a tall veſſel of their own ready rigg'd, to embark them altogether in that good ſhip called the Argo, and ſend them to the plantation in New England, which hath purged more virulent humours from the politic body than Guiacum and all the Weſt-Indian drugs have from the natural bodies of this kingdom. Can you deviſe how to diſpoſe of them better?

Merc. They cannot breathe this pure and temperate air,
Where Virtue lives, but will with haſty flight,
'Mongſt fogs and vapours, ſeek unfound abodes.
Fly after them from your uſurped ſeats,
You foul remainders of that viperous brood:
Let not a ſtar of a luxurious race
With his looſe blaze ſtain the ſky's cryſtal face.

All the Stars are quenched, and the Sphere darkened.

Before the entry of every Antimaſque, the ſtars in thoſe figures in the ſphere which they were to repreſent, were extinct; ſo as by the end of the Antimaſque in the ſphere no more ſtars were ſeen.

Mom. Here is a total eclipſe of the eighth Sphere, which neither Booker, Allcſtre, nor any of your prognoſticators, no, nor their great maſter Tycho, were aware of; but yet in my opinion there were ſome innocent and ſome generous conſtellations, that might have been reſerved for noble uſes; as the Scales and Sword to adorn the ſtatue of Juſtice, ſince ſhe reſides here on earth only in picture and effigy. The eagle had been a fit preſent for the Germans, in regard their bird hath mew'd moſt of her feathers lately. The dolphin too had been moſt welcome to the French; and then had you but clapt Perſeus on his Pegaſus, brandiſhing his ſword, the dragon yawning on his back under the horſe's feet, with Python's dart through his throat, there had been a divine St. George for this nation: but ſince you have improvidently ſhuffled them altogether, it reſts only that we provide an immediate ſucceſſion; and to that purpoſe I will inſtantly proclaim a free election.

O-yes! O-yes! O-yes!
By the Father of the Gods,
and the King of Men.

Whereas we having obſerved a very commendable practice taken into frequent uſe by the princes of theſe later ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterpriſes, ſieges, battles, victories, in picture, ſculpture, tapeſtry, embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embelliſhed their public palaces; and taken into our more diſtinct and ſerious conſideration, the particular Chriſtmas-hanging of the Guard Chamber of this Court, wherein the naval victory of 88 is, to the eternal glory of this nation, exactly delineated; and whereas, we likewiſe, out of a prophetical imitation of this ſo laudable cuſtom, did for many thouſand years before, adorn and beautify the eighth room of our celeſtial manſion, commonly called the Star-chamber, with the military adventures, ſtratagems, atchievements, feats and defeats, performed in our own perſon, whilſt yet our ſtandard was erected, and we a combatant in the amorous warfare; it hath notwithſtanding, after mature deliberation and long debate, held firſt in our own inſcrutable boſom, and afterwards communicated with our privy-council, ſeemed meet to our Omnipotency, for cauſes to ourſelf beſt known, to unfurniſh and diſarray our foreſaid Star-chamber of all thoſe ancient conſtellations which have for ſo many ages been ſufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places ſuch perſons only as ſhall be qualified with exemplar virtue and eminent deſert, there to ſhine in indelible characters of glory to all poſterity; it is therefore our divine will and pleaſure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, mere grace, and ſpecial favour, by theſe preſents to ſpecify and declare to all our loving people, that it ſhall be lawful for any perſon whatſoever, that conceiveth him or herſelf to be really endued with any heroical virtue or tranſcendent merit, worthy ſo high a calling and dignity, to bring their ſeveral pleas and pretences before our right truſty and well beloved couſin and counſellor, Don Mercury, and good Momus, &c. our peculiar delegates for that affair, upon whom we have tranſferr'd an abſolute power to conclude, and determine, without appeal or revocation, accordingly as to their Wiſdoms it ſhall appear behoveful and expedient.

Given at our palace in Olympus, the firſt day of the firſt month, in the firſt year of the Reformation.

Plutus *enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, ſpectacles on his noſe, with a bunch'd back, and attired in a robe of cloth of gold.*

Merc. Who's this appears?

Mom. This is a ſubterranean fiend, Plutus, in this dialect term'd Riches, or the God of gold; a poiſon hid by Providence in the bottom of the ſeas and navel of the earth from man's diſcovery, where if the ſeeds begun to ſprout above ground, the excreſcence was carefully guarded by dragons; yet, at laſt, by human curioſity brought to light, to their own deſtruction; this being the true Pandora's box, whence iſſued all thoſe miſchiefs that now fill the univerſe.

Plut. That I prevent the meſſage of the Gods
Thus with my haſte, and not attend their ſummons,
Which ought in juſtice call me to the place
I now require of right, is not alone
To ſhew the juſt precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortal powers,
But to exclude the hopes of partial grace
In all pretenders, who, ſince I deſcend
To equal trial, muſt, by my example,
Waving your favour, claim by ſole deſert.

If virtue must inherit, she's my slave;
I lead her captive in a golden chain,
About the world. She takes her form and being
From my creation; and those barren seeds
That drop from Heaven, if I not cherish them
With my distilling dews, and sotive heat,
They know no vegetation; but, expos'd
To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
Or not shook forth at all, or, budding, wither.
Should I proclaim the daily sacrifice
Brought to my temples by the toiling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject beasts,
But human sweat and blood pour'd on my altars,
I might provoke the envy of the Gods.
Turn but your eyes, and mark the busy world
Climbing steep mountains for the sparkling stones;
Piercing the centre for the shining ore,
And th' ocean's bosom to take pearly sands;
Crossing the torrid and the frozen zones,
'Midst rocks and swallowing gulfs, for gainful trade;
And, through opposing swords, fire, murdering cannon,
Scaling the walled towns for precious spoils.
Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats
These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
Advance his desperate foot: Yet am I sought,
And oft in vain, through these and greater hazards.
I could discover how your deities
Are for my sake slighted, despis'd, abus'd;
Your temples, shrines, altars, and images,
Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and disarray'd,
By sacrilegious hands: Yet is this treasure
To th' Golden Mountain, where I sit ador'd,
With superstitious solemn rites convey'd,
And becomes sacred there; the sordid wretch
Not daring touch the consecrated ore,
Or with profane hands lessen the bright heap.
But this might draw your anger down on mortals,
For rend'ring me the homage due to you:
Yet what is said may well express my power,
Too great for earth, and only fit for Heaven.
Now, for your pastime, view the naked root,
Which, in the dirty earth and base mould drown'd,
Sends forth this precious plant and golden fruit,
You lusty swains, that to your grazing flocks
Pipe amorous roundelays; you toiling hinds,
That barb the fields, and to your merry teams
Whistle your passions; and you mining moles,
That in the bowels of your mother-earth
Dwell, the eternal burden of her womb;
Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you play;
Sing, dance, and keep a cheerful holiday.

They dance the Fourth Antimasque, consisting of Country-people, Music, and Measures.

Merc. Plutus, the Gods know and confess your power,
Which feeble Virtue seldom can resist,
Stronger than towers of brass or chastity:
Jove knew you when he courted Danæ,
And Cupid wears you on that arrow's head
That still prevails. But the Gods keep their throne
To instal Virtue, not her enemies:
They dread thy force, which ev'n themselves have felt;
Witness Mount Ida, where the martial maid
And frowning Juno did to mortal eyes,
Naked, for Gold, their sacred bodies show;
Therefore for ever be from Heaven banish'd.
But since with toil from undiscover'd worlds
Thou art brought hither, where thou first did breathe
The thirst of empire into regal breasts,
And frightedst quiet Peace from her meek throne,
Filling the world, with tumult, blood, and war;
Follow the camps of the contentious earth,
And be the conq'rors slave; but he that can
Or conquer thee, or give thee virtuous stamp,
Shall shine in Heaven a pure immortal lamp.

Mom. Nay, stay, and take my benediction along with you. I could, being here a co-judge, like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either rail at you, or break jests upon you. But I rather choose to lose a word of good counsel, and entreat you be more careful in your choice of company; for you are always found either with misers that not use you at all, or with fools that know not how to use you well. Be not hereafter so reserved and coy to men of worth and parts; so you shall gain such credit, as at the next sessions you may be heard with better success. But till you are thus reformed, I pronounce this positive sentence, that whersoever you shall choose to abide, your society shall add no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance or total absence be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemned to wear perpetual motley, unless he recant his opinion. Now you may void the court.

Pænia *enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her hair started up like a Fury; her robe was of a dark colour, full of patches; about one of her hands was tied a chain of iron, to which was fastened a weighty stone, which she bore up under her arm.*

Merc. What creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other; they move like
Two buckets, or as two nails drive out one another.
If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt, great and immortal powers!
But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd
My foe, your justice will confer on me;
Since that which renders him incapable
Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,

E'en in theſe rags, a larger ſovereignty
Than gaudy Wealth in all his pomp can boaſt;
For mark how few they are that ſhare the world:
The numerous armies, and the ſwarming ants
That fight and toil for them, are all my ſubjects;
They take my wages, wear my livery:
Invention too, and Wit, are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Virtue is my offspring:
As many miſchiefs iſſue from my womb,
And thoſe as mighty as proceed from Gold.
Oft o'er his throne I wave my awful ſceptre,
And in the bowels of his ſtate command,
When, 'midſt his heaps of coin and hills of gold,
I pine and ſtarve the avaritious fool.
But I decline thoſe titles, and lay claim
To heaven, by right of divine contemplation;
She is my darling; I, in my ſoft lap.
Free from diſturbing cares, bargains, accounts,
Leaſes, rents, ſtewards, and the fear of thieves,
That vex the rich, nurſe her in calm repoſe,
And with her all the Virtues ſpeculative,
Which, but with me, find no ſecure retreat.

For entertainment of this hour, I'll call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Nature's charge, and not importune heaven
To chain the winds up, or keep back the ſtorms,
To ſtay the thunder, or forbid the hail
To threſh the unreap'd ear; but to all weathers,
The chilling froſt and ſcalding ſun, expoſe
Their equal face. Come forth, my ſwarthy train,
In this fair circle dance; and as you move,
Mark and foretell happy events of Love.

They dance the Fifth Antimaſque of Gypſies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetual converſation with poets and philoſophers hath furniſhed you with no more logic, or that you ſhould think to impoſe upon us ſo groſs an inference, as becauſe Plutus and you are contrary, therefore, whatſoever is denied of the one muſt be true of the other; as if it ſhould follow of neceſſity, becauſe he is not Jupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the Gods, than to ſwallow ſuch a fallacy; for though you cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both; and ſuch is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive. Therefore let me adviſe you to marry yourſelf to Content, and beget ſage apophthegms and goodly moral ſentences in diſpraiſe of Riches, and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou doſt preſume too much, poor needy wretch,
To claim a ſtation in the firmament,
Becauſe thy humble cottage, or thy tub,
Nurſes ſome lazy or pedantic Virtue
In the cheap ſun-ſhine, or by ſhady ſprings
With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right hand,
Tearing thoſe human paſſions from the mind
Upon whoſe ſtocks fair blooming Virtues flouriſh,
Degradeth nature, and benumbeth ſenſe,
And, Gorgon-like, turns active men to ſtone.
We not require the dull ſociety
Of your neceſſitated temperance,
Or that unnatural ſtupidity
That knows not joy nor ſorrow; nor your forc'd
Falſely exalted paſſive fortitude
Above the active: This low, abject brood,
That fix their ſeats in mediocrity,
Become your ſervile mind; but we advance
Such virtues only as admit exceſs,
Brave bounteous acts, regal magnificence,
All-ſeeing prudence, magnanimity
That knows no bound, and that heroic virtue
For which antiquity hath left no name,
But patterns only; ſuch as Hercules,
Achilles, Theſeus. Back to thy loath'd cell,
And when thou ſeeſt the new enlighten'd ſphere,
Study to know but what thoſe Worthies were.

Tyche *enters, her head bald behind, and one great lock before, wings at her ſhoulders, and in her hand a wheel, her upper parts naked, and the ſkirt of her garment wrought all over with crowns, ſceptres, books, and ſuch other things as expreſs both her greateſt and ſmalleſt gifts.*

Mom. See where dame Fortune comes; you may know her by her wheel, and that veil over her eyes, with which ſhe hopes, like a feel'd * pigeon, to mount above the clouds, and perch in the eighth ſphere. Liſten: ſhe begins.

Fort. I come not here, you Gods, to plead the right
By which antiquity aſſign'd my deity,
Though no peculiar ſtation 'mongſt the ſtars,
Yet general power to rule their influence,
Or boaſt the title of omnipotent,
Aſcrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Jove,
Since you have cancell'd all thoſe old records:
But confident in my good cauſe and merit,
Claim a ſucceſſion in the vacant orb;
For ſince Aſtræa fled to heaven, I ſit
Her deputy on earth; I hold her ſcales,
And weigh men's fates out, who have made me blind
Becauſe themſelves want eyes to ſee my cauſes;
Call me inconſtant, 'cauſe my works ſurpaſs
The ſhallow fathom of their human reaſon:
Yet here, like blinded Juſtice, I diſpenſe
With my impartial hands their conſtant lots;
And if deſertleſs, impious men engroſs
My beſt rewards, the fault is yours, ye Gods,
That ſcant your graces to mortality,
And, niggards of your good, ſcarce ſpare the world
One virtuous for a thouſand wicked men.
It is no error to confer a dignity,
But to beſtow it on a vicious man;
I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.
Make you men good, and I'll make good men happy:
That Plutus is refus'd, diſmays me not;
He is my drudge, and the external pomp

* Hooded. Term of Falconry.

In which he decks the world proceeds from me,
Not him; like harmony, that not reſides
In ſtrings or notes, but in the hand and voice,
The revolution of empires, ſtates,
Sceptres, and crowns, are but my game and ſport;
Which as they hang on the events of war,
So thoſe depend upon my turning wheel.
You warlike ſquadrons, who in battles join'd,
Diſpute the right of kings, which I decide,
Preſent the model of that martial frame,
By which, when crowns are ſtak'd, I rule the game.

They dance the Sixth Antimaſque, being the Repreſentation of a Battle.

Mom. Madam, I ſhould cenſure you, *pro falſo clamore*, for preferring a ſcandalous croſs-bill of recrimination againſt the Gods, but your blindneſs ſhall excuſe you. Alas! what would it advantage you, if Virtue were as univerſal as Vice is: It would only follow, that as the world now exclaims upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then rail as faſt at you for depreſſing the virtuous; ſo they would ſtill keep their tune, though you chang'd their ditty.

Merc. The miſts, in which future events are wrapp'd,
That oft ſucceed beſide the purpoſes
Of him that works, his dull eyes not diſcerning
The firſt great cauſe, offer'd thy clouded ſhape
To his inquiring ſearch; ſo in the dark
The groping world firſt found thy deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which, to the piercing eye of Providence,
Being fix'd and certain, where paſt, and to come
Are always preſent, thou doſt diſappear,
Loſeſt thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou then only a deluding phantom,
At beſt a blind guide, leading blinder fools;
Who, would they but ſurvey their mutual wants,
And help each other, there were left no room
For thy vain aid. Wiſdom, whoſe ſtrong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power.
Induſtrious Labour drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toiling car, and not attending
Till thou diſpenſe, reaches his own reward:
Only the lazy ſluggard yawning lies
Before thy threſhold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the eaſy hand that feeds his ſloth;
The ſhallow, raſh, and unadviſed man
Makes thee his ſtale, diſburdens all the follies
Of his miſguided actions on thy ſhoulders.
Vaniſh from hence, and ſeek thoſe idiots out
That thy fantaſtic godhead hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy ſuperſtitious crowd.

Hedone. *Pleaſure, a young woman with a ſmiling face, in a light laſcivious habit, adorn'd with ſilver and gold, her temples crown'd with a garland of roſes, and over that a rainbow circling her head down to her ſhoulders.*

Merc. What Wanton's this?

Mom. This is the ſprightly lady, Hedone, a merry Gameſter; the people call her Pleaſure.

Pleaſ. The reaſons, equal Judges, here alleg'd
By the diſmiſs'd pretenders, all concur
To ſtrengthen my juſt title to the ſphere.
Honour, or wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themſelves no ſimple real good,
But as they are the means to purchaſe pleaſure,
The paths that lead to my delicious palace:
They for my ſake, I for mine own am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is. I am the goal,
The journey's end, to which the ſweating world,
And wearied Nature tends. For this, the beſt
And wiſeſt ſect of all philoſophers
Made me the ſeat of ſupreme happineſs:
And though ſome more auſtere, upon my ruins,
Did, to the prejudice of nature, raiſe
Some petty low-built virtues, 'twas becauſe
They wanted wings to reach my ſoaring pitch.
Had they been princes born, themſelves had prov'd
Of all mankind the moſt luxurious:
For thoſe delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck'd and devour'd: From offices of ſtate;
From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, fears,
Retir'd, the churliſh cynic, in his tub,
Enjoy'd thoſe pleaſures which his tongue deſam'd.
Nor am I rank'd 'mongſt the ſuperfluous goods:
My neceſſary offices preſerve
Each ſingle man, and propagate the kind.
Then am I univerſal as the light,
Or common air we breathe; and ſince I am
The general deſire of all mankind,
Civil felicity muſt reſide in me.
Tell me what rate my choiceſt pleaſures bear,
When, for the ſhort delight of a poor draught
Of cheap cold water, great Lyſimachus
Render'd himſelf ſlave to the Scythians.
Should I the curious ſtructure of my ſeats,
The art and beauty of my ſeveral objects,
Rehearſe at large, your bounties would reſerve
For every ſenſe a proper conſtellation;
But I preſent the perſons to your eyes.

Come forth, my ſubtle organs of delight,
With changing figures pleaſe the curious eye,
And charm the ear with moving harmony.

They dance the Seventh Antimaſque of the five Senſes.

Merc. Bewitching Syren! gilded rottenneſs!
Thou haſt with cunning artifice diſplay'd
Th' enamel'd out-ſide, and the honied verge
Of the fair cup where deadly poiſon lurks.
Within, a thouſand Sorrows dance the round;
And, like a ſhell, Pain circles thee without.
Grief is the ſhadow waiting on thy ſteps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their Weſt decline,
Doth to a giant's ſpreading form extend
Thy dwarfiſh ſtature. Thou thyſelf art Pain,
Greedy intenſe Deſire; and the keen edge

Of thy fierce appetite oft ſtrangles thee,
And cuts thy ſlender thread; but ſtill the terror
And apprehenſion of thy haſty end
Mingles with gall thy moſt refined ſweets;
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
Captains that have reſiſted war and death,
Nations that over Fortune have triumph'd,
Are by thy magic made effeminate:
Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away:
Thou wert the author of the firſt exceſs
That drew this reformation on the Gods.
Canſt thou then dream, thoſe Powers, that from Heaven
Baniſh'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cauſe?
To thy voluptuous den fly, Witch, from hence;
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutiſh ſenſe.

Mem. I concur, and am grown ſo weary of theſe tedious pleadings, as I'll pack up too and be gone. Beſides, I ſee a crowd of other ſuitors preſſing hither; I'll ſtop 'em, take their petitions, and prefer 'em above; and as I came in bluntly without knocking, and nobody bid me welcome, ſo I'll depart as abruptly without taking leave, and bid nobody farewell.

Merc. Theſe, with forc'd reaſons, and ſtrain'd arguments,
Urge vain pretences, whilſt your actions plead,
And, with a ſilent importunity,
Awake the drowſy juſtice of the Gods,
To crown your deeds with immortality.
The growing titles of your anceſtors,
Theſe nations glorious acts, join'd to the ſtock
Of your own royal virtues, and the clear
Reflex they take from th' imitation
Of your fam'd court, make Honour's ſtory full,
And have to that ſecure, fix'd ſtate advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through ſtreams of blood, ſweats to aſpire
Thoſe ancient worthies of theſe famous iſles,
That long have ſlept in freſh and lively ſhapes,
Shall ſtraight appear, where you ſhall ſee yourſelf
Circled with modern heroes, who ſhall be,
In act, whatever elder times can boaſt;
Noble, or great; as they in prophecy
Were all but what you are. Then ſhall you ſee
The ſacred hand of bright eternity
Mould you to ſtars, and fix you in the ſphere,
To you your royal half, to them ſhe'll join
Such of this train, as with induſtrious ſteps,
In the faic prints your virtuous feet have made,
Though with unequal paces, follow you.
This is decreed by Jove, which my return
Shall ſee perform'd; but firſt behold the rude
And old abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew.
You naked, ancient, wild inhabitants,
That breath'd this air, and preſs'd this flow'ry earth,
Come from thoſe ſhades where dwells eternal night,
And ſee what wonders time hath brought to light.

Atlas and the ſphere vaniſhed; and a new ſcene appears of mountains, whoſe eminent height exceeds the clouds which paſſed beneath them; the lower parts were wild and woody. Out of this place comes forth a more grave Antimaſque of Picts, the natural inhabitants of this iſle, ancient Scotch and Iriſh; theſe dance a Pyrrhick, or martial dance.

When this Antimaſque was paſt, there began to ariſe out of the earth the top of a hill, which by little and little grew to be a huge mountain that covered all the ſcene. The under part of this was wild and craggy, and above ſomewhat more pleaſant and flouriſhing. About the middle part of this mountain were ſeated the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; all richly attired in regal habits, appropriated to the ſeveral nations, with crowns on their heads, and each of them bearing the ancient arms of the kingdoms they there preſented. At a diſtance, above theſe, ſat a young man in a white embroidered robe, upon his fair hair an olive garland, with wings at his ſhoulders, and holding in his hand a cornucopia filled with corn and fruits, repreſenting the Genius of theſe kingdoms.

SONG I.

GENIUS.

Raise from theſe rocky cliffs your heads,
Brave ſons, and ſee where glory ſpreads
Her glittering wings; where Majeſty,
Crown'd with ſweet ſmiles, ſhoots from her eye
Diffuſive joy; where Good and Fair
United ſit in Honour's chair.
Call forth your aged prieſts and cryſtal ſtreams,
To warm their hearts, and waves in theſe bright beams.

KINGDOMS.

1. From your conſecrated woods,
Holy Druids. 2. Silver-floods,
From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. Hither move; forſake your bowers,
1. Strew'd with hallowed oaken leaves,
2. Deck'd with flags and ſedgy ſheaves,
And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
What do your duller eyes ſurvey?

CHORUS *of* DRUIDS *and* RIVERS.

We ſee at once in dead of night
A ſun appear, and yet a bright
Noon-day ſpringing from ſtar-light.

GENIUS.

Look up, and ſee the darken'd ſphere
Depriv'd of light; her eyes ſhine there.

CHORUS.

Theſe are more ſparkling than thoſe were.

KINGDOMS.

1. Theſe ſhed a nobler influence;
2. Theſe by a pure intelligence
Of more tranſcendent virtue move;
3. Theſe firſt feel, then kindle love;
1. 2. From the boſoms they inſpire,
Theſe receive a mutual fire;
1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure return,
Theſe can quench as well as burn.

GENIUS.

Here the fair victorious eyes
Make worth only beauty's prize;
Here the hand of Virtue ties
'Bout the heart love's amorous chain,
Captives triumph, vaſſals reign;
And none live here but the ſlain.
'Theſe are th' Heſperian bow'rs, whoſe fair trees [bear
Rich golden fruit, and yet no dragon near.

GENIUS.

Then, from your impris'ning womb,
Which is the cradle and the tomb
Of Britiſh worthies, (fair ſons!) ſend
A troop of heroes, that may lend
Their hands to eaſe this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of Love.

KINGDOMS.

Open thy ſtony entrails wide,
And break old Atlas, that the pride
Of three fam'd kingdoms may be ſpy'd.

CHORUS.

Pace forth, thou mighty Britiſh Hercules,
With thy choice band! for only thou and theſe
May revel here in Love's Heſperides.

At this the under part of the rock opens, and out of a cave are ſeen to come the Maſquers richly attired like ancient heroes; the colours yellow, embroidered with ſilver; their antique helmes curiouſly wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troop of young Lords and Noblemens ſons, bearing torches of virgin wax: Theſe were apparelled, after the old Britiſh faſhion, in white coats embraider'd with ſilver, girt, and full gathered, cut ſquare collar'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them. Firſt, theſe dance with their lights in their hands: After which, the Maſquers deſcend into the room, and dance their entry.

The dance being paſt, there appears in the further part of the Heaven, coming down, a pleaſant cloud, bright and tranſparent, which, coming ſoftly downwards before the upper part of the mountain, embraceth the Genius, but ſo, as through it all his body is ſeen; and then, riſing again with a gentle motion, bears up the Genius of the Three Kingdoms, and, being paſt the airy region, pierceth the Heavens, and is no more ſeen. At that inſtant the rock with the Three Kingdoms on it ſinks, and is hidden in the earth. This ſtrange ſpectacle gave great cauſe of admiration; but eſpecially how ſo huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the ſtage, which was but ſix feet high.

SONG II.

KINGDOMS.

1. HERE are ſhapes form'd fit for Heaven;
2. Thoſe move gracefully and even.
3 Here the air and paces meet
So juſt, as if the ſkilful feet
Had ſtruck the viols. 1. 2. 3. So the ear
Might the tuneful footing bear.

CHORUS.

And had the muſic ſilent been,
The eye a moving time had ſeen.

GENIUS.

Theſe muſt in th' unpeopled ſky
Succeed, and govern deſtiny.
Jove is remp'ring purer fire;
And will with brighter flames attire
Theſe glorious lights. I muſt aſcend,
And help the work.

KINGDOMS.

1. We cannot lend
Heaven ſo much treaſure. 2. Nor that pay;
But rend'ring what it takes away.
Why ſhould they that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORUS.

Or be to one eternal poſture ty'd,
That can into ſuch various figures ſlide?

GENIUS.

Jove ſhall not, to enrich the ſky,
Beggar the earth; their fame ſhall fly
From hence alone, and in the ſphere
Kindle new ſtars, whilſt they reſt here.

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. How can the ſhaft ſtay in the quiver,
Yet hit the mark?

GENIUS.

Did not the river,
Eridanus, the grace acquire
In heaven and earth to flow;
Above in ſtreams of golden fire,
In ſilver waves below?

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. But ſhall not we, now thou art gone,
Who wert our nature, wither?
Or break that triple Union
Which thy ſoul held together?

GENIUS.

In concord's pure, immortal ſpring
I will my force renew,
And a more active virtue bring
At my return. Adieu!

KINGDOMS. Adieu! CHORUS. Adieu!

The Maſquers dance their main dance, which done, the ſcene again is varied into a new and pleaſant proſpect, clean differing from all the other, the neareſt part ſhewing a delicious garden with ſeveral walks, and parterres ſet round with low trees, and on the ſides, againſt theſe walks, were fountains and grotts, and in the further part a palace, from whence went high walks upon arches, and above them open terraces planted with cypreſs trees; and all this together was compoſed of ſuch ornaments as might expreſs a princely Villa.

From hence the Chorus deſcending into the room, goes up to the State.

SONG III.

By the CHORUS; *going up to the* QUEEN.

WHILST thus the darlinds of the Gods,
From honour's temple to the ſhrine
Of beauty, and theſe ſweet abodes
Of Love, we guide; let thy divine

Aſpects, bright Deity, with fair
And halcyon beams becalm the air.

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
Saint George himſelf, great Queen, to you;
You'll ſoon diſcern him: And we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or ſome true
Round-table Knight, as ever fought
For lady, to each beauty brought.

Plant in their martial hands, War's ſeat,
Your peaceful pledges of warm ſnow,
And, if a ſpeaking touch, repeat
In Love's known language tales of woe;
Say in ſoft whiſpers of the palm,
And eyes ſhoot darts, ſo lips ſhed balm.

For though thou ſeem, like captives, led
In triumph by the foe away,
Yet on the conqu'ror's neck you tread,
And the fierce victor proves your prey.
What heart is then ſecure from you,
That can, though vanquiſh'd, yet ſubdue?

The ſong done they retire, and the Maſquers dance the revels with the ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The revels being paſt, and the King's Majeſty ſeated under the ſtate by the Queen; for concluſion to this Maſque there appears coming forth from one of the ſides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great cloud, which, arriving at the middle heaven, ſtayeth; this was of ſeveral colours, and ſo great, that it covered the whole Scene; out of the further part of the heaven began to break forth two other clouds, differing in colour and ſhape; and being fully diſcovered, there appeared ſitting in one of them, Religion, Truth, and Wiſdom. Religion was apparelled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light veil; in one hand a book, and in the other a flame of fire. Truth in a watchet robe, a ſun upon her forehead, and bearing in her hand a palm. Wiſdom in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rays about her head, and Apollo's Citharn in her hand. In the other cloud ſat Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of ſticks bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corn on her head: Government was figured in a coat of armour bearing a ſhield, and on it a Meduſa's head; upon her hand a plumed helm, and in her right hand a lance. Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurel on his head. Theſe being come down in an equal diſtance to the middle part of the air, the great cloud began to break open, out of which broke beams of light; in the midſt, ſuſpended in the air, ſat Eternity on a globe; his garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with ſtars of gold, and bearing in his hand a ſerpent bent into a circle, with his tail in his mouth. In the firmament about him was a troop of fifteen ſtars, expreſſing the ſtellifying of our Britiſh heroes; but one more great and eminent than the reſt, which was over his head, figured his Majeſty; and in the lower part afar off was ſeen the proſpect of Windſor-Caſtle, the famous ſeat of the moſt honourable Order of the Garter.

SONG IV.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALETHIA, SOPHIA, HOMONOIA, DICÆARCHE, EUPHEMIA.

Eternity.

Be fix'd, you rapid orbs, that bear
The changing ſeaſons of the year
On your ſwift wings, and ſee the old
Decrepid ſpheres grown dark and cold;
Nor did Jove quench her fires; theſe bright
Flames have eclips'd her ſullen light:
This royal pair, for whom Fate will
Make Motion ceaſe, and Time ſtand ſtill:
Since good is here ſo perfect, as no worth
Is left for after-ages to bring forth.

Euſebia.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeal the gods adore.

Alethia.

My truths from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their ſight reveal'd.

Sophia.

Nor do their actions from the guide
Of my exacteſt precepts ſlide.

Homonoia.

And as their own pure ſouls entwin'd,
So are their ſubjects hearts combin'd.

Dicæarche.

So juſt, ſo gentle is their ſway,
As it ſeems empire to obey.

Euphemia.

And their fair fame, like incenſe hurl'd
On altars, hath perfum'd the world.

So. Wiſdom, *Al.* Truth, *Euſ.* Pure adoration, *Hom.* Concord, *Dic.* Rule, *Eup.* Clear reputation,

Chorus.

Crown this King this Queen, this Nation.

Chorus.

Wiſdom, truth, &c.

Eternity.

Brave ſpirits, whoſe advent'rous feet
Have to the mountain's top aſpir'd,
Where fair Deſert and Honour meet:
Here, from the toiling preſs retir'd,
Secure from all diſturbing evil,
For ever in my temple revel.

With wreaths of ſtars circled about,
Gild all the ſpacious firmament,
And ſmiling on the panting rout
That labour in the ſteep aſcent,
With your reſiſtleſs influence guide
Of human change th' uncertain tide.

Euſ. Ale. Sop.

But oh, you royal turtles, ſhed,
Where you from earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaſte bed,
Thoſe ſacred ſeeds of love.

Chorus.

Which no power can but yours diſpenſe,
Since you the pattern bear from hence.

Hom. Die. Eup.

Then from your fruitful race ſhall flow
Endleſs ſucceſſion.
Sceptres ſhall bud, and laurels blow
'Bout their immortal throne.

Chorus.

Propitious ſtars ſhall crown each birth,
Whilſt you rule them, and they the earth.

The Song ended, the two clouds with the perſons ſitting on them aſcend; the great cloud cloſeth again, and ſo paſſeth away overthwart the Scene; leaving behind it nothing but a Serene Sky. After which the Maſquers dance their laſt dance, and the curtain was let fall.

The NAMES *of the* MASQUERS.

The KING'S MAJESTY.

Duke of Lennox.	Lord Fielding.
Earl of Devonſhire.	Lord Digby.
Earl of Holland.	Lord Dungarvin.
Earl of Newport.	Lord Dunluce.
Earl of Elgin.	Lord Wharton.
Viſcount Grandiſon.	Lord Paget.
Lord Richie.	Lord Saltine.

The NAMES *of the* YODNO LORDS *and* NOBLEMENS SONS.

Lord Walden.	Mr. Thomas Howard.
Lord Cranborn,	Mr. Thomas Egerton.
Lord Brackley.	Mr. Charles Cavendiſh.
Lord Shadnos.	Mr. Robert Howard.
Mr. Wil. Herbert.	Mr. Henry Spencer.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Containing his

SESSION OF THE POETS,	SONGS,
BALLAD ON A WEDDING,	EPISTLES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But ſtraight one whiſper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He lov'd not the Muſes ſo well as his ſport;
And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publicly ſaid,
'Twere fit that a fine were ſet upon's head.

SESSION OF THE POETS.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling, was ſon of Sir John Suckling, Comptroller of the Houſehold to Charles I. and was born at Witham in the county of Middleſex, in the year 1613, with the remarkable circumſtance of his mother going till the eleventh month with him.

" His life, ' ſays Langbaine, " was not leſs remarkable than his birth; for he had ſo pregnant a genius, that he ſpoke Latin at five years old, and writ it at nine years of age." If this circumſtance is true, it would ſeem that he had learned Latin from his nurſe, nor ever heard any other language, for it is not to be ſuppoſed that he could ſpeak Latin at five, in conſequence of ſtudy.

From this early foundation, he proceeded in the courſe of his ſtudies, and acquired a general knowledge of polite literature; but applied himſelf more particularly to muſic and poetry.

In the acquiſition of polite and general knowledge, his proficiency exceeded his application; for though the ſprightlineſs and vivacity of his temper would not ſuffer him to be long intent upon any particular ſtudy, he was made ample amends for it by the ſtrength of his genius and quickneſs of his apprehenſion.

When he had completed his ſtudies, and taken a ſurvey of the moſt remarkable things at home, he travelled to digeſt and enlarge his knowledge, from a view of the government and manners of other countries.

In his travels, he made a campaign under Guſtavus Adolphus, where he was preſent at three battles, five ſieges, and ſeveral ſkirmiſhes.

He returned to England a moſt accompliſhed gentleman, and devoted himſelf to the Court, where he became conſpicuous for his gaiety, wit, and gallantry, and was allowed to have the peculiar happineſs of making every thing he did become him.

Already a finiſhed courtier and a man of faſhion, he was now a prodigy of poetry; the intimate friend and companion of Jonſon, Carew, Davenant, and other wits, and like them had the honour of writing plays for the diverſion of the Court, in the exhibition of which he went to great expence. " Sir John Sutlin's (Suckling's) play coſt *three* or *four hundred pounds* ſetting out; eight or ten ſuits of new clothes he gave the players; an unheard-of prodigality." *Strafford's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 150. The play on which he expended this large ſum was *Aglaura*.

At the breaking out of the civil war, his loyalty was more conſpicuous than his valour. He raiſed a troop of horſe for the king's ſervice, entirely at his own charge, and ſo richly and completely mounted, that it coſt him 12,000 l. But this troop, and their leader, diſtinguiſhed themſelves only by their finery, for they did nothing for the king's ſervice. He laid his miſcarriage very much to heart; but the immaturity of his death prevented him from repairing it. He died of a fever, the 7th of May 1641, in the 28th year of his age.

The advantages of birth, perſon, education, parts, and fortune, with which he ſet out in life, had raiſed the expectations of his contemporaries to a prodigious height; and, perhaps, his dying ſo young, was better for his fame than if he had lived longer.

While he valued himſelf upon nothing more than the character of a courtier, and a fine gentleman, it is no wonder that he neglected the higher excellencies of genius, and cultivated poetry merely as an amuſement.

He did enough, however, in the ſhort ſpace he lived, to procure him the eſteem of his own age and to entitle him to the gratitude of poſterity.

He wrote four dramatic pieces. The *Goblins*, a comedy, acted at the private house in Blackfriars, 1636. In this play he has followed the footsteps of Shakspeare, of whom he was a professed admirer. His Reginella is an imitation of Miranda in the Tempest; and his Goblins, though counterfeits, being only thieves in disguise, seem to be copied from Ariel in the same play. *Aglaura*, acted at Court, and at the private house in Blackfriars, 1637, with much applause; it has the last act so altered, that it may be either represented as a tragedy, or tragi-comedy. The *Discontented Colonel*. The first sketch of *Brennoralt*, a tragedy, exhibited in 1639. The *Sad One*, a tragedy, unfinished.

His plays were printed together in 1646. There are several editions of his *Poems*, *Letters*, and *Plays*, under the title of *Fragmenta Aurea*; or, *a Collection of all the Incomparable Pieces of Sir John Suckling*, 8vo.; the last in 2 vol. 12mo. 1774, by T. Davies. His poems, commonly seen in detached portions, are now, for the first time, inserted in a collection of classical English poetry.

The Session of the Poets, his most celebrated performance, was written in 1637, about the time of Jonson's death, as appears from *Strafford's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 114. It contains a species of satire, humour, and raillery, that has been imitated by many succeeding poets, and applied to a variety of occasions. *The Ballad on a Wedding*, has much humour and vivacity. His other pieces, which are chiefly amatory, contain marks of genius and true poetry, with much levity and extravagance. The poem *Against Fruition*, in particular, has some weighty and vigorous lines; but there is a luscious warmth in some of his descriptions, which is rather to be admired than approved of. *The Supplement of some verses of Shakspeare*, is not inferior to the imperfect copy in *Tarquin and Lucrece*. The *Songs* are gay and sprightly, and more polished than his other pieces; the general defect of which is want of smoothness and harmony, in which he does not much excel Jonson, and is greatly inferior to Carew, Davenant, and other poets of that age.

His character is given by Dryden, who calls him "a sprightly wit, and a courtly writer."

Winstanley says, "he was the delight of the Court, and the darling of the Muses, and one so filled with Phœbean fire, as for excellency of his wit, was worthy to be crowned with a wreath of stars."

Lloyd, with less exaggeration, and more truth, says "his poems are clear, sprightly and natural; his discourses full and convincing; his plays well humoured and taking; his letters fragrant and sparkling."

He observes farther, that his thoughts were not so loose as his expressions, nor his life so vain as his thoughts; and, at the same time, makes allowance for his youth and sanguine complexion, which a little more time and experience would have corrected.

The justness of the observation is exemplified by his *Discourse on Religion*, to Lord Dorset, and his *Thoughts on the State of the Nation*, 1640, in which he has shewn that he could think as coolly, and reason as justly, as men of more years and less fire.

Lloyd concludes his account of him with the following character, in which he alludes to his Thoughts on Public Affairs, and to some serious reflections which he delivered to his friends, during his last illness.

Ne hæ zelantis animæ facriores
Scintillulæ ipsum, unde deciderant, spirantes
Cœlum et Author magnus ipsa, quam
Aliis dedit, careret memoria, interesse
Posteris putavimus brevem honoratissimi
Viri *Johannis Sucklingii* vitam historia
Esse perennandam.

Utpote qui nobilissima *Sucklingiorum* familia oriundus, cui tantum reddidit, quantum accepit, honorem, *Nat. Cal. April* 1613. *Withamæ* in *agro Middlesex*. renatus ibid. *Maii 7mo.* et denatus 1641, haud jam trigesimus, et scripta digniissima fecit, et factu digniissima scripsit, calamo pariter et gladio celebris, pacis artium gnarus et belli

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1640.

TO THE KING.

I.

AWAKE, great Sir! the ſun ſhines here,
Gives all your ſubjects a New-Year,
Only we ſtay till you appear,
For thus by us your pow'r is underſtood,
He may make fair days, you muſt make them good.
Awake, awake,
And take
Such preſents as poor men can make;
They can add little unto bliſs
Who cannot wiſh.

II.

May no ill vapour cloud the ſky,
Bold ſtorms invade the ſovereignty;
But gales of joy, ſo freſh, ſo high,
That you may think heaven ſent to try this year,
What ſail or burthen, a king's mind cou'd bear.
Awake, awake, &c.

III.

May all the diſcords in your ſtate,
Like thoſe in muſic we create,
Be govern'd at ſo wiſe a rate,
That what wou'd of itſelf ſound harſh, or fright,
May be ſo temper'd that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.

IV.

What conquerors from battles find,
Or lovers when their doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our maſter's mind,
Make ſuch ſtrange rapes upon the place 't may be
No longer joy there, but an ecſtaſy.
Awake, awake, &c.

V.

May every pleaſure and delight
That has or does your ſenſe invite
Double this year, ſave thoſe o' th' night:
For ſuch a marriage-bed muſt know no more
Than repetition of what was before.
Awake, awake,
And take
Such preſents as poor men can make;
They can add little unto bliſs.
Who cannot wiſh.

Loving and Belov'd.

I.

THERE never yet was honeſt man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impoſſible, nor can
Integrity our ends promove:
For kings and lovers are alike in this
That their chief art in reign diſſembling is.

II.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love;
Good nature now and paſſion ſtrive
Which of the two ſhou'd be above,
And laws unto the other give,
So we falſe fire with art ſometimes diſcover,
And the true fire with the ſame art do cover.

III.

What rack can fancy find ſo high?
Here we muſt court, and here engage;
Though in the other place we die.
'Tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make falſe love look well.

IV.

Since it is thus, God of Deſire,
Give me my honeſty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'm weary of the ſtate I'm in:
Since, if the very beſt ſhould now befal,
Love's triumph muſt be honour's funeral.

I.

If when Don Cupid's dart
Doth wound a heart,
We hide our grief
And ſhun relief;
The ſmart increaſeth on that ſcore;
For wounds unſearcht but rankle more.

II.

Then if we whine, look pale,
And tell our tale,
Men are in pain
For us again;
So neither ſpeaking doth become
The lovers ſtate, nor being dumb

III.

When this I do deſcry,
Then thus think I,
Love is the fart
Of every heart:
It pains a man when 'tis kept cloſe,
And others does offend, when 'tis let looſe.

A Seſſion of the Poets.

A Seſſion was held the other day,
And Apollo himſelf was at it, they ſay,
The laurel that had been ſo long reſerv'd,
Was now to be given to him beſt deſerv'd.

And therefore the wits of the town came thither,
'Twas ſtrange to ſee how they flocked together,
Each ſtrongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

There was Selden, and he ſat cloſe by the chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with Townſend, for they kept the order;
Digby and Shillingſworth a little further:

There was Lucan's tranſlator too, and he
That makes God ſo big in's poetry:
Selwin and Waller, and Bartlets both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The firſt that broke ſilence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deſerv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works, where others were but plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the ſtage
Of errors that had laſted many an age,
And he hop'd they did not think the Silent Woman,
The Fox, and the Alchymiſt ourdone by no man.

Apollo ſtopt him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas merit, he ſaid, and not preſumption
Muſt carry't, at which Ben turned about
And in great choler offer'd to go out:

But thoſe that were there thought it not fit
To diſcontent ſo ancient a wit:
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine hoſt of his own New Inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That wou'd not well ſtand with a laureat;
His Muſe was hard bound, and th' iſſue of's brain
Was ſeldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And all that were preſent there did agree,
A Laureat Muſe ſhould be eaſy and free, [Grace
Yet ſure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his
Conſider'd he was well he had a cup-bearer's place.

Will. Davenant, aſham'd of a fooliſh miſchance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modeſtly hop'd the handſomeneſs of's Muſe
Might any deformity about him excuſe.

And ſurely the company wou'd have been content,
If they cou'd have found any precedent;
But in all their records, either in verſe or proſe,
There was not one Laureat without a noſe.

To Will Bartlet ſure all the wits meant well,
But firſt they wou'd ſee how his ſnow wou'd ſell:
Will ſmil'd, and ſwore in their judgments they went leſs,
That concluded of merit upon ſucceſs.

Suddenly taking his place again,
He gave way to Selwin, who ſtraight ſtept in;
But alas! he had been ſo lately a wit,
That Apollo himſelf ſcarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (pox on him) how came he there?
Was whiſpering nothing in ſomebody's ear,
When he had the honour to be nam'd in court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady Carliſle for't:

For had not her characters furniſh'd you out
With ſomething of handſome, without all doubt
You and your ſorry Lady-Muſe had been
In the number of thoſe that were not let in.

In haſte from the court two or three came in,
And they brought letters, forſooth, from the Queen
'Twas diſcreetly done too, for if th' had come
Without them, th' had ſcarce been let into the room.

This made a diſpute; for 'twas plain to be ſeen
Each man had a mind to gratify the Queen:
But Apollo himſelf could not think it fit;
There was difference, he ſaid, betwixt fooling and wit.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But ſtraight one whiſper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He lov'd not the Muſes ſo well as his ſport;

And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publicly ſaid
'Twere fit that a fine were ſet upon's head.

Wat Montague now ſtood forth to his trial,
And did not ſo much as ſuſpect a denial;
But witty Apollo aſk'd him firſt of all
If he underſtood his own paſtoral.

For if he cou'd do it, 'twould plainly appear
He underſtood more than any man there,
And did merit the bays above all the reſt,
But the Monſieur was modeſt; and ſilence confeſt.

During theſe troubles in the court was hid
One that Apollo ſoon miſs'd, little Cid; [throng,
And having ſpy'd him, call'd him out of the
And adviſ'd him in his ear not to write ſo ſtrong.

Murrey was ſummon'd, but 'twas urg'd, that he
Was chief already of another company,

Hales ſet by himſelf moſt gravely did ſmile
To ſee them about nothing keep ſuch a coil;
Apollo had ſpy'd him, but knowing his mind
Paſt by, and call'd Falkland, that ſate juſt behind:

But he was of late ſo gone with divinity,
That he had almoſt forgot his poetry,
Though to ſay the truth, and Apollo did know it,
He might have been both his prieſt and his poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which Will Davenant began to ſwear;
But wiſer Apollo bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declar'd, that the beſt ſign
Of good ſtore of wits to have good ſtore of coin,
And without a ſyllable more or leſs ſaid,
He put the laurel on the Alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in ſuch amaze
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze
One upon another; not a man in the place
But had diſcontent writ at large in his face.

Only the ſmall Poets cheer'd up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But ſure they were out, for he forfeits his crown
When he lends to any Poet about the town.

Love's World.

In each man's heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little world, for ſo I found,
When firſt my paſſion reaſon drown'd.

Inſtead of earth unto this frame,
I had a faith was ſtill the ſame,
For to be right it doth behove
It be as that, fix'd and not move.

Yet, as the earth may ſometimes ſhake
(For winds ſhut up will cauſe a quake)
So often jealouſy, and fear,
Stol'n into mine, cauſe tremblings there.

My Flora was my Sun, for as
One Sun, ſo but one Flora was:
All other faces borrow'd hence
Their light and grace, as ſtars do thence.

My hopes I call my Moon; for they
Inconſtant ſtill, were at no ſtay;
But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or leſs were ſure to be.

Sometimes it would be full, and then
Oh! too, too ſoon decreaſe again;
Eclips'd ſometimes, that 'twou'd ſo fall
There wou'd appear no hope at all.

My thoughts, cauſe infinite they be,
Muſt be thoſe many ſtars we ſee;
Of which ſome wander'd at their will,
But moſt on her were fixed ſtill.

My burning flame and hot deſire
Muſt be the element of fire,
Which hath as yet ſo ſecret been
That it as that was never ſeen:

No kitchen fire, nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot, but in name;
A fire that's ſtarv'd when fed, and gone
When too much fuel is laid on;

But, as it plainly doth appear
That fire ſubſiſts by being near
The Moon's bright orb, ſo I believe
Our's doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the air, moſt free
And full of mutability,
Big with chimeras, vapours here
Innumerable hatch'd as there.

The ſea's my mind, which calm would be
Were it from winds, my paſſions, free;
But out alas! no ſea I find
Is troubled like a lover's mind.

Within it rocks and ſhallows be,
Deſpair, and fond credulity.

But in this world it were good reaſon
We did diſtingniſh time and ſeaſon;
Her preſence then did make the day,
And night ſhall come when ſhe's away.

Long abſence in far diſtant place
Creates the winter; and the ſpace
She tarry'd with me, well I might
Call it my ſummer of delight.

Diverſity of weather came
From what ſhe did, and thence had name;
Sometimes ſhe'd ſmile, that made it fair;
And when ſhe laught, the ſun ſhin'd clear.

Sometimes ſhe'd frown, and ſometimes weep,
So clouds and rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again ſhe'd be all ice,
Extremely cold, extremely nice.

But ſoft, my muſe, the world is wide,
And all at once was not deſcry'd:
It may fall out ſome honeſt lover
The reſt hereafter will diſcover.

SONG.

Why ſo pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why ſo pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why ſo pale?

Why ſo dull and mute, young ſinner?
Pr'ythee why ſo mute?
Will, when ſpeaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why ſo mute?

Quit, quit for ſhame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her:—
The devil take her.

SONNET I.

I.

Dost ſee how unregarded now
That piece of beauty paſſes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone;
But mark the fate of faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it cou'd not charm, or I not ſee.

II.

And yet the face continues good,
And I have ſtill deſires,
Am ſtill the ſelf-ſame fleſh and blood,
As apt to melt
And ſuffer from thoſe fires;
Oh! ſome kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.

III.

She every day her man does kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor thy Will
Can queſtion'd be,
What is the myſtery?
Sure Beauty's empires, like to greater ſtates,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden fates.

SONNET II.

I.

Of thee, kind boy, I aſk no red and white
To make up my delight,
No odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good ſtore
Of love, for her I court,
I aſk no more;
'Tis love in love that makes the ſport.

II.

There's no ſuch thing as that we beauty call,
It is mere cozenage all;
For though ſome long ago
Lik'd certain colours mingl'd ſo and ſo,
That does not tie me now from chooſing new,
If I a fancy take
To black and blue,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

III.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight,
And if I like one diſh
More than another, that a pheaſant is;
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick
We up be wound.
No matter by what hand or trick.

SONNET III.

I.

Oh! for ſome honeſt lover's ghoſt,
Some kind unbody'd poſt
Sent from the ſhades below;
I ſtrangely long to know
Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
Thoſe that their Miſtreſs ſcorn did bear,
Or thoſe that were us'd kindly.

II.

For whatſoe'er they tell us here
To make thoſe ſufferings dear,
'Twill there, I fear, be found,
That to the being crown'd,
T' have lov'd alone will not ſuffice,
Unleſs we alſo have been wiſe,
And have our loves enjoy'd.

III.

What poſture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd again,
Departs, and's thither gone
Where each ſits by his own?
Or how can that Elyſium be,
Were I my Miſtreſs ſtill muſt ſee
Circled in others arms?

IV.

For there the judges all are juſt,
And Sophoniſba muſt
Be his whom ſhe held dear:
Not his who lov'd her here;
The ſweet Philoclea, ſince ſhe dy'd
Lies by her Pirocles his ſide.
Not by Amphialus.

V.

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bought
For difference crowns the brow,

Of thoſe kind fouls that were
The noble martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds,
As who can tell? ye kinder Gods,
Give me the woman here.

To the Lord LEPINGTON, *upon his Tranſlation of* MALVEZZI'S ROMULUS *and* TARQUIN.

It is ſo rare and a new thing to ſee
Ought that belongs to young nobility
In print (but their own clothes) that we muſt praiſe.
You, as we wou'd do thoſe firſt ſhew the ways
To arts, or to new worlds: You have begun,
Taught travel'd youth what 'tis it ſhould have done:
For't has indeed too ſtrong a cuſtom been
To carry out more wit than we bring in.
You have done otherwiſe, brought home (my Lord)
The choiceſt things fam'd countries do afford:
Malvezzi by your means is Engliſh grown,
And ſpeaks our tongue now as well as his own,
Malvezzi, he, whom 'tis as hard to praiſe
To merit, as to imitate his ways.
He does not ſhew us Rome great ſuddenly,
As if the empire were a tympany,
But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why
The little body grew ſo large and high,
Deſcribes each thing ſo lively, that we are
Concern'd ourſelves before we are aware:
And at the wars they and their neighbours wag'd,
Each man is preſent ſtill and ſtill engag'd.
Like a good perſpective he ſtrangely brings
Things diſtant to us; and in theſe two kings
We ſee what made greatneſs, and what 't has been
Made that greatneſs contemptible again.
And all this not tediouſly deriv'd,
But like the worlds in little maps contriv'd.
'Tis he that does the Roman dame reſtore,
Makes Lucrece chaſter for her being whore;
Gives her a kind revenge for Tarquin's ſin;
For raviſh'd firſt, ſhe raviſhes again.
She ſays ſuch fine things after, that we muſt
In ſpite of virtue thank foul rape and luſt,
Since 'twas the cauſe no woman wou'd have had,
Though ſhe's of Lucrece ſide, Tarquin leſs bad.
But ſtay;——like one that thinks to bring his friend
A mile or two, and ſees the journey's end,
I ſtraggle on too far: Long graces do
But keep good ſtomachs off that wou'd fall too.

Againſt Fruition.

STAY here, fond youth! and aſk no more, be wiſe,
Knowing too much long ſince loſt paradiſe;
The virtuous joys thou haſt, thou would'ſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride; and would'ſt not take it ill
If rudely from ſweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wert wak'd? he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.
Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroys,
And, while it pleaſes much, the palate cloys;
Who thinks he ſhall be happier for that,
As reaſonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a ſurfeit; this once paſt,
What reliſhes? even kiſſes loſe their taſte.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary, alas! we know
The homelieſt thing which mankind does is ſo;
The world is of a vaſt extent, we ſee,
And muſt be peopled; children there muſt be;
So muſt bread too; but ſince there are enough
Born to the drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like romances read, or fights once ſeen:
Fruition's dull, and ſpoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear,
Heav'n were not heav'n, if we knew what it were.

And as in proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs; ſo here reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poor,
He's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

I.

THERE never yet was woman made,
Nor ſhall, but to be curſt;
And oh! that I (fond I) ſhould firſt
Of any lover
This truth at my own charge to other fools diſcover.

II.

You that have promis'd to yourſelves
Propriety in love,
Know womens hearts like ſtraws do move,
And what we call
Their ſympathy, is but love to jett in general.

III.

All mankind is alike to them;
And though we iron find
That never with a loadſtone join'd,
'Tis not its fault:
It is becauſe the loadſtone yet was never brought.

IV.

If where a gentle bee hath fallen
And labour'd to his power,
A new ſucceeds not to that flower,
But paſſes by;
'Tis to be thought, the gallant elſewhere loads his thigh.

V.

For ſtill the flowers ready ſtand,
One buzzes round about,
One lights and taſtes, gets in, gets out,
All, all ways uſe them,
Till all their ſweets are gone, and then again refuſe them.

SONG.

I.

No, no, fair heretic, it needs muſt be
But an ill love in me,
And worſe for thee;
For were it in my power,
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the laſt;
I would then ſo fall
I might not love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit increaſe,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow leſs.

II.

True love is ſtill the ſame; the torrid zones,
And thoſe more frigid ones
It muſt not know;
For love grown cold or hot
Is luſt or friendſhip, not
The thing we have,
For that's a flame would die
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I love more than I can expreſs,
And would love more, could I but love thee leſs.

To my Friend WILL. DAVENANT, *upon his Poem of Madagaſcar.*

WHAT mighty princes poets are? thoſe things
The great ones ſtick at, and our very kings
Lay down, they venture on; and with great eaſe,
Diſcover, conquer what and where you pleaſe.
Some flegmetic ſea captain would have ſtay'd
For money now, or victuals; not have weigh'd
Anchor without 'em; thou Will, doſt not ſtay
So much as for a wind, but go'ſt away,
Land'ſt, view'ſt the country; fight'ſt, put'ſt all to rout,
Before another could be putting out!
And now the news in town is, Davenant's come
From Madagaſcar, fraught with laurel home;
And welcome, Will! for the firſt time, but prithee
In thy next voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

To my Friend WILL. DAVENANT, *on his other Poems.*

THOU haſt redeem'd us, Will, and future times
Shall not account unto the age's crimes
Death of pure wit: Since the great lord of it,
Donne, parted hence, no man has ever writ
So near him in his own way; I would commend
Particulars, but then, how ſhould I end
Without a volume; every line of thine
Would aſk, to praiſe it right, twenty of mine.

I.

LOVE, Reaſon, Hate, did once beſpeak
Three mates to play at barley-break;
Love, Folly took; and Reaſon, Fancy;
And Hate conforts with Pride; ſo dance they:
Love coupled laſt, and ſo it fell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

II.

They break, and Love would Reaſon meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hyes, and they two hug together:
Yet this new coupling ſtill doth tell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

III.

The reſt do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reaſon on her ſide;
Hate and Fancy meet, and ſtand
Untouch'd by Love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in hell.

SONG.

I.

I PRITHEE ſpare me, gentle boy!
Preſs me no more for that ſlight toy,
That fooliſh trifle of an heart;
I ſwear it will not do its part,
Though thou doſt thine, employ'ſt thy power and art.

II.

For through long cuſtom it has known
The little ſecrets, and is grown
Sullen and wiſe, will have its will,
And, like old hawks, purſues that ſtill
Which makes leaſt ſport, flies only where't can kill.

III.

Some youth that has not made his ſtory,
Will think *per* chance the pain's the glory;
And mannerly ſit out Love's feaſt;
I ſhall be carving of the beſt,
Rudely call for the laſt courſe 'fore the reſt.

IV.

And oh! when once that courſe is paſt,
How ſhort a time the feaſt doth laſt!
Men riſe away, and ſcarce ſay grace,
Or civilly once thank the face
That did invite; but ſeek another place.

DIALOGUE

Upon the Lady CARLISLE's *walking in Hampton-Court Garden.*

T. C. I. S.

T. C.

DIDST thou not find the place inſpir'd,
And flowers, as if they had deſir'd
No other ſun, ſtart from their beds,
And for a ſight ſteal out their heads?
Heard'ſt thou not muſic when ſhe talkt?
And didſt not find, that as ſhe walkt

She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean bloſſoms newly out,
Or chafed ſpices give?——
1. s. I muſt confeſs thoſe perfumes, Tom,
I did not ſmell; nor found that from
Her paſſing by, ought ſprung up new,
The flowers had all their birth from you:
For I paſt o'er the ſelf ſame walk,
And did not find one ſingle ſtalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after ſpring.
T. C. Dull and inſenſible, could'ſt ſee
A thing ſo near a deity
Move up and down, and feel no change?
1. s. None and ſo great, were alike ſtrange.
I had my thoughts, but not your way;
All are not born, Sir, to the bay;
Alas! Tom, I am fleſh and blood,
And was conſulting how I could
In ſpite of maſks and hoods deſcry
The parts deny'd unto the eye;
I was undoing all ſhe wore,
And had ſhe walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her firſt ſtate had not been
More naked or more plainly ſeen.
T. C. 'Twas well for thee ſhe left the place,
There is great danger in that face;
But had'ſt thou view'd her leg and thigh,
And upon that diſcovery
Search'd after parts that are more dear
(As fancy ſeldom ſtops ſo near)
No time or age had ever ſeen
So loſt a thing as thou had'ſt been.

To Mr. DAVENANT, *for Abſence.*

WONDER not if I ſtay not here,
Hurt lovers, like to wounded deer,
Muſt ſhift the place; for ſtanding ſtill
Leaves too much time to know our ill:
Where in a traitor eye
That lets it from th' enemy,
All that may ſupplant a heart,
'Tis time the chief ſhould uſe ſome art;
What parts the object from the ſenſe,
Wiſely cuts off intelligence,
Oh how quickly men muſt die,
Should they ſtand all love's battery;
Perſinda's eyes great miſchief do,
So do we know the cannon too;
But men are ſafe at diſtance ſtill,
Where they reach not, they cannot kill,
Love is a fit and ſoon is paſt,
Ill diet only makes it laſt:
Who is ſtill looking, gazing ever,
Drinks wine i' th' very height of fever.

Againſt Abſence.

MY whining lover, what needs all
Theſe vows of life monaſtical?
Deſpairs, retirements, jealouſies,
And ſubtle ſealing up of eyes?
Come, come, be wiſe; return again,
A finger burnt's as great a pain;
And the ſame phyſic, ſelf ſame art
Cures that, would cure a flaming heart;
Would'ſt thou whilſt yet the fire is in
But hold it to the fire again.
If you, dear Sir, the plague have got,
What matter is't whether or not
They let you in the ſame houſe lie,
Or carry you abroad to die?
He whom the plague, or love once takes,
Every room a peſt-houſe makes.
Abſence were good, if it were but ſenſe
That only holds the intelligence:
Pure love alone no hurt would do,
But love is love, and magic too;
Brings a miſtreſs a thouſand miles,
And the ſleight of looks beguiles,
Makes her entertain thee there,
And the ſame time your rival here;
And——oh, the devil! that ſhe ſhould
Say finer things now than ſhe would;
So nobly fancy doth ſupply
What the dull ſenſe lets fall and die.
Beauty, like man's old enemies, known
To tempt him moſt when he's alone.
The air of ſome wild o'ergrown wood,
Or pathleſs grove is the boy's food.
Return then back, and feed thine eye,
Feed all thy ſenſes, and feaſt high.
Spare diet is the cauſe love laſts,
For ſurfeits ſooner kill than faſts.

A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verſes of Mr. WILL. SHAKSPEARE's.

I.

ONE of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs,
Which therefore ſwell'd, and ſeem'd to part aſunder,
As angry to be robb'd of ſuch a bliſs:
The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,
While th' other bluſh'd, 'cauſe it had done the wrong.

II.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green ſattin quilt, whoſe perfect white
Look'd like a daizy in a field of graſs,
* And ſhew'd like unmelt ſnow unto the ſight,
There lay this pretty perdure, ſafe to keep
The reſt o' th' body that lay faſt aſleep.

III.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) cloſe laid,
Strove to impriſon beauty till the morn,
But yet the doors were of ſuch fine ſtuff made,
That it broke through, and ſhew'd itſelf in ſcorn,
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to ſmiles ſtill as't came near her face.

* Thus ſat Shakſpeare.

IV.

Her beams (which ſome dull men call'd hair) divided,
Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did ſport,
But theſe, as rude, her breath put by ſtill; ſome
Wiſelier downwards ſought, but falling ſhort
Curl'd back in rings, and ſeem'd to turn again
To bite the part ſo unkindly held them in.

That none beguiled be by time's quick flowing,
Lovers have in their hearts a clock ſtill going;
For though time be nimble, his motions
Are quicker
And thicker
Where love hath its notions:
Hope is the main ſpring on which moves deſire,
And theſe do the leſs wheels, fear, joy inſpire;
The balance is thought, evermore
Clicking
And ſtriking,
And ne'er giving o'er.
Occaſion's the hand which ſtill's moving round,
Till by it the critical hour may be found,
And when that falls out, it will ſtrike
Kiſſes,
Strange bliſſes,
And what you beſt like.

I.

'Tis now, ſince I ſat down before
That fooliſh fort, a heart;
(Time ſtrangely ſpent) a year and more,
And ſtill I did my part:

II.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did riſe,
And did already underſtand
The language of her eyes.

III.

Proceeded on with no leſs art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whiſpering in the ear.

IV.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and ſhot
A thouſand thouſand to the town,
And ſtill it yielded not.

V.

I then reſolv'd to ſtarve the place
By cutting off all kiſſes,
Praiſing and gazing on her face,
And all ſuch little bliſſes.

VI.

To draw her out, and from her ſtrength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought myſelf to lie at length
As if no ſiege had been.

VII.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And ſmil'd at all was done.

VIII.

I ſent to know from whence and where,
Theſe hopes, and this relief?
A ſpy inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

IX.

March, march, (quoth I) the word ſtraight give,
Let's loſe no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

X.

To ſuch a place our camp remove
As will not ſiege abide;
I hate a fool that ſtarves her love
Only to feed her pride.

Upon my Lord Brohall's *Wedding*,

DIALOGUE.

S. B.

In bed, dull man?
When love and Hymen's revels are begun,
And the church ceremonies paſt and done.
B. Why, who's gone mad to day?
S. Dull heretic, thou wou'ſt ſay,
He that is gone to heav'n is gone aſtray;
Brohall our gallant friend
Is gone to church, as martyrs to the fire:
Who marry differ but i' th' end,
Since both do take
The hardeſt way to what they moſt deſire:
Nor ſtay'd he till the formal prieſt had done,
But e'er that part was finiſh'd, his begun:
Which did reveal
The haſte and eagerneſs men have to ſeal
That long to tell the money.
A ſprig of willow in his hat he wore,
(The loſer's badge and liv'ry heretofore)
But now ſo order'd that it may be taken
By lookers on, forſaking as forſaken:
And now and then
A careleſs ſmile broke forth, which ſpoke his mind,
And ſeem'd to ſay ſhe might have been more kind.
When this (dear Jack) I ſaw
Thought I
How weak is lovers law?
The bonds made there (like gypſies knots) with eaſe
Are faſt and looſe, as they that hold them pleaſe,

But was the fair nymph's praiſe or power leſs
That lead him captive now to happineſs?
'Cauſe ſhe did not a foreign aid deſpiſe,
But enter'd breaches made by others eyes:
The Gods forbid,
There muſt be ſome to ſhoot and batter down,
Others to force and to take in the town.
To hawks (good Jack) and hearts
There may
Be ſeveral ways and arts;
One watches them perchance, and makes them tame:
Another, when they're ready, ſhews them game.

Sir,

Whether theſe lines do find you out,
Putting or clearing of a doubt;
(Whether Predeſtination,
Or reconciling Three in One,
Or the unriddling how men die,
And live at once eternally,
Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
You ſtraight beſtride the College ſteed.
Leave Socinus and the ſchoolmen.
(Which Jack Bond ſwears do but fool men)
And come to town; 'tis fit you ſhew
Yourſelf abroad, that men may know
(Whate'er ſome learned men have gueſt)
That Oracles are not yet ceas'd:
There you ſhall find the wit, and wine
Flowing alike, and both divine:
Diſhes, with names not known in books,
And leſs amongſt the College cooks,
With ſauce ſo poignant that you need
Not ſtay till hunger bids you feed.
The ſwear of learned Johnſon's brain,
And gentle Shakeſpear's eaſier ſtrain
A hackney-coach conveys you to,
In ſpite of all that rain can do:
And for your eighteen-pence you ſit
The Lord and Judge of all freſh wit.
News in one day as much we've here
As ſerves all Windſor for a year;
And which the carrier brings to you,
After t' has here been found not true.
Then think what company's deſign'd
To meet you here, men ſo refin'd,
Their very common talk at board,
Makes wiſe, or mad, a young Court Lord:
And makes him capable to be
Umpire in's father's company.
Where no diſputes nor forc'd defence
Of a man's perſon for his ſenſe
Take up the time; all ſtrive to be
Maſters of truth, as victory:
And were you come, I'd boldly ſwear
A ſynod might as eas'ly err.

Againſt Fruition.

Fie upon hearts that burn with mutual fire;
I hate two minds that breathe but one deſire:
Were I to curſe th' unhallow'd ſort of men,
I'd wiſh them to love, and be lov'd again.
Love's a Camelion, that lives on mere air;
And ſurfeits when it comes to groſſer fare:
'Tis petty jealouſies, and little fears,
Hopes join'd with doubts, and joys with April tears,
That crown our love with pleaſures: Theſe are gone
When once we come to full fruition.
Like waking in a morning, when all night
Our fancy has been fed with true delight.
Oh! what a ſtroke 'twou'd be! Sure I ſhou'd die,
Shou'd I but hear my miſtreſs once ſay, I.
That monſter Expectation feeds too high
For any woman e'er to ſatisfy:
And no brave ſpirit ever car'd for that
Which in down beds with eaſe he cou'd come at.
She's but an honeſt whore that yields, although
She be as cold as ice, as pure as ſnow:
He that enjoys her has no more to ſay,
But keep us faſting if you'll have us pray.
Then, faireſt Miſtreſs, hold the power you have,
By ſtill denying what we ſtill do crave:
In keeping us in hopes ſtrange things to ſee
That never were, nor are, nor e'er ſhall be.

A Ballad upon a Wedding.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen:
Oh things without compare!
Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on Engliſh ground,
Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Croſs, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our hay,
There is a houſe with ſtairs;
And there did I ſee coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Forty at leaſt, in pairs.

Among'ſt the reſt, one peſt'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the reſt:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king (God bleſs him) 'twou'd undo him;
Shou'd he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe-a-park, without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town:
Though luſty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parſon for him ſtaid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haſte,
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale——
For ſuch a maid no Whitſon ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juice.

Her finger was ſo ſmall, the ring
Wou'd not ſtay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It look'd like the great collar (juſt)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! ſhe dances ſuch a way!
No ſun upon an Eaſter Day,
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He wou'd have kiſs'd her once or twice,
But ſhe wou'd not, ſhe was ſo nice,
She wou'd not do't in ſight;
And then ſhe look'd as who ſhou'd ſay
I will do what I liſt to day;
And you ſhall do't at night.

Her cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No daizy makes compariſon,
(Who ſees them is undone)
For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The ſide that's next the ſun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had ſtung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes ſo guard her face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Than on the ſun in July.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thoud'ſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get,
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhou'd be any ſin,
The parſon himſelf had guilty been,
She look'd that day ſo purely:
And did the youth ſo oft the ſeat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him, ſurely.

Paſſion o'me! how I run on!
There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow; beſides the bride.
The buſ'neſs of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Juſt in the nick the cock knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey,
Each ſerving-man with diſh in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Preſented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To ſtay to be entreated:
And this the very reaſon was,
Before the parſon could ſay grace,
The company was ſeated.

How hats fly off and youths carouſe;
Healths firſt go round, and then the houſe,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by ſtealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O th' ſudden up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit again, and ſigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiſs.
Thus ſev'ral ways the time did paſs,
Whilſt ev'ry woman wiſh'd her place,
And ev'ry man wiſh'd his.

By this time all were ſtol'n aſide
To counſel and undreſs the bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But yet 'twas thought he gueſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an hour or ſo.

When in he came (Dick) there ſhe lay,
Like new-fal'n ſnow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part.
Kiſſes were now the only ſtay,
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who wou'd ſay,
Good bw'y, with all my heart.

But juſt as heav'n's wou'd have to croſs it,
In came the bride-maids with the poſſet:
The bridegroom eat in ſpite;
For had he left the women to't
It wou'd have coſt two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candles out; and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget, and with Nell.

My deareſt rival, leſt our love
Should with excentric motion move,
Before it learn to go aſtray,
We'll teach and ſet it in a way;
And ſuch directions give unto't,
That it ſhall never wander foot.
Know firſt then, we will ſerve as true
For one poor ſmile, as we wou'd do
If we had what our higher fame,
Or our vainer wiſh cou'd frame.
Impoſſible ſhall be our hope;
And love ſhall only have his ſcope
To join with fancy now and then,
And think what reaſon wou'd condemn:
And on theſe grounds we'll love as true,
As if they were moſt ſure t' enſue:
And chaſtely for theſe things we'll ſtay,
As if to-morrow were the day.
Meantime we two will teach our hearts
In love's burdens to bear their parts:
Thou firſt ſhalt ſigh, and ſay ſhe's fair;
And I'll ſtill anſwer, paſt compare,

Thou ſhalt ſet out each part o' th' face,
While I extol each little grace;
Thou ſhalt be raviſh'd at her wit;
And I, that ſhe ſo governs it.
Thou ſhalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that majeſty;
And in good language them adore:
While I want words, and do it more.
Yea, we will ſit and ſigh a while,
And with ſoft thoughts ſome time beguile;
But ſtraight again break out, and praiſe
All we had done before, new ways.
Thus will we do, till paler death
Come with a warrant for our breath;
And then whoſe fate ſhall be to die
Firſt of us two, by legacy
Shall all his ſtore bequeath, and give
His love to him that ſhall ſurvive:
For no one ſtock can ever ſerve
To love ſo much as ſhe'll deſerve.

SONG.

I.

Honest lover whoſoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not ſtill even, ſtill the ſame:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

II.

If, when ſhe appears i' th' room,
Thou doſt not quake, and art ſtruck dumb;
And in ſtriving this to cover
Doſt not ſpeak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

III.

If fondly thou doſt not miſtake,
And all defects for graces take,
Perſuad'ſt thyſelf that jeſts are broken,
When ſhe has little or nothing ſpoken:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

IV.

If when thou appear'ſt to be within,
Thou let'ſt not men aſk and aſk again;
And when thou anſwer'ſt, if it be
To what was aſk'd thee properly,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

V.

If when thy ſtomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'ſt not fingers 'ſtead of meat;
And with much gazing on her face
Doſt not riſe hungry from the place,
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

VI.

If by this thou doſt diſcover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And deſiring to love true,
Thou doſt begin to love anew:
Know this,
Thou lov'ſt amiſs,
And to love true,
Thou muſt begin again, and love anew.

Upon two Siſters.

Believe't, young man, I can as eas'ly tell,
How many yards, and inches 'tis to hell;
Unriddle all predeſtination,
Or the nice points we now diſpute upon.
Had the three Goddeſſes been juſt as fair,
It had not been ſo eaſily decided,
And ſure the apple muſt have been divided:
It muſt, it muſt; he's impudent, dares ſay
Which is the handſomer till one's away.
And it was neceſſary it ſhould be ſo;
Wiſe Nature did foreſee it, and did know
When ſhe had fram'd the eldeſt, that each heart
Muſt at the firſt ſight feel the blind God's dart:
And ſure as can be, had ſhe made but one,
No plague had been more ſure deſtruction;
For we had lik'd, lov'd, burnt to aſhes too,
In half the time that we are chooſing now:
Variety, and equal objects make
The buſy eye ſtill doubtful which to take;
This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,
The other's body, geſture, or her grace:
And whilſt we thus diſpute which of the two,
We unreſolv'd go out, and nothing do.
He ſure is happy'ſt that his hopes of either,
Next him is he that ſees them both together.

To his Rival.

Now we have taught our love to know
That it muſt creep where't cannot go,
And be for once content to live,
Since here it cannot have to thrive;
It will not be amiſs t' inquire
What fuel ſhou'd maintain the fire:
For fires do either flame too high,
Or where they cannot flame, they die.
Firſt then (my half but better heart)
Know this muſt wholly be her part;
(For thou and I, like clocks, are wound
Up to the height, and muſt move round)
She then by ſtill denying what
We fondly crave, ſhall ſuch a rate

Set on each trifle, that a kiſs
Shall come to be the utmoſt bliſs.
Where ſparks and fire do meet with tinder,
Thoſe ſparks mere fire will ſtill engender:
To make this good, no debt ſhall be
From ſervice or fidelity;
For ſhe ſhall ever pay that ſcore,
By only bidding us do more:
So, though ſhe ſtill a niggard be,
In gracing, where none's due, ſhe's free:
The favours ſhe ſhall caſt on us,
Leſt we ſhou'd grow preſumptuous,
Shall not with too much love be ſhewn,
Nor yet the common way ſtill done;
But ev'ry ſmile and little glance
Shall look half lent, and half by chance:
The ribbon, fan, or muff, that ſhe
Wou'd ſhou'd be kept by thee or me,
Shou'd not be giv'n before too many,
But neither thrown to's, when there's any;
So that herſelf ſhould doubtful be
Whether 'twere fortune flung't, or ſhe.
She ſhall not like the thing we do
Sometimes, and yet ſhall like it too;
Nor any notice take at all
Of what, we gone, ſhe wou'd extol:
Love ſhe ſhall feed, but fear to nouriſh,
For where fear is, love cannot flouriſh;
Yet live it muſt, nay, muſt and ſhall,
While Deſdemona is at all;
But when ſhe's gone, then love ſhall die,
And in her grave ſhall buried lie.

Farewell to Love.

I.

Well ſhadow'd landſkip, fare-ye-well;
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At leaſt ſo well
As he that now hates more
Than e'er he lov'd before.

II.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
No longer muſt you me deceive,
Since I perceive
All the deceit, and know
Whence the miſtake did grow.

III.

As he whoſe quicker eye do's trace
A falſe ſtar ſhot to a mark'd place,
Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A gelly up does ſnatch.

IV.

So our dull ſouls taſting delight
Far off, by ſenſe, and appetite,
Think that is right
And real good; when yet
'Tis but the counterfeit.

V.

Oh! how I glory now, that I
Have made this new diſcovery!
Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I increaſe that ſcore.

VI.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to ſee
What manner of death's-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that freſh upper ſkin;
The gazers joy, and ſin.

VII.

The gum and gliſt'ning which with art
And ſtudy'd method in each part
Hangs down the heart,
Looks juſt as if that day
Snails there had crawl'd the hay.

VIII.

The locks, that curl'd o'er each ear be,
Hang like two maſter worms to me,
That, as we ſee
Have taſted to the reſt
Two holes, where they lik'd beſt.

IX.

A quick courſe methinks I ſpy
In ev'ry woman; and mine eye,
At paſſing by,
Check, and is troubled, juſt
As if it roſe from duſt.

X.

They mortify, not heighten me;
Theſe of my ſins the glaſſes be:
And here I ſee
How I have lov'd before.
And ſo I love no more.

The Invocation.

Ye juſter powers of love and fate
Give me the reaſon why
A lover croſt,
And all hopes loſt,
May not have leave to die.

It is but juſt, and love needs muſt
Confeſs it is his part,
When he does ſpie,
One wounded lie,
To pierce the other's heart.

But yet if he ſo cruel be
To have one breaſt to hate,
If I muſt live,
And thus ſurvive,
How far more cruel's Fate?

In this ſame ſtate I find too late
I am; and here's the grief:
Cupid can cure,
Death heal I'm ſure,
Yet neither ſends relief.

To live or die, beg only I,
Juſt powers ſome end me give;
And traitor-like,
Thus force me not
Without a heart to live.

Sir J. S.

I.

Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

II.

Time shall mould away his wings
E'er he shall discover
In the wide world again
Such a constant lover.

III.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no staies,
Had it any been but she.

IV.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least e'er this
A dozen dozen in her place.

Sir Toby Mathews.

I.

Say, but did you love so long?
In truth I needs must blame you:
Passion did your judgment wrong.
Or want of reason shame you.

II.

But, time's fair and witty daughter,
Shortly shall discover,
Y'are a subject fit for laughter,
And more fool than lover.

III.

But I grant you merit praise
For your constant folly:
Since you devoted three whole days,
Were you not melancholy?

IV.

She to whom you prov'd so true,
And that very very face,
Puts each minute such as you
A dozen dozen to disgrace.

Love turn'd to Hatred.

I will not love one minute more, I swear,
No not a minute; not a sigh or tear
Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
Though thou should'st court me to't, and would'st begin,
I will not think of thee but as men do
Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too:
For thy sake woman shall be now to me
Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be:
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that man that loves a she;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
That's in thy sex, because it does lie there;
Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
And all for thee; what, wilt thou love me yet?

The Careless Lover.

Never believe me if I love,
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;
And yet in faith I lie, I do,
And she's extremely handsome too;
She's fair, she's wond'rous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
E'er I'll die for love, I fairly will forego it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,
My foolish heart could never bear:
One sigh imprison'd ruins more
Than earthquakes have done heretofore:
She's fair, &c.

When I am hungry I do eat,
And cut no fingers 'stead of meat;
Nor with much gazing on her face,
Do e'er rise hungry from the place:
She's fair, &c.

A gentle round fill'd to the brink,
To this and t'other friend I drink;
And if 'tis nam'd another's health,
I never make it her's by stealth:
She's fair, &c.

Blackfriars to me, and old Whitehall,
Is even as much as is the fall
Of fountains on a pathless grove,
And nourishes as much as my love:
She's fair, &c.

I visit, talk, do business, play,
And for a need laugh out a day:
Who does not thus in Cupid's school,
He makes not love, but plays the fool:
She's fair, &c.

Love and Debt alike troublesome.

This one request I make to him that sits the clouds above,
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love;
Then for to dance, to drink and sing, I shou'd be very willing;
I should not owe one lass a kiss, nor ne'er a knave a shilling.
'Tis only being in love and debt, that breaks us of our rest.
And he that is quite out of both, of all the world is blest:
He sees the golden age wherein all things were free and common;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no man nor woman.

Though Crœsus compassed great wealth, yet he
still craved more,
He was as needy a beggar still, as goes from door
to door.
Though Ovid was a merry man, love ever kept
him sad; [mad.
He was as far from happiness, as one that is stark
Our merchant he in goods is rich, and full of gold
and treasure;
But when he thinks upon his debts, that thought
destroys his pleasure.
Our courtier thinks that he's preferr'd, whom
every man envies;
When Love so rumbles in his pate, no sleep comes
in his eyes.
Our gallant's case is worst of all, he lies so just
betwixt them;
For he's in love, and he's in debt, and knows not
which most vex him.
But he that can eat beef, and feed on bread which
is so brown,
May satisfy his appetite, and owe no man a crown:
And he that is content with lasses clothed in plain
woollen,
May cool his heat in every place, he need not to
be sullen,
Nor sigh for love of lady fair; for this each wise
man knows, [clothes.
As good stuff under flannel lies, as under silken

SONG.

I PRYTHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine:
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again,

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh Love! where is thy sympathy.
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

To a Lady that forbade to love before Company.

WHAT! no more favours, not a ribbon more,
Not fan not muff to hold as heretofore?
Must all the little blisses then be left,
And what was once love's gift, become our theft?
May we not look ourselves into a trance,
Teach our souls parley at our eyes, not glance,
Not touch the hand, not by soft wringing there,
Whisper a love that only yes can hear?
Not free a sigh, a sigh that's there for you,
Dear must I love you, and not love you too?
Be wise, nice fair; for sooner shall they trace
The feather'd choristers from place to place,
By prints they make in th' air, and sooner say
By what right line the last star made his way
That fled from heav'n to earth, than guess to
know
How our loves first did spring, or how they grow.
Love is all spirit, fairies sooner may
Be taken tardy, when they night-tricks play,
Than we, we are too dull and lumpish rather,
Wou'd they cou'd find us both in bed together.

The Guiltless Inconstant,

My first love, whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn;
Since like the tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice,
Each wanton eye can kindle my desire,
And that is free to all which was entire,
Desiring more by the desire I lost,
As those that in consumptions linger most.
And now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one woman, but to womankind:
This for her shape I love, that for her face;
This for her gesture, or some other grace:
And where that none of all these things I find,
I choose her by the kernel not the rhind:
And so I hope, since my first hope is gone,
To find in many what I lost in one;
And like to merchants after some great loss,
Trade by retail, that cannot do in gross.
The fault is hers that made me go astray,
He needs must wander that has lost his way:
Guiltless I am; she does this change provoke,
And made that charcoal, which to her was oak.
And as a looking-glass from the aspect,
Whilst it is whole, does but one face reflect,
But being crackt or broken, there are grown
Many less faces, where there was but one:
So love unto my heart did first prefer
Her image, and there placed none but her;
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
Many less faces in her place are born.

Love's Representation.

LEANING her hand upon my breast,
There on love's bed she lay to rest;
My panting heart rock'd her asleep,
My heedful eyes the watch did keep,
Then love by me being harbour'd there,
Choose Hope to be his harbinger;

Deſire, his rival, kept the door;
For this of him I begg'd no more,
But that, our miſtreſs t' entertain,
Some pretty fancy he wou'd frame,
And repreſent it in a dream,
Of which myſelf ſhould give the theme.
Then firſt theſe thoughts I bid him ſhow,
Which only he and I did know,
Array'd in duty and reſpect,
And not in fancies that reflect;
Then thoſe of value next preſent,
Approv'd by all the world's conſent;
But to diſtinguiſh mine aſunder,
Apparell'd they muſt be in wonder.
Such a device then I would have,
As ſervice, not reward, ſhould crave,
Attir'd in ſpotleſs innocence,
Not ſelf-reſpect, nor no pretence:
Then ſuch a faith I would have ſhown,
As heretofore was never known,
Cloth'd with a conſtant clear intent,
Profeſſing always as it meant.
And if love no ſuch garments have,
My mind a wardrobe is ſo brave,
That there ſufficient he may ſee
To clothe impoſſibility.
Then beamy fetters he ſhall find,
By admiration ſubt'ly twin'd,
That will keep faſt the wantonneſt thought,
That e'er imagination wrought:
There he ſhall find of joy a chain,
Fram'd by deſpair of her diſdain,
So curiouſly that it can't tie
The ſmalleſt hopes that thoughts now ſpie.
There acts as glorious as the ſun,
Are by her veneration ſpun,
In one of which I wou'd have brought
A pure unſpotted abſtract thought.
Conſidering her as ſhe is good,
Not in her frame of fleſh and blood.
Theſe atoms then, all in her ſight,
I bade him join, that ſo he might
Diſcern between true love's creation,
And that love's form that's now in faſhion.
Love, granting unto my requeſt,
Began to labour in my breaſt;
But with the motion he did make,
It heav'd ſo high that ſhe did wake.
Bluſh'd at the favour ſhe had done,
Then ſmil'd, and then away did run.

SONG.

The craſty boy, that had full oft eſſay'd
To pierce my ſtubborn and reſiſting breaſt,
But ſtill the bluntneſs of his darts betray'd,
Reſolv'd at laſt of ſetting up his reſt,
Either my wild unruly heart to tame,
Or quit his godhead, and his bow diſclaim.

So all his lovely looks, his pleaſing fires,
All his ſweet motions, all his taking ſmiles;
All that awakes, all that inflames deſires,
All that ſweetly commands, all that beguiles,
He does into one pair of eyes convey,
And there begs leave that he himſelf may ſtay.

And there he brings me, where his ambuſh lay
Secure, and careleſs to a ſtranger land:
And never warning me, which was foul play,
Does make me cloſe by all this beauty ſtand.
Where firſt ſtruck dead, I did at laſt recover
To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be ſworn I do, and do confeſs,
The blind lad's pow'r, whilſt he inhabits there;
But I'll be even with him nevertheleſs,
If e'er I chance to meet with him elſewhere.
If other eyes invite the boy to tarry,
I'll fly to her's as to a ſanctuary.

Upon the black Spots worn by my Lady D. E.

Madam,
I know your heart cannot ſo guilty be,
That you ſhould wear thoſe ſpots for vanity;
Or as your beauties trophies put on one
For every murder which your eyes have done;
No, they're your mourning-weeds for hearts forlorn, [ſcorn;
Which though you muſt not love, you could not
To whom ſince cruel honour does deny
Thoſe joys could only cure their miſery;
Yet you this noble way to grace 'em found,
Whilſt thus your grief their martyrdom has crown'd:
Of which take heed you prove not prodigal,
For if to every common funeral,
By your eyes martyr'd, ſuch grace were allow'd,
Your face wou'd wear not patches, but a cloud.

SONG.

If you refuſe me once, and think again,
I will complain
You are deceiv'd; love is no work of art,
It muſt be got and born,
Not made and worn,
By every one that has a heart.

Or do you think they more than once can die,
Whom you deny.
Who tell you of a thouſand deaths a day,
Like the old poets feign
And tell the pain
They met, but in the common way.

Or do you think't too ſoon to yield,
And quit the field.
Nor is that right they yield that firſt entreat;
Once one may crave for love,
But more would prove
This heart too little, that too great.

Oh! that I were all soul, that I might prove
For you as fit a love,
As you are for an angel; for I know
None but pure spirits are fit loves for you.
You are all etherial, there's in you no dross,
Nor any part that's gross,
Your coursest part is like a curious lawn,
The vestal relics for a covering drawn.

Your other parts, part of the purest fire
That e'er heav'n did inspire;
Make every thought that is refin'd by it,
A quintessence of goodness and of wit.

Thus have your raptures reach'd to that degree
In love's philosophy,
That you can figure to yourself a fire
Void of all heat, a love without desire.

Nor in divinity do you go less,
You think, and you profess,
That souls may have a plenitude of joy,
Although their bodies meet not to employ.

But I must needs confess, I do not find
The motions of my mind
So purify'd as yet, but at the best
My body claims in them an interest.

I hold that perfect joy makes all our parts
As joyful as our hearts.
Our senses tell us, if we please not them,
Our love is but a dotage or a dream.

How shall we then agree? You may descend,
But will not, to my end.
I fain would tune my fancy to your key,
But cannot reach to that obstructed way.

There rests but this, that whilst we sorrow here
Our bodies may draw near:
And when no more their joys they can extend,
Then let our souls begin where they did end.

Prefer'd Love Rejected.

It is not four years ago,
I offer'd forty crowns,
To lie with her a night or so:
She answer'd me in frowns.

Not two years since, she meeting me
Did whisper in my ear,
That she would at my service be,
If I contented were.

I told her I was cold as snow,
And had no great desire;
But should be well content to go
To twenty, but no higher.

Some three months since, or thereabout,
She that so coy had been,
Bethought herself, and found me out,
And was content to sin.

I smil'd at that, and told her, I
Did think it something late:
And that I'd not repentance buy,
At above half the rate.

This present morning early she,
Forsooth, came to my bed,
And *gratis* there she offer'd me
Her high-priz'd maiden-head.

I told her that I thought it then
Far dearer than I did,
When I at first the forty crowns
For one night's lodging bid.

Disdain.

I.

A quoy servent d' artifices
Et serments aux vent jettez,
Si vos amours et vos services
Me sont des importunitez?

II.

L'amour a d' autres vœux m' appelle,
Entendez Jamais rien de moy,
Ne pensz nous rendre infidele,
A me tesmoignant vostre foy.

III.

L'amant qui mon amour possede
Est trop plein de perfection,
Et doublement il vous excede
De merit et d' affection.

IV.

Je ne puis estre refroidie,
Ni rompre un cordage si doux,
Ni le rompre sans perfidie,
En d' estre perfidi pour vous.

V.

Vos attentes sont toutes en vain,
Le vous dire est nous obliger,
Pour vous faire epergner vos peines
Du vous et du temps mesnager.

English'd thus:

I.

To what end serve the promises
And oaths lost in the air?
Since all your proffer'd services
To me but tortures are.

II.

Another now enjoys my love,
Set you your heart at rest:
Think not me from my faith to move,
Because you faith protest.

III.

The man that does possess my heart,
Has twice as much perfection,

And does excel you in desert,
As much as in affection.

IV.

I cannot break so sweet a bond,
Unless I prove untrue:
Nor can I ever be so fond,
To prove untrue for you.

V.

Your attempts are but in vain,
To tell you is a favour:
For things that may be, rack your brain;
Then lose not thus your labour.

LUTEA ALLANSON.

Si sola es, nulla es.

Though you, Diana-like, have liv'd still chaste,
Yet must you not, fair, die a maid at last;
The roses on your cheeks were never made
To bless the eye alone, and so to fade;
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being
To please no other sense than that of seeing:
You were not made to look on, though that be
A bliss too great for poor mortality:
In that alone those rarer parts you have,
To better uses sure wise Nature gave,
Than that you put 'em to; to love, to wed,
For Hymen's rights, and for the marriage-bed
You were ordain'd, and not to lie alone;
One is no number, 'till that two be one.
To keep a maidenhead but 'till fifteen,
Is worse than murder, and a greater sin,
Than to have lost it in the lawful sheets,
With one that should want skill to reap those sweets:
But not to lose't at all, by Venus, this,
And by her son, inexpiable is;
And should each female guilty be o' th' crime,
The world would have its end before its time.

Perjury Excus'd.

Alas it is too late! I can no more
Love now, than I have lov'd before:
My Flora, 'tis my fate, not I;
And what you call contempt, is destiny.
I am no monster sure, I cannot shew
Two hearts, one I already owe:
And I have bound myself with oaths, and vow'd
Oftner, I fear, then heaven has e'er allow'd,
That faces now should work no more on me,
Than if they could not charm, or I not see.
And shall I break 'em? shall I think you can
Love, if I could, so foul a perjur'd man;
Oh no, 'tis equally impossible that I
Should love again, or you love perjury.

A SONG.

Hast thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tost it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crost it?
Hast thou mark'd the crocodiles weeping,
Or the foxes sleeping?
Or hast thou view'd the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride,
When he courts for his leachery?
Oh! so fickle, oh! so vain, oh! so false, so false is she!

Upon T. C. *having the P.*

Troth, Tom, I must confess I much admire
Thy water should find passage through the fire:
For fire and water never could agree,
These now by nature have some sympathy:
Sure then his way he forces; for all know
The French ne'er grants a passage to his foe:
If it be so, his valour I must praise,
That being the weaker, yet can force his ways;
And wish, that to his valour he had strength,
That he might drive the fire quite out, at length:
For, troth, as yet the fire gets the day.
For evermore the water runs away

Upon the first sight of my Lady Seimour.

Wonder not much if thus amaz'd I look,
Since I saw you, I have been planet-struck:
A beauty, and so rare I did descry,
As should I set her forth, you all, as I,
Would lose your hearts; for he that can
Know her and live, he must be more than man.
An apparition of so sweet a creature,
That, credit me, she had not any feature
That did not speak her angel. But no more
Such heavenly things as these we must adore,
Nor prattle of; lest when we do but touch,
Or strive to know, we wrong her too too much.

Upon L. M. *Weeping.*

Whoever was the cause your tears were shed,
May these my curses light upon his head:
May he be first in love, and let it be
With a most known and black deformity,
Nay, far surpass all witches that have been
Since our first parents taught us how to sin!
Then let this hag be coy, and he run mad
For that which no man else would e'er have had:
And in this fit may he commit the thing,
May him impenitent to th' gallows bring!
Then might he for one tear his pardon have,
But want that single grief his life to save!

And being dead, may he at heav'n venture,
But for the guilt of this one fact ne'er enter.

The Deformed Miſtreſs.

I KNOW there are ſome fools that care
Not for the body, ſo the face be fair;
Some others too, that in a female creature
Reſpect not beauty, but a comely feature:
And others too, that for thoſe parts in ſight
Care not ſo much, ſo that the reſt be right.
Each man his humour has; and, faith, 'tis mine
To love that woman which I now define.
Firſt I would have her wainſcot foot and hand
More wrinkled far than any plaited band;
That in thoſe furrows, if I'd take the pains,
I might both ſow and reap all ſorts of grains:
Her noſe I'd have a foot long, not above,
With pimples embroider'd, for thoſe I love;
And at the end a comely pearl of ſnot,
Conſidering whether it ſhould fall or not:
Provided next that half her teeth be out,
Nor do I care much if her pretty ſnout
Meet with her furrow'd chin, and both together
Hem in her lips, as dry as good whit-leather.
One wall-eye ſhe ſhall have; for that's a ſign
In other beaſts the beſt, why not in mine?
Her neck I'll have to be pure jet at leaſt,
With yellow ſpots enamel'd; and her breaſt
Like a graſhopper's wing, both thin and lean,
Not to be touch'd for dirt, unleſs ſwept clean;
As for her belly, 'tis no matter, ſo
There be a belly, and———
Yet if you will, let it be ſomething high,
And always let there be a timpany.
But ſoft, where am I now! here I ſhould ſtride,
Leſt I fall in the place muſt be ſo wide;
And paſs unto her thighs, which ſhall be juſt
Like to an ant's that's ſcraping in the duſt:
Into her legs I'd have loves iſſues fall,
And all her calf into a gouty ſmall:
Her feet both thick, and eagle-like diſplay'd
The ſymptoms of a comely handſome maid.
As for her parts behind, I aſk no more,
If they but anſwer thoſe that are before,
I have my utmoſt wiſh, and having ſo,
Judge whether I am happy, yea or no.

Upon Mrs. A. L.

Non eſt mortale quod opto.

THOU think'ſt I flatter when thy praiſe I tell,
But thou doſt all hyperboles excel:
For I am ſure thou art no mortal creature,
But a divine one thron'd in human feature.
Thy piety is ſuch, that heav'n by merit,
If ever any did, thou ſhould'ſt inherit:
Thy modeſty is ſuch, that had'ſt thou been
Tempted as Eve, thou would'ſt have ſhunn'd her ſin:
So lovely fair thou art, that ſure dame nature
Meant thee the pattern of the female creature;
Beſides all this, thy flowing wit is ſuch,
That were it not in thee, 't had been too much
For womankind: ſhould envy look thee o'er,
I would confeſs thus much, if not much more.
I love thee well, yet wiſh ſome bad in thee,
For, ſure I am, thou art too good for me.

His Dream.

ON a ſtill ſilent night, ſcarce could I number
One of the clock, but that a golden ſlumber
Had lock'd my ſenſes faſt, and carry'd me
Into a world of bleſt felicity,
I know not how: Firſt to a garden, where
The apricock, the cherry, and the pear,
The ſtrawberry, and plumb, were fairer far
Than the eye-pleaſing fruit that cauſ'd the jar
Betwixt the goddeſſes, and tempted more
Than fair Atlanta's ball though gilded o'er:
I gaz'd a while on theſe, and preſently
A ſilver ſtream ran ſoftly gliding by;
Upon whoſe banks, lilies more white than ſnow
New fall'n from heav'n, with violets mix'd, did grow;
Whoſe ſcent ſo chaf'd the neighbour-air, that you
Would ſurely ſwear Arabic ſpices grew
Not far from thence, or that the place had been
With muſk prepar'd to entertain love's queen.
Whilſt I admir'd, the river paſt away.
And up a grove did ſpring, green as in May,
When April had been moiſt: upon whoſe buſhes
The pretty robins, nightingales, and thruſhes
Warbled their notes ſo ſweetly, that my ears
Did judge at leaſt the muſic of the ſpheres.
But here my gentle dream conveyed me
Into the place which I moſt long'd to ſee,
My miſtreſs' bed; who, ſome few bluſhes paſt,
And ſmiling frowns, contented was at laſt
To let me touch her neck; I not content
With that, ſlipt to her breaſt, thence lower went,
And then——I awak'd.

Upon A. M.

YIELD all, my love; but be withal as coy,
As if thou knew'ſt not how to ſport and toy:
The ſort reſign'd with eaſe, men cowards prove
And lazy grow. Let me beſiege my love,
Let me deſpair at leaſt three times a day,
And take repulſes upon each eſſay:
If I but aſk a kiſs, ſtraight bluſh as red
As if I tempted for thy maidenhead:
Contract thy ſmiles, if that they go too far;
And let thy frowns be ſuch as threaten war.
That face which nature ſure never intendrd
Should e'er be marr'd, becauſe 't could ne'er be mended,
Take no corruption from thy grandame Eve;
Rather want faith to ſave thee, than believe

Too ſoon: For, credit me, 'tis true,
Men moſt of all enjoy, when leaſt they do.

A Candle.

THERE is a thing which in the light
Is ſeldom us'd, but in the night
It ſerves the maiden female crew,
The ladies, and the good wives too:
They uſe to take it in their hand,
And then it will uprightly ſtand;
And to a hole they it apply,
Where by its good will it would die.
It ſpends, goes out, and ſtill within
It leaves its muiſture thick and thin.

The Metamorphoſis.

THE little boy, to ſhew his might and pow'r,
Turn'd Io to a cow, Narciſſus to a flow'r;
Transform'd Apollo to a homely ſwain,
And Jove himſelf into a golden rain.
Theſe ſhapes were tolerable, but by th' maſs
He's metamorphos'd me into an aſs.

To B. C.

WHEN firſt, fair miſtreſs, I did ſee your face,
I brought, but carried no eyes from the place:
And ſince that time god Cupid has me led,
In hope that once I ſhall enjoy your bed.
But I deſpair; for now, alas, I find,
Too late for me, the blind does lead the blind.

Upon Sir JOHN LAURENCE's *bringing Water over the Hills to my Lord* MIDDLESEX's *Houſe at Witten.*

AND is the water come? ſure't cannot be;
It runs too much againſt philoſophy;
For heavy bodies to the centre bend,
Light bodies only naturally aſcend.
How comes this then to paſs? The good knight's ſkill
Could nothing do without the water's will:
Then 'twas the water's love that made it flow,
For love will creep where well it cannot go.

A Barber.

I AM a barber, and I'd have you know,
A ſhaver too, ſometimes no mad one though:
The reaſon why you ſee me now thus bare,
Is 'cauſe I always trade againſt the hair:
But yet I keep a ſtate; who comes to me,
Whoe'er he is, he muſt uncover'd be,
When I'm at work, I'm bound to find diſcourſe
To no great purpoſe, of great Sweden's force,
Of Witel, and the burſe, and what 'twill coſt
To get that back which was this ſummer loſt.
So fall to praiſing of his lordſhip's hair,
Ne'er ſo deform'd, I ſwear 'tis *ſans* compare:
I tell him that the king's does ſit no fuller,
And yet his is not half ſo good a colour:
Then reach a pleaſing glaſs, that's made to lie
Like to its maſter, moſt notoriouſly:
And if he muſt his miſtreſs ſee that day,
I with a powder ſend him ſtraight away.

A Soldier.

I AM a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am i' th' wrong or right,
Devoutly.

No woman under heav'n I fear,
New oaths I can exactly ſwear,
And forty healths my brains will bear
Moſt ſtoutly.

I cannot ſpeak, but I can do
As much as any of our crew;
And if you doubt it, ſome of you
May prove me.

I dare be bold thus much to ſay,
If that my bullets do but play,
You would be hurt ſo night and day,
Yet love me.

To my Lady E. C. *on her going out of England.*

I MUST confeſs, when I did part from you,
I could not force an artificial dew
Upon my cheeks, nor with a gilded phraſe
Expreſs how many hundred ſeveral ways
My heart was tortur'd, nor with arms acroſs
In diſcontented garbs ſet forth my loſs:
Such loud expreſſions many times do come
From lighteſt hearts, great griefs are always dumb;
The ſhallow rivers roar, the deep are ſtill;
Numbers of painted words may ſhew much ſkill;
But little anguiſh and a cloudy face
Is oft put on, to ſerve both time and place:
The blazing wood may to the eye ſeem great,
But 'tis the fire rak'd up that has the heat,
And keeps it long: True ſorrow's like to wine,
That which is good does never need a ſign.
My eyes were channels far too ſmall to be
Conveyers of ſuch floods of miſery:
And ſo pray think; or if you'd entertain
A thought more charitable, ſuppoſe ſome ſtrain
Of ſad repentance had, not long before,
Quite empty'd for my ſins, that wat'ry ſtore.
So ſhall you him oblige that ſtill will be
Your ſervant to his beſt ability.

A Pedlar of Small Wares.

A PEDLAR I am, that take great care
And mickle pains for to fell ſmall ware:
I had need ſo, when women do buy,
That in ſmall wares trade ſo unwillingly.

L. W. A looking-glaſs, will pleaſe you madam, buy,
A rare one 'tis indeed; for in it I
Can ſhew what all the world beſides can't do,
A face like to your own, ſo fair, ſo true.

L. E. For you a girdle, madam; but I doubt me
Nature has order'd there's no waſte about ye:
Pray therefore be but pleas'd to ſearch my pack,
There's no ware that I have that you ſhall lack.

L. E. L. M. You ladies, want you pins? If that you do,
I have thoſe will enter, and that ſtifly too:
Its time you chooſe in troth, you will bemoan
Too late your tarrying, when my pack's once gone.

L. B. L. A. As for you ladies, there are thoſe behind
Whoſe ware perchance may better take your mind;
One cannot pleaſe ye all: the Pedlar will draw back, [knack.
And wiſh againſt himſelf, that you may have the

An Anſwer to ſome Verſes made in his Praiſe.

THE ancient poets, and their learned rhimes,
We ſtill admire in theſe our latter times,
And celebrate their fames. Thus though they die,
Their names can never taſte mortality:
Blind Homer's muſe, and Virgil's ſtately verſe,
While any live, ſhall never need a hearſe.
Since then to theſe ſuch praiſe was juſtly due
For what they did, what ſhall be ſaid to you?
Theſe had their helps; they write of Gods and Kings,
Of temples, battles, and ſuch gallant things:
But you of nothing; how could you have writ,
Had you but choſe a ſubject to your wit?
To praiſe Achilles, or the Trojan crew,
Shew'd little art, for praiſe was but their due.
To ſay ſhe's fair that's fair, this is no pains:
He ſhews himſelf moſt poet, that moſt feigns:
To find our virtues ſtrangely hid in me;
Ay there's the art, and learned poetry!
To make one ſtriding of a barbed ſteed,
Prancing a ſtately round: I uſe indeed
To ride Bat Jewel's jade; this is the ſkill,
This ſhews the poet wants not wit at will.
I muſt admire aloof, and for my part
Be well contented, ſince you do't with art.

Love's Burning-Glaſs.

WONDERING how long I could harmleſs ſee
Men gazing on thoſe beams that fired me;
At laſt I found, it was the cryſtal love
Before my heart, that did the heat improve:
Which by contracting of thoſe ſcatter'd rays
Into itſelf, did ſo produce my blaze.
Now lighted by my love, I ſee the fame
Beam dazzle through, that we are wont t' inflame.
And now I bleſs my love, when I do think
By how much I had rather burn than wink.
But how much happier were it thus to burn,
If I had liberty to chooſe my urn?
But ſince thoſe beams do promiſe only fire,
This flame ſhall purge me of the droſs, deſire.

The Miracle.

IF thou be'ſt ice, I do admire
How thou could'ſt ſet my heart on fire;
Or how thy fire could kindle me,
Thou being ice, and not melt thee;
But even my flames, light at thy own,
Have hard'ned thee into a ſtone!
Wonder of love! that canſt fulfil,
Inverting nature thus, thy will;
Making ice one another burn,
Whilſt itſelf does harder turn.

Εἰ μὲν ἦν μαθεῖν
Ἃ δεῖ παθεῖν;
Καὶ μὴ παθεῖν
Καλὸν ἦν τὸ μαθεῖν:
Εἰ δὲ δεῖ παθεῖν
Ἃ δεῖ μαθεῖν;
Τί δεῖ μαθεῖν
Χρῆ γὸ παθεῖν.

Scire ſi liceret quæ debes ſubire,
Et non ſubire, pulchrum eſt ſcire:
Sed ſi ſubire debes quæ debes ſcire,
Quorſum vis ſcire, nam debes ſubire?

Engliſhed thus:

If man might know
The ill he muſt undergo,
And ſhun it ſo,
Then it were good to know:
But if he undergo it,
Though he know it,
What boots him know it?
He muſt undergo it.

A SONG.

WHEN, deareſt, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are preſent, and my ſoul delighted;
For beauties that from worth ariſe,
Are like the grace of deities,
Still preſent with us, though unſighted.

Thus whilſt I ſit, and ſigh the day
With all his borrow'd lights away,

'Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As ſudden lights do ſleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus abſence dies, and dying proves
No abſence can ſubſiſt with loves
That do partake of fair perfection;
Since in the darkeſt night they may,
By love's quick motion, find a way
To ſee each other by reflection.

The waving ſea can with each flood
Bathe ſome high promont, that has ſtood
Far from the main up in the river:
Oh! think not then but love can do
As much. for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever.

The Expoſtulation.

Tell me, ye juſter deities,
That pity lovers miſeries,
Why ſhould my own unworthineſs
Light me to ſeek my happineſs?
It is as natural, as juſt,
Him for to love whom needs I muſt:
All men confeſs that love's a fire,
Then who denies it to aſpire?

Tell me, if thou wert fortune's thrall,
Would'ſt thou not raiſe thee from the fall?
Seek only to o'erlook thy ſtate
Whereto thou art condemn'd by fate?
Then let me love my Coridon,
And by Love's leave, him love alone:
For I have read in ſtories oft,
That love has wings, and ſoars aloft.

Then let me grow in my deſire,
Though I be martyr'd in that fire:
For grace it is enough for me
But only to love ſuch as he:
For never ſhall my thoughts be baſe,
Though luckleſs, yet without diſgrace:
Then let him that my love ſhall blame,
Or clip Love's wings, or quench Love's flame.

Detraction Execrated.

Thou vermin ſlander, bred in abject minds,
Of thoughts impure, by vile tongues animate,
Canker of converſation! could'ſt thou find
Nought but our love, whereon to ſhew thy hate?
Thou never wert, when we two were alone;
What canſt thou witneſs then? thou baſe dull aid
Was uſeleſs in our converſation, [ſaid.
Where each meant more than could by both be
Whence hadſt thou thy intelligence, from earth?
That part of us ne'er knew that we did love;
Or from the air: Our gentle ſighs had birth
From ſuch ſweet raptures as to joy did move:
Our thoughts, as pure as the chaſte morning's breath,
When from the night's cold arms it creeps away,
Where cloth'd in words; and maiden's bluſh that hath
More purity, more innocence than they.
Nor from the water could'ſt thou have this tale,
No briny tear has ſurrow'd her ſmooth cheek;
And I was pleas'd, I pray what ſhould he ail
That had her love, for what elſe could he ſeek?
We ſhort'ned days to moments by Love's art,
Whilſt our two ſouls in amorous ecſtaſy
Perceiv'd no paſſing time, as if a part
Our love had been of ſtill eternity,
Much leſs could have it from the purer fire,
Our heat exhales no vapour from coarſe ſenſe,
Such as are hopes, or fears, or fond deſire;
Our mutual love itſelf did recompenſe,
Thou haſt no correſpondence had in heav'n,
And th' elemental world, thou ſee'ſt, is free:
Whence hadſt thou then this, talking monſter? even
From hell, a harbour fit for it and thee.
Curſt be th' officious tongue that did addreſs
Thee to her ears, to ruin my content:
May it one minute taſte ſuch happineſs,
Deſerving loos'd unpitied it lament!
I muſt forbear her ſight, and ſo repay
In grief, thoſe hours joy ſhort'ned to a dram:
Each minute I will lengthen to a day,
And in one year outlive Methuſalem.

SONG.

Unjust decrees, that do at once exact
From ſuch a love as worthy hearts ſhould own,
So wild a paſſion,
And yet ſo tame a preſence
As holding no proportion,
Changes into impoſſible obedience.

Let it ſuffice, that neither I do love
In ſuch a calm obſervance, as to weigh
Each word I ſay,
And each examin'd look t' approve
That towards her does move,
Without ſo much of fire
As might, in time, kindle into deſire.

Or give me leave to burſt into a flame,
And at the ſcope of my unbounded will
Love her my fill,
No ſuperſcriptions of fame,
Of honour or good name,
No thought but to improve
The gentle and quick approaches of my love.

But thus to throng and overlade a ſoul
With love, and then to have a room for fear,
That ſhall all that controul,
What is it but to rear
Our paſſions and our hopes on high,
That thence they may deſcry
The nobleſt way how to deſpair and die?

A Prologue to a Maſque at Witten.

Expect not here a curious river fine,
Our wits are ſhort of that: alas, the time!
The neat refined language of the court
We know not; if we did, our country ſport
Muſt not be too ambitious; 'tis for kings,
Not for their ſubjects, to have ſuch rare things.
Beſides though, I confeſs, Parnaſſus hardly,
Yet Helicon this ſummer time is dry:
Our wits, were at an ebb. or very low,
And to ſay truth, I think they cannot flow,
But yet a gracious influence from you
May alter nature in our brow-ſick crew;
Have patience then, we pray. and ſit a while;
And, if a laugh be too much, lend a ſmile.

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